

For Ezra, with love—L.M.

For Wendy Beautyman—K.B.

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A  
DRAGON  
CALLED  
SPARK

A HANUKKAH STORY



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Eva looked out of her  
bedroom window  
at a new street, a new town,  
and the children,  
laughing and playing.  
She wished she could  
join them, but she didn't  
*know* any of them yet.



It was nearly Hanukkah but it  
would feel very different this year,  
with her friends so far away.



'Never mind,'  
Eva whispered to herself.



'I've got something  
amazing, right here...'

... Spark!

A dragon of her very own.

Spark was only small, but Eva  
always felt better when he was around.

She could see him now,  
chasing spiders from under her bed,  
his scales glinting in the light.





'Hanukkah's going to be quiet this year,' she told him.  
And she thought Spark's light shone a little dimmer.

At breakfast, Spark didn't want any toast,  
even with the chocolate spread.

'I think Spark's lonely,' said Eva.



'Maybe he needs a dragon  
friend to play with?'

'That would take a miracle,'  
laughed her older sister, Naomi.

‘Well,’ said Mamma, ‘Hanukkah is the season for miracles—  
when even things that seem impossible can happen!’



‘Maybe this Hanukkah,’  
thought Eva,  
‘a miracle will happen  
for Spark and me . . .’



The first night of Hanukkah,  
Eva lit the flame.



She watched it glow, its colour  
the same red-gold as Spark's scales.

Then Mamma put the Hanukkiah  
in the window to light the dark.




‘Perhaps the other children in the street  
will see it . . .’ wondered Eva.

It was crispy cold the next morning.  
Eva's breath misted the air,  
just like dragon smoke.

On the way to the park, they  
passed the boy from next door.



A winter scene in a park. A boy in an orange jacket and blue beanie walks a white dog with brown spots on a red leash. A girl in a blue jacket and yellow beanie is on a wooden scooter. The background features a black metal fence, a wooden bench, and bare trees under a pale sky with a large orange sun.

‘I’m Charlie,’ he said, smiling. ‘I saw  
the candle in your window last night.’

‘It’s for Hanukkah. We light a  
candle every night, for eight nights.’

She wanted to tell him about Spark,  
too, but the words wouldn’t come.

‘I’ll look for the candle again tonight!’  
Charlie called, as he scooted away.