

THE THIRD VOLUME IN THE AWARD-WINNING SERIES WITH SEVEN STARRED REVIEWS



Welcome back to Hereville, where Mirka, the time-traveling, monster-fighting Orthodox Jewish girl faces her greatest challenge yet: babysitting! Mirka wants to find new adventures, but she's stuck having to watch her disapproving little sister. Add a magic fish with a grudge, and Mirka's in way over her head—and this time, her whole family is in danger!



PRAISE FOR THE SERIES

★ "Utterly ingenious." —**Kirkus Reviews**

★ "One of the most original and comically endearing heroines to come down the pike in a long time." —**Publishers Weekly**

★ "A truly distinctive series." —**School Library Journal**

"Hereville is a delightful surprise. Funny, charming, and thoroughly original." —**Scott McCloud, *Understanding Comics***

"Comics, and the rest of the world, for that matter, need more girl heroes like Mirka. She will have readers cheering for her every step of the way."

—**Raina Telgemeier, *Drama; Smile; Sisters; The Baby-sitters Club* graphic novels**

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**PJ Our Way is a fun and interactive
Jewish program for kids by kids!**

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more. And spread the word!**



Almost twelve years ago...

Hashem has blessed us so much.

Would you just look at her? A perfect, gentle angel!

You think this baby is gentle?

HAH!

I'm telling you, *this* one kicked me more during the pregnancy than all her sisters combined.

And I'm telling you, she's an angel!

Maybe you did something to deserve being kicked.

ME? That does it, nudnik.

Next baby, you get to be the pregnant one.



A man with a beard and a black suit with a white shirt and tie is pointing his right hand towards a baby. The baby is wearing a yellow long-sleeved shirt and has a surprised expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. The man's mouth is open as if speaking.

Look, my tiny Mirka!
We're here!

Can a newborn even see that far away?

Shush.
I'm talking with my new daughter.

A man with dark hair, wearing a blue shirt and a yellow jacket, is shown from the chest up, looking upwards with his hands raised in a gesture of awe or surprise. In the background, there is a two-story yellow house with a brown roof and a porch. The scene is set outdoors with trees and a fence.

Look, Mirka!
You're going to grow up right here.

You're HOME.

Mirka's mother died six years later.

As Mirka grew up, she explored every nook and cranny of the house.

Mirka explored the roof...

Are you meshuginah? Get DOWN from there!

The crawl spaces...

Zindel, LOOK! These have got to be the biggest spiders EVER!

Her stepmother Fruma's closet...

How do I look?

Completely ridiculous!

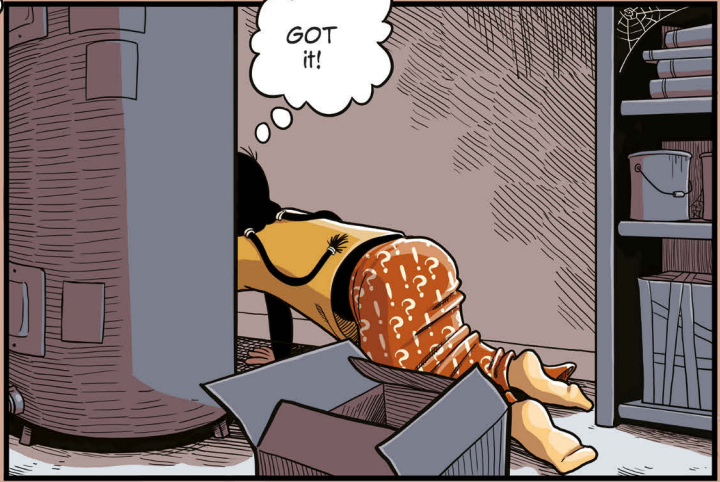
The basement...

Is that a box wedged back there?

Just a little farther...



