

The Kids

By Cross



The Kids

Okay, well you probably know the story of the Gingerbread Man; that's me! I was born in an oven. The batch of cookie dough for my body that was made had a special potion made for making life. Grandma Yindlecrabs traded it for a table that was very well carved. It was the most precious thing she's ever owned! But, Yindlecrabs was sure of this to be her greatest invention. She would make twenty little ginger bread people, including me.

The second the oven turned on I was alive! For the first time I was living and breathing! Looking around, I tried to get to my brothers and sisters. I hopped up and walked to my nearest sibling. I grabbed him and shook him. He seemed to not be awake. I thought that maybe he needed some more time to cook. I sat there for what seemed like forever and waited for my siblings to wake.

My arms started to get hot; I thought that was supposed to happen. But then they started to really feel on fire! I could not stand the burning! What should I do?!?! What if I get burned to a crisp?!?! My only plan to escape was to jump out of the oven. But what if my

brothers and sisters don't make it? Could I save them? But they're *still* not done cooking! I decided that it was best to start opening the oven. I'm not very strong I think, I mean I'm a cookie. Despite the burning in my arm, I pushed, and pushed as hard as I could. I struggled to actually make even a budge of making the oven door even get open just by a tiny crack.

"Oh I think my cookies are about to burn. If they are, that would be such a waste of ginger," Grandma Yindlecrabs said opening the door to the oven.

I grabbed the ginger bread man to my right very firm, but not too firm making sure I didn't damage his gingery skin. I hoped to save at least one of my siblings. Being lonely wasn't something I wanted to choose for an option.

I bounded out of the hot, fiery cell looking much like a I don't know. I haven't seen much in my life. But I must've looked like something.

"Oh my! My cookie servant is running away!" I heard Grandma Yindlecrabs say in a shocked voice. "What am I going to do?"

I ran as fast as I could to the door, making sure I duck down when going to the doggie door.

“Get back here you little ginger bread man!”
Grandpa Yindlecrabs screamed. “You were going to be our servant!”

My lungs would have been burning by now..... but I don't have lungs. You get the point. I kept on running because I didn't want to get caught.

I still had my ginger bread sibling in my hand; my arm is getting tired. He still wasn't moving. I put him on the ground, and placed my hand where his heart should be and felt for a pulse; I didn't feel anything. I just kept on waiting, and waiting. I waited for about an hour. I just couldn't accept that.

I decided to dig a grave for him. I tried not to cry. I didn't want anyone to see my tears. You never know if someone could be watching you.

* * *

After I made my Gingerbread house, everywhere I went, I always saw little kids running around. Which I was fine with, but they would always stare at me and chase me. But I was always faster than them. Sometimes I would taunt them by saying, “Run, run as fast as you can! You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man!”

Chapter 4

I've always been able to outrun the kids. But now since I'm older, I'm not as fast as I used to be.

One day, I was mocking the other kids in Candyland (since they can never catch me) like usual, and I knocked on all the doors, trying to draw the towns attention. Very loud, I was banging on the windows. There was a red wooden bench that I decided to sit on. I guess I wouldn't have very much fun today. Teasing kids is the only thing that I consider "fun". There was nothing else to do really besides start to walk home.

I kept on walking and walking, and I started to hear something in a high voice.

It said, "Here kitty, kitty, kitty." It was just a person calling their cat.

Then I heard another voice.

"We're coming to get you," someone whispered, like when you tell someone "I'm a ghost," in a quivering voice.

I ran as fast as I could to my house ~ I knew that they were kids, and their parents wouldn't let them out of

Candyland. I ran until I found myself at a stop from exhaustion. Looking to my side, I saw that the kids were chasing after me. I kept trying to run, but then my ribs would start hurting.

When I was younger, I used to run circles around these kids. But now, I'm 46 in ginger bread years. In human years, I would be about 2.

I decided I was too young for this and once I went home, I would stay in the forest with my new neighbor, Red Ridinghood.

12 kids were now about 2 yards away! I ran as fast as I could, but the kids were right behind me!!! I ran myself right into a corner, and one of the kids picked me up and licked me!!!! Another child took me from him and he nibbled my green gumdrop buttons!!!! The kids were now fighting and hitting to eat me!!!! One kid hit another kid really hard to the point that he had a red mark on his face. That kid stole me from a different kid in a red shirt and took a tiny chip off of my hand!!!!
OUCH!!!!

Then finally, a kid ripped off a liquorish stripe on my shirt!!!!

I jumped out of his grasp and ran to my house. I will never forget that day.