

THE Y FILES

(*YERUSHALAYIM)

Year 1:
Haftarot

BY
NETANEL EPSTEIN

WWW.NETBATEP.COM

...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 MIS-UNDERSTANDINGS 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?



"YOUR OFFICE?!"

"DON'T TELL ME YOU GOT THE DOORS WRONG AGAIN!"



GIVE ME A BREAK! HIGH-RISK DANGER-ZONES LIKE THE C.E.O.'S OFFICE SHOULD BE SIGNPOSTED WITH ARROWS, RED WARNING TAPE, BLOCKED BY A MOAT FULL OF LIVE CROCODILES, GUARDED BY ARMED SECURITY TROLLS AND A PRIVATE MINEFIELD! NOT LEFT FOR TEENY LITTLE FINE-PRINT LIKE THAT...

WELL, KEEP PRAYING, I'M SURE ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL FIND A WAY TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE...



"YOU MUST STAY OUT OF TROUBLE!"

YES, I KNOW, KID, YOU JUST SAID THAT...

IT WASN'T ME, SHHH!



...SO YOU'LL ABSTAIN FROM MY FATHER'S ROSH CHODESH FEAST TOMORROW, AND THE FOLLOWING DAY'S... YOUR EMPTY SEAT AT THE TOP TABLE WILL NOT GO UNNOTICED, BUT...



IT'S... IT'S THE FUTURE KING DAVID AND YEHOANATAN, SON OF OF KING SAUL...!



...THAT'LL BE OUR WAY OF KNOWING WHAT THE KING REALLY THINKS OF YOU RIGHT NOW... YOU HIDE, AND I'LL SIGNAL TO YOU WHAT HIS REACTION WILL BE...



I SHALL FIRE THESE ARROWS, AND CALL OUT TO MY ASSISTANT TO GATHER THEM. IF YOU HEAR ME SHOUT "THE ARROWS ARE BEHIND YOU," YOU'LL KNOW IT'S SAFE TO COME BACK...

HOWEVER, IF I CALL OUT "THE ARROWS ARE BEYOND YOU," YOU'LL KNOW THAT IT'S DANGEROUS, AND THEREFORE G-D WANTS YOU TO FLEE ELSEWHERE... OKAY?



WOW! WOWWEE! WOWWEE WOWWEE WOWWEEEEE!

I KNOW, CLEVER CODE, ISN'T IT?



NO, I MEAN, WOWWEE, A DOUBLE ROYAL ROSH CHODESH FEAST, WITH AN EMPTY SEAT AT THE TOP TABLE!

AS USUAL, THE DUDE THINKS ONLY OF THE FOOD...



