

Call for Help



jolly
solly

The telephone call from Peru came a few days before Yom Kippur. Mr. Faigelbaum was there to research the rare whistling duck. It was a little hard to hear him, but his news was clear. The airport in Peru was on strike. No flights were taking off or landing. Mr. Faigelbaum might not make it home in time for Yom Kippur!

"Oh no!" cried Mrs. Faigelbaum. "Not home for Yom Kippur? How awful. What sort of Yom Kippur will you have there in Peru? You and the shrieking ducks?"

"You mean the whistling ducks," Mr. Faigelbaum corrected her.

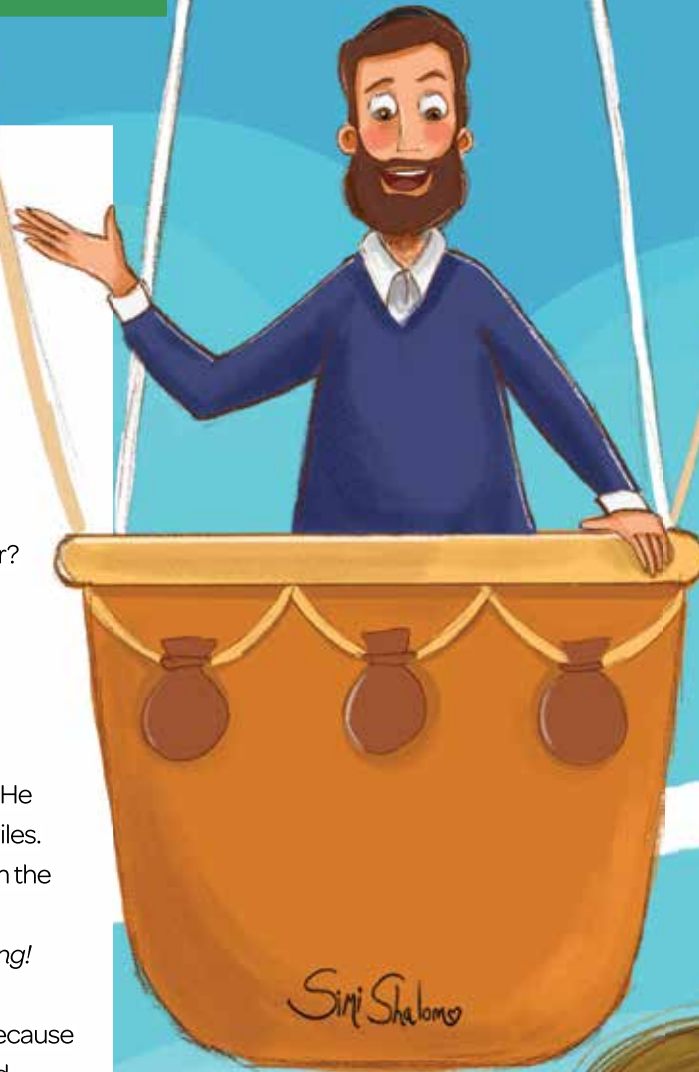
Efraim Faigelbaum had understood what was happening. He began a full-blown tantrum. His wailing could be heard for miles. Mrs. Faigelbaum hastily hung up the phone. She tried to calm the little boy, but she could barely get near him.

To top it all off, someone was ringing the doorbell. *Ding dong! Ding dooooooong!*

It was a deliveryman. He seemed eager to leave quickly, because of Efraim's yelling. As Mrs. Faigelbaum finished signing, a loud sound came from Mr. Krankowitz's house next door.

"That kid is yelling his head off again. I tell you, they must be torturing him...."

Mrs. Faigelbaum quickly closed the door. Oh dear. How horrible: her husband stuck in Peru, Efraim screaming, and Mr. Krankowitz upset. Who could possibly help?



Suddenly, Mrs. Faigelbaum's face brightened. If anybody could help, it was Jolly Solly.

The clown was concerned to hear about her troubles.

"There must be a way to get your husband back," said. "I'm going to think about what to do."

An hour or two later, the phone rang at the Faigelbaums again.

It was Jolly Solly. "I think I may be able to get Mr. Faigelbaum back in time," he said. "The plan is still in the early stages, though. I can't give you any more information right now. It might put the whole plan at risk. I'll keep you posted."

The next day, unfortunately, there was no further news. Mrs.

Faigelbaum, not wanting to put all her eggs into one basket, called the travel agent. She also

called the airport. They all claimed there was nothing to be done.

Two days before Yom Kippur, Mrs. Faigelbaum had accepted the situation. She would be alone with Efraim over the Yom Tov. Efraim was still cranky. Mr. Krankowitz kept banging on the door to complain about the crying. It was bad for his rosebushes, he said.

"Um – I do apologize," Mrs. Faigelbaum responded. "But Efraim's really unhappy about his father being stuck in Peru."

Suddenly, Fishel and Faivish

them with his stick.

There was a huge crowd in the park. Everyone was looking upward. Mrs. Faigelbaum looked up too.

Goodness! There was a hot air balloon! As the excited crowd watched, it came down, bumping gently on the grass. And out of the basket stepped... a smiling Mr. Faigelbaum!

Someone had called the newspapers. A bunch of reporters pushed forward. They all wanted an interview.

"Not now," Mr. Faigelbaum

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came running out of the Friedman house two doors away. Before anyone could ask what was going on, Raffi Rabinowitz and his brother Shimmy came sprinting down the road. A moment later the Morris' door opened. Chavi Morris rushed out, with Moishy and Miriam. Everyone seemed to be running to the park around the corner.

Curious, Mrs. Faigelbaum followed with Efraim. Mr. Krankowitz tap-tapped behind

said. "I have to speak to two very important people. There is one of them," he waved in his wife's direction. "And – oof!"

Efraim had jumped into his father's arms.

Mr. Faigelbaum smiled.

"And this is the second one," he said. **ir**

R. Atkins's book, *Around the Year with Jolly Solly*, featuring 50 fabulous stories, is in bookstores now. For information about a personalized version, contact the Mishpacha office.