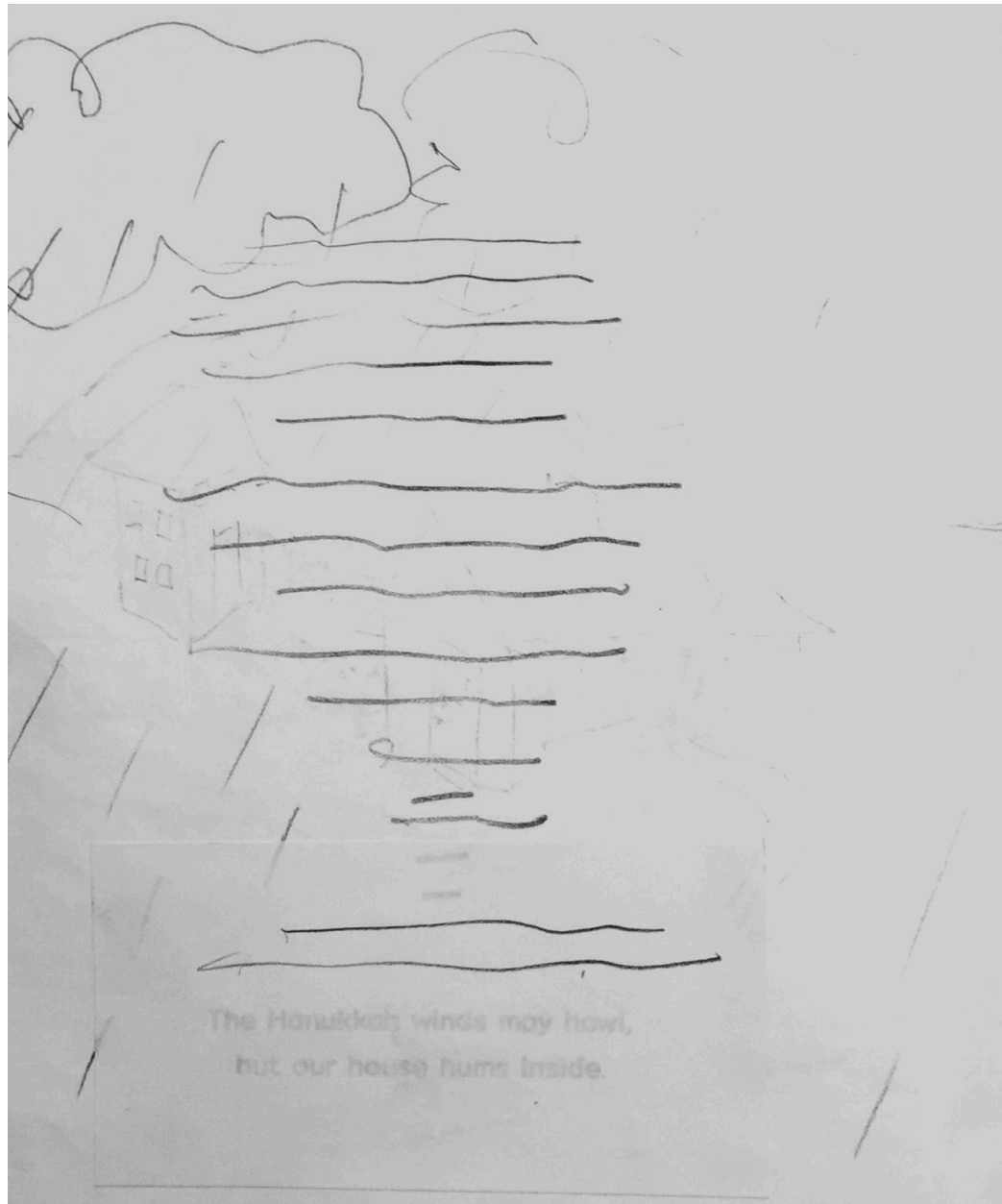

The Maccabee Clan

by Carol Bloom Levin

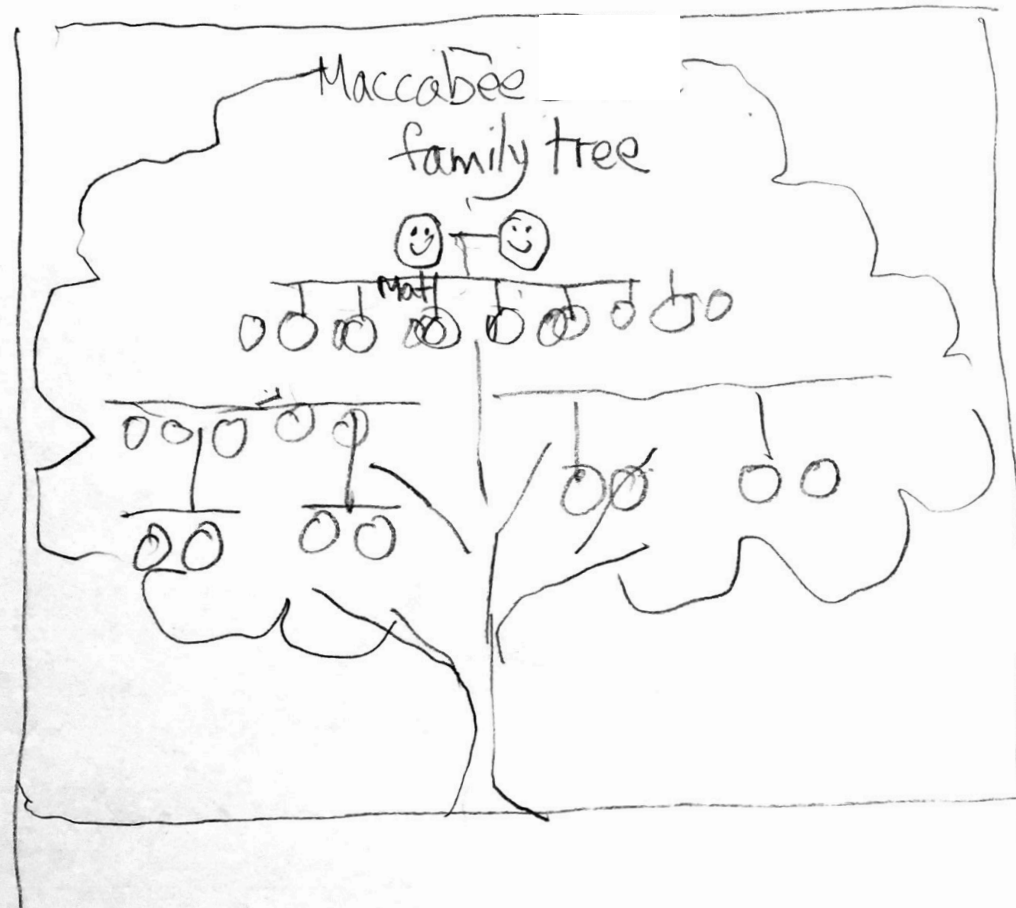


The Hanukkah winds may howl,
but our house hums inside.





Scary storms do not frighten Aunt Becca.
When it's Hanukkah, Becca Maccabee is the boss.



Matty and Abby, bravery runs in our veins.