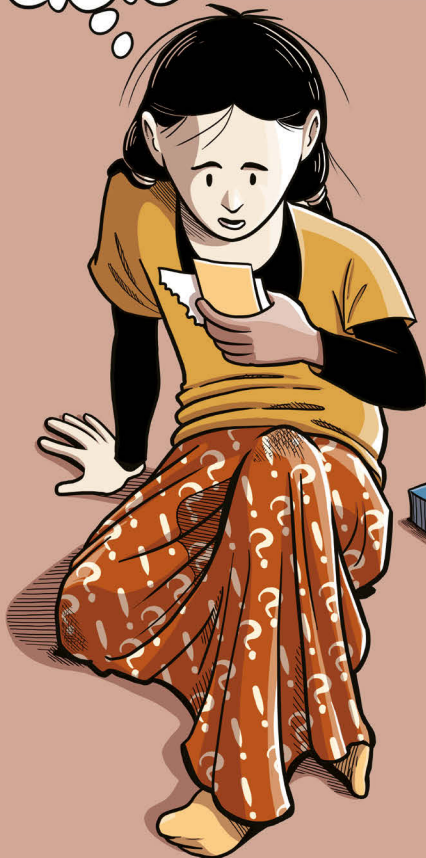
GOT it!



It's in English!

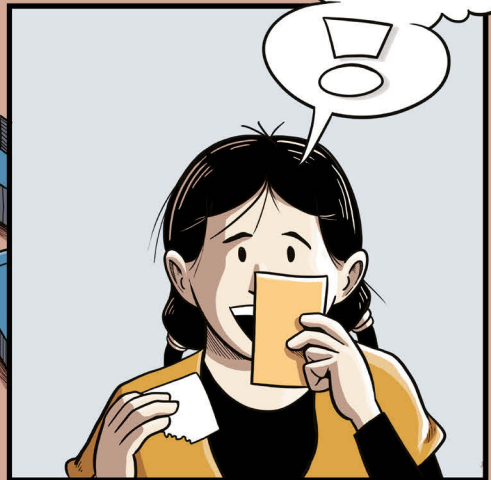
In Hereville, people speak Yiddish and learn English as a second language. English was Mirka's best subject. But even so...

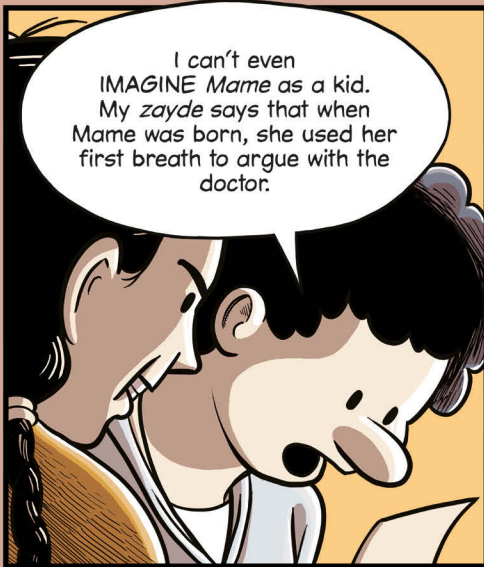
This doesn't make sense!



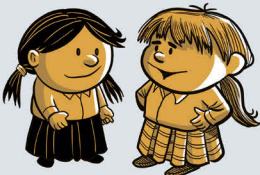
I wish that you always answer questions about yourself and your account not just the literal meaning of the question but your best-faith understanding of the intent of the question without using technical but misleading

What's this photo?





In Hereville, unmarried women and girls keep their hair long, although they usually tie it back.



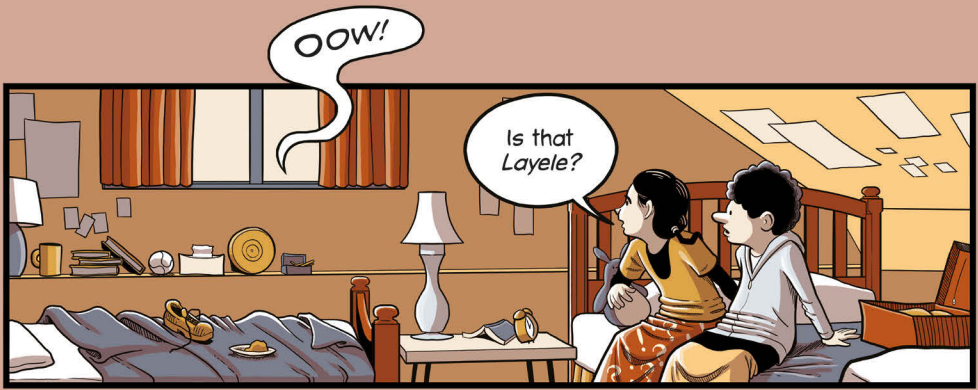
Married women keep their hair short, or even *shave* it.



