

### *Praise for A Dreidel in Time . . .*

" . . . a delightful adventure tale, filled with suspense, loyalty and love, revealing the true meaning of the Hanukkah story. Great fun, a pleasure to read and educational to boot."

—Faye Kellerman, New York Times best-selling author  
of *Day of Atonement* and *Milk and Honey*

DEVORAH AND BENJAMIN ARE EXCITED TO OPEN THEIR HANUKKAH PRESENT FROM BUBBE AND ZAYDE BUT IT'S ONLY AN UGLY OLD DREIDEL. It's a big disappointment—until it transports them out of modern Los Angeles to join the Maccabees! Once they convince a suspicious Judah Maccabee and their new friends that they've arrived to help, they use what they know about the Hanukkah story from Hebrew school to aid the Maccabees in their battles against Antiochus and they rededicate the Temple with their new friends. They know that the miracle of Hanukkah relies on finding the special consecrated oil, but where is it?

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# A DREIDEL IN TIME

A NEW SPIN ON AN OLD TALE



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## CHAPTER 1

# HANUKKAH

“PSST . . . Benjamin!”

Benjamin looked up from the kitchen table. His sister, Devorah, was wiggling her finger at him to join her at the closet under their staircase. “Is that where you think Mom hid our Hanukkah presents this time?” he asked. “Don’t bother . . . I’ve already looked there.”

Devorah walked over to the table. “So, smarty pants, where do you think they are?”

“She’s probably got them someplace we can’t get to, like her car trunk. She got pretty mad at us last year, remember?”

“That’s because when we found them, you opened yours.”

“I was only eight years old!” Benjamin picked up

his pencil. "I've got to finish my math homework before Mom comes home from work, or she won't let me open any presents tonight. She and Dad will be home any minute."

"Mom said they might be late because they have to pick up some sour cream for the latkes." Devorah looked at the hanukkah set up on the dining room table. Eight candles stood in a row, led by the shamash, a candle raised above the others. It always reminded Devorah of a general leading his army into a battle against darkness. "We can help Mom by lighting the candles."

Benjamin's wrinkled his eyebrows. "We'd better wait for her to get home."

"I'm having my Bat Mitzvah next year. I'm old enough to handle the lighter."

"That's not what I meant. She's already complaining about how the only thing we think about on Hanukkah is opening our presents."

"Come on. Say the blessings with me. She won't be as mad if we tell her we lit them together."

"Maybe." Benjamin joined her as she lit the shamash. She plucked it out of its holder and lit the other candles.

The front door opened just as Devorah lit the

eighth candle. She replaced the shamash in its holder, then ran over and gave Mom a big hug. “Hi. Let me take your coat and hang it up for you. How was your day?”

“I bet you’re hungry,” Benjamin chimed in. “I’m starving. Can we make the potato latkes now?”

“You’re starving?” Mom chuckled. “I didn’t think we were *that* late.” She handed Devorah her coat and glanced at the clock on the kitchen wall. “It’s only 5:00. I’d like to rest a bit before starting the latkes. If you want to speed things up, you can peel the potatoes.”

Benjamin returned to the table and opened his math book. “Devorah only wants to eat so she can open tonight’s Hanukkah present. That’s why she lit the candles before you got home.”

Devorah glared at her brother.

Mom frowned. “You lit the candles without us?”

“You were late and it got dark.” Devorah grinned. “Benjamin didn’t think you’d mind.”

“Don’t you shove that off on me!” Benjamin looked at his sister. “Lighting the candles was your idea!”

Dad shook his head. “I suppose if you knew where your presents were hidden, you’d have opened them already, too!”



Devorah's face reddened as she and her brother exchanged glances.

“Speaking of presents . . .” Benjamin smiled.

Mom sighed. “Well, tonight you'll have to wait even longer. Your grandparents are joining us for dinner. They'll be here in a half hour or so.” Mom sank into her comfy chair.

“Bubbe and Zayde are coming! Hooray!” cried Benjamin. “I sure hope they bring me the art set I asked for.”

“And the telescope I want!” added Devorah.

“Bubbe is bringing you both a very special gift this year.”

“What is it?” Devorah and Benjamin shouted at the same time.

“You'll have to wait and see.” Mom closed her eyes. “But I guarantee you—it will be, to use your words, ‘awesome.’”