The Maccabees dared to celebrate
over two-thousand-years ago.
They battled bullies then.
And the Maccabee clan
STILL battle bullies.



Matty, look! The blessings.

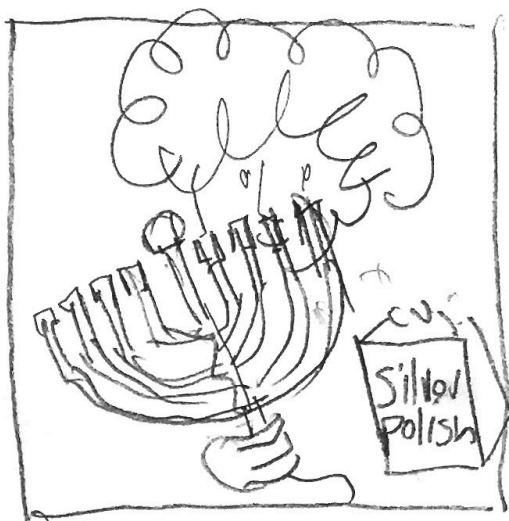
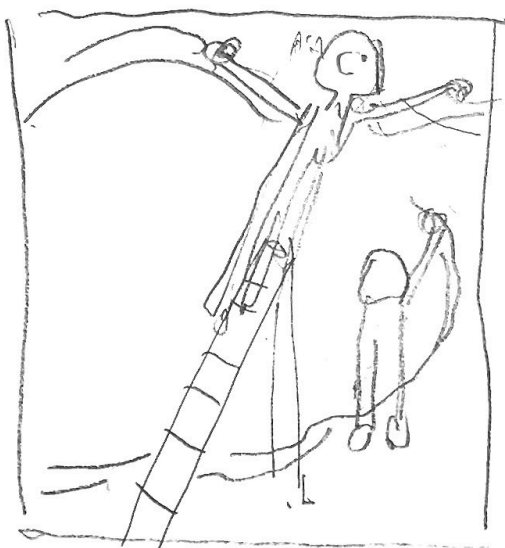
“Oh, right, Abby, you can’t even read.”

