

UNDER ATTACK!

The children of the town of Keshet are born with the ability to bend nature to their will, and 12-year-old Jordan has just discovered his gift of the power to transform into water. His friend Noam can alter cloud formations, Ellah can spin webs, and little Eden can create the strange animals she sees in her dreams. No one knows the source of these powers except for Miss Sara, the mysterious town matriarch who helps the children find and control their talents using Kabbalah and other mystical teachings from Israel's ancient past.

However, someone wants to use the children's powers for his own sinister purposes. Jordan and his friends must combat this enemy who wields the power to erase the line between the living and the dead.

Incorporating Jewish mythology, this tale of friendship reveals the power of teamwork in the face of adversity.

"The story has fantastical and kabbalistic elements, but at its heart it is about a boy finding his inner strength and protecting his friends and family."

–*Hadassah Magazine*

"*Jordan and the Dreadful Golem* is a mystery, an adventure and a story of self-acceptance This book...is highly recommended."

–Hillary Homzie, author of the *Alien Clones From Outer Space* series

Karen Goldman was a writer based in Jerusalem, Israel. She grew up in Los Angeles, California, where she attended UCLA and graduated from California State University, Fullerton. This was her first book.

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**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
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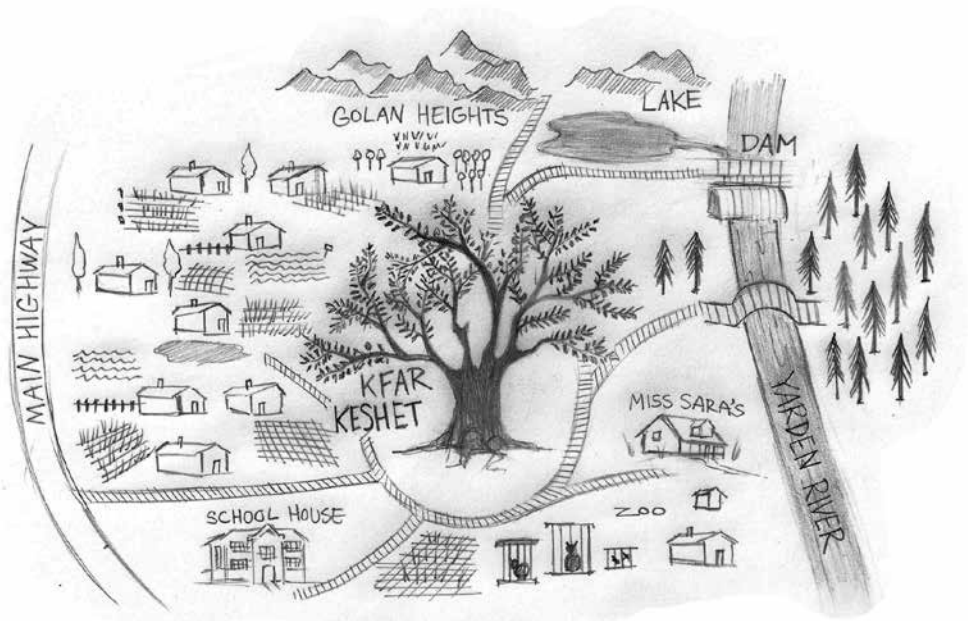


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GOLAN HEIGHTS

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.