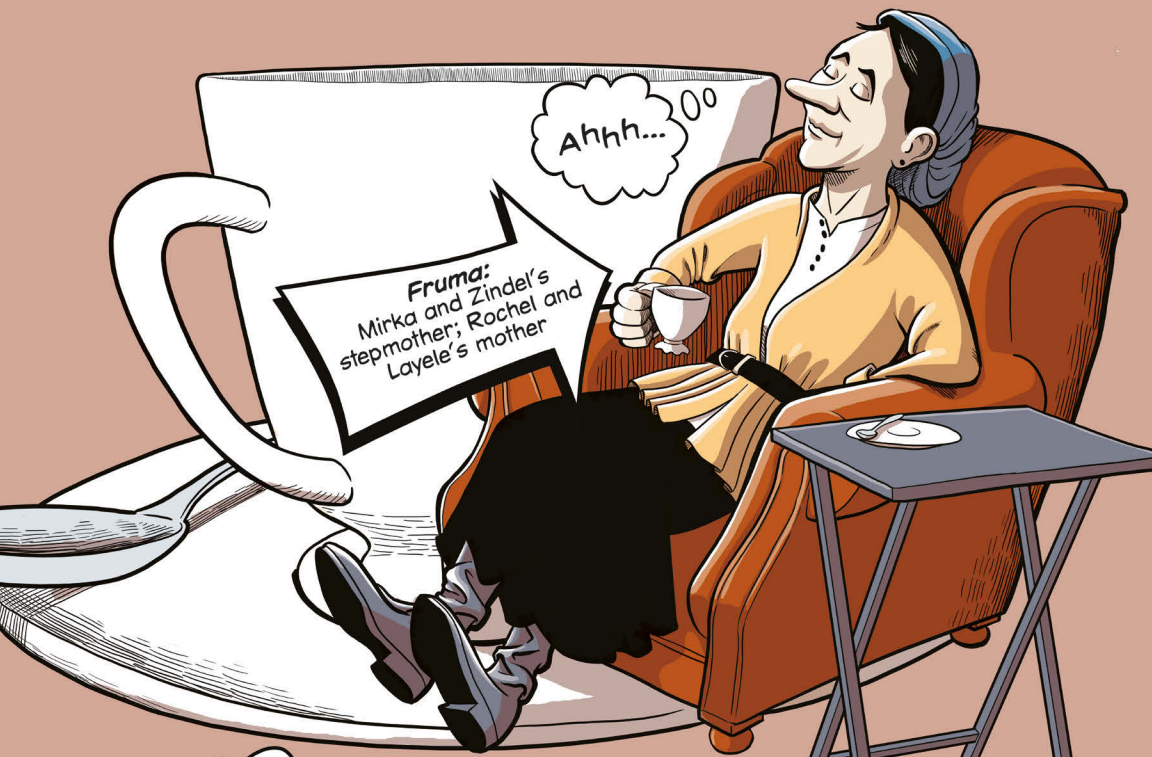
But you'd never know it, since they wear wigs, or a head covering called a "*snood*."



Zayde: Grandfather
Madernish: Modern



Vos hostu geton?: What did you do?



