

The Gingerbread Girl Who Dreamed of Dancing

A Christmas story about following your dreams and finding your way home



In a cozy little bakery on a snowy little street lived a gingerbread girl with a very big dream.

Her name was Gingersnap. Everyone called her Gigi.

She had rosy pink cheeks, sparkling chocolate eyes, and a big white bow on top of her round gingerbread head.

And Gigi wasn't just any gingerbread girl.

Gigi was a ballerina!



Gigi loved Christmas: the twinkling lights, the cinnamon smell, the sleigh bells in the snowy streets.

But most of all, she loved dancing.

She practiced pliés beside the peppermint jars, pirouettes around the cookie trays, and grand jetés over the gingerbread houses.

“One day you'll leap right out of this bakery!” Mama laughed.

Maybe I will, thought Gigi.



One evening, the baker switched on the television.

There were dancers in sparkling costumes, smiling and kicking their legs high into the air.

The Radio City Rockettes!

“Look, Mama! They're dancing at Radio City Music Hall in New York City!”

Gigi's eyes grew wide. “That's what I want to be!”

“Then keep practicing, my little sugarplum,” said Mama.

And practice she did.



One morning, a bright red envelope arrived. Inside was an invitation to audition for a magical Christmas show at Radio City Music Hall.

“This is it!” cried Gigi. “My chance to dance with the Rockettes!”

Then she stopped spinning. New York was so far away. What if she got lost? What if she wasn't good enough?

“Big dreams sometimes take us to big places,” Papa said.

“And our love goes with you,” said Mama.



Gigi packed her white tutu, ballet slippers, and a little family photograph in her pink suitcase.

Mama wrapped a peppermint scarf around her neck. Papa gave her a little gingerbread heart.

“Whenever you miss us,” Papa said, “hold this and remember home.”

Gigi hugged Mama, Papa, and her little brothers and sisters.

Then, with a brave little breath, she climbed aboard the train.



“Goodbye!” Gigi called through the window. “Wish me luck!”

As the train chugged away, the bakery disappeared behind the snowy hills.

Her tummy fluttered.

She was excited. She was nervous.

She pressed Papa's little heart against her own.

Past frosty fields and glittering towns the train carried her, all the way to New York City.



Yellow taxis hurried down the streets. Skyscrapers reached toward the clouds. Christmas lights sparkled everywhere.

Gigi stopped beneath a towering Christmas tree and tipped her head back.

“Oh!” she breathed.

Then she saw it: the glowing lights of Radio City Music Hall.

Gigi held her suitcase tight. Behind those doors was the stage she had dreamed about.

“This is really happening,” she whispered.



The audition room was filled with dancers. Tall dancers. Graceful dancers. Dancers whose kicks seemed to reach the ceiling.

Gigi looked down at her tiny gingerbread legs.

“Oh, crumbs. Maybe I'm too small.”

Then she remembered Papa's words.

Big dreams sometimes take us to big places.

Gigi took a deep breath. She straightened her white bow.

And when the music began, she stepped forward.



Gigi twirled. She leaped. She kicked her little legs as high as they could go.

For one wonderful moment, she forgot to be afraid.

She simply danced with all her heart.

The music stopped. Gigi held her final pose.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

“Your kicks may be little, but your heart is enormous,” the director said. “We'd love you to join our Christmas show!”

“Me?” Gigi gasped.



Gigi jumped so high her white bow bounced.
She had done it! She was going to dance at Radio City Music Hall.
Soon she was practicing with the Rockettes every day.

She learned new steps, made new friends, and found her name on a dressing-room door.
Together the dancers counted: “Five, six, seven, eight!”
Every morning, Gigi could hardly wait for the music to begin.



But at night, when the theater grew quiet, Gigi missed the smell of Mama's baking.

She missed Papa's silly jokes and the warm glow of the bakery windows.

She missed home.

Beside her family photograph, Gigi found a note from Mama:

“The Lord your God will be with you everywhere you go.”
—Joshua 1:9, ICB

Gigi held Papa’s little heart.
“God, please help me be brave,” she whispered.



Opening night was three days away. Costumes sparkled. Music filled the halls.

But Gigi sat quietly beside her family photograph.

A dancer stopped beside her. “What's wrong, Gigi?”

“I've dreamed of this forever,” Gigi said. “Now I wish my family could share it.”

Her friend gave her a gentle smile.

“Let's call them. You can tell them everything.”

Hearing their voices made the big city feel a little smaller.



At last, opening night arrived. Outside, crowds gathered beneath the lights. Inside, the orchestra began to play.

Backstage, Gigi tied her slippers and smoothed her white tutu.

Her bow sat proudly on her head.

Gigi peeked through the curtain. So many people!

“I wish you were here,” she whispered.
Then she remembered Mama’s verse. God was with her here, too.

The music swelled. The curtain rose.
And Gigi stepped into the light.



She twirled. She leaped. Then, turning toward the front row, she saw a familiar peppermint scarf.

A familiar gingerbread smile.

And a sign that said, “GO, GIGI, GO! WE LOVE YOU!”

Mama! Papa! Her whole gingerbread family!
They were waving and cheering just for her.
Gigi danced higher, twirled faster, and smiled her biggest smile.

When the final note rang out, the audience rose. “Bravo!”

Gigi took a great big bow.



After the show, Gigi raced into her family's arms.

“We wouldn't have missed this for all the gumdrops in the world!” Papa laughed.

“We're so proud of you, sugarplum,” said Mama.

“I love dancing here,” Gigi said. “But I miss home.”

“You can follow your dreams and still carry home in your heart,” Mama said.

Papa opened a red box of Mama's cinnamon stars.

“Now that smells like home!” Gigi giggled.

Beneath the Christmas lights, she held her family's hands. Her big dream felt sweeter shared.

Dreams are sweeter when you share them
with the people you love.

And wherever her dreams took her,
Gigi carried the love of home.

THE END