



The Ticket She Didn't Hide

A disappointing change of plan, an
interesting museum room, and an afternoon
she didn't have to dislike

For ages 12-15





Chapter 1

The Wrong Destination

Most of the class had wanted the garden visit.

The garden was closed for repairs. Their Bais Yaakov teacher arranged a visit to a small museum of household crafts instead.

"A room full of old bowls," Tzippy said.

"We have bowls at home," Chava answered.

Malky laughed with them. She had wanted the garden too.

Before the coach arrived, the three girls agreed that the substitute trip would be terrible.

It was an easy agreement to make while none of them had been inside the museum.





Chapter 2

The Drawer With No Bottom

The first exhibit looked like an ordinary chest of drawers.

Then the guide pulled out one drawer and unfolded a writing desk from it.

"The family had one small room," she explained. "This let them use the same space for more than one job."

Malky leaned forward.

There were tiny ink marks beneath the hinge. Somebody had written letters here long before this room had become a museum.

She wanted to ask how the desk had been found.

Chava whispered, "Are we supposed to be impressed by a drawer?"





Malky closed her mouth.

Chapter 3

The Ticket in Her Sleeve

The admission ticket had a drawing of the chest on its back.

Malky tucked it inside her sleeve.

If she kept it, she could show Mama the folding desk. If Tzippy noticed, she might ask why anyone would keep a reminder of such a boring trip.

The guide led them to a loom with wooden pedals.

Malky followed the threads with her eyes. She had seen weaving at home, but not a loom built into an upstairs room because its owner had worked there every day.





"They could have put some flowers outside," Tzippy said.

Malky nodded as though the absent flowers were the only thing worth noticing.

Chapter 4

A Teacher's Question

Mrs. Green, wearing her brown sheitel under a small hat, stood beside her.

"You looked interested in the desk. Did you have a question?"

Malky felt Chava looking at her.

"A little one. How did they find it?"

The guide told them about an attic clearance. The desk had been folded for so long that its new owner first thought the drawer was broken.





Malky laughed at that.

Then she saw Tzippy's face and tried to turn the laugh into a cough.

It fooled nobody, including Malky.

Chapter 5

The Courtyard Lunch

At lunch in the supervised courtyard, Chava announced that the museum was exactly as dull as expected.

Tzippy agreed.

Malky took the ticket out of her sleeve to keep it from creasing.

"You're saving that?" Tzippy asked.

"I liked the folding desk."





The words sounded larger than the paper ticket.

"You said you wanted the garden."

"I did. I still wish we'd gone there. I also liked that desk."

Chava peeled the lid off her lunch container.

"You're changing sides."

Malky had not known an outing could have sides.

Chapter 6

No Campaign

She was tempted to explain every exhibit until her friends agreed it had been worthwhile.

Then they could all enjoy the same afternoon and nobody would feel abandoned.





But Chava didn't have to like wooden drawers.
Tzippy didn't have to become interested in weaving.

"You can dislike it," Malky said. "I don't want to pretend I disliked everything."

There was a short silence.

Mrs. Green called them to wash their hands before eating.

Malky went with her friends. She didn't walk away from them to punish the comment, and she didn't apologize for the ticket.

They found something else to talk about over lunch.

Chapter 7

The Little Bowl

After lunch, they saw a bowl repaired with three metal staples.





Chava asked why anyone would keep such a damaged thing.

The guide explained that a family who couldn't replace it might still need it every day.

"It looks like a bowl wearing braces," Tzippy said.

Malky laughed.

This time, she left the laugh as a laugh.

Tzippy didn't announce that she loved the museum now. One funny bowl didn't require an entirely new opinion.

Malky could let that small shared moment be enough without turning it into proof that she had won lunch's disagreement.





Chapter 8

The Ticket at Home

At home, Mama was wearing her gray tichel.

Malky showed her the ticket and explained the folding desk.

"Was it a good trip?"

"Some parts. I missed the garden. My friends thought it was boring."

"And you?"

Malky looked at the little chest printed on the ticket.

"I liked more of it than I expected."

She put it beside her notebook and drew the desk open, with a chair in front of it.





Tomorrow she could still sit with Tzippy and Chava. She didn't need an identical review of every room to belong beside them.

The trip hadn't given her the garden she wanted.

It had given her an interesting drawer, a bowl wearing braces, and an afternoon she no longer needed to hide inside her sleeve.

