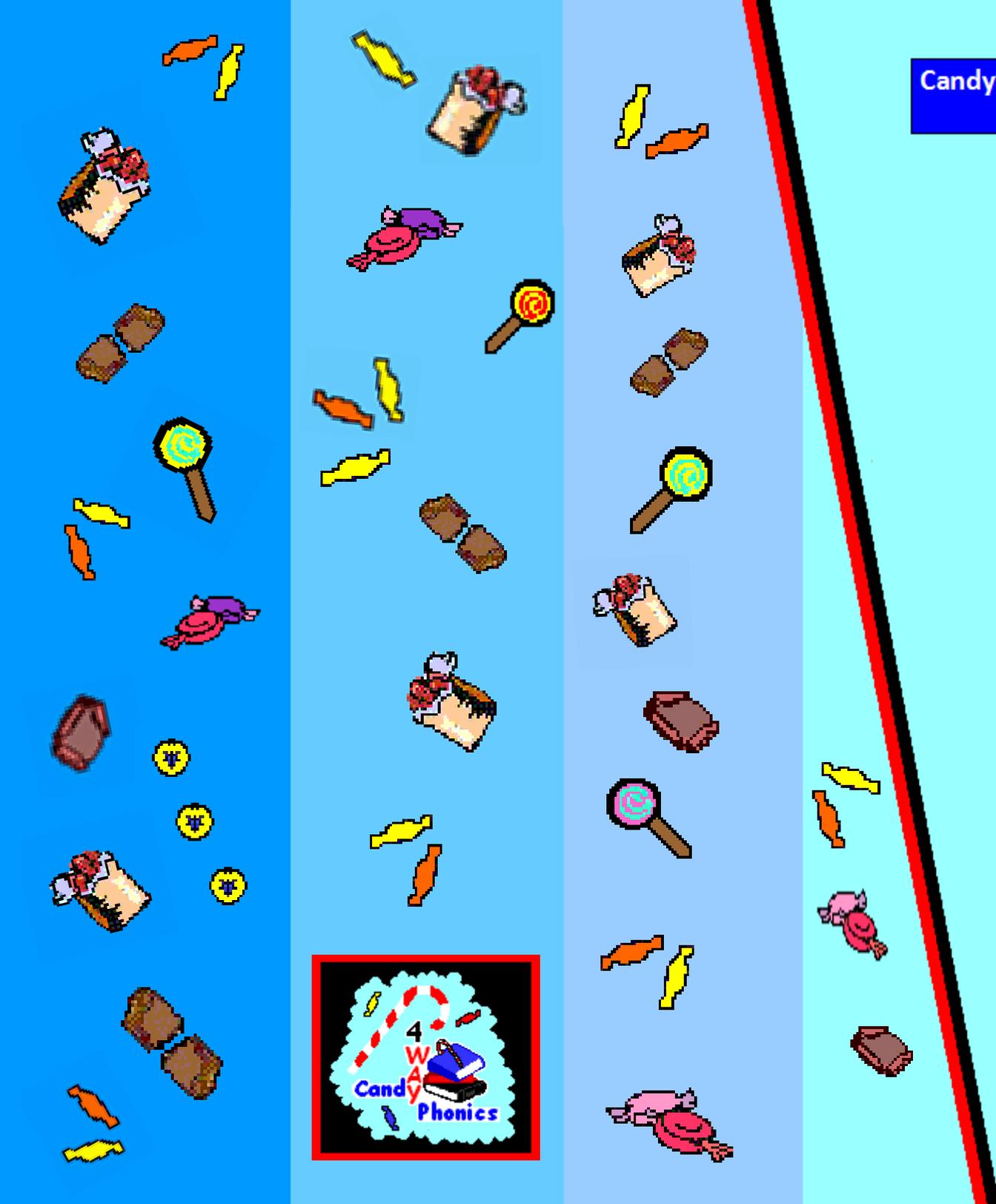


Candy's Ooey Gooeys
Story 1

Charlie and the Cookie Crumbs



Charlie Careless and the Cookie Crumbs



Learn these words:
computer
forward (**for-werd**)
adventures
delicious nutritious
inconsiderate inattentive

To little Charlie Careless, cookies were much more than just a treat for little boys. Charlie Careless honestly believed that cookies were nutritious for little boys. Surprisingly, his mother and family disagreed.

Charlie's mother was quite upset over the horribly bad habit that Charlie Careless had stealing cookies and spilling cookie crumbs.



Charlie's mother found that Charlie spilled his cookie crumbs just about everywhere!!!



Charlie's mother was upset because Charlie did not care:

Who he spilled crumbs around
or

What kind of cookies he spilled
or

When he spilled cookies crumbs
or

Where he spilled cookies crumbs
or

Why he spilled cookies crumbs
or

How he spilled cookies crumbs
or

3

How often he spilled crumbs
or

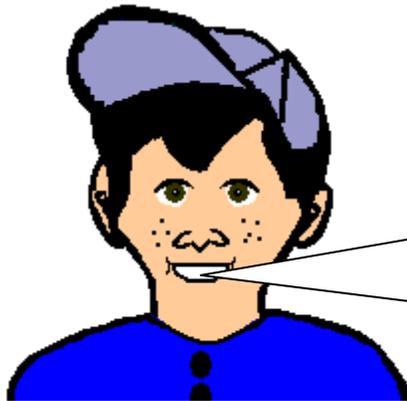
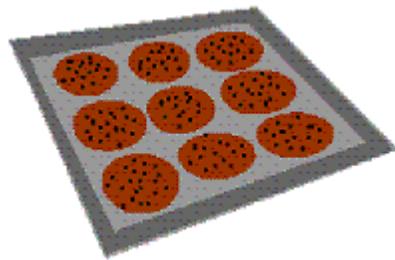
To what extent he spilled crumbs.

