

THE GINGERBREAD PRINCESSES

By Sharon Werner

One day,
Celeste and Mommy
were baking
GINGERBREAD cookies.



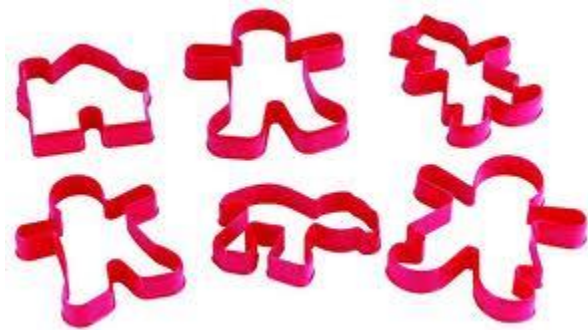
They *mixed* and *beat* .

They *sifted* and *stirred* .

“It’s **sticky**!” said Celeste.

She giggled and waved her
doughy fingers at Mommy.

“What shapes should we cut out of the dough?” asked Mommy.



“Can you make me a

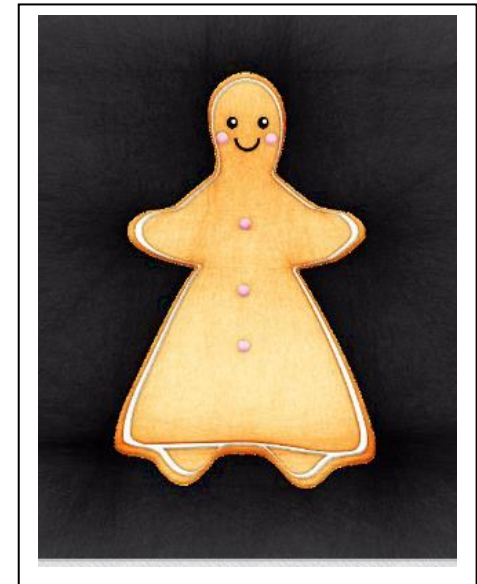
princess

cookie?”

Mommy cut out

a princess shape.

“Mommy, can you please
make me another **princess** so
she isn’t lonely?”



Mommy cut out
another princess shape.

Celeste decorated the
princesses with

fancy dresses and
golden crowns and
long eyelashes.

“I want to put them on a bed of marshmallow, so they sleep well.”

Mommy pushed each princess cookie onto a marshmallow.



She put them in the oven to
bake them up nice and fluffy.

The house filled with the smell
of ginger, *wrapping* around
Celeste like a warm blanket.

“Yummy,” said Celeste. “They smell so good, but I’m not going to eat them. I want to play with them.”

Celeste and Mommy set up a tiny tea party for the marshmallow gingerbread princesses.

Then, Mommy took the cookies out of the oven.

As she lifted them off the cookie sheet to cool, the two princesses jumped up.

“My goodness, why am I so **sticky**?” asked one princess.

“It must be this horrible white puffy thing stuck to our backs,” grumbled the other princess, struggling to turn around and see.

When Celeste and Mommy recovered from the shock of seeing the cookies alive, they smiled.

“Well then,” said Celeste, “Let’s have our tea now.”

They sat down with the cookies, who were delighted with the tea set.



“Yum,” said Celeste. “Those cookies still smell wonderful. I bet they would taste *yummy* with our tea!”

Horrified, the princess cookies jumped up so quickly, the marshmallows tore off their backs.

They ran away from Celeste
and around the kitchen.

“Come back,” cried Celeste. “I
was only teasing!”

But the gingerbread princesses
ran, right out of the kitchen.

*“Gingerbread Princesses
are we! You won’t
catch us; we’ll run until
we’re free!”*

They dashed past the dog, who eagerly followed his nose after them.

But the princesses ran out the dog door to the yard.

*“Gingerbread Princesses
are we! You won’t
catch us; we’ll run until
we’re free!”*

They ran down to the pond,
where the hungry ducks
quacked and flapped after
them. But they ran on.

*“Gingerbread Princesses
are we! You won’t
catch us; we’ll run until
we’re free!”*

They crawled through the fence
to the neighbors garden and
ran past the bunny.

*“Gingerbread Princesses
are we! You won’t
catch us; we’ll run until
we’re free!”*

“That’s what you think!” said the little boy next door, as he snatched up the gingerbread princesses and popped them into his mouth.

“Oh no,” cried Celeste, running after her beloved cookies.

“You ate my **princesses**,
you horrid boy.”

“No matter,” said Mommy.

“We’ll go in and make more.”

