The Gingerbread Man

Once upon a time there was an old man and an old woman. Things had come to such a pass that they had no bread left to eat. The old man begged. "Dearest wifie, if you would only make me a gingerbread man!"

"Well, what could I bake it out of when there isn't even any meal?"

"Dear wifie: go to the lean-to and sweep the bin of all the meal and there will be enough to make a gingerbread man."

The old woman listened to him and went to the lean-to and swept the bin of all the meal. She heated the stove, mixed some eggs with the meal, baked a gingerbread man and put it on the window sill to cool. And he lay and lay there on the sill, and then he jumped onto the ground outside and from there he went through the gate. Then he ran and rolled down the road. He ran and ran down the road until he met a rabbit.

"Gingerbread man, gingerbread man: I am going to eat you up!"

And the gingerbread man said, "Do not eat me, Rabbit Big-Paws, and I shall sing you a little song."

"Well, sing then," replied the rabbit.

So the gingerbread man sang,

"I was swept from the bin

And some eggs were put in.

I ran away from an old woman.

I ran away from an old man.

I can run away from you, too, I can."

And the gingerbread man ran off. He ran and ran on the road until he met a wolf.

"Gingerbread man, gingerbread man: I am going to eat you up!"

And the gingerbread man said, "Do not eat me up, Brother Wolf, and I'll sing you a little song."

"Well, sing then," replied the wolf.

So the gingerbread man sang,

"I was swept from the bin

And some eggs were put in.

I ran away from an old woman.

I ran away from an old man.

I can run away from you, too, I can."

And off he ran. Again he ran and ran down the road until he met a bear.

"Gingerbread man, gingerbread man: I am going to eat you up!" said the bear.

"Do not eat me, Brother Bear, and I'll sing you a little song."

"Well, sing then," replied the bear.

"I was swept from the bin

And some eggs were put in.

I ran away from an old woman.

I ran away from an old man.

I can run away from you, too, I can."

And the gingerbread man ran off. He ran and ran down the road until he met a fox.

"Gingerbread man, gingerbread man: I am going to eat you up!" said the fox.

"Do not eat me, Sister Foxy-Loxy, and I'll sing you a little song," said the gingerbread man.

"Well, sing then," replied the fox.

"I was swept from the bin

And some eggs were put in.

I ran away from an old woman.

I ran away from an old man.

I can run away from you, too, I can."

"Well, how pretty your song is," said the fox. "But I am somewhat hard of hearing. Sing it once

more and sit on my tongue so that I can hear it better," said the wily fox.

The gingerbread man jumped onto the fox's tongue and began to sing.

"I was swept from the bin

And some eggs were put in.

I ran away from an old woman—"

And the fox snapped at him and ate him up. And that was the end of the gingerbread man.