

Vayishlach / וַיִּשְׁלַח

Sibling Rivalry

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Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

"Okay, kinderlach," Totty said as everyone finished cleaning up after Melave Malka. "It's getting late. I want everyone to change into pajamas and get ready for bed."

"I want Shimmy and Yitzy to tell me a story!" little Yaeli said, running off to her room.

"I know just the story," said Shimmy, heading to his room as well.

"If you're thinking what I'm thinking, I agree!" Yitzy grinned, following his brother.

Shimmy took his pajamas to the bathroom, where he changed and brushed his teeth. When he came out, he said "I know how to make the story of the helicopter rescue super exciting for Yaeli."

Yitzy paused, his pajamas dangling from his hand. "Helicopter rescue?" he asked, perplexed.

"Yeah, remember Ari Holtzbacher told us how the Horki Chassidim rescued that Yid from the Amazon Jungle? Yaeli will love that."

"Nobody wants to hear about the helicopter ride when they can hear the story about how that man almost got eaten by a crocodile," Yitzy retorted. "That's the story I want to tell her."

"No way!" Shimmy said. "Helicopters are much cooler - crocodiles can't even fly!"

"And it's a good thing they can't," said Yitzy. "With those sharp teeth and powerful jaws, they'd terrorize the planet if they could fly around."

"Now you're just being silly," Shimmy said. "Yaeli will want to hear about the helicopter. Those spinning rotors could probably slice a crocodile in half!"

"Now wait just a second! If a helicopter hit a crocodile, the helicopter would be badly damaged! Don't you realize how thick a crocodile's skin is?"

"Yaeli," called Shimmy. "Do you want to hear a story about a helicopter?"



“What’s a heckilopter?” asked little Yaeli from the doorway to her room.

“See?” hissed Yitzy. “She doesn’t even know what it is.”

“A helicopter,” Shimmy said. “They’re super cool. One sec, I’ll show you a picture.”

Shimmy ran to the living room, where his school bag was, and pulled out a picture of a helicopter that he had drawn earlier. Yitzy followed him and got a photograph of a scary-looking crocodile from his own bag.

“Why do you have a picture of a crocodile in your bag?” snorted Shimmy.

“Why do you have a picture of a helicopter?”

“I drew a helicopter during recess,” Shimmy said. “But you didn’t draw that crocodile. Where did you even get it?”

“I like crocodiles!” Yitzy said, stubbornly. “They’re cool!”

“No they’re not,” responded Shimmy.

“Yes they **ARE!!!**” yelled Yitzy. “Much cooler than helicopters!”

“How **dare** you say that!”

Both boys were arguing louder and louder, and getting angrier by the minute, when Totty suddenly walked into the room.

“Boys, what is going on here? Why do I hear yelling? And Yitzy, why are you not in pajamas yet?”

“Shimmy wants to tell Yaeli a story about helicopters when everyone knows that crocodiles are better,” Yitzy said.

“No they’re not,” Shimmy repeated.

“Boys, boys!” Totty said. “Why are you fighting about something so silly? Didn’t you learn anything from this week’s Parsha?”

“This week’s Parsha?” Yitzy asked. “There are no crocodiles in this week’s Parsha - makas arov isn’t until

Parshas Vaeira. And there definitely aren’t any