

Gingerbread man

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MY GINGERBREAD IS POSSESSED!!!!...must be a bad batch...

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/artyfowl/27539/Gingerbread-man>

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My Gingerbread Cookie: Bob

Once upon a time...wait! I have a better beginning-Once upon a time in my kitchen...or how `bout One day while I was making cookies...Oh mi gosh! Ok I'm just going to go with this-

One gloomy, rainy day in my kitchen I was making gingerbread cookies. Seems normal right? Wrong. I had made two burnt batches and was on my third and last one. I was so angry with my other batches that I decided to put extra sugar in it! I thought for sure this one would be different.

Well it turned out the way I thought. Different. Just not the different I wanted. See, there were only two perfect cookies in the WHOLE batch! So I figured better two than none.

But right then my little, eight-yea old sister in her poofy little dress came up to the cookies. She quickly snatched one and bit into it. I was so furious that I didn't say anything when she skipped away, snickering, out to the living room. *Oh well. At least I have one more*, I thought. So I pick up the gingerbread man. I was just about to take a delicious bite when it started to wiggle. I'm not kidding! This thing was totally alive! It even bit me! So the normal human guy reaction is to hold it. That's not what I did. I dropped it.

Right as I did so, it ran! I tried to chase it all around the house but it was too fast! I swear it was all that sugar. Just when I turned into my bedroom I looked outside and saw the sun shining golden yellow in the sky. I guess the cookie (I named him Bob after my uncle) did too because the next thing I knew he made a right at the end of the hallway and then a left; right for the doggy door!

I had to, of course, follow him for I felt responsible since I had made him after all. I ran after Bob but for some obscured reason he looked bigger. I saw some kids coming out to play just stare at amazement at me. "Could you help me like catch my cookie?" I yelled after them. Some helped and ran with me but others pinched themselves to make sure they weren't dreaming.

I looked back to the cookie and he looked like he grew again and got a tad browner. I think I was out of my mind too! Bob took us to the edge of the forest then went in. a few kids stopped to take a breather but I couldn't. I've said it once and I can say it again-After all he is my cookie.

So I followed him in. I was running for what seemed like 10 minutes when I saw a hunched, hooded figure right in front of a cottage. My cookie was just outside the cottage so I went over there. I found that the hooded thing was an old lady. Very ugly and wrinkly too! She left quickly and I went over to the cottage. A young and pretty lady stepped out with a bright red apple. I recognized her to be Snow White...weird I know. Bob made a sharp right at the sight of Snow and back into the forest. I got Snow to help me and she ran along with the other kids, I, and some of the animals that followed her.

We finally reached the road again and were still running after our dear cookie named Bob. So there we were. We were a strange sight I must say. A possessed cookie, a weird boy (me) right behind it, lots of neighborhood kids, Snow White, and animals. Lots and lots of animals.

Well about ½ way running back to my house Snow got a little hungry. She remembered she had an apple so she took a bite. A huge delicious bite that I would've loved to take. Except for the fact that she fell down pretty much dead the second she swallowed. That part I would've liked to avoid. Yea so now we had this Snow White lying on the road and all these animals surrounding her looking curiously at her dead-like body.

But I kept on running.

I was starting to get really tired and almost all of the neighborhood kids had stopped running and went home or played outside. I felt like collapsing or a huge glass of water. Oh well I either keep running or not. Haha I should just make another batch of cookies...THAT'S IT! I could just make another batch and forget about this high sugar possessed cookie.

In the mist of my thinking I wasn't really looking at Bob. Just knowing where he was but not looking at his form. So I looked at him. He was definitely way bigger and way browner than before. I think he's baking...IN THE SUN!!!!!!!!!!!! This is all just nutz and boltz to me.

By this time I'm like really really ready to just go home...hey maybe even make more cookie that I'll eat

this time and won't let get away. So out of all the tiredness and thirstiness I just cried out and said, "STOP, you darn cookie!!!!"

But of course it didn't. I slowed down to a stop and realized some news crew with video cameras and microphones. They were getting this all on T.V.! Now I really decided to go home. So I fast walked to my house (which was not far from there) so I wouldn't have to get interviewed. I made it home without any attention and slammed my front door shut.

Time for more cookies. I was soooooo hungry by then.

I turned on the television to see how much the news reporter got of the cookie. They were still following him but he was almost burnt by now. So I began but pull out the flour and everything else to make my cookies. This time I'm going to add effort and love (which means I'm going to ask my mum). So I did and she said she would be happy too.

While the cookies were baking I watched my cookie on T.V. It was burnt to a crisp and disintegrating with every step. By the time it reached the Old Well it was all burnt up and gone. Then the news turned to this mysterious girl lying dormant with a bitten apple in her hand. Right then I realized no one would believe this at school if I ever told them...