

## THE GINGERDEAD MAN # 1

### “DEAL WITH A DEVIL CLOWN”

Millard Findlemeyer felt the pain the suffering of the torture of Hell, after being eaten and killed again a half a year ago by Sarah Leigh, the woman who sent him to the electric chair for killing her father and brother.

He wanted to get out of Hell so bad to get his revenge on Sarah, but he needed a new body to return to Earth in, since his cremated original was used up to create The Gingerdead Man.

Or was it?

“Well, if it isn't the cookie man himself,” a ugly looking clown entered from the darkness.

“Kiss my fucking ass, Pennywise,” replied Millard.

“Wrong clown, shithead,” Killjoy began to laugh. “The name is Killjoy, and I can help you get you sweet revenge.”

“I don't work with clowns, Chuckles, so fuck off,” Millard spit into Killjoy's face.

Killjoy grabbed Millard by the throat, as the demon clown opened his mouth to show razor sharp teeth almost heading to his face. “You better trust me, Findlemeyer, or you'll be brought back as dog shit!”

“Fine, I'll take your offer,” Millard agreed.

“Good boy,” Killjoy smirked. “I'll send you back to Earth, but it'll be in your old body.”

“Just do it, so I get my revenge on that Sarah Leigh slut,” Millard smirked, as he began to get ready for his return.

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### LITTLE DOTTIE'S SNACK FACTORY

Sarah Leigh sat in the office of Dottie Little, the owner and former spokeswoman for the namesake of the snack cakes.

Dottie sat at her desk for a chubby woman in her fifties wearing a red business suit smoking a Cuban cigar, as she finished her glass of gin.

“Why would you want to work for me, Ms. Leigh?” Dottie asked her. “From what I heard about you, your little bakery was under attack by a killer gingerbread man with the spirit of a serial killer.”

“What I told you is true,” Sarah replied. “I just want to earn some extra money to get my bakery back up and running.”

Dottie took a puff from her cigar. “Sarah, we at Little Dottie's make great snack foods that make kids happy, and I want to make me and everyone happy.”

“You look like you make yourself happy,” Sarah spoke under her breath.

“What did you say, Ms. Leigh?” Dottie asked.

“I was talking to myself, Madam,” Sarah lied to clear up the real reason.

“Good girl,” replied Dottie, as she took another puff on her cigar. “To tell you the truth, I don't give a fuck about the little shit brats, I'm just here to make money.”

As Dottie's back is turned, Sarah gets an angered look on her face knowing that she has to work with this greedy bitch.

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## LEIGH BAKERY

The bakery is closed for the night when the clean up crew entered the bakery to clean up for the next day.

Sarah hired these two guys named Jay and Bob to clean up for the night while she is at Little Dottie's

“Come on, Bob, we better start cleaning,” Jay, a blonde guy asked the bearded Bob.

“Shit, I didn't bring any munchies, dude,” Bob spoke.

“I bet the boss got some dough left over to make some gingerbread,” Jay replied.

The two entered the backroom to find some unused dough. Until Jay finds a box with the words “Bake Me, Stoners.”

“She knows us too well,” Jay chuckled, as he opened the box to see cookie dough already made.

“How are we going to back them, dude?” Bob asked Jay, as Jay pointed at one of the baker ovens.

“Lets start making some gingerbread men,” replied Jay, as he started putting a sheet of cookies in

the oven.

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Andre and his wife, Elisa, knew this would be a great spot to do their show for the kids. To get away from the hustle and bustle from the major cities.

They knew nothing can't hurt them here, after what happened to them a few months ago.

“I hope she doesn't find us here, Andre,” Elisa spoke to her husband. “After what she and the Totems did to us.”

“Camille is no more, my love,” replied Andre. “Now we can restart our lives with our puppets to make people happy.”

Andre walked into a trunk with the name “Andre Tullon and his Mysterious Puppets” as he opens the top, as a group of puppets began walking by themselves out of the trunk.

