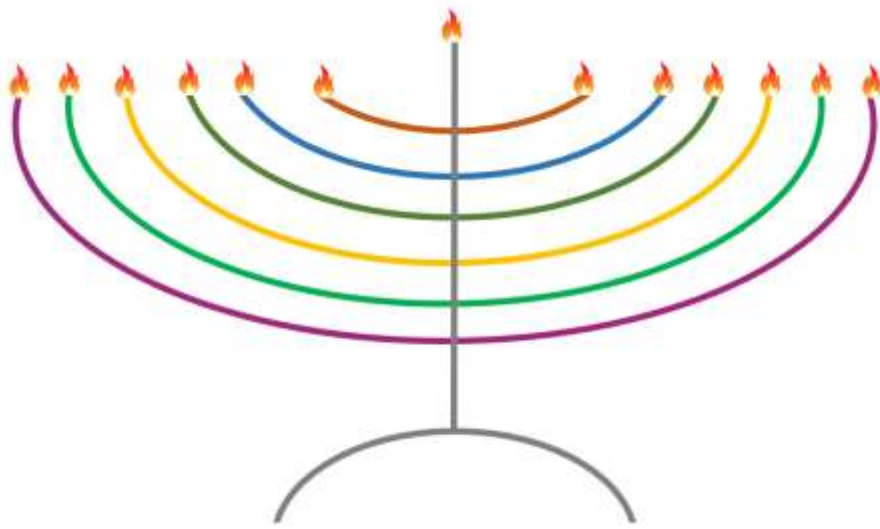


# The Twelve Nights of Hanukah

By

Kenoodle Doodlehead



# The First Night

It was the first night of Hanukah, and the whole Doodlehead family was gathered around the table, stuffing their faces with fried food.

“What a beautiful holiday,” said Grandpa Doodlehead. “I like a holiday that celebrates the miracle of the oil by eating twelve days’ worth of oil each day”.

“Funny, Dear,” said Grandma Doodlehead, “But it would be a better joke if you said ‘Eight Days,’ since this is an eight day holiday.”

“Eight days, huh? Well, Roolada, I wouldn’t know about that, seeing as I’m eleventy-seven years old, but it seems to me that this holiday has always been twelve days.”

“No, Grandpa,” said Teloola Doodlehead, who was already seven years old and used to her grandfather’s antics. “You’re being silly, you know that it’s eight.”

“Grandpa’s being silly,” echoed Emmy-Lou.

“Silly,” repeated Palooma-Peaches-and-Pie, the youngest of the Doodleheads.

Grandpa scratched his head. “Well, I reckon I could be wrong, wouldn’t be the first time. It’s like my old granddaddy used to say. He’d say, ‘Kenoodle, my boy, learn to count, and always remember to add extra days to Hanukah.’”

The three Doodlehead girls shook their heads and giggled. Then, Papa Doodlehead couldn’t help but say, “Too bad, that

would be four more days of Hanukah fun. Now, it's time for Hanukah bath time!" And with that the girls went up the stairs to get clean and into pjs.

# Still the First Night

That night, Teloola, Emmy-Lou, and Palooma-Peaches-and-Pie, all had the same, strange dream. In their dreams, they were all princesses of Chmashmashwashsmash, a faraway land that was really close by, almost next door, walking distance, really, not far away at all. In Chmashwhatever, it was Hanukah all year round. No, seriously, it was Hanukah every day, even on Pesach! Things were a mess, and the princesses were very upset. They were trying to get the people to agree to cut Hanukah to eight days, but the people loved jelly donuts, and were unwilling.

Then they woke up.

# The Eighth Night

When the eighth night of Hanukkah rolled around, it was just the nuclear Doodlehead family lighting the candles. When the presents had all been opened, the last latke eaten, and the final jelly donut consumed, as the candles one by one flickered out, the Doodleheads felt a little sad.

Then Emmy-Lou said, "According to Grandpa, we could have four more days."

"That's right," agreed Teloola, "Four more days!"

"More days!" echoed Palooma-Peaches-and-Pie.

Papa and Mama were a little sad that the holiday was over, too, but they knew that there was such a thing as too much of a good thing, and that there would be a regular school day in the morning.

"It's sad that Hanukkah is over," said Papa, "But we had such a nice time, and now we can look forward to... Purim."

"That's right," agreed Mama. "We had parties, saw friends, sang songs, had delicious food. It was great, and now it's time for something else, like a normal school day."

No one was happy about that, but the girls went up the stairs without complaining, and quietly got ready for bed. Fake news!

## The Eighth Night, Again

That night, the three Doodlehead girls had another shared dream. In their dream, they were three girls living at home, asleep in their beds, when a jolly fat man in a blue suit, with a blue hat, and a loud laugh came down the chimney, bringing holiday joy to all the good boys and girls who celebrated four extra days of Hanukah.