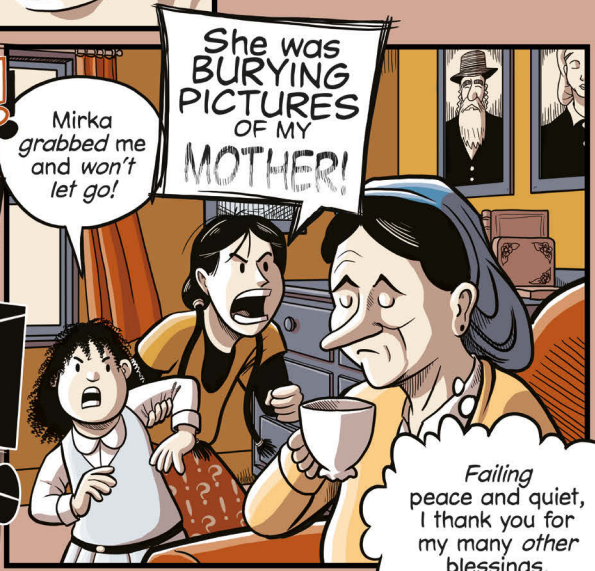
Fruma:
Mirka and Zindel's
stepmother; Rochel and
Layele's mother

Ahhh... 00



Thank you,
Hashem, for this
wonderful moment
of peace and—

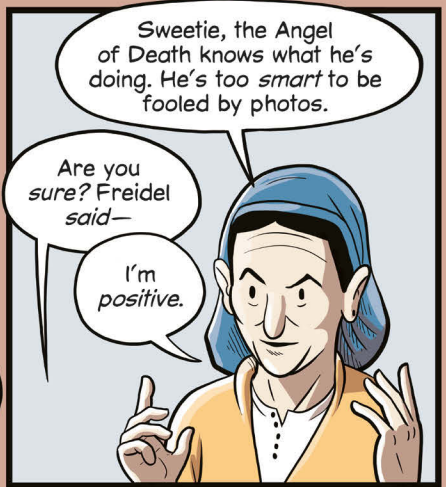
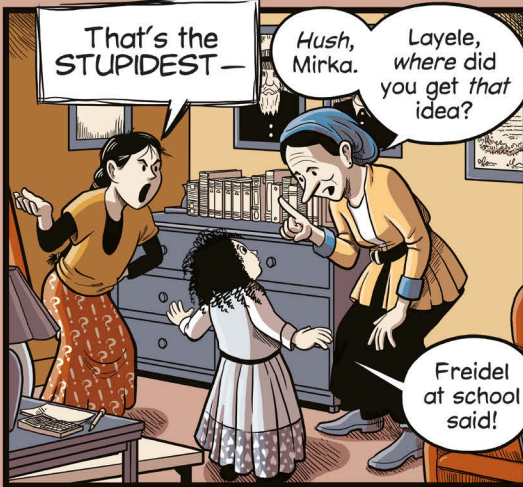
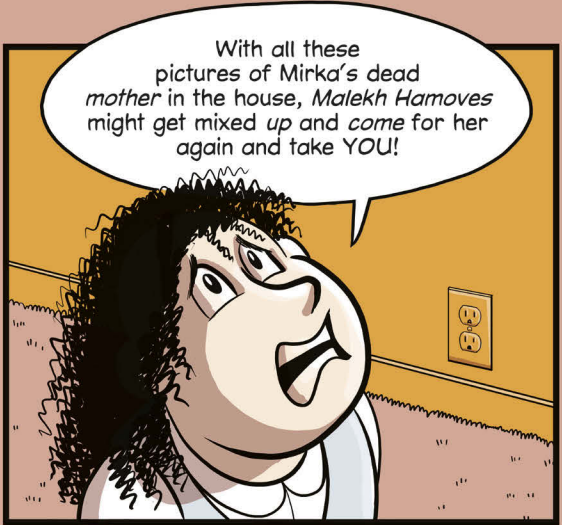
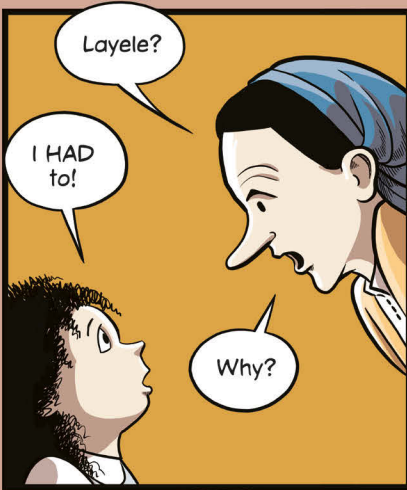
STOMP!
STOMP!
STOMP!
SLAM!!



