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.





'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.