

# THE Y FILES

(\*YERUSHALAYIM)

BY  
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SHLOMTZI YERUSHALMI, I'M GOING TO PICKLE YOU IN POMEGRANATE JUICE!

BEEP!  
BEEP!  
BEEP!  
BEEP!

AAARRGH!!  
HEE-HEE -HEE!

FUNNY, YOUR DAUGHTER'S INFAMOUS CACKLE OF MISCHIEF HAD A GUILTY SORT OF EDGE TO IT TODAY...

YOU BET IT DID! I SAT UP HALF THE NIGHT, MAKING NOTES ON HOW TO PRESENT OUR ROSH HASHANA HAFTARAH SHOW, AND SHE RIPS THEM UP INTO MICROSCOPIC PIECES, AND THEN THROWS THEM OVER MY HEAD, SHOUTING "MAZAL TOV TO THE LOVELY BRIDE!"

DOORS CLOSING...

NO, YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT ACTIVATING THAT TIME MACHINE ON YOUR OWN AGAIN...

OH! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CAPTURE THE ESSENCE OF ROSH HASHANA AGAIN BEFORE MY NEXT SHOW! YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR, YOUNG LADY! NO MORE MR. NICE DAD, IT'S TIME FOR JUDGEMENT...

AAARRGH!!  
HEE-HEE -HEE!

OH, WOW... THE TEMPLARY TEMPO... I MEAN... TEMPORARY TEMPLE OF SHILO... SUCH HOLINESS...

HOW MUCH LONGER WILL YOU WALK HERE AS A DRUNKARD? REMOVE THY WINE FROM UPON YOU!

DRUNK? ME? OH, NO. I KNOW I TALK AN AWFUL LOT OF RUBBISH, BUT THAT'S JUST ME, Y'KNOW? YOU CAN'T REALLY BLAME A WEEKLY DROP OF KIDDUSH WINE FOR SO MUCH NONSE...

NOT YOU! I WAS ADDRESSING THE WOMAN BEHIND YOU, WHO IS STANDING THERE, MOUTHING SILENTLY IN A MOST PECULIAR MANNER...

WHAT WOM- OH!

CHANNA.

PLEASE, SIR. I AM NOT DRUNK. I WAS POURING OUT MY HEART TO HASHEM, SHARING ALL MY PAIN AND LONGING WITH HIM... FOR I CRAVE MY CHILD, MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE...

OH, ME TOO! I WANT TO PICKLE MINE IN POMEGRANATE JUICE! WHAT'S YOURS...?

