



Jane Golub, Joel Lurie Grishaver & Alan Rowe\* based on original work by Rabbi Yosi Gordon Illustrated by Jackie Urbanovic, Patrick Girouard, Allan Eitzen, with computer designs by Alan Rowe

Every Jew has a Hebrew name. If you do not know what your Hebrew name is, now is the perfect time to find out!

Your teacher will help you write your name in Hebrew on this line.

Draw or paste a picture of yourself here.

will read the Hebrew words. שלום. I am a בֶּלֶב (dog). My name is מָהִיר (Mahir). I belong to אבי (Avi).

Before you start this book, your teacher will help you read this true story. Follow

along with your finger and your teacher

At first I used to bark like an ordinary dog. I said, "Bow wow," "Woof" and "Arf."

Then אבי taught me that Hebrew-speaking dogs say, "בּהב"."

Now I say,

\*Daber Ivrit essays

by Tamar and

Micah Raff



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SECOND EDITION @ 2006.

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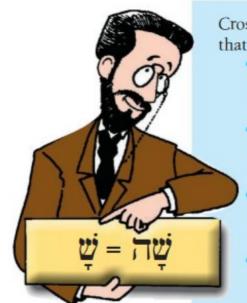


ڜ٦	ښت	ښت	تپت	שָׁה	1. ڜ٦
بقر	ښت	ښت	ښت	ښت	2. پات
ڜ٦	ڜ٦	ڜ٦	ښت	ښت	3. نِعْت



Hebrew reads from right to le The yad will point the way.

TO THE O



200 Cross out the sounds in each line that doesn't mean "be quiet." שָׁה שָׁה שה 4. שֶׁר 5. پتر שָׁה שָׁה שה שָׁה שָׁה שָׁה 6. ألا T שה ק שָׁה. שה שה

Can you sound this out?



I am a בֵּלֶב.

I belong to אֲבִי וּ

My name is מָהִיר.

I am usually a good dog, except when I bark.

I bark A LOT.

It drives the neighbors crazy.

Mr. Gold shouts, "Quiet!"

I keep barking.

Ms. Mazal screams, "Stop that noise!"

I keep barking.

Moshe yells, "Bad dog!" I bark louder.

Then אֲבִי or D'vorah or Dola says, "שָׁהִי"

And I stop.

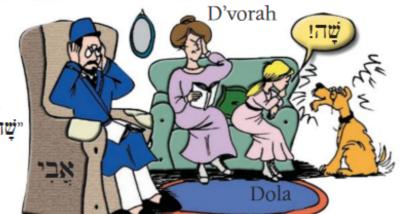
I am just a dog who loves Hebrew.

I am a real Hebrew-speaking dog.