Watch what you say, young man.

We work together.

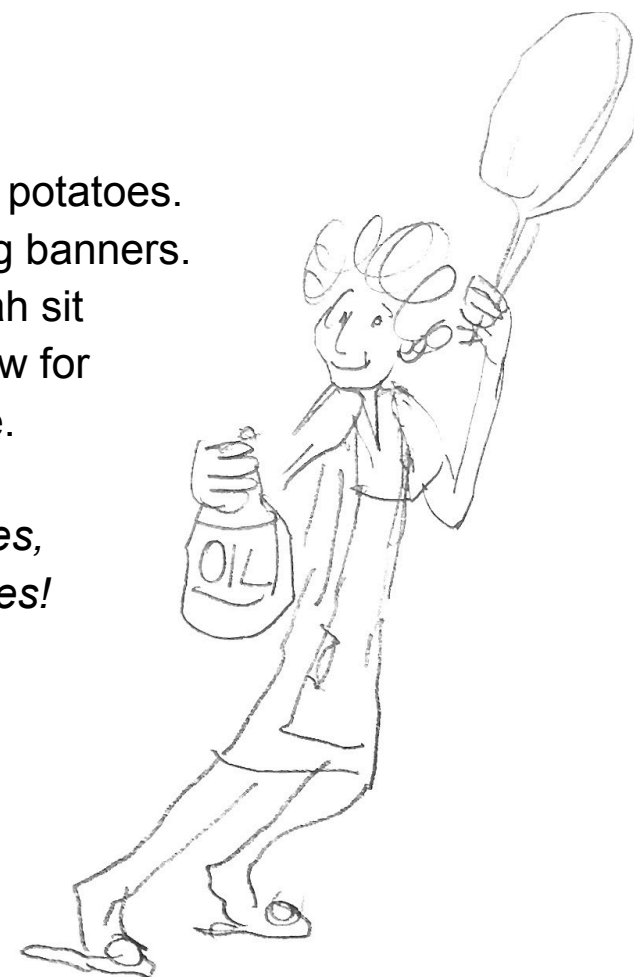
The Maccabee clan is a team.





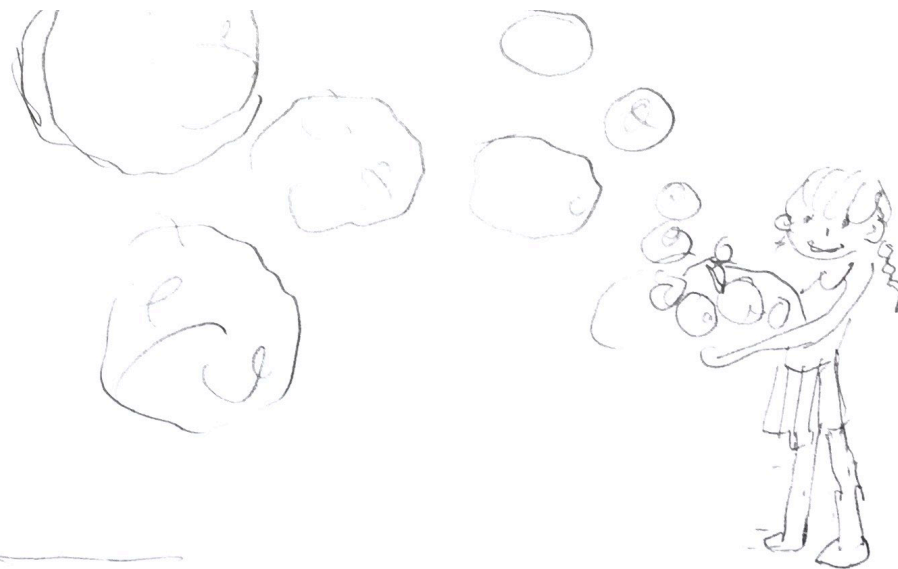
Mama grates the potatoes.
Daddy and I string banners.
The menorah sit
in the window for
all to see.

*Maccabees,
to the latkes!*





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Sizzle, sizzle.
Oil drizzle.
Potatoes glitter.
Fritters soar.

