

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

The year is 1894.

The location is Paris, France.

Captain Alfred Dreyfus has been wrongfully accused of treason just because he's Jewish. He's in jail- and so are we!

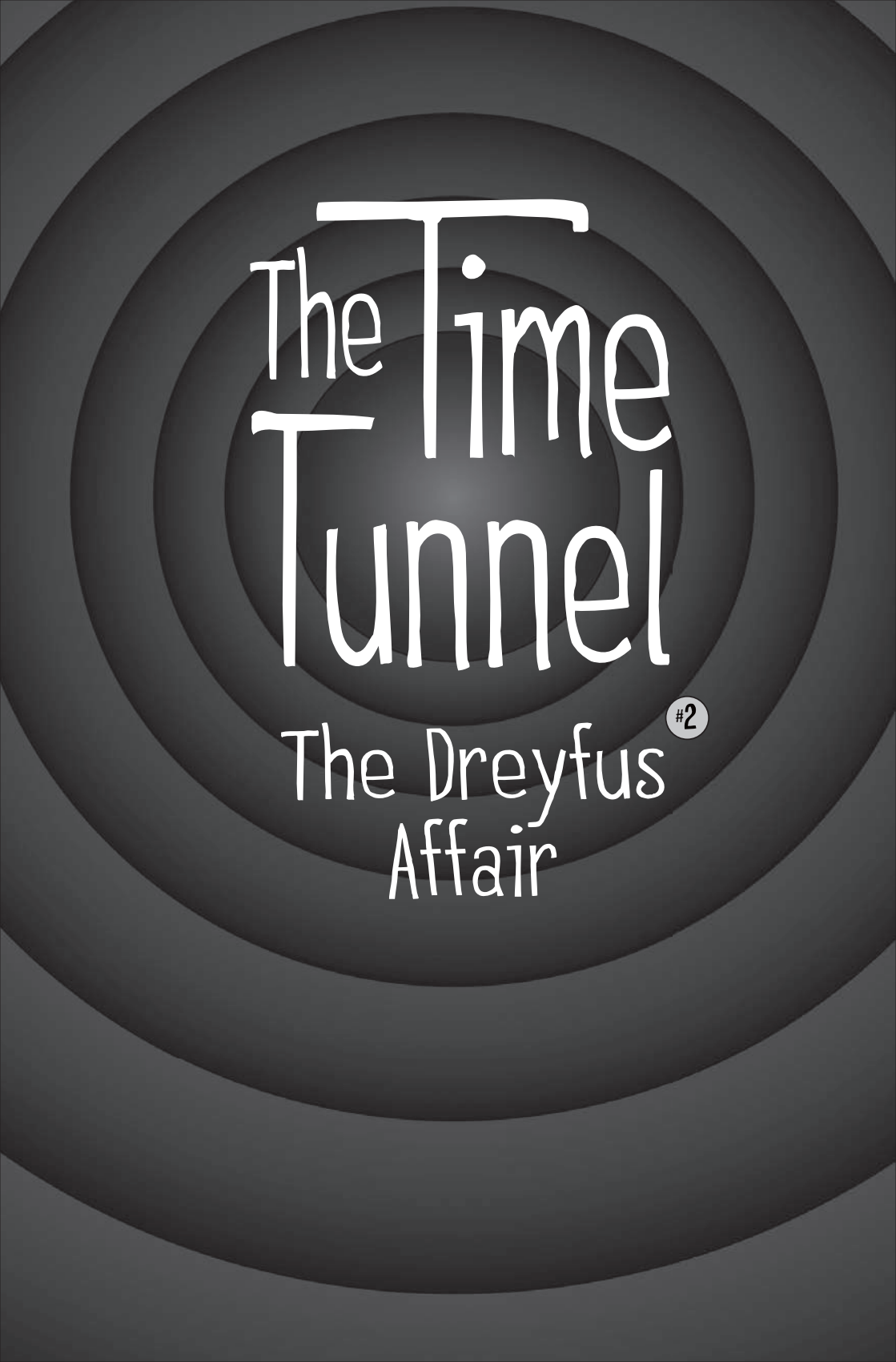
Can we help Dreyfus prove his innocence and still manage to return to our own time?

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The Time
Tunnel

The Dreyfus^{#2}
Affair



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 ten 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 of the cave 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.

But why am I going on about that? If you want to know what happened then, you can stop right here and read *Time Tunnel: Jerusalem Under Siege*. But if you want to find out what happens in **this** story, well, here we go!



Chapter 1

Eran Makes a Strange Request

On Monday, just as we were sitting down for breakfast and Mom was asking us if we wanted eggs, Eran said: “Listen, I need you to do something for me.”

