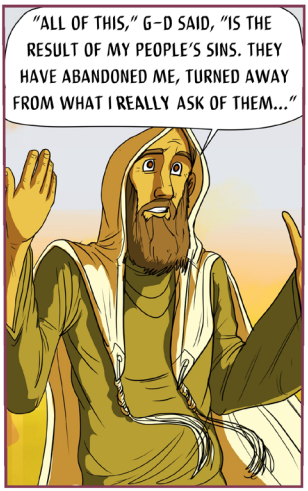
THE Y FILES
(*YERUSHALAYIM)

BY NETANEL EPSTEIN



WELL, HELLO, KIND SIR. WHERE MIGHT YOU BE RUSHING TO THIS FINE DAY? OFF TO SOME DESPICABLE IDOL-WORSHIP, ARE WE?
IDOLS? HEAVENS, NO...
MY BULL, BORIS, AND I ARE OFF TO THE BEIT HAMIKDASH TO OFFER THE FINEST SACRIFICE TO OUR BELOVED G-D...
ARE YOU, NOW?
F.Y.I : OUR BELOVED G-D SAID TODAY, THROUGH HIS PROPHET, YISHAYAHU, AND I QUOTE: "WHY DO I NEED YOUR OFFERINGS?! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR..."
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU, SIR! ZIP IT!
OUCHY!
WELL, NOW, THAT WAS RUDE! BEIT HAMIKDASH INDEED...!
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE ORGANIZING MINCHA OVER THERE, IF YOU WANT...
"BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE WHOM HASHEM IS THEIR G-D..."
AH, MORE SPIRITUAL ATMOSPHERE! BLESSED WE ARE INDEED! LET'S PRAY TO HIM...
NOT YOU! YOU DRESS DIFFERENTLY THAN US, YOUR KIPPA IS DIFFERENT, AND YOU ALMOST DEFINITELY VOTE DIFFERENTLY THAN US! BEAT IT!
BUT...
"...על נטילת לולב"
SORRY, BUT SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR GETTING IN MY WAY, SPIRITUALLY...
WELL, I NEVER...
HUH! IMAGINE BEING ALL SPIRITUAL, AND AT THE SAME TIME BEING HORRIBLE TO WEAKER PEOPLE... HOW CAN ANYONE THINK THAT'S WHAT G-D WANTS?
NOT VERY NICE, IS IT?
OH. I GET IT...
SORRY, KID. GUESS I SHOULDN'T REALLY POINT FINGERS AT OTHERS BEFORE CHECKING MYSELF FIRST...
I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!
ZIP IT, DUDE! I'M TRYING TO FORGIVE YOU HERE...