



Toras Avigdor

Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

By: **A. Ben-Ami**

Illustrations by: **Yocheved Nadell**

תולדות

Too Tired To Think

In honor of all those
finishing meseches Rosh Hashana.

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Too Tired To Think

“Hi Yitzy!” said Totty as he walked in the door. “How was cheider today?”

Yitzy jumped up from the couch at the sound of his father’s voice. “It was great!” he said. “My rebbi told us that we’re having a big chumash contest in school next week! Anshel Holtzbacher is sponsoring it and the Horki Rebbe himself will be coming to ask us all questions. There are tons of prizes, and whoever answers the most questions right will win a brand new bike! I hope I win!”

“I hope so too,” smiled Totty, holding out a stack of papers. “I actually saw your rebbi in shul and he said he forgot to give you the registration form.”

Yitzy took the papers from Totty and blinked twice. “Wait, a registration form?” he said.

“Yes,” Totty explained. “Every boy who wants to participate in the contest needs to fill out that form by tomorrow morning.”

Yitzy stared at the shiny gold ‘Mosdos Horki’ logo at the top of the papers for a second before plopping back down on the couch. “Uch I’m too tired to fill it out,” he said. “And besides, I want to read the new Yaari and Divshi comic book that we got today.”

“Yitzy!” said Totty. “Are you really going to give up the opportunity to participate in the Chumash contest because you’re a bit tired right now? Think of all the prizes you’ll win. And you can always read that book later.”

“Eh I just want to sit and read now,” shrugged Yitzy.

Totty paused for a moment and left the room.

Yitzy turned back to his comic book. It was a fascinating story of how Yaari the rabbit and Divshi the bear were fighting off the evil wolves, Halibush and Balibad, to keep them from distracting the boys who were learning Torah nearby.

Suddenly Yitzy saw a flash of red out of the corner of his eye and jumped as a scary-looking man walked into the living room. It took a second for him to realize it was just Totty! Totty was wearing the red sheitel from the Purim costume box, some sort of fur over his clothes, and was carrying a bow and arrow!

“Totty!” exclaimed Yitzy. “Why are you dressed up like Eisav?”

Totty looked at Yitzy mysteriously. “Do you want to take a guess?” he asked.

Yitzzy stared for a second before answering. It was a bit off-putting to see Totty dressed up like this. “Um... because this week is Parshas Toldos?” he asked.

“I’ll give you partial credit for that answer,” said Totty. “But that won’t win you a bike.”

“I don’t get it,” said Yitzzy.



“Itzele,” Totty said endearingly. “Think for a second about how Eisav gave up an opportunity in this week’s Parsha.”

“Uh... he sold the bechora for a bowl of soup,” Yitzky said. “Oh, did Mommy make lentil soup for dinner?”

“No, no,” said Totty. “But think. Eisav had the bechora. That means he had the right to kovod and the tremendous zechus of the avodah, of the kehuna. Instead of Kohanim coming from Shevet Levi, it could have been Eisav’s children serving in the Beis Hamikdash.”

“Really?” said Yitzky.

“Yep!” answered Totty. “But he sold it all for a bowl of soup!”

“That’s really hard for me to understand,” said Yitzky. “Eisav grew up with Avrohom, Yitzchok, and Yaakov. He must have known what the bechora meant. How could he trade all that just for a bowl of soup?”

“Well,” said Totty. “Eisav came back after a long busy day. He was tired and hungry. All he could think of was a good hot meal and rest. And because he made an important decision when he was so exhausted, he lost something that would have changed him and history forever.”

“But I’m sure he could have just gotten something else to eat in another few minutes!” Yitzky said. “I can’t believe someone would give up so much for so little!”

“Well, Yitzky,” Totty said, shaking the red sheitel hair out of his eyes. “I might ask you the same question. You have such a big opportunity to participate in such an amazing Chumash contest. All you have to do is fill out that little form. But instead you’re choosing to sit on the couch and read, which you can do after you fill out the form.”

Yitzky thought for a second as he looked at Totty’s costume. “Yeah, maybe I shouldn’t make such a decision to give that up just because I want to relax,” he said to himself.

“Totty, can I borrow your pen?” Yitzky said, looking up at Totty. “I want to fill this form out right now. I don’t want to be like Eisav and give up something special just because I’m a bit tired.”

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!



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