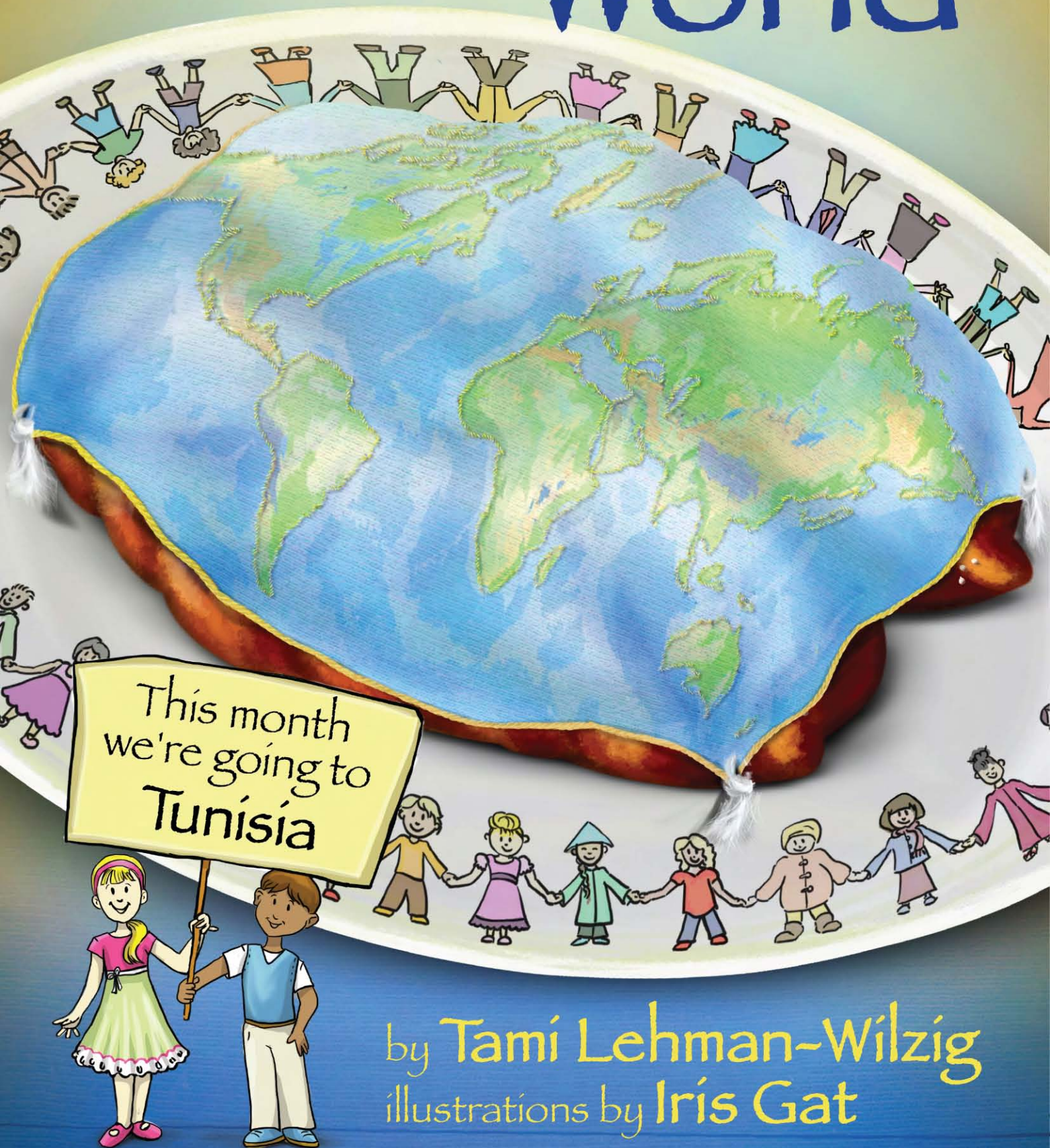


Shabbat Around the World



by Tami Lehman-Wilzig
illustrations by Iris Gat

– the caramel colored ram's horn propped up next to the long, curvy shofar made from the horn of a kudu antelope.

“You-ssef, we'll be late.”
Youssef groans, then deeply inhales. Mariam can be such a pain. Then again, how could she know that he's doing exercises to fill up his lungs so he has enough air to blow a real shofar?

“YOUSSEF UZAN, you're leaving NOW.”

Omm – mom – is losing patience. Youssef quickly hurls his book bag on his back and rushes to the front door, just in time to hear Mariam say to their mother: “Remember you promised.”