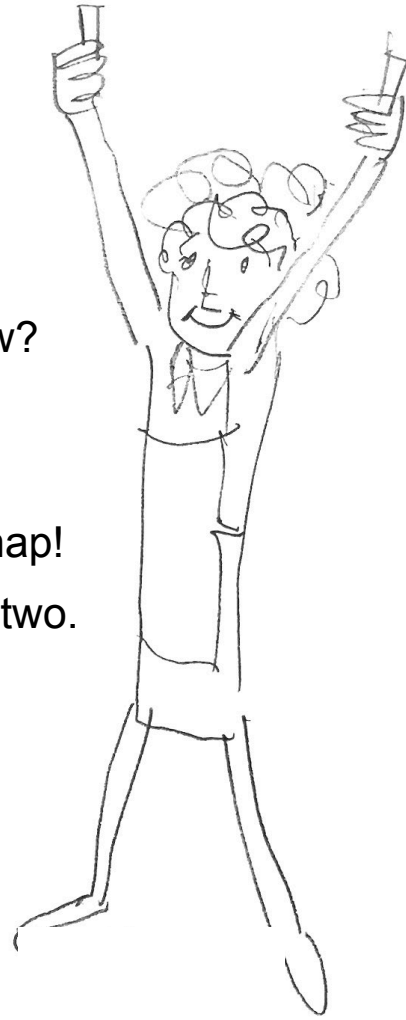
*Maccabees,
to the candles!*

Matty rattles the
box, "Just one?"

What do we do, now?



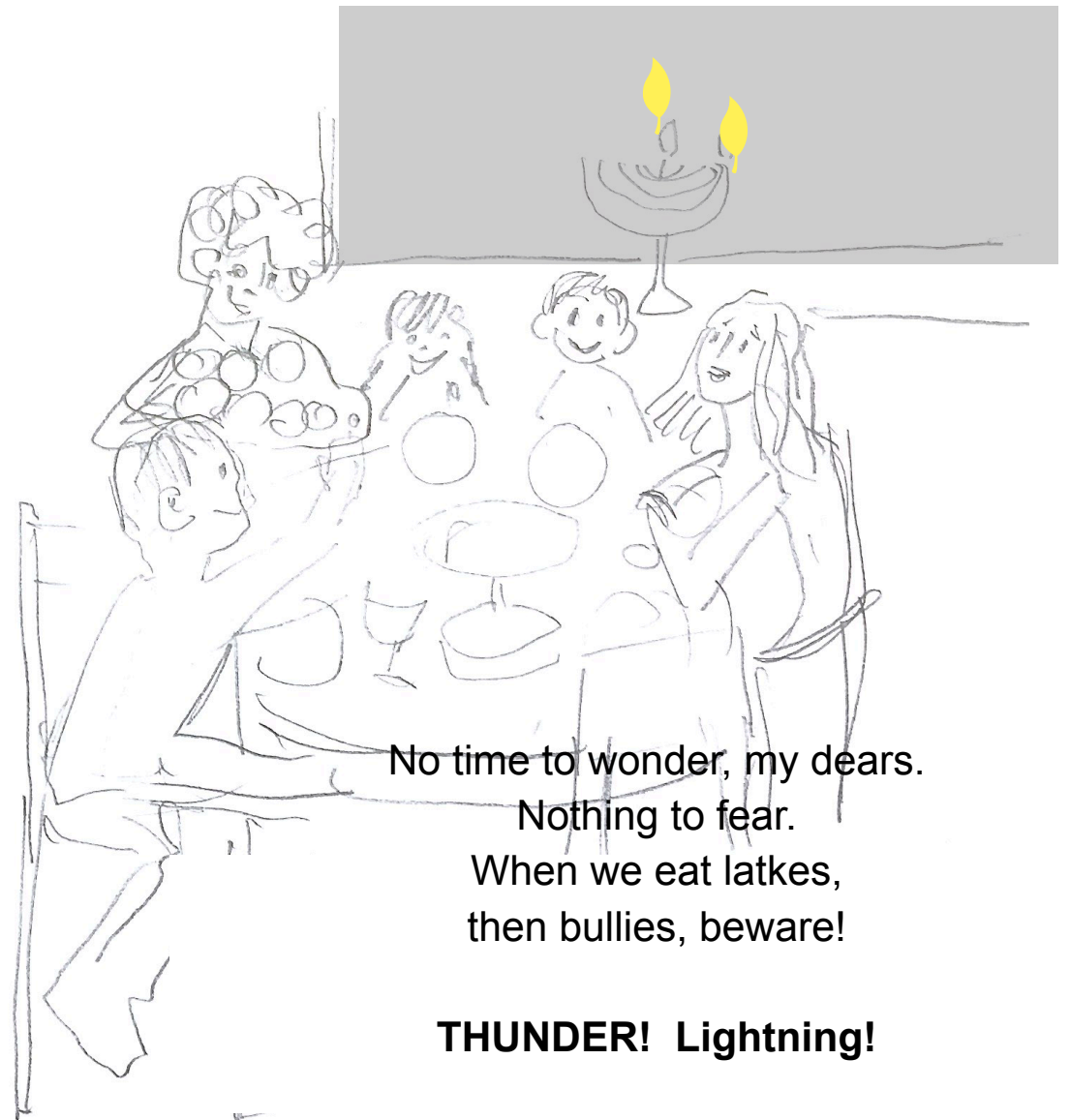
One quick snap!
And we have two.



