

Welcome to PJ Our Way!

This book, *JORDAN AND THE DREADFUL GOLEM*, is my personal gift to you. It is a story of bravery, friendship and magic. And, it's a story about kids like you discovering their own hidden gifts.

Do you like graphic novels? Are books about sports your favorite? Do you want to get lost in a story that takes place over a hundred years ago? Now that you are a member of the PJ Our Way club you will be sure to find the books that you love because you will always have a variety of books to choose from. The books you read may make you feel happy, sad, or even angry. They may make you laugh. No matter what, each one will take you on a special adventure.

And guess what? Your creativity can help us! PJ Our Way runs on the energy of kids like you! Check out our website www.pjourway.org to connect with authors, watch and submit videos, rate books, meet other PJ Our Way kids and of course, choose your next adventure!

It is exciting to be exploring the world of PJ Our Way! I wish you many years of happy reading and I look forward to hearing from you.

Harold Grinspoon



**JORDAN AND THE
DREADFUL
GOLEM**



Karen Goldman

Illustrated by Rachel Moseley

Penlight

To Arnold:
Thank you for your love and devotion
and for strengthening my light.

Jordan and the Dreadful Golem
by Karen Goldman
Illustrated by Rachel Moseley
Paperback edition – 2014

Text Copyright © 2014, 2013 by Karen Goldman
Illustrations Copyright © 2014, 2013 by Rachel Moseley

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be used
or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without
written permission from the copyright owner, except in the case
of brief quotations embodied in reviews and articles.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents
either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously,
and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead,
events or locales, is entirely coincidental.

Typeset by Ariel Walden

Printed in the USA

ISBN 978-098-386-854-5 (softcover)
ISBN 978-098-386-852-1 (hardcover)

Penlight Publications
527 Empire Blvd. Brooklyn, NY 11225 Tel: 718-288-8300
www.PenlightPublications.com

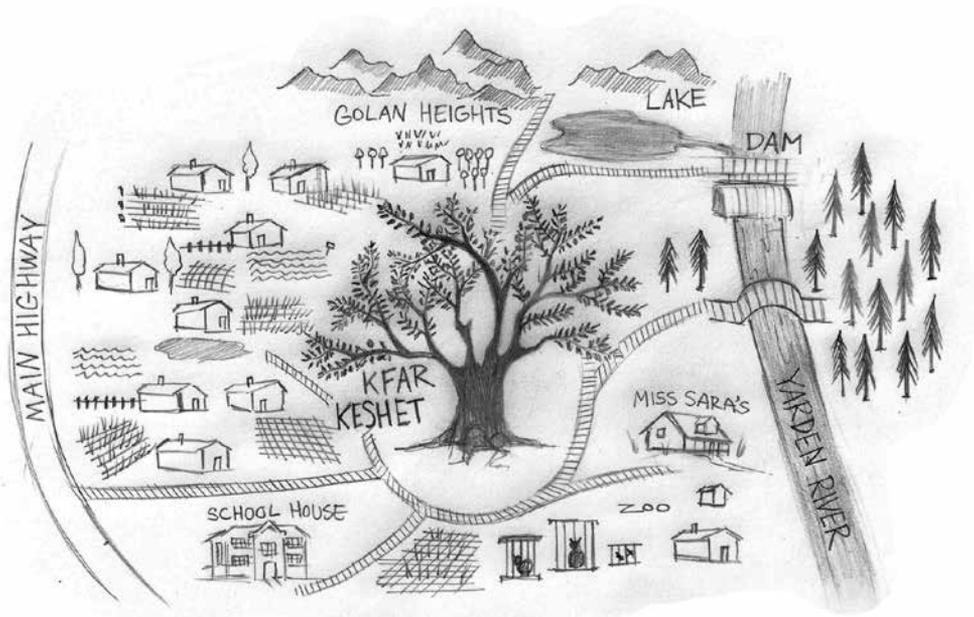


Contents

In the Beginning	· 9
Trouble at the Lake	· 13
Meeting Miss Sara	· 19
The Last Camp-out of the Summer	· 29
Mud Man	· 38
At the Campfire	· 43
Miss Sara Hears the News	· 46
My Treasure Box	· 60
The Treasure Box Ceremony	· 64
Saving Ziv	· 69
Miss Sara Gets the Scoop	· 75
Back to School	· 84
Aish's Fire	· 93
Jacob is Mad	· 96
School Health Week	· 100
The News Gets Out	· 107
The Forgotten Book	· 110
The Break-In	· 122
Going for Help	· 131
Mr. Portaal Appears	· 138
In Trouble	· 145
Meeting Nadav at the Lake	· 148

