

HILLEL & THE PAPER MENSCHIES

CREATED & WRITTEN BY
MINDY BLUMENFELD

CO-WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY
MARC LUMER



THIS IS ME, HILLEL.
EVERYONE SAYS I HAVE A GOOD
HEAD ON MY SHOULDERS.



David

vigg4

mendy

Levi

MY FEET, TOO, ALMOST NEVER STOP. I'M FAST. I FLY AROUND THE PLAYGROUND AND FREEZE MY FRIENDS IN FREEZE TAG.

zalman

I'M A SMART KID, TOO, IF I MAY SAY SO MYSELF! I MULTIPLY DOUBLE DIGITS IN MY HEAD. I ZOOM THROUGH ZILLIONS OF BOOKS.

Hibbel

I EVEN WRITE MY OWN STORIES, SCRIBBLED ON SCRAPS OF PAPER. MY HEAD NEVER STOPS.

Motti

Hibbel

NOBODY FREEZES ME BECAUSE I WON'T STAY STILL.

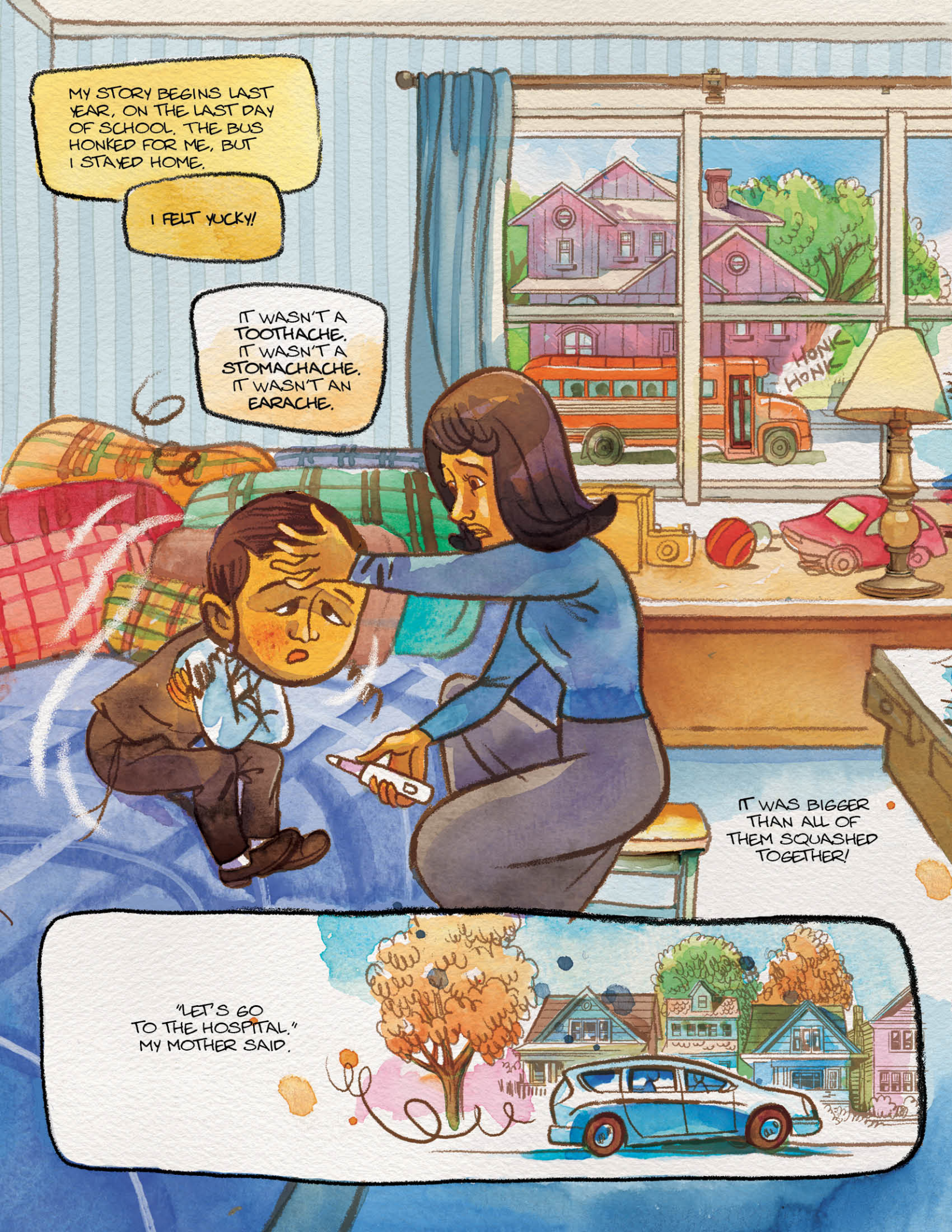
MY STORY BEGINS LAST YEAR, ON THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL. THE BUS HONKED FOR ME, BUT I STAYED HOME.

