

part up, the White Rebbe using the Sabbath Light to grant youth to the king. “But I wasn’t entirely wrong,” I said.

Nathan hesitated. “Not entirely,” he agreed.

“Did someone . . . did someone tell you all this?” I asked.

Nathan exhaled sharply. “Okay,” he muttered. “Okay.” He leaned over and began digging into his briefcase. His suit jacket bunched around his shoulders, loose on his frame, revealing an uneven row of red and orange and blue fringe at his waist. “I thought I put it . . . wait . . .” I glanced at Simon, questioning, but he just shrugged. “Yes. Here.” Nathan straightened up and handed me a marbled composition book.

“Oh my God,” I blurted. I opened to the first page.

The White Rebbe the Wanderer

The third story in the list. Grandpa’s dense black script covered several pages before running out. Most of the book was blank. “Where did you find it?” I asked, holding it against my chest. The edges of the pages were soft with age. “Where are the other ones?”

“There are other ones? How many?” Nathan asked, and we regarded each other with a mix of mutual understanding and suspicion.

“Four,” I said. “I think.”

“You have one,” he said. “I need to read it.”

From the moment I met Nathan, I had cast our relationship as a power struggle, one that he was always winning. Now I had something he wanted, and giving it to him would only allow him the upper hand again. He would understand the story better than I did, but I didn’t trust him to share what he learned.

“Okay, but you have to tell me what it means,” I said. He shrugged