THE Y FILES

<u>Year 1:</u> Haftarot

NETANEL EPSTEIN

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...SO THERE I AM, LOUNGING IN THE OFFICE CHAIR, WITH MY FEET ON THE KEYBOARD, SOCKS OFF, CLIPPING MY TOENAILS WITH ONE HAND AND SHAVING WITH THE OTHER, WHILE SINGING "HONEY-PIE" OVER THE PHONE TO BATZI, WHEN YOUR DAD WALKS IN AND ASKS ME IN HIS MOST POLITELY FURIOUS VOICE WHAT I THINK I'M DOING IN HIS OFFICE. SO I JUMP UP AND SPLUTTER "WAIT...



WELL, IT GETS VERY
CONFUSING, HAVING ALL
THE OFFICE DOORS IN
THE SAME BORING WOODEN
COLOUR, IF ONLY YOUR
DAD WOULD LET ME
PAINT MINE SHREK-GREEN
AS I'VE BEEN BEGGING
HIM FOR YEARS, THESE MISUNDERSTANDINGS WOULDN'T
HAPPEN...

AND I SUPPOSE
THE BRASS
PLAQUE WITH
"MR. YEHUDA'LE
CODSHOW, C.E.O"
ON HIS DOOR
WAS OF NO HELP
TO YOU
WHATSOEVER?











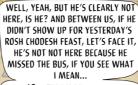


HOWEVER, IF I CALL OUT "THE ARROWS

ARE BEYOND YOU," YOU'LL KNOW THAT







AND IT **IS** A **TERRIBLE** SHAME TO LET GOOD FOOD GO TO WASTE, EH?















