

We entered the cave, and suddenly  
we were in another era!

The year is sometime in the ancient past, long ago.

The location is Egypt.

Pharaoh's got the Jewish people enslaved!

They're in trouble- and so are we!

Can we help Moses convince Pharaoh to let our people go  
and still get home in time for our Seder?

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# The Time Tunnel

Let My  
People Go <sup>#3</sup>

By Galila Ron-Feder-Amit

Translation by Noga Applebaum

Illustrations by Yonat Izraeli



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Cover design by Galia Bernstein  
Illustrations by Yonat Izraeli

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## Preface

If this is your first Time Tunnel book, and you want to understand what's going on, you should know some things about me: I'm not a flake, and I don't make stuff up. I'm a totally normal kid and pretty popular at school. I love soccer, take karate twice a week, and play games on my laptop when I've got nothing else to do. I love watching horror movies, and so do all my friends. It's really fun to lie in bed and get scared silly watching a bunch of bloodsucking vampires chase terrified kids. You can always pull the covers up over your head when something really awful happens.

By the way, my name is Dan. I'm 10 years old. I live in Ramot, one of the largest neighborhoods in Jerusalem. In most ways, I guess it's a pretty normal

neighborhood. But recently I discovered a small cave not far from my house. I don't think anyone had ever been there before. I turned the cave into my secret hideout – I shoveled the dirt out and laid down an old rug to make it cozy.

One day I was just sitting there quietly when, all of a sudden, I felt something moving behind me. At first I thought I was just imagining it. I wasn't. The back wall of the cave started to crumble. Pebbles rained down onto the rug, and then, bit by bit, the wall actually cracked open. I've got to admit, it was really scary.

I ran out and waited a few minutes. When the wall stopped crumbling I went back in, grabbed my rug, and shook out all the dirt and stones. As I laid it back on the cave floor, I saw a round opening in the wall. I peeked into the hole, but it was too dark in there to see where it went.

Another kid would probably have headed into that dark tunnel, right then and there. Not me. I didn't really want to explore the cave alone. What if it wasn't safe? But who could I ask to come with me?

After a minute, I decided on the perfect person to ask: Sharon. Sharon is braver than anyone I know. She's a super athlete, a champion rope climber, and—most importantly—she can keep a secret.

Sharon's the curious type, so she met me after school to explore the cave. Armed with flashlights, we crawled into a side tunnel. It led us to a strange storeroom stocked with barrels full of guns.

Before we could get our bearings, some guy threatened us with a pistol, saying he would arrest us unless we gave him the password.

Of course we didn't know the password, and we got arrested. After that, we were interrogated. It turned out we were no longer in our era, but in the period of Israel's War of Independence. We were actually hanging out with the defenders of the Jewish Quarter of the Old City in Jerusalem in 1948!

And then we realized my little cave's big secret: it was a time tunnel, and it could transport us to different periods in time.

You might ask, how did we get back home to our own time? Well, that was the tricky part.