Winds grumble and growl.
Maccabees, sing louder.
Candles, stretch proud.

Potatoes turn to gold!
Candles double and grow!

How does Aunt Becca do it?




No time to wonder, my dears.
Nothing to fear.
When we eat latkes,
then bullies, beware!

THUNDER! Lightning!



Everything turns dark.

**Except for our menorah.
How long can the candles last?**



*Wiggle-wiggle.
Fire, wriggle.
Candles, glow.*

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*Matty, the candles
are **growing**.*

*and chocolates
are **flowing**.*

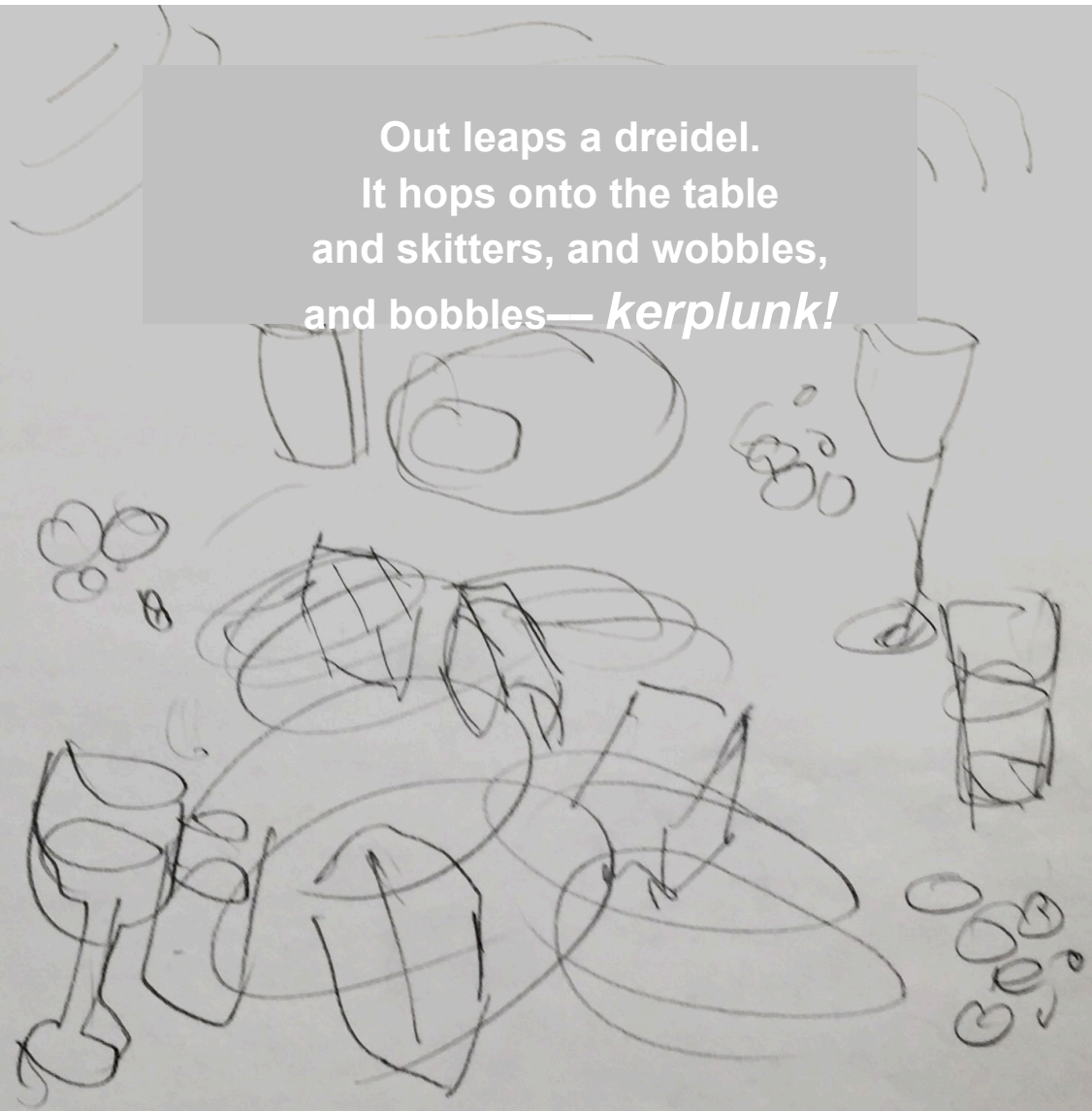
*Now calm down, children.
We have a surprise.*

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Aunt Becca holds a box high.
She swirls it left.
She swirls it right,
She flips it upside down.



