

The Cookie Sale

By Olivia Mallabo, grade 6

Her mother said that she had to do something fun during the summer, like a summer camp. So she had decided to go to Girl Scouts, Sirene had adored girl scouts. She talked about it the whole evening, about her fun adventures, and new friends. She didn't want to leave girl scouts, not ever.

Well, not until the last day.

The last day they would have to go door to door asking people if they wanted cookies. Sirene was opposed to this idea, she thought it was unreasonably dangerous. Although, her mother thought she was the one being unreasonable. "Face your fears" her mother said, "you will be fine". Well, what if she gets kidnapped, or someone has the flu, and gets her sick?

Sirene knew she had to do it, or else her mother would get upset at her. She truly did not want to become a door to door salesman, but she also did not want to be a trouble. She didn't have much of a choice.

When she arrived at the place she grabbed a wagon and went to sell cookies.

The first house she went to was bright and very cheerful, but also very small. This made her a slight bit less nervous and fearful.

The cute little house was a funny sight. It was only when she reached the front door of the house did she realize she had not a single idea of what to say. She tried to quickly conjure up a plan of what she should say. It took a while for somebody to answer the door. She felt relieved, thinking that she wouldn't have to nervously make up a good way to sell the cookies.

Then she heard footsteps approaching the door from inside the house. An old lady popped out of the door and loudly said

“Hello?” said the woman.

“Um, hi there. Would you like some cookies?” Sirene said.

“Oh how lovely.” the lady said cheerfully as she smiled at the young girl.

“ I would like some raisin ones, and some oatmeal ones”

She pointed her wrinkly hand at a box. Sirene grabbed it and handed it to the lady.

“That will be 3 dollars” Sirene smiled at the woman.

“May I pay in candy canes?” the lady asked hopefully.

Sirene knew she probably should not accept this deal, but the old lady seemed nice. She would feel so guilty if she had declined the offer and the lady got disappointed or sad. But, she also didn't want to break policy, she hadn't read the rule book quite thoroughly but she knew this was probably against it.

Technically they probably would not have a rule against using candy canes as money, since it probably was not even thought of. She doubted this has happened before, so she truly was not breaking rules by accepting. After a few seconds of thinking it over, she agreed.

The lady handed her 23 candy canes and thanked Sirene for accepting this trade. Then she closed the door to the house.

Now Sirene had many boxes of cookies, 23 candy canes, and no money.

Sirene went to a few other houses, which all had rejected her. At least, most of them were nice about it, except one guy who had slammed the door in her face. She was quite clearly unhappy with the current situation. She thought her suspicions of door to door salesmanship were right.

There were only 2 more houses in the neighborhood for her to ask if they wanted to purchase any cookies. She was saving one of these houses for last. It was quite obvious why she was doing this. It only took a look at the house to understand.

This house had paint in a dark ashy purple and black accents. There was also some grey from rocks and old statues. Very creepy old statues, like they were frozen in the reaction they had before being turned into stone by Medusa.

The house had a very outdated style of interior. It creeped out Sirene a lot. All the other houses had seemed somewhat modern, most looking like they were made in the 50s or 60s at the very least. This house stood out like a sore thumb. Perhaps all the other houses used to look like that too. Perhaps they were renovated so many times that they were completely untraceable to their original root. The other houses were much more pleasing to her eyes. She wondered what they looked like before all the renovations.

She had chills just imagining a neighborhood filled with such creepy houses. But she knew that she would have to be courageous and go to that house anyway.

First she went to the other house which seemed quite normal. It had siding on the exterior of the house, with flowers posterior to the windows. It seemed very average. She knocked on the door and waited for somebody to answer it. When the person living in the house came to the door, she seemed extremely uninterested and somewhat annoyed. Like Sirene had just interrupted the most important thing in her entire lifetime. Perhaps there was a game tonight?

“Hello! Would you like to buy girl scout cookies?” Sirene asked in a high pitched voice.

It sounded like a bad impression of a weathergirl. She looked at the person living in the house with guilty eyes, hoping she could guilt the girl into buying cookies.

“No thanks!” the person at the door had said before quickly closing the door.

She did not even get a chance to make up a sad story so that the girl would buy her cookies. So much for that business tactic

Sirene was now very upset. Although the thought quickly left her mind as she realized the house she would be going to next. If this is the house the 'nice' house treated her, she can only imagine how mean the person in the next house might be. She would have to face the spooky, scary, and creepy house. She gulped as she stepped closer and closer to the door. The door was huge and had one of those door knocker things. She used it and waited for someone to come. They got bored and looked up. Up was a gargoyle which she was sure was staring at her. As if it was hunting her. She decided that it was a better idea to ignore the gargoyle. It seemed she was waiting for eternity.

She was about to leave but then she heard footsteps coming from inside of the house. The door opened and out came a pale boy who looked like a vampire. He had hair that was a bit long, just above his shoulders. His eyes seemed to have bags underneath them. He looked as if he had not slept in weeks.

"Hello there, would you like some girl scout cookies?" she said in a fake cheery voice to try and hide her fear.

"Uhm sure. What do you have?" the man said in a friendly voice.

Although she was definitely still scared, Sirene was now excited since she might actually get some money. She listed off the types of cookies. The boy got 20 dollars worth of cookies.

"I had no idea they were selling cookies," said the boy.

This was the last day of the cookie sale. It seemed the other girls were also scared of the house.

She left and skipped merrily back to camp. It was a bit far away. Though she did not care since she had made a lot of money. She hoped she did not have to share it.

Sirene was very happy since she was able to sell a lot of cookies, and get 20 dollars. All because she faced her fears. If she was not courageous she would have no money. She returned to the headquarters of the girl scouts and reported the amount of cookies she sold. The volunteers who were the camp leaders thought she was lying at first. Since it seemed unbelievable the amount of cookies she had sold. She had sold the most cookies in a single day.

She was told to share it, but then she was able to convince them to exchange candy canes and for her to keep the money. The camp leaders thought this was funny, so they agreed.

Everyone else got a very minuscule amount of money. Since they kept asking the same few houses. She had more than everyone. The people at the camp gave her a badge for getting the most cookies sold. She was very happy and shared the candy canes with everyone at the camp who had congratulated her for her achievements. Even her best friend seemed to be jealous of her. Her friend only sold 5 dollars worth of cookies.

When her mom picked her up, she had bragged about her new badge, her mother also congratulated her, but she sadly ran out of candy canes.

“ I told you it would be fun.” her mother said.

Sirene rolled her eyes. She was not able to argue though.