Andre and Elisa looked on at the puppets, known something is going to change them forever.

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Jay and Bob could smell the cookies out of the oven, as Jay iced up one of the gingerbread men.

“Let's get some cleaning done, while the cookies cool down, then we'll take a doobie break,” said Jay, as Bob nodded.

As the two stoners started cleaning, the gingerbread man began to move to get up. It's smile morphed into a evil grin as well as the rest of the face. The mutant cookie looked at the two guys cleaning.

“Better get some fresh kills, before I get rusty,” smirked the Gingerdead Man, as he got off the cookie sheet looking for a weapon.

He spotted a meat tenderizer on the floor, as he grabbed it, as he sneaked towards Jay who was taking his doobie break, while Bob went to the bathroom.

Jay saw the Gingerdead Man walking towards him, as he blew some smoke and laughed. “Hey, Mr. Cookie Man, do you know Shrek?”

“This is you brain,” Gingerdead Man pointed to Jay, as he took out the meat tenderizer. “This is your brain on drugs...when I bash your fucking in!”

The Gingerdead Man jumped up and began whacking in Jay's head with the meat tenderizer, as brain puss and blood was splattered over the floor and wall.

“Any questions, pothead?” the evil cookie laughed, as Jay fell dead on the floor.

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Bob just got back from the bathroom, as he found that Jay has vanished.

“Dude, where are you?” He shouted, as he didn't hear Jay call back. “Jay. don't tell me you took it without me.”

“I'm right here, dude,” Bob sees Jay walking kind of strange, like he looked more dead than alive. “Don't worry, I made you a special doobie.”

“Jay” gives Bob a fatten blunt, not knowing of the dripping blood coming out. Bob lights the blunt, as he inhaled a long drag.

“What's in this blunt, dude?” Bob asked, as he exhaled the smoke out of his mouth.

“Well, I put in Ajax, borax, powered bleach, and most of my brains,” Jay giggled. “Get ready of a big buzz.”

Bob began coughing up blood, as more blood came out of his nose. He could feel his tongue being burned off with more blood puss out, as the tongue fell on the floor.

Jay laughed evilly, after Bob fell dead on the floor with blood everywhere.

The Gingerdead Man jumped out of Jay's back like he was a puppet, as Jay lifeless body fell on the floor with Bob.

“The Gingerdead Man is back with a vengeance!” he shouted in twisted laughter, as he turned to the two dead stoners. “What to do with these two dead idiots?”

The evil cookie man smirked, as he knew what he had planned.

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As the day started, Sarah Leigh entered the bakery to start work as she would have to do stuff for Little Dottie as well.

She entered the back room to see giant cookie men in the middle of the room. She spotted something red dripping from one of the cookie men.

She walked towards one of them and then broke off a piece, as she looked into the inside that looked more like flesh and blood.

Sarah began to vomit, as she broke off a larger piece to see bone and guts come down to the floor. She screamed to learn that the two cookie men were Jay and Bob.

“NO!!!!” she cried, as she heard some familiar laughter.

“This is only the beginning, bitch,” the voice of Millard Findlemyer shouted from the shadows. “I'm saving you for last, after I kill your drunk mommy and your friends.” The laughter continued, as

she could hear the back door open and slam shut.

She thought it was over, but in slasher movies they always come back.

TO BE CONTINUED....

NOTE: Welcome to the first issue of Gingerdead Man, something I have been wanting to fix since 2 and 3 happened and the Evil Bong crossovers. I wanted to do a more horror based version of GDM, than the sequels did with more comedy and less horror. This mini is going to rework the series to be more horror, as this will lead into a new ongoing series with Puppet Master. All the GDM films after the first one don't exist, as this is a new cannon as I plan to add other Full Moon films into this shared universe like Killjoy, Subspecies, and Dollman. I don plan on an encounter with Jack Frost and other grade Z horror villains in future installments. Let me know what you think.