

The Gingerbread House

My name is Fraulein Ginger B House,
I am from a German baker's oven,
My hair is sweet and long and red like bootlaces,
My eyes are clear windows of sugar-glass,
My skin is as soft as marshmallows,
And just as sweet...

I live, isolated, in an eerie, dark forest,
I enjoy watching the birds and the time go by,
All I know is the black of the dark that is all I have
ever seen, and the brown of the trees that surround
me,

My sister lives in Russia, she is lucky, she has legs,
even though they are a chicken's!
I have a very tall cousin, with a beautiful, long haired
pet,
An aunt who stays in a wolf-riddled forest,
And an uncle who keeps seven tiny miners,

I have a secret: a deep, dark secret-
I am slave to a two-legged creature,
that must be fed on young live flesh,
My job is to lure in and shelter the children that my
mistress needs, and desires,
The only food I eat is the leftover bones of the
innocents I draw in.

I dream of bright skies and starry nights, rainbows
and butterflies,
Not the dark of this place,

I dream of the aroma of roses,
Not the stench of death,

I dream of the laughter of babes and youth,
Not the sound of their murder...

What's that?

I sense some fresh flesh...
They are hungry,
They will fall into her clutches..

Maybe these ones will be different,
Maybe these ones will survive.
Maybe these ones will set me free.

By Class 6G
The Westborough School