

Cookie Unfortunate
As typed by Isaac Summers

Note the crunch of the fortune cookie. If you do not know there is a treasure that lies within, you will possibly soon be surprised to find something sleek protruding out onto your tongue through all the rubble your pink blob has worked through and brought together. The monstrous round oral heirloom has chanced upon a portion of your coming fate revealed to you in a form unfortunately not yet obligatory. I tell you from across the table that I have written something special for you on the glistening treat, which is made of paper. What message have I written on the piece in your fortune cookie, dissimilar from the surrounding mold, and why have I chosen those exact words (if you even feel able to move past the pondering of why I put something in the snack hut in the first place)?

Gandalf: “The board is set, the pieces are moving. We come to it at last.” ‘It’, as used here, is the time decreed to pull back the shades from the still-standing two questions. I have a simple enough message for you: ‘Twiddle your ears. Your elders will be grateful for it.’ I have noticed, while staring at your face while you talk, that a gloom has gradually been creeping out from behind the lobes of the hearing utensils you possess and have, regretfully, ignored for such a long amount of time. I did not want to mention anything before, as I realize it is a difficult subject to breach, and the recipient of one’s advice may take unnecessary and counter-productive offense indeed. Offense was not meant to be laid out, as it never has been in such cases before, so please don’t leave your place to escape without first noticing what I would have us both be beholding to. I beseech you to take note of the size of your ears at this present time and behold what I have run across of. I hold you to the ground of explaining to me, if you admit your ears are a bit larger than what you recall they used to be or what they should exist as when compared to those of others, how they managed to become this way, what the extended reaches they grant are comprised of, and which wherewithal to be used would lead their bulky nature astray if started on this day. But I feel I have shocked you too much with this revelation already. I will explain things for you to give you a break from the figuring and allow the procession of information inwards to be first and foremost in your mind. Sir or madam, whichever sex you are (as I have never really paid attention before now to what you identify as, and wager I won’t going into the future), your ears are plastering. Noone really knows what causes it, but the appearance is always the same, with the applicable treatment almost always being consistent from one person to the next, with a few notable exceptions of which I hope you will not have to be indulged in. If your ears are left untreated, to your elders you will soon be viewed as a basket case. The plaster does not harm your hearing, and you do not feel its weight, but the elderly are the most critical of all persons. No matter what religion they say they are a part of, or if they don’t belong to one, the ceramic nature of a plastered person’s ears is a transgression against either God or humanity. Once one of them takes notice of your disability, the news will spread to other old cranks as sheep before a rogue lawnmower, and they will challenge you over and over again to tell them what good those appendages are for. (Obviously they have never considered the gallbladder, or are afraid if they do so what that would make of them considering their current belief system.) Do not try to hide from them. Running from one’s troubles always leads to death in one way or another. Yet the elderly are also the most loving and forgiving. If you turn from the error of your ways by applying the cure to your ailment, they will accept you no matter how much cranberry juice you steal from them. But oh yes. The cure. As hinted at before with lack of then relevant support, just twiddle them a leetle bit. Think of the lobes as wings and the fingers placed over them as directing strings. If there is no improvement within 10 years...oh dear god. We’ll have to remove all your vital organs and put them back in again.

The conclusion is simple, just like the message inside this particular cookie. Don’t read fortune cookies. They, just like the people who write them, are full of c—p.

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