Out leaps a dreidel.
It hops onto the table
and skitters, and wobbles,
and bobbles— *kerplunk!*



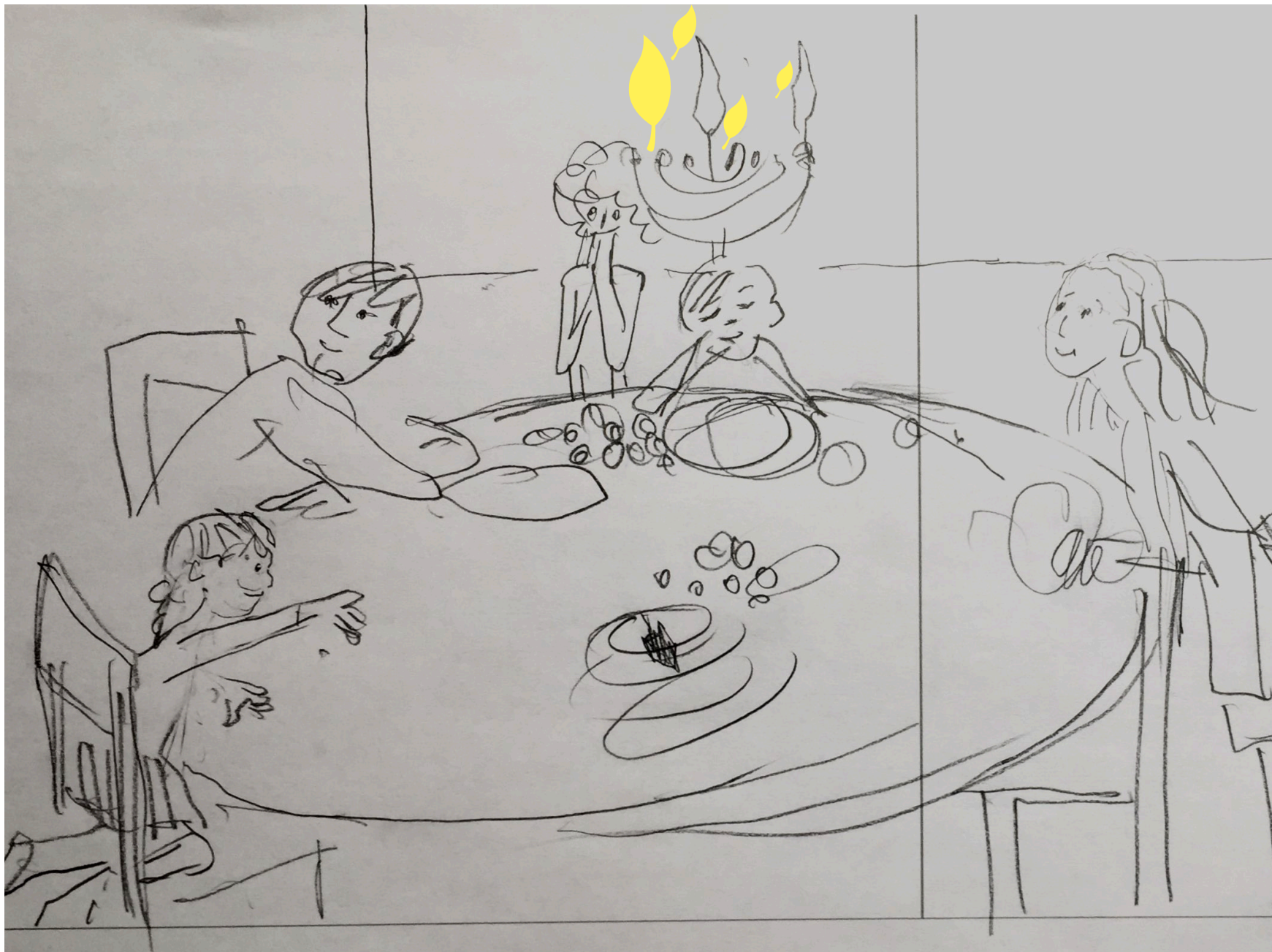
Nun

Gimel

Hey

Shin

These four letters show
our Maccabee spirit.
We keep lighting the lights.



