

GOLAN VAKNIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGARET BREEN

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his book was born one night when Daddy and I were about to read a bedtime story and we realized we had run out of new books.

Instead of reading the same old books again, we went back in time to one of the most exciting adventures we've had together.

"So, what you are about to read is based on a true story. At least, a part of it is. For real!"

- Naomi Vaknin



nce upon a time, on an otherwise ordinary day, Daddy and I decided to do something unordinary. We decided to walk all the way home from school. On the way, we turned onto an unordinary street and came across an unordinary toy store.



"Can we go in?" I asked excitedly.

"I don't know, Abigail. It doesn't look open . . ." Daddy started to say.

But I was already on my way in.





We were the only ones there. Ancient wooden shelves lined the walls, piled with old toys and games. The floor was covered with dusty boxes filled with used books.

"This is the coolest place ever!" I shouted, running around the store.

"Just don't break anything," Daddy warned. But I heard him mumble, "It all looks half broken anyway . . ."



I picked up an old Pinocchio doll. "Look at this—it has a horn instead of a nose! And this huge turtle! He can probably carry a hundred mermaids on his back when he swims in the ocean!"

Then I saw the big umbrella. "Wow, this is the most amazing shield I have ever seen!"

In a dark corner, hidden behind a dusty curtain, I found a huge standing mirror with a golden frame, carved with flowers and butterflies. It was beautiful!