I FELT YUCKY!

IT WASN'T A TOOTHACHE. IT WASN'T A STOMACHACHE. IT WASN'T AN EARACHE.

IT WAS BIGGER THAN ALL OF THEM SQUASHED TOGETHER!

"LET'S GO TO THE HOSPITAL," MY MOTHER SAID.

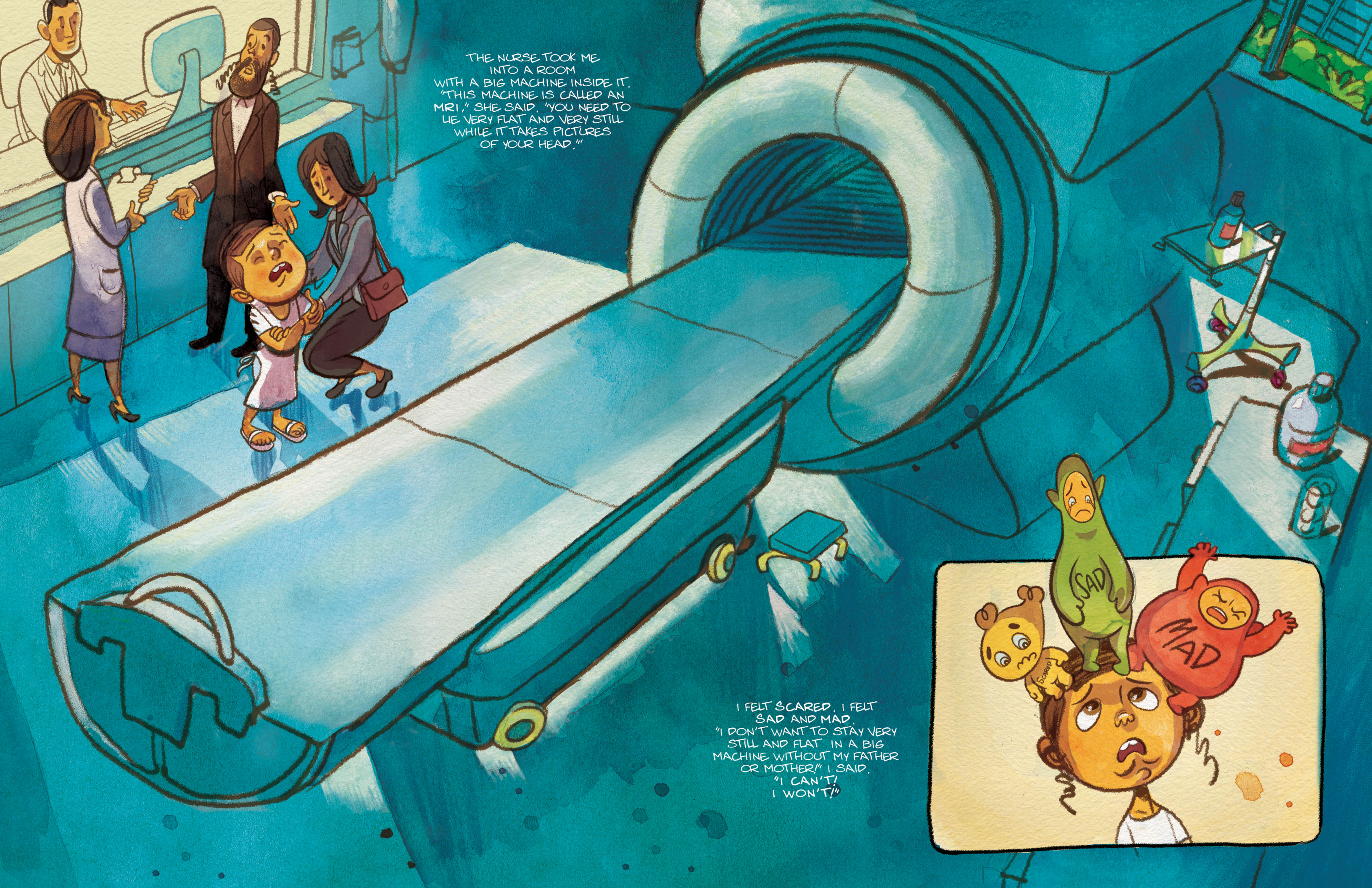




WHEN I SAW THE
EMERGENCY ROOM
SIGN, I GULPED.
"I THINK I'M ALL
BETTER NOW," I
SAID. "LET'S GO
BACK TO
SCHOOL!"



BUT THE NURSE
SAID, "WE NEED TO
TAKE PICTURES OF
YOUR HEAD WITH A
SPECIAL CAMERA."



THE NURSE TOOK ME
INTO A ROOM