They woke with a start. They didn't *have* a chimney!

# The Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Nights

On the ninth night, which really was just the first night of the regular days after the eighth night, there was a knock on the door.

“Package for Ms. Doodlehead,” they heard through the door.

Teloola opened the door and took the big box. Then she ran to Mama and handed it to her. The whole family gathered round while Mama opened it. The girls squealed with surprise and happiness – the box was full of art supplies: popsicle sticks, glitter of every kind, markers, colored pencils and pens, glue, feathers, sequins... you name it.

“Who’s it from?” Papa wanted to know.

“There’s a note,” said Mama, but all it says is, ‘Happy ninth night.’”

Teloola, Emmy-Lou, and Palooma-Peaches-and-Pie spent hours making beautiful art using the new supplies, until their parents sent them up to bed.

On the tenth night, which really was just the second night of the regular days after the eighth night, there was a knock on the door.

“Package for Ms. Doodlehead,” they heard through the door.

They all looked at each other. What could it be this time? Emmy-Lou opened the door, and took a medium-sized box from the delivery woman. Once again, everyone gathered around while Mama opened the box. Inside the box were

three board games and two card games that they had never seen before.

“Who’s it from?” Papa wanted to know.

“There’s a note,” said Mama, but all it says is, ‘Happy tenth night’.

“Let’s play!” the girls said together.

So, the Doodlehead family sat at the table, picked a game, read the rules, and started to play. The game was so much fun that neither Mama nor Papa knew that bedtime had come and gone, until they saw Palooma-Peaches-and-Pie asleep with her head on the table. Papa carried her upstairs, and Teloola and Emmy-Lou sleepily followed. No baths were taken, they all fell right into bed in their clothes, and were asleep in forty-seven seconds.

On the eleventh night, which really was just the third night of the regular days after the eighth night, there was a knock on the door. But before the delivery gal could even say anything, Palooma-Peaches-and-Pie had already run to the door and opened it. She came back to her sisters with a small box in her hands. The Doodleheads did not know what to expect.

They opened the box. Inside, were the most beautiful chocolate coins they had ever seen. There were about a hundred of them. The girls dumped them on the floor, and after a quick negotiation with their parents, they each took 5 coins to unwrap and eat.



While they were eating their chocolate, Teloola was absent-mindedly poking through the coins, when she suddenly spied a piece of paper. She shouted, "There's a note!"

She opened the note and read, "'Get ready for the twelfth night!' It's true! It's just like our ole granddaddy said to us, 'seems to me this holiday has always been twelve days.' I bet he's the one who sent these boxes!"

Mama Doodlehead gave her best Berenstain Bear smile and said, "Well, we'll just have to see what happens tomorrow night, I guess."

# The Twelfth Night

Is a play by William Shakespeare. More importantly, it's the last night of Hanukah, according to Grandpa Doodlehead's ole granddaddy.

The Doodleheads were calmly eating their supper. Not really – the parents were calm, and the children were fidgetier than ever. They were veritable fidgeterdoodleheads.

Meanwhile, nothing happened.

Then, after they had cleared the table and settled down with some books, something happened.

There was a knock on the door.

The whole family just sat there, waiting to hear the familiar announcement of the delivery person. There was a pause, and then they heard a very loud pair of voices shout, "HO HO HO, MERRY HANUKAH!"

The girls ran to the door and opened it together. There stood two smiling people they knew, dressed in blue-velvet suits with white faux-fur trim, carrying a sack of who-knows-what between them. It was Grandpa and Grandma Doodlehead! Many hugs were shared, I shall tell you with great understatement.

"I knew it, I knew it," said Teloola proudly, "I knew it was Grandpa and Grandma."

Grandma and Grandpa came in, and took off their blue velvet jackets, because it was too darn hot inside the Doodlehead's

cozy home. Then, they started to unpack their sack. The first thing that came out was a 12-branched hanukkiah, the likes of which had never been seen before and will never be seen again, unless someone else makes one. Then they brought out a box of thirteen tapers, one for each night of this special Doodlehead Hanukah, and one to use to light the others.



The family gathered round, and took turns lighting the candles until they were all alight. Then, Grandpa and Grandma sang this song.

*When your head begins to doodle*

*It's time to use your noodle*

*Celebrate for eight nights*

*Then add four more*

*A few more surprises at your front door*

*A few more games played on the floor*

*A few more coins with a chocolatey core*

*A few more hugs with the family you adore*

Then they began to unpack toys, and dresses, and sweaters, for every Doodlehead. While they pulled the last small items from the sack, Emmy-Lou asked shyly, "Grandpa, how many days of Purim do we have?"

# The End

