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It was the first morning of Chol HaMoed Sukkos. Mommy sat all four Berger children down on the rug near the front door. “I don’t want there to be any fighting about the Chol HaMoed trip,” she said. “Every year, you all pick different places and argue until I give up, and we just go to Adventure World instead. This time, we’re going to do it differently.”



She pointed to the first spot on the rug, where Eliyahu was sitting. “We’ll go in age order,” she said. Eliyahu curled one of his dark brown *pei’os* around his finger smugly.

Being the oldest had its benefits. “Please sit until everyone has a chance to suggest a trip.”

Daddy moved past her and sat down next to Eliyahu on the floor. Eliyahu laughed, then said, “No fair.”

“I’m the oldest,” Daddy said. “I get a say, too.” He grinned at Mommy. “I vote that we all take a nice, long nap.” Daddy had woken up super early this morning to fix their sukkah after an overnight storm.

Eliyahu groaned. Rivka rolled her eyes. Chaim and Leba giggled. Mommy said, “Noted. Eliyahu?”

Eliyahu considered his options. He wanted to do lots of things, like laser tag and rock

climbing and kayaking, but he knew that Mommy would only pick something that everyone could enjoy. Eliyahu was eleven and had very different interests than a two-year-old. “Can we go for a hike?” he suggested. He loved hiking, and Mommy loved it when they all got some exercise.

Mommy nodded. “Great idea, Eliyahu,” she said.



Rivka blew a little bit of hair from in front of her face and frowned. “I want to go to a trampoline park,” she said. “They have some trampolines for little kids like Chaim and Leba, too.”

“I’m not little,” Chaim said, outraged. “I’m *five*. I know my alef-beis and everything.” He stood up. “I want to go to Eretz Yisrael and visit all of our cousins,” he announced. “Shalva and Esther and Batsheva and—”

Mommy cut him off before he went through the whole list of cousins. “I don’t think there’s enough time to fly to Eretz Yisrael and make it back for dinner,” she said.

Chaim’s eyes lit up. “You can fly, too?” he said.

“By *plane*,” Rivka reminded him, poking him. They still hadn’t told their parents about their



special powers. Eliyahu and Rivka had agreed that there was no reason to explain what had happened over yom tov. Mommy would never believe them, and anyway, the powers were gone for now. Eliyahu wished that Rivka still had her super-speed. The basement would get clean so much faster on erev Shabbos.

Eliyahu was beginning to feel wistful about the powers that had vanished. Their fight with the robbers at shul had been scary yesterday. But by now, he was beginning to think of it as an adventure. He'd stayed awake late last night, waiting for Chaim to finally stop kicking the