WITH A BIG MACHINE INSIDE IT.
"THIS MACHINE IS CALLED AN
MRI," SHE SAID. "YOU NEED TO
LIE VERY FLAT AND VERY STILL
WHILE IT TAKES PICTURES
OF YOUR HEAD."

I FELT SCARED, I FELT
SAD AND MAD.
"I DON'T WANT TO STAY VERY
STILL AND FLAT IN A BIG
MACHINE WITHOUT MY FATHER
OR MOTHER!" I SAID.
"I CAN'T!
I WON'T!"



"WE CAN'T GO IN WITH YOU," MY MOTHER EXPLAINED. "THE SPACE IS TOO SMALL, BUT I KNOW WHO CAN."

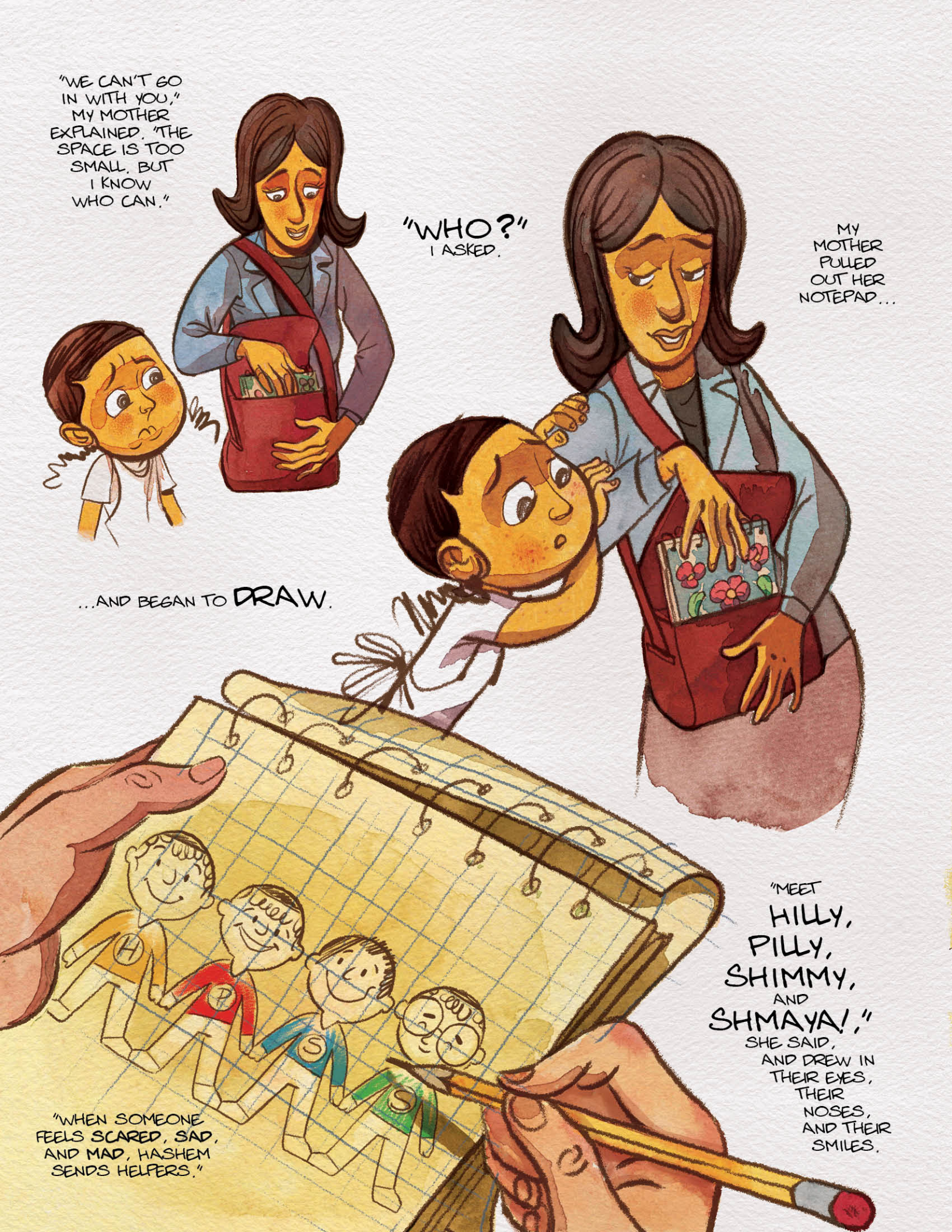
"WHO?" I ASKED.

