



One day the little old woman was baking gingerbread.
"I will make a little
Gingerbread Boy," she said.

So she rolled the dough out flat and cut it in the shape of a little boy. She made him two good-sized feet.

Then she gave him eyes and a mouth of raisins and currants, and stuck on a cinnamon drop for a nose.

She put a row of raisins down the front of his jacket for buttons.

"There!" she said. "Now we'll have a little Gingerbread Boy of our own."

