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## History of Love Bookmarks

Evelyn Barker

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*My name is Alma Singer. When I was born, my*

# Alma

When Misha was young his family went to their dacha every summer, and he and his father would take the nets down from the attic and try to catch the migrating butterflies that filled the air. . . . A few months back, the night before his fifteenth birthday, I'd decided to make Misha a card with a butterfly on it.

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ONEBOOK 

2008-2009

<http://www.uta.edu/onebook/>

## The History of Love

by Nicole Krauss

### Blog

<http://blog.uta.edu/onebook/>

### Events

[http://www.uta.edu/uac/one-book/  
one-book-events](http://www.uta.edu/uac/one-book/one-book-events)

### Resources

[http://www.uta.edu/uac/one-book/  
resources-for-the-history-of-love](http://www.uta.edu/uac/one-book/resources-for-the-history-of-love)



*mother named me after every girl in a book my father gave her called The History of Love. My father died when I was seven. What I remember, I remember in parts. His*

*s he used to tell me about his childhood in Israel. That year I wore my father's sweater for forty-two days straight. A hundred things can change your life; a letter is one.*

*ears. The wrinkled skin on his elbows. The storie*



*When I was a boy I liked to write. It was the only thing I wanted to do with my life. I invented imaginary people and filled notebooks with their stories. When I got older I decided I wanted to be a real writer. I wrote about*

# Leo

Josef turned to me, smiling. A beautiful child, blond with gray eyes. Gray, like the ocean on a sunless day, or the elephant I saw in the town square when I was his age. Plain as day, standing in the dusty sunlight. Later no one could remember having seen it, and because it was impossible to understand how an elephant would have arrived in Slonim, no one believed me. But I saw it.

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*After she left, everything fell apart. No Jew was safe. I continued to fill pages with her name. After she left, everything fell apart. No Jew was safe. I continued to fill pages with her name. After she left, everything fell apart. No Jew was safe. I continued to fill pages with her name.*

*the only thing I knew. The pages piled up. Even*

*thing I wanted to do with my life. I invented imaginary people and filled notebooks with their stories. When I got older I decided I wanted to be a real writer. I wrote about*



On his sixth birthday he took a running leap out

# Bird

Dear Mom and Alma and  
Anyone Else, I have to go  
away and I might be gone  
for a long time. Please don't  
try to find me. The reason  
why is I'm a lamed vovnik  
and I have to take care of a  
lot of things. There is going  
to be a flood but you don't  
have to worry because I  
built you an ark. Alma you  
know where it is. Love, Bird.

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During the first week of April, he climbed up onto the roof at Hebrew School, fell, and sprained his wrist.

✿

his wrist trying to leap off our neighbor's balcony.

✿

of a second-floor window and tried to fly.

✿

He broke his arm and got a permanent scar on his forehead, but from then on nobody ever called him anything but Bird.

✿