

As she would need to wait many hours, she decided to buy a book to spend her time. She also bought a packet of cookies.





She sat down in an armchair, in the VIP room of the airport, to rest and read in peace.

Beside the armchair where the packet of cookies lay, a man sat down in the next seat, opened his magazine and started reading.



When she took out the first cookie, the man took one also. She felt irritated but said nothing. She just thought: "What a nerve! If I was in the mood I would punch him for daring!"





For each cookie she took, the man took one too.

This was infuriating her but she didn't want to cause a scene.

When only one cookie remained, she thought: "ah... What this abusive man do now?"

Then, the man, taking the last cookie, divided it into half, giving her one half.





Ah! That was too much!

She was much too angry now!

In a huff, she took her book, her things and stormed to the boarding place.

When she sat down in her seat, inside the plane, she looked into her purse to take her eyeglasses, and, to her surprise, her packet of cookies was there, untouched, unopened!





She felt so ashamed!!
She realized that she was wrong...

She had forgotten that her cookies were kept in her purse.



The man had divided his cookies with her, without feeling angered or bitter.

...while she had been very angry, thinking that she was dividing her cookies with him. And now there was no chance to explain herself...nor to apologize."





The stone...

...after the throw!





...after it's said!

The occasion...





...after it's gone!