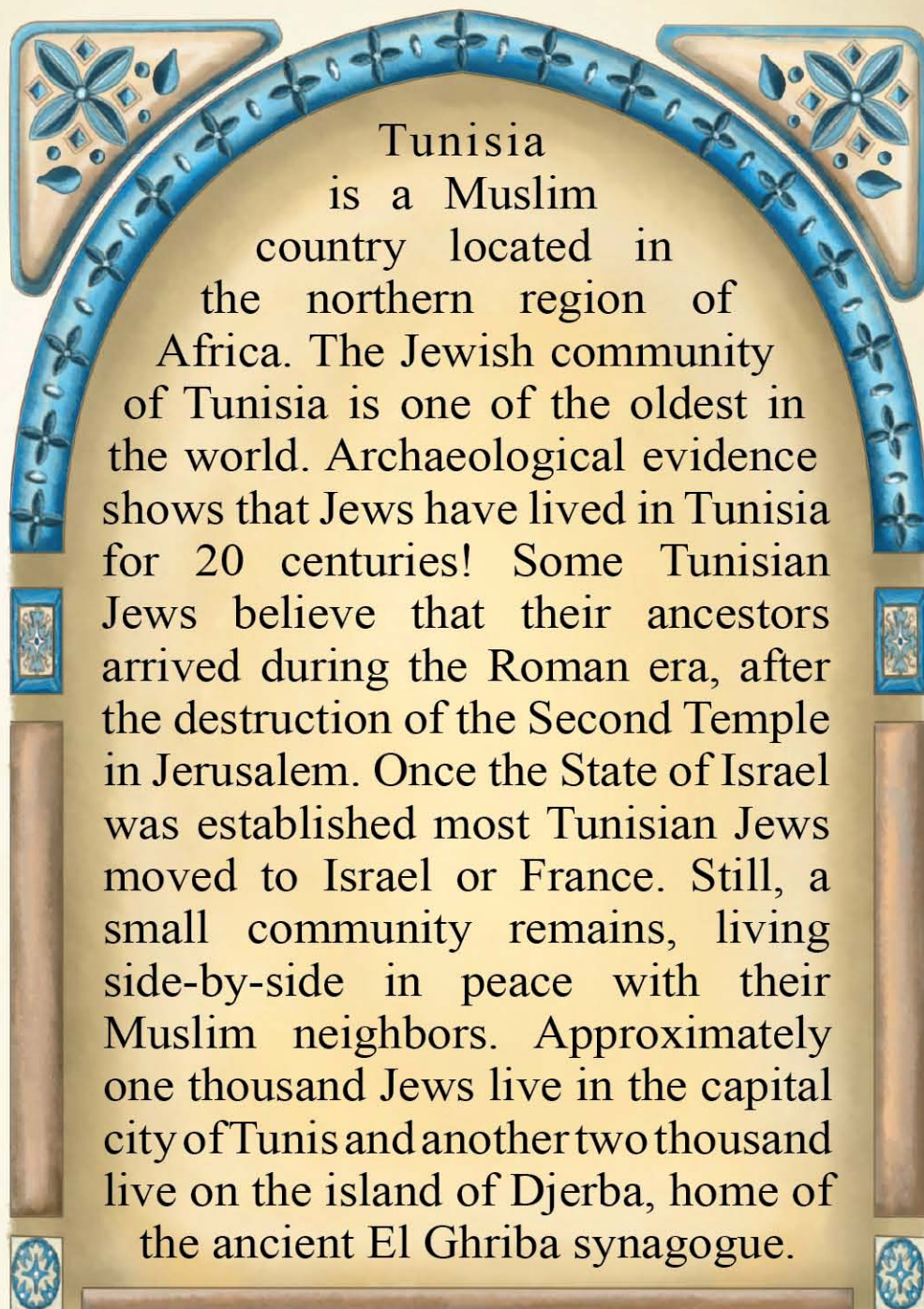
“Promised what?” he asks as they reach the street.

“To let me help bake the 12 *Challot* for Shabbat.”

Youssef laughs. “You? You're too little.”

“Am not!” insists Mariam. “I can braid and I can shape small *Challah* loaves.”

“May-be,” says Youssef, thinking about his goal of blowing a



shofar. “I'm sure the first one or even two will be fine. But you'll get tired after the third or fourth. How will you ever make twelve?”

“So I won't make one for each tribe. I'll pick the two or three tribes I like best. Let's see...of course Youssef and Binyamin...and...I know, Re'uven because he was the brother who tried to help Youssef.”

“You know,” says Youssef with a sly smile, “I may be doing something special to welcome the Shabbat as well.”



[sample]