מהיר



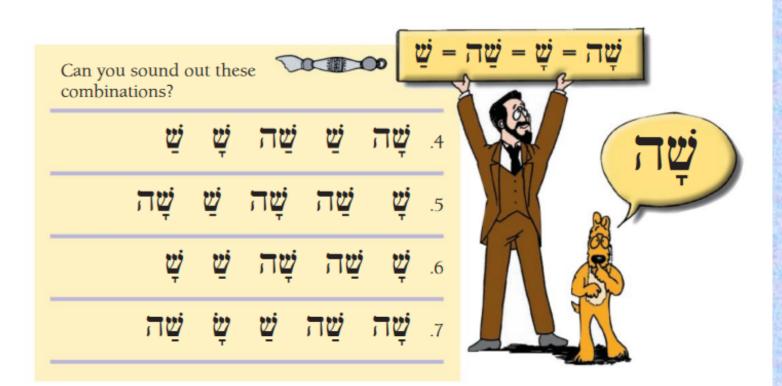


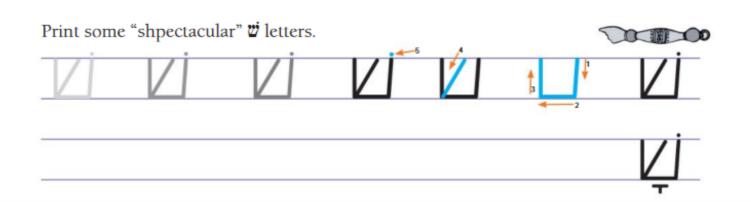
## LESSON 1B

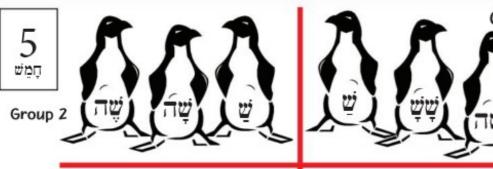
Before you begin this lesson your teacher may want to see how a many of the w words you remember from your last session.

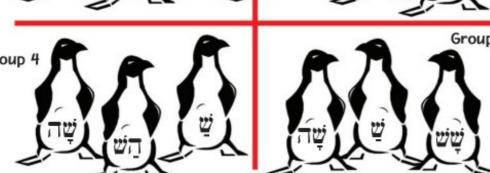
4 אַרְבַּע

Practice these sounds.









All these penguins have Hebrew sounds on their "Tshirts." Say each sound and circle the one that is different in each group of penguins.

## Shabbat in Israel

Shalom, my name is Micah. I am a regular American Jewish kid. When I was in the fourth grade, my whole family moved to Israel for a year.

Jews celebrate Shabbat in most cities all around the world, but there is one city that really celebrates Shabbat, Jerusalem. As I walk home from school early Friday afternoon, I see the streets filled with people hurrying to get everything done in time. Men and women are rushing from store to store with their

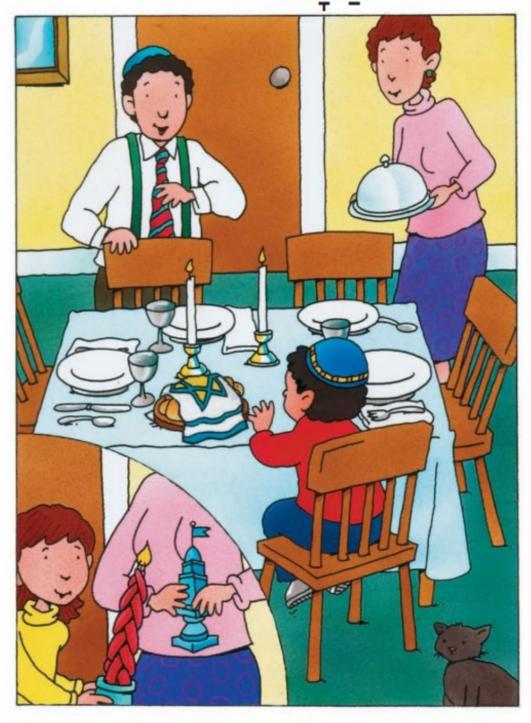
arms full juggling flowers, fresh fruit, candy and newspapers.

Everyone wants their special hallah and a piece of cake to make Shabbat sweet. Imma's favorite baker, Raffi, always yells, "Shabbat Shalom" as I walk by. Everywhere you hear the greeting "Shabbat Shalom", shopkeepers to customers and friends.

As soon as I get home, I have to clean my room and help with some of the other organizing jobs in our apartment. If I work really fast, I have enough time to go out and play. I love to be outside and feel the "Shabbat change." One minute the city is rushing, and then all of a sudden the rushing is over. The streets are practically empty, the buses stop running and I can hear the siren, which signals Shabbat.

Every Friday night, before dinner, we went to our synagogue. Each week the same people were there, and it did not take me long to get to know all of the boys who came with their families.

My family's life, like the city itself, revolved around Shabbat. As soon as Shabbat was over, we would discuss whom we would invite next week. We also discuss the Shabbat menu. Everyone gets to pick a favorite food for Shabbat dinner. It is a tradition in my family to drink coca-cola on Friday night, something that is not permitted during the week. We also rarely have dessert, but on Shabbat we have all sorts of delicious desserts.







חלה

נרות

