

THE HALF-BAKED BREAD HEIST

I lived near a bakery on the wrong side of the tracks
Where thugs would stick to their guns and residents would have a run for their money.

The bakery was always out of dates, they did ugly tarts, and made buns of steel
But their cookies were out of this world, made by illegal aliens.

As I picked up a dozen, two ruffians burst in packing heat, loading their cases with warm
bread.

Then they demanded all the dough behind the counter.

I tried to make myself invisible behind a cake stand but the tall one shot me a glance and
hit me in the eye.

“Freeze!” he cried, and I began to feel chilled all over.

I was shitting bricks too, and the noise distracted the thugs long enough for the baker to
jump the gun.

On the other hand, the assailant wore knuckle-dusters which the baker cut his teeth on,
losing the upper hand.

As the hoodlum was about to bump off the baker, I tossed my cookies at him.

The tall man was left holding the bag of cookies with one arm, having dropped his fire
arm.

Then the baker revived and put the squeeze on him, trying his best to protect his bread
and butter.

The heavier thief pointed the finger at me and I ran at the finger man,
offering him a knuckle sandwich, but he wasn't hungry.

Then he swung at me two-fisted, but it was hit-and-miss.

I eventually took the fall, scooping up the weapon as I hit the floor.

Then I used my trigger finger to get the lead out.

I brought my target to his knees while he vented his spleen
But to my surprise he took out a knife and cut me to the quick.

I wasn't hurt but the slice on my chin was a very close shave.

He wrestled me for the gun and moved in for the kill

And I knew I was in grave danger.

Meanwhile, the baker had overthrown the tall man and flattened him with a rolling pin.

Then, walking on broken eggshells, he approached my assailant behind his back.

Spinning him around, the baker splashed food colouring at him and the fat man screamed till he was blue in the face.

Unable to see, he turned a blind eye and slipped up, falling for the beautiful birthday cakes in the window.

I found I was on a roll, so I got up and threw it at my attacker.

Just then a cop burst in, wanting donuts, but his chin dropped when the roll I tossed hit his cheek.

He revived, turning the other cheek, then did justice to the situation.

Seeing the thieves, he took out his notebook and threw the book at them.

I made a statement, took my cookies and walked out on them.

Will I take my business elsewhere? Hell, no.

That's the third time this week I fought it out and got my cookies free.

I know where my bread is buttered.