Charlie's mother was also upset because most of the time Charlie Careless had his mouth chock full of cookies!



4

Early one morning, Charlie Careless spotted some delicious-looking, freshly-baked, chocolate-chip cookies on the island in his kitchen. As was his character, Charlie figured that the cookies must be a special treat just for him!



Fantastic!
Cookies
just for me!

As Charlie was thinking to himself, *“My mom must have made these cookies just for me,”* he took two of the cookies, one cookie for his right hand, and one cookie for his left hand. For certain, that was a big mistake because people should always “ask” first before they take anything. After devouring three huge mouthfuls of cookies, Charlie tore down the hallway spilling tons of cookie crumbs all along his way.

As he ripped around the corner past the bedrooms, he spilled his cookie crumbs right in front of his little brother who was leaning in the entrance of his bedroom.



Charlie didn't seem to care who he was around when he spilled cookie crumbs.

Not stopping to think about what the cookies were made from, Charlie carted his cookies into the dining room recently decorated with brand new white carpeting. Chocolate from the cookies oozed out all over the carpet leaving black, gooey

spots. However, Charlie Careless gave no thought as to what kind of cookie crumbs he spilled.

Moments before this incident, Charlie's mother had asked the

entire family to be ready to leave for a planned get-together. Charlie Careless knew he should have been getting ready to go, but instead, Charlie was busy spilling cookie crumbs all through the house. He gave no thought at all about when he spilled his cookie crumbs.



Instead of getting dressed to leave as his mother had asked him to do, Charlie Careless burrowed down inside the couch to watch some television. There, while snugly nuzzled into the couch, he spilled some more cookie



crumbs. Charlie did not seem to care where he spilled his cookie crumbs.

Actually, Charlie didn't even stop to consider the real reason why he spilled his cookie crumbs.

The real reason he spilled crumbs, was because he really didn't care if anyone was or wasn't bothered by his insensitive actions.

For certain Charlie was unfeeling, tactless, inconsiderate, not to mention inattentive. There was one obvious way

to describe how Charlie spilled his cookie crumbs. He spilled them carelessly.



Charlie Careless was, indeed, careless, and so he spilled his cookie crumbs often.

To be sure, Charlie spilled his cookie crumbs every time he took a step, and every time he sat down, and every time he laid upon his bed, and every time he talked with someone, and every time he played or sang or jumped or screamed. He even spilled cookie crumbs when he prayed. It simply didn't matter to Charlie how often he spilled his cookie crumbs.

To what extent Charlie spilled his cookie crumbs no one will ever know, because it just was beyond imagination.



He spilled them everywhere:

**In the daytime and in the nighttime,
when he was alone and
when he was with others,
when he was at church and
when he was at home,
when he was in the bedroom and
when he was in the bathroom,
when he was sitting and
when he was standing.**

He was always taking cookies, always sneaking away with them, and always spilling them.

It was no wonder that Charlie's mother as well as the rest of Charlie's family were frustrated with him that evening. Not only were they dodging cookie crumbs but Charlie was making them late for their planned get-together.

He was so busy eating cookies and spilling crumbs that he was neither dressed nor had he attempted to get dressed.

When Charlie finally did appear at the front door, his mother's eyes spotted a long trail of cookie crumbs behind him.



As she followed the trail of cookie crumbs, she found crumbs tossed all over the dining room and sprinkled all around the kitchen.



She found cookie crumbs shaken all over the laundry room and dropped behind the closet door.



She found cookie crumbs dropped down the hallway and spread throughout the family room.



She found cookie crumbs trailing up the stairs and circling round the stair rails.



She found cookie crumbs smashed onto the shower floor and scattered under the toilet.

She found cookie crumbs scrunched inside the couch and shoved under the beds.



She found cookie crumbs jammed into the cracks of the table and stuck inside the dog's fur. Unfortunately, she found cookie crumbs everywhere she looked.

It was so distressful, because now it was time for the family to leave for their planned get-together, and the whole house was covered with cookie crumbs! So Charlie's mother and the rest of the family went into another room and conversed quietly among themselves.



By the time they returned to Charlie who was waiting by the front door,

Charlie Careless had chocolate all over his mouth. In spite of his messy appearance, Charlie confidently announced that he was ready to leave. It was at that point that the whole family went into action for all at once and all together, each family member lifted up his or her leg and firmly stomped their foot back down onto the floor..

As their feet were hitting the floor, they all said in unison:

“Charlie, it’s time we each put our foot down! You are NOT leaving this house for any reason until you have cleaned up all the crumbs you spill; and you will clean up all the crumbs all by yourself!”

Charlie Careless scowled, but he also knew that they all meant what they said.



17

I wish I could tell you that Charlie felt miserable and ashamed about what he had done, but the truth is, he didn’t. What he did do was to promptly go back through the entire house and pick up all the cookie crumbs he had spilled!

It is true that the entire family was late for their planned get-together, but some things are worth taking care of even if it means that schedules get interrupted.



18

Because each family member had put his or her foot down, Charlie's crumb-spilling adventures quickly came to a halt. From that day forward, every time Charlie spilled cookie crumbs, he was forbidden to do anything else until he picked up the crumbs and cleaned up whatever mess he made.

P.S.

Charlie Careless grew up and changed his name to Charlie Careful.

Isn't that interesting?

Is there a moral to this story?



As a matter of fact, there is!
The moral of this story is:

Wrong behavior **CAN BE** changed by following this formula:

Putting Your Foot Down
PLUS
Consistent Consequences
EQUALS
Changed Behavior!



Candy 4WAY Phonics
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