

## The Sheriff That Changed

The moon was aglow-  
Sheriff had just gotten back to Wealthstown.

Thus-  
We all know-  
When it comes to being the Sheriff-  
There is nothing he lacks.

He wished his horse a good night  
As he led her to her stall,  
Told her that the bugs wouldn't bite,  
And that there was nothing to fear at all.

He put on his night cap,  
He turned out the light,  
When his doorbell rang-  
Which gave him a fright.

Though usually brave,  
Sheriff was *scared!*  
He did not like the dark.  
Would he really dare?

He walked across the room,  
And held out his hand.  
Then he ripped off the Band-Aid,  
And he went *SLAM!*

He sighed with relief.  
Just two children at the door!  
A small girl-  
A small boy-  
Then looked with grief-  
When he saw what they wore.

They had no shoes,  
They had no socks.  
They *did* have noses dripping with ooze,  
And dirt in their locks.

They begged that Sheriff bought their cookies-  
Oh, they did!  
But the Sheriff just ran and hid!

“I will NOT buy your cookies!” he rebelled,  
Looking at the cookie box in which they held.

“We worked *hard* on those cookies!”  
The girl seemed to pray.  
“Oh, we spent all day!”

The children sobbed,  
And they walked away sad.  
But Sheriff-  
Oh, no-  
He felt nothing but mad!

“Scammers!” he said to himself.  
He thought of their town-  
Their money,  
Their wealth!

They simply couldn't be *that* poor.

The next day was worse,  
And lets just say-  
“Sheriff burst!”

The girl and the boy  
Talked to retired old Roy,  
And asked that he buy their cookies.

Roy smiled with glee,  
Holding a cookie-  
But- No chomp came!

“Don’t you see?  
They’re gross!”  
Sheriff held up Roy’s cookie and pouted.  
But Roy replied,  
“Sir, I surely doubt it!”

But Sheriff had his convincing ways.  
Oh, yes!  
In a few minutes,  
The town was against those kids!

The children slumped away sadly.

That night, Sheriff had a thought;  
*I should prove that the cookies are rotten!*  
*Why not?*

So he woke up his horse,  
Oh, that was a ball.  
But he eventually made it to the children’s small and dark house-  
Just after nightfall.

He peeked through their window,  
Saw their mother holding a pan,  
Yet-  
Nothing was cooking!

He saw the children.  
What long faces they had.  
And somehow-  
Sheriff felt sad.

“What have I done?”  
Sheriff said with a sigh.  
“Why didn’t I buy their cookies?  
Why, why why?”

“No supper tonight,”  
Their mother said sadly.  
“They *must* give you a job!”

The boy shouted madly.

Sheriff's face reddened.

This was *all* his fault!

He rode away home,

Thinking very hard.

The next day,

The children were at Sheriff's doorstep with cookies again.

Only this time,

He grinned!

"Hold right there!"

Sheriff ran excitedly somewhere.

The children looked at each other with a curious stare.

When Sheriff came back,

He held out a sack,

And the children stepped back.

"Open!" Sheriff rushed,

So the children did,

So excited they flushed!

Toys, food, everything and all!

The children looked at the Sheriff in awe.

"You better be off!"

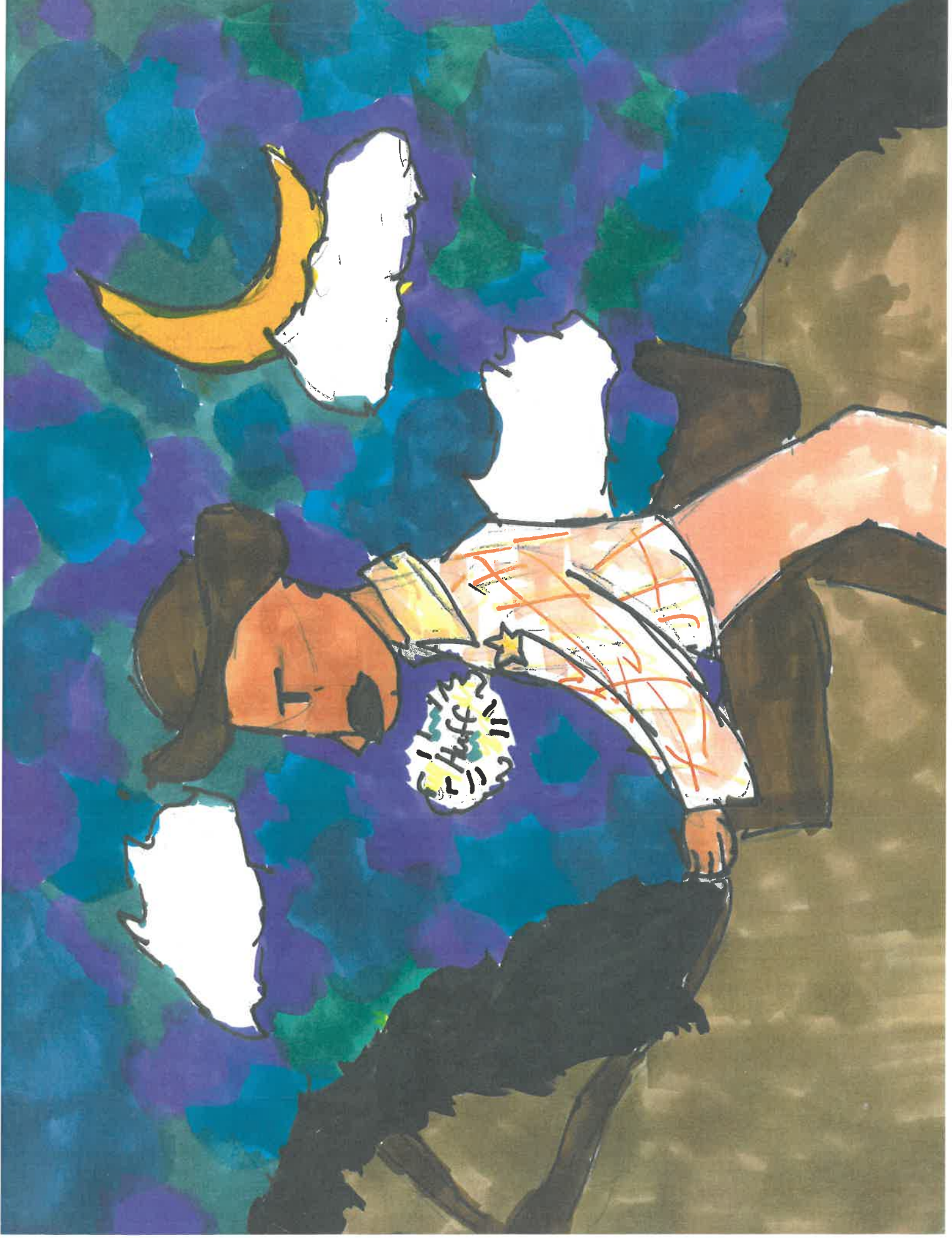
The children asked why.

