

"You know," Mrs. Davidovitz said slowly. "I knew your grandmother a lot before you did, when she was just a girl. She was special then too." She sighed. "It's a long story. Do you want to hear it?"

"Of course!" both girls said together. "That's why we came."

"It all began 69 years ago when Nechama and I were 9 years old. We were in the same class, but we were very different. Nechama had lots of friends, she always knew the correct answers in class, and she was also good at ball and jump rope.

"I was the exact opposite. I couldn't do anything right. I had no friends. No one wanted to be friends with the clumsy dummy of the class. I always said the wrong answers, I laughed too loud, I couldn't throw a ball, and if I ever tried to jump rope I always tripped and fell.