MY MOTHER PULLED OUT HER NOTEPAD...

...AND BEGAN TO DRAW.

"MEET HILLY, PILLY, SHIMMY, AND SHMAYA!" SHE SAID, AND DREW IN THEIR EYES, THEIR NOSES, AND THEIR SMILES.

"WHEN SOMEONE FEELS SCARED, SAD, AND MAD, HASHEM SENDS HELPERS."



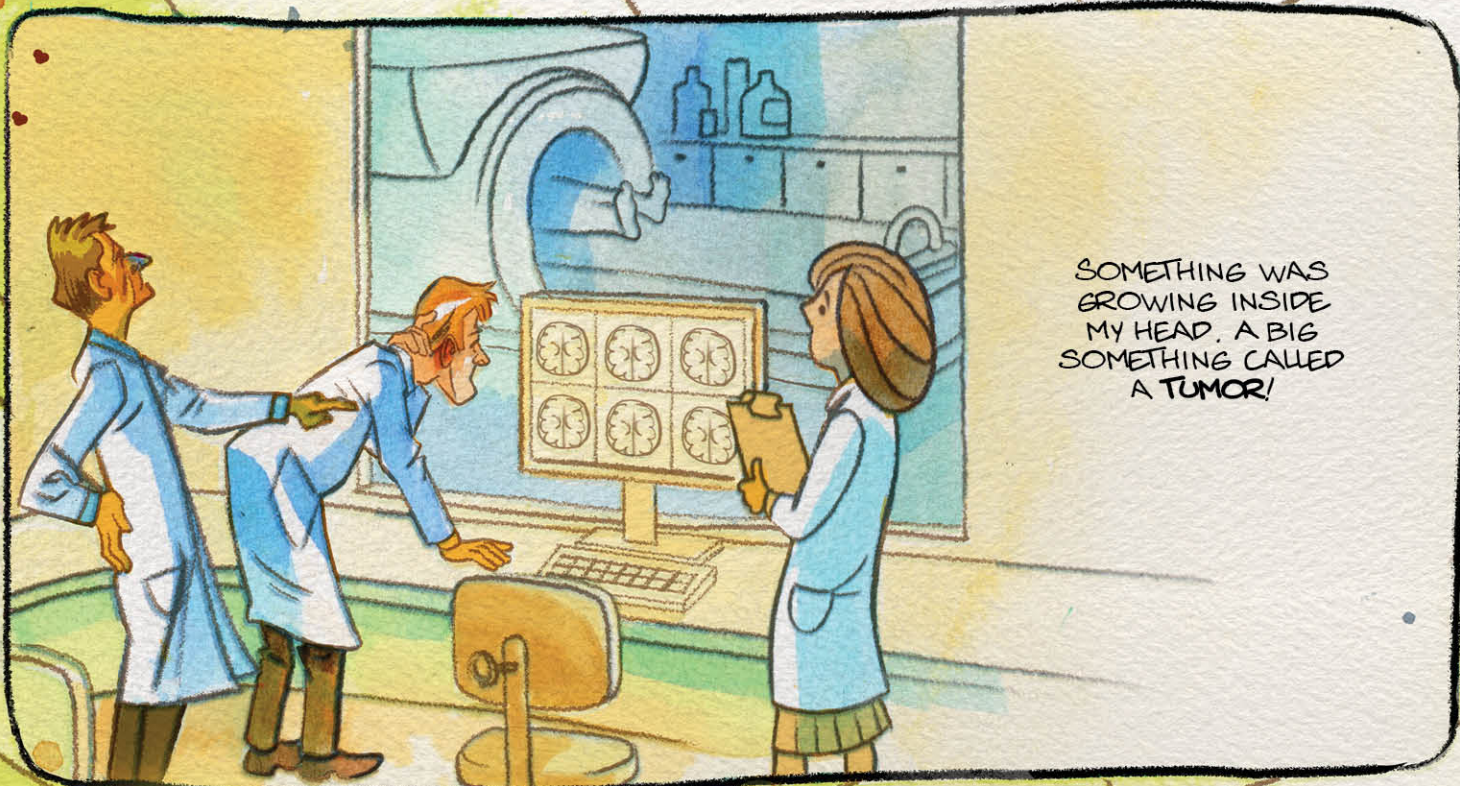
HILLY, PILLY,
SHIMMY,
AND SHMAYA
PEELED
OFF THE PAGE.
"WE CAN
HELP!"
THEY SAID.