At first I was sure he was talking to Dad. My brother Eran is not the type to ask me to do stuff for him. I’m his little brother, and he usually pretends I’m not there—unless, of course, he’s planning on teasing me. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not complaining. There are plenty of advantages to his attitude: he doesn’t ask me to do things for him, and he doesn’t boss me around. I’d much rather be treated like I don’t exist than like Eran’s personal slave. Really.

I spread some cottage cheese on my bread and took a bite, as if I hadn't heard him. I knew that if he hadn't really been talking to me, and I'd answered, I would never hear the end of it. Eran would go on and on making fun of me until my parents finally shut him up.

But, to my surprise, he poked me with his finger and repeated: "I need you to do something for me."

Just to make sure, I asked him, "Are you talking to me?" even though it was pretty clear he was.

"Yes, you," Eran answered, as if having a conversation with me was a totally normal thing for him to do.

"What?" I put my bread down on the plate.

"I need you to write my essay."

"Excuse me?" I was sure I hadn't heard properly.

"To write my essay," Eran repeated. "And why are you staring at me like that? Don't you know what an essay is? Do I need to get the dictionary and read you the definition?"

Of course I know what an essay is. We write essays all the time at school, and the truth is, I always get

pretty good grades on mine. But a fifth grade essay is one thing and a junior high essay is quite another. Why would he think I could write an essay for his junior high school class? I'm no genius.

"Are you kidding me?" I spoke to Eran, but I was eyeing Dad, hoping he would pitch in and save me. If he were listening, he would never let Eran get away with palming off his schoolwork on me. But he was pouring coffee, his back to us.

"No." Eran shook his head.

"But . . ."

"An essay on anti-Semitism," Eran continued. "I need it to be a powerful essay."

"Anti-Semitism?"

"The phenomenon of hating Jews," Eran explained, as if I didn't know what anti-Semitism was. "You know, when Jews are falsely accused of all sorts of lies. When they're blamed for all of the world's problems."

Mom brought the frying pan to the table. As usual, we had all wanted eggs. She sliced the fluffy omelet into four parts and served each of us before

disappearing back into the kitchen with the empty pan.

“I can help you with that essay,” Dad interjected. “Write this—” he began to butter his bread— “Many people nowadays consider anti-Semitism to stem from criticism of the state of Israel, but this is certainly not true. Anti-Semitism is an ancient phenomenon, which began long before the state of Israel was founded. In fact . . .”

“Dad,” Eran interrupted, “that’s not going to work. Our subject is not anti-Semitism in general. The essay title is ‘I Witnessed an Anti-Semitic Incident’.”

“What if you haven’t?” Mother asked as she joined us again and sat down at the table.

“Then I can make it up,” Eran shrugged. We ate the rest of the meal in silence, but just as we were heading out the door he started in on me again.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, jostling me in the hallway. “Aren’t we brothers? Would it be such a big deal to do your brother a favor? And anyway, I’ll owe you.”

I smiled. "It's not such a big deal," I said. "The only problem is, how can I make up having witnessed an anti-Semitic incident if I've never really seen one?"

"Use your imagination," Eran replied.

"What if my imagination doesn't work?"

"Then use the Internet."

I considered the idea. The thought of Eran owing me a favor was quite tempting. But I *didn't* know what to write. I'd heard about some kids in Europe painting swastikas and graffiti all over some synagogues. Could that be the subject of an essay? Maybe I could make up some story about taking a trip to Europe with my parents and going to the synagogue on Friday night, and catching some teenagers painting swastikas on the walls.

"You could use the Internet yourself," I told Eran.

"True," he agreed, "but my imagination isn't as good as yours." There was a flattering tone in his voice that I quite liked. "And anyway, you could use your other sources . . ."

"My other sources?" I was taken aback.

"Yes," Eran nodded. "Did you think I didn't know?"



“Know what?”

“That you have other sources,” he said, an amused smile spreading across his face. “I’m not such a fool to think that everything you know is from the Internet. It’s obvious you’re getting information from somewhere else.”

All at once I felt sick. The idea that Eran might know something about the time tunnel turned my stomach. The look in his eyes made me uneasy. It was the look of someone who knew something.

If Eran knew where I was really going when I told my parents I was going to Sharon’s house, he would tell my parents and they would never let me leave the house. I know them. They worry about me all the time because of some recent terrorist attacks in Jerusalem. My friends and I aren’t allowed to walk alone, so I could just imagine what they would say if they knew I was hanging around in mysterious caves.

I decided to end the conversation then and there. “All right,” I said to Eran, “I’ll write that essay, but on one condition.”

“What?”

“That you leave me in peace and don’t mention it until after I’m done. When do you have to hand it in?”

“Next Sunday, and it had better be good.”

Eran nodded, satisfied, and headed out to the car, where Dad was waiting for him.