Mirka
grabbed me
and won't
let go!

She was
**BURYING
PICTURES
OF MY
MOTHER!**

Failing
peace and quiet,
I thank you for
my many other
blessings.



Punishment isn't *always* the answer.

Layelle, go tell Zindel and Rochel we're leaving *soon*. I need to drop them off and get back in time for Shabbos.

She gets away with **EVERYTHING!**

Yes, Mame!

Mirka, you've reminded me of a story about *Rabbi Hillel*. Want to hear it?

Actually, I'd rather—

Long ago, a Jew with no respect for Hashem or Torah made *fun* of Rabbi Shammai. He told Shammai:

"If you can teach me the whole Torah while I stand on one foot, I'll dedicate my life to serving Hashem."

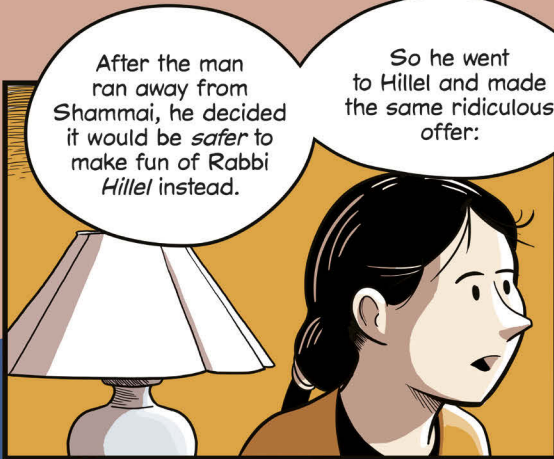
Rabbi Shammai was incredibly wise, but he *did* have a bit of a temper.

"It takes years to learn the Torah, fool!" he yelled.

And Rabbi Shammai *beat* the man with a measuring stick!

This story is better than I expected!





After the man ran away from Shammai, he decided it would be *safer* to make fun of Rabbi Hillel instead.

So he went to Hillel and made the same ridiculous offer:


"Teach me the entire Torah while I stand on one foot and I'll dedicate my life to Hashem."

Did Rabbi Hillel beat him up?

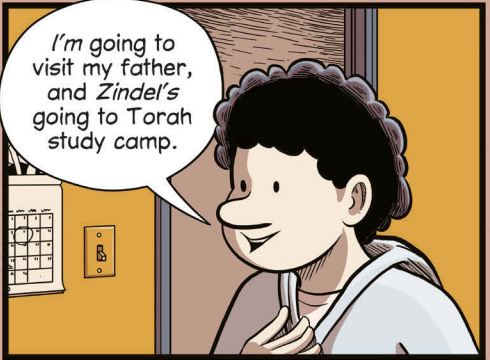
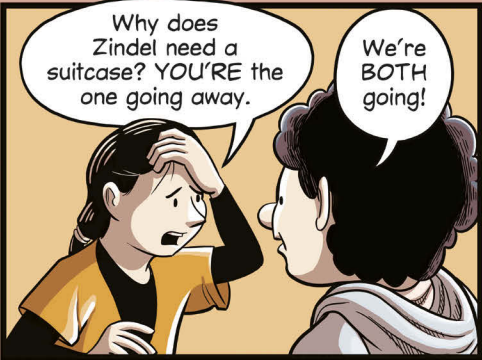
Hillel told the man to stand on one foot, and then he said:

"Be kind above all. What you hate being done to you, don't do to anyone else."