"HOW?" I ASKED.
"WE ARE THE PAPER
MENSCHIES," THEY
ANNOUNCED. "WE
CAN LIE FLAT AND
STILL IN THE
BIG MACHINE
WITH YOU."

AND THEN THOSE PAPER
MENSCHIES BUMPED SCARED,
SAD, AND MAD RIGHT
OFF THE BED.

THE CAMERA WENT CLICK,
CLACK, CLUCKETY-CLACKETY.





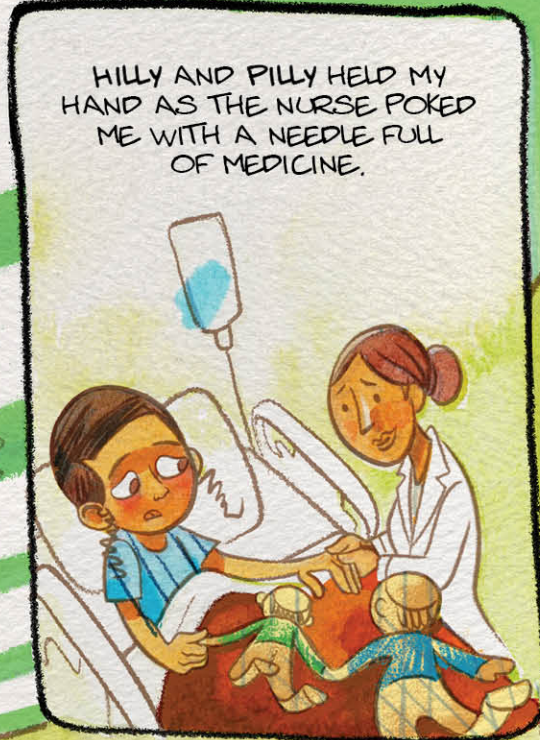
SOMETHING WAS GROWING INSIDE MY HEAD. A BIG SOMETHING CALLED A TUMOR!



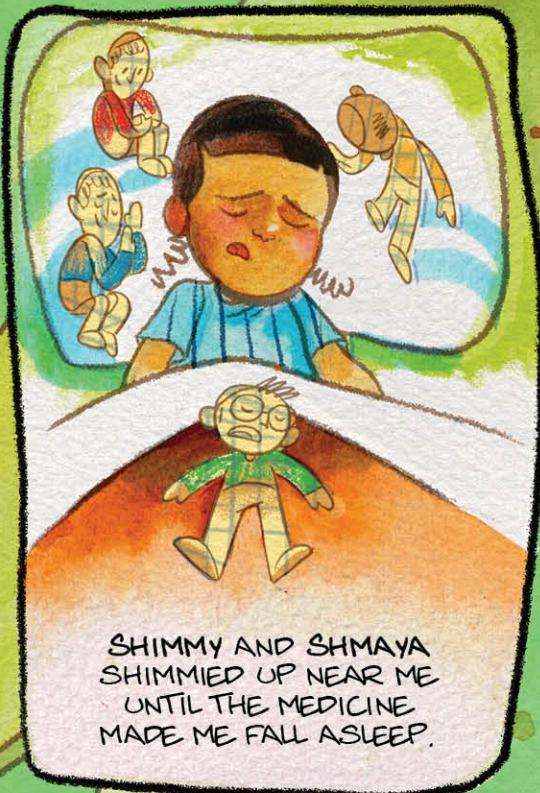
IT WAS THE SIZE OF A LEMON!

