

Excerpt from *Blue Thread*

Serakh's hazel eyes glistened. She kissed the embroidered edge and draped the shawl around her shoulders and mine. My whole body relaxed as if I were soaking in a warm bath. Then she wrapped the corner fringe with the blue thread around her fingers.

"Many Miriams of your line have worn this shawl. Many have traveled."

"Pardon?" The thread commenced to gleam as brightly as a filament in Mr. Edison's light bulbs. My heart lurched.

"How did you do that?"

"No matter, Miriam. Are you ready to visit Tirtzah? You have only to touch this thread."

I willed my hands to stay at my side. Surely this parlor trick had a rational explanation. "I have to be back before my parents return."

"We shall take no time at all."

"Oh, does Tirtzah live around here? The only Tirtzah I've heard about is supposed to be in the Book of Numbers."

"I do not know of such a book." Serakh hummed to herself. She looked longingly at the licorice nibs, but didn't ask for another piece.

The grandfather clock ticked in the hall. Serakh stroked the blue thread with her free hand. "Miriam," she said softly, "I cannot make you touch this thread, so I ask again for the sake of Tirtzah and our people. Tirtzah struggles to share in her father's dream. Will you come?"