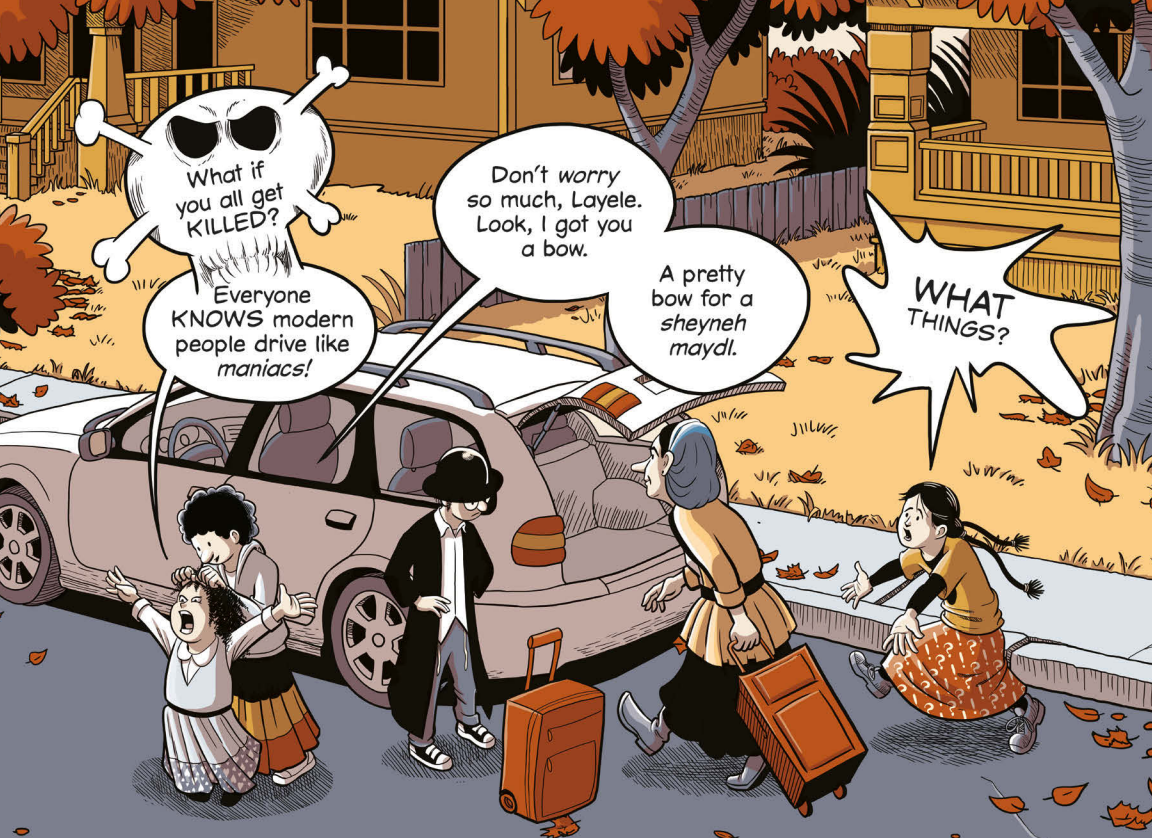
"There! You now know the entire Torah. The rest is commentary."



The man was *so* impressed, he fell to his knees and dedicated his life to Hashem.







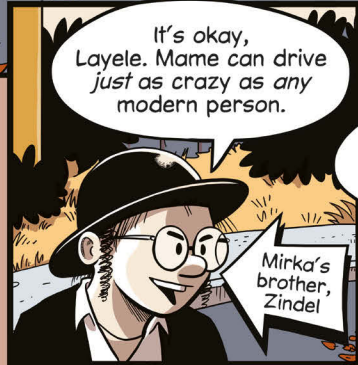
What if you all get **KILLED?**

Everyone **KNOWS** modern people drive like maniacs!

Don't worry so much, Layele. Look, I got you a bow.

A pretty bow for a sheyneh maydl.

WHAT THINGS?



It's okay, Layele. Mame can drive just as crazy as any modern person.

Mirka's brother, Zindel

Oh, at the very least.



Ack! Mirka, you can't hug me! I'm a **BOY!**

A girl's allowed to hug her brother.



There's an **ORDER** to the world! Girls shouldn't go around hugging boys!



What things did you see in the woods? I'm gonna look for them!

You can't. You're babysitting Layele.



NOT MIRKA!