"I WILL OPERATE AND TAKE IT OUT," THE DOCTOR SAID. "YOU WILL FEEL BETTER."

"WE GOT THIS, HILLEL," MY NEW FRIENDS SAID.



HILLY AND PILLY HELD MY HAND AS THE NURSE POKED ME WITH A NEEDLE FULL OF MEDICINE.



SHIMMY AND SHMAYA SHIMMIED UP NEAR ME UNTIL THE MEDICINE MADE ME FALL ASLEEP.



HILLY, PILLY, SHIMMY, AND SHMAYA EVEN SNEAKED INTO THE OPERATING ROOM.



WHEN I WOKE UP, SCARED WOKE UP
TOGETHER WITH ME. SAD AND MAD WOKE UP,
TOO. I COULDN'T HEAR IN MY RIGHT EAR.
MY STITCHES ITCHED. I THOUGHT FOR SURE
MY HEAD WAS GONNA FALL OFF.

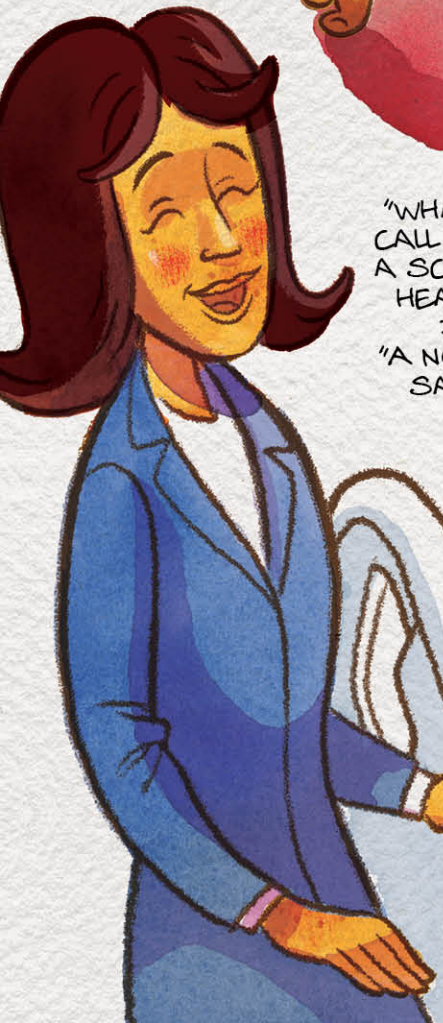
HILLY, PILLY,
SHIMMY,
AND SHMAYA
SHOOED SAD,
MAD, AND
SCARED AWAY.



"WHAT DO YOU
CALL A KID WITH
A SCAR ON HIS
HEAD?" PILLY
JOKED.
"A NUMBSKULL,"
SAID HILLY.

"WHAT DOES
A MUMMY DO IN
SCHOOL?"
JOKED SHIMMY.
"HE GETS WRAPPED
UP IN HIS BOOKS,"
SAID SHMAYA.

I LAUGHED
SO HARD!
MY HEAD
FORGOT
TO FALL
OFF.



BUT WHEN I TRIED TO HOP
OFF THE BED, MY LEGS
FLOPPED DOWN.
I STOPPED LAUGHING.



"I CAN'T GO BACK TO SCHOOL,"
I WORRIED. "I CAN'T WALK. KIDS WILL
SEE MY SCAR. HOW WILL I HEAR THE
TEACHER WITH ONLY ONE EAR?"



"LET'S VISIT
THE HOSPITAL'S
HELIPAD."
SAID THE NURSE.
"IT WILL CHEER
YOU UP."

THE HELIPAD
DIDN'T CHEER
ME UP.

THE PILOT
DIDN'T CHEER
ME UP.

EVEN THE COOL CAP
HE GAVE ME
DIDN'T CHEER
ME UP.

I THOUGHT
ABOUT MY FRIENDS
HAVING FUN ON THEIR
SUMMER VACATION.

INSIDE THE
HOSPITAL,
SUMMER
NEVER
CAME.