Rainbow letters, dance.

Matty spins first
and gets a ho-hum *Nun*.
Sorry, bro— nothing to do.
I go next and get a *Gimel*.
Lucky me, I get the goodies.
Mama's *Hey*, gives her half.
Daddy's *Shin*, says put one in.

The dreidel dances
round and round
until the grownups
lose their coins.
Who's going to win,
Matty or me?

Neither!
The little acrobat
refuses to spin.
She's ready for bed.

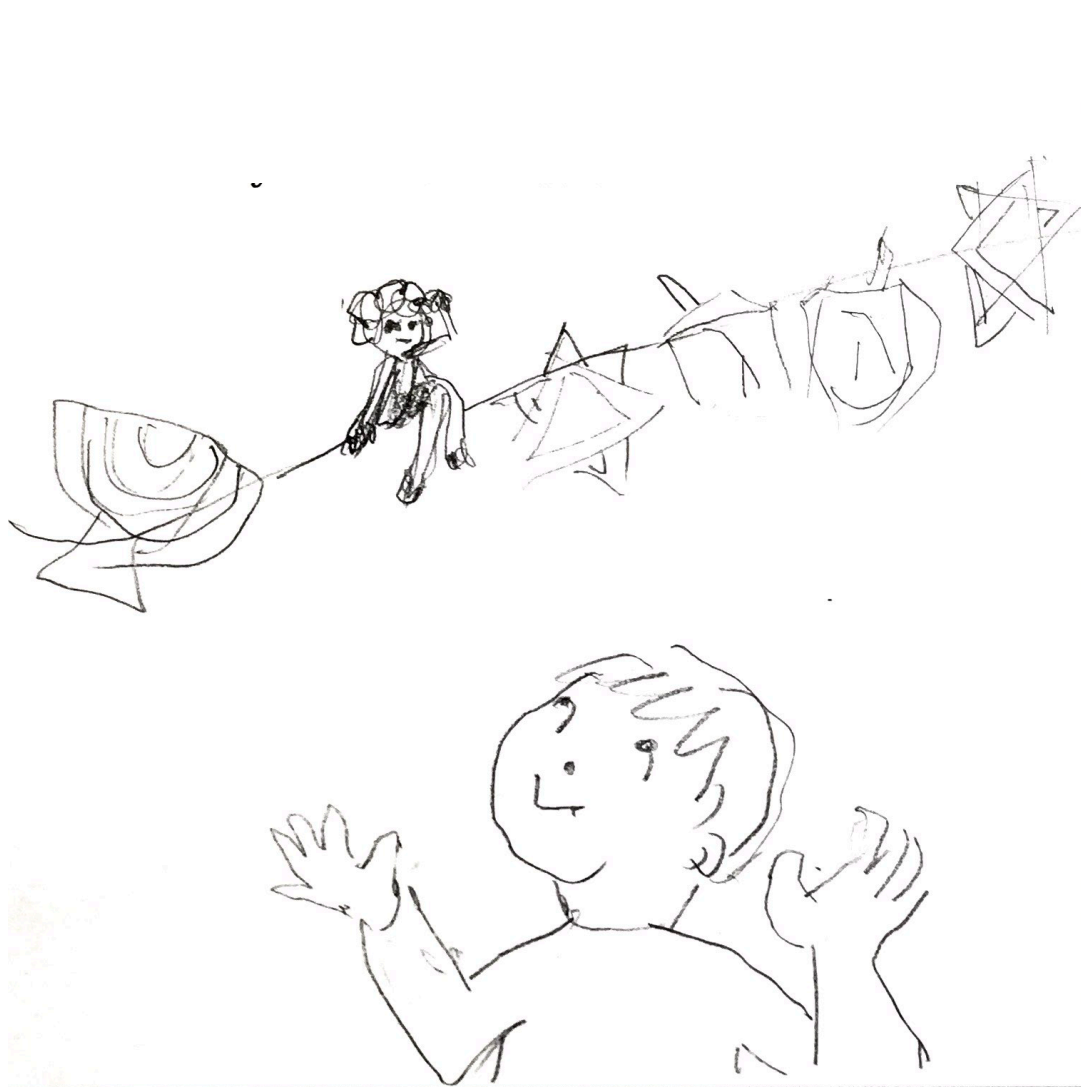
Houselights, WAKE UP!