"Cause your mother's job starts at eight!

So fly!"

"Thank you!"

And they said their goodbyes.





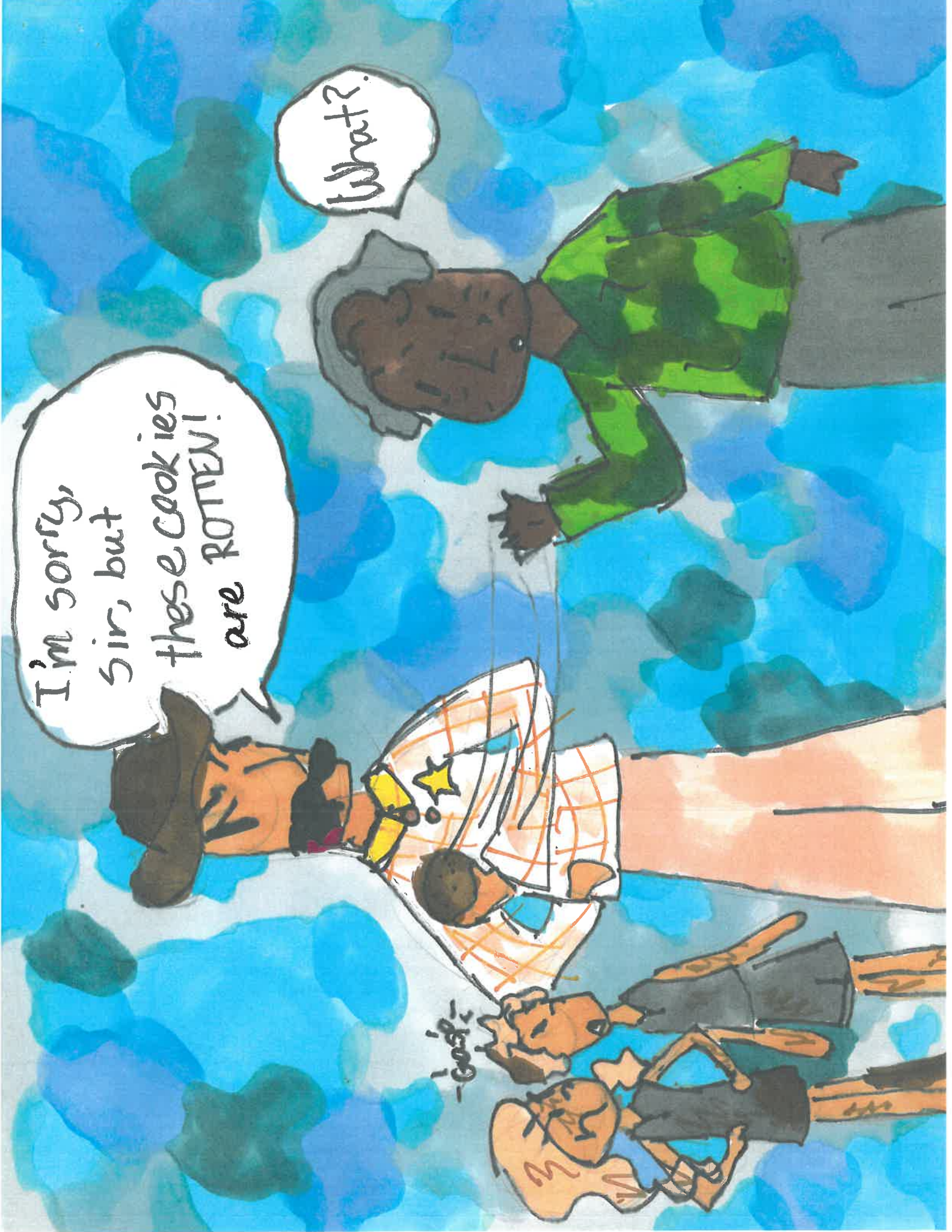
What  
Scammers



Caught

cookies!  
Or did you  
steal them  
from my  
basket?





I'm sorry,  
Sir, but  
these cookies  
are ROTTEN!

What?

-Gosh-



Sorry kids,  
I guess  
no supper  
tonight...

Oh, no...  
What have  
I done?







Thank You!

This is for you!

FROM:  
SHERIFF