* *Jordan and the Dreadful Golem* *

The Students Decide	· 152
Helping Mr. Handler	· 155
A Trip to the Library	· 158
A Visit to the Zoo	· 162
At the Zoo	· 165
Escape from the Zoo	· 170
Miss Sara Solves the Puzzle	· 172
Get the Golem to the Lake	· 178
The Plan	· 183
A Net the Size of a Man	· 187
The Team Gathers	· 191
Meeting at the Lake	· 195
A Captured Worm	· 199
The Golem Arrives	· 201
Epilogue	· 211



GOLAN HEIGHTS

LAKE

DAM

MAIN HIGHWAY

KFAR KESHET

MISS SARA'S

YARDEN RIVER

SCHOOL HOUSE

ZOO



Chapter 1

In the Beginning

HI, I'm Jordan – Jordan Gavrieli. I live in Israel. You've heard of it, right? It's a thin strip of land between the Mediterranean Sea, Egypt, Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon. I live in a village called Kfar Keshet. Keshet means rainbow in Hebrew, the language we speak here. Miss Sara, the founder of our village, named it that because a rainbow is a sign of hope. Miss Sara's hope is that through careful training, we, the children of the village, will develop skills to defeat our enemies. It's a long story. I'll tell you about it sometime.

Kfar Keshet is a great place to live. It's in the north of the country, above the city of Tiberias. We have a dam and a lake. And we have the Jordan River flowing right down from the Golan Heights, that plateau at the southern end of the Lebanese mountains. We can see the mountains to the north of the village.

You haven't heard of the Jordan River? There's a song about it that everyone knows. "The Jordan River is deep and wide . . . dah, dah, dah." Anyway, in Hebrew, we call the river *Nahar Yarden*. When Miss Sara named me, she named me after the river. I don't think too many kids in

the U.S. are named after rivers. I've never heard of a boy named Mississippi.

Miss Sara names a lot of the kids in our village. She has a special genius, because the name she gives the kids always relates to their gift. Around the age of thirteen, sometimes younger, the kids she has named discover they can do amazing things.

I'm almost thirteen. Just a few more months. I don't have my gift yet. I'm trying to figure out what it will be. I want to be able to fly, like Superman. Up, up, and away.

That's why I'm standing in this tree. I'm working on my gift. I don't have the flying down yet, but I'm getting closer. You see, I'm only wearing swim trunks and a tee shirt. No shoes. I don't want any extra weight.

I scramble up higher. I spread my arms like wings and take off, pushing away the branches. I'm sailing. Then I'm falling. I need lift. But instead, I crash out of the large sycamore with a thunderous rush of leaves and shattered branches and hit the grass, belly first. Oomph. Then my forehead hits the ground.

"Ouch!" I yelp. I hold my head in my hands. Colored dots are racing the Grand Prix in front of my eyes. I shake my head. Another bump on my forehead.

"Jordan! That's the fourth tree you've fallen out of today. You're always falling out of trees."

That's Ziv, my brother. He's two years younger than me. He doesn't know anything.

"I'm just practicing," I tell him for the one hundredth time. "When I find my gift, I know I'm going to be a superhero. I'm gonna be able to fly."

Ziv shakes his blond head like one of those Bobblehead toys that has a spring for a neck. "You're named Jordan. Come on! What does flying have to do with the Jordan River or water?"

As I push the hair out of my eyes, I accidentally touch

* *In the Beginning* *

the new bump on my forehead. I take a deep breath and hold still so Ziv won't see I'm in pain.

"There must be a connection," I say. "You just don't see it. What do you know, anyway?"

"I know my gift," Ziv says, in his snotty way.

I look down, and my shoulders slump. It's true. Ziv knows his gift even though he's younger than me. Sometimes it seems like everybody else gets things first.

"Sorry. I'm sure your gift is going to be great," Ziv says.

"Yeah, I've waited long enough. Let's go for a swim. I'll race you," I say. My head is spinning like a whirling pizza crust but it won't stop me. I'm Ziv's older brother. I have to beat him at something.