The dreidel
snores softly
in her bed.

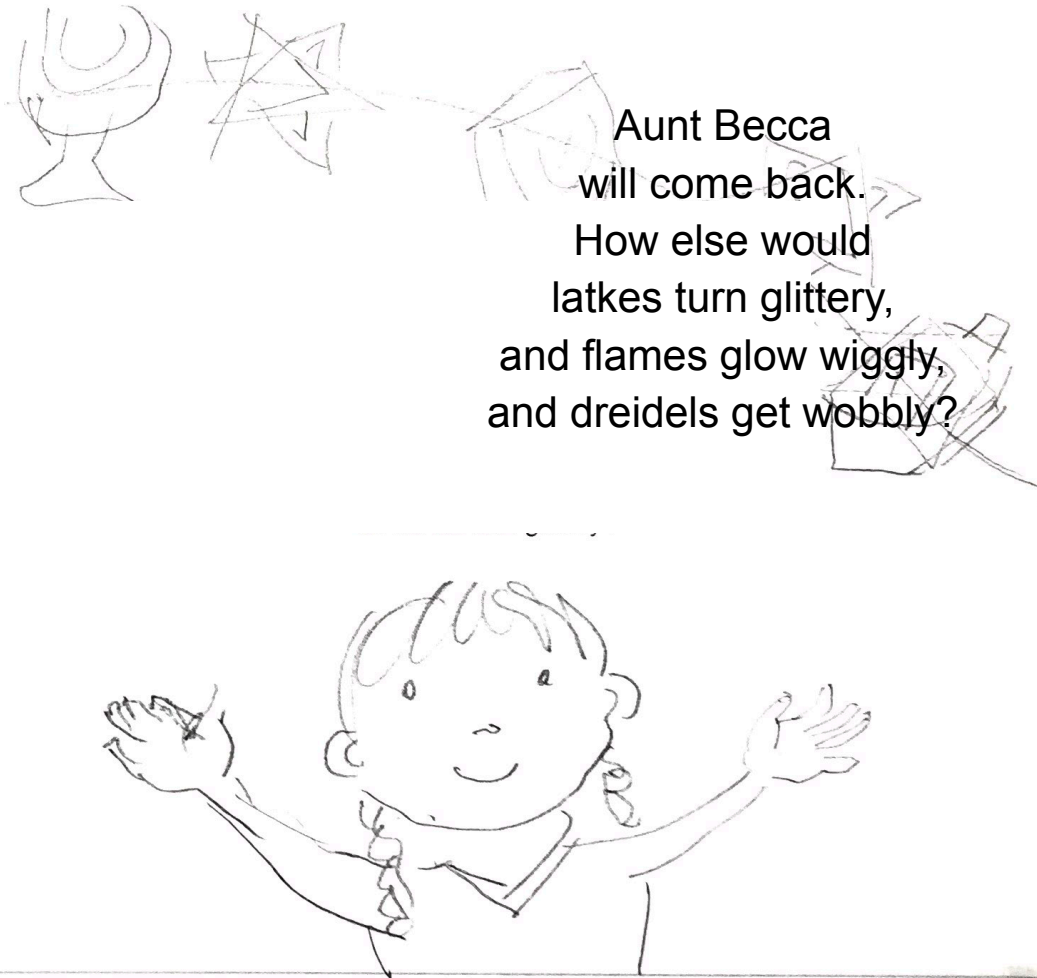
And someone
rides into the storm
with all her gear.



Bullies, beware!
It's another year at the
Maccabee House.



We are strong.
Banners— hung.
Potatoes— grated.
Candles— in the menorah.
Dreidel— ready to dance.



Aunt Becca
will come back.
How else would
latkes turn glittery,
and flames glow wiggly,
and dreidels get wobbly?

Author Notes on Hanukkah Heros

The story of the heroic Maccabean fight for religious liberty is central to Hanukkah. We call the eight-day holiday the *Festival of Lights* to celebrate the miracle of light. According to legend, a small pot of oil lasted against all odds to keep the temple's menorah lit for eight days. This dedication to battle injustice makes Jews perservere. We light candles, sing hymns, eat fried foods, give gifts, and spin the dreidel to remind us to stay vigilant and strong.

Carol Bloom Levin writes picture books about resilient kids who take initiative. She is the author/illustrator of *Haggadah Regatta*, a family Haggadah that moonlights during Passover as a bedtime story. In *A Rosh Hashanah Walk*, a search for water leads to important discoveries. When Carol isn't celebrating in Ann Arbor, Michigan, she loves to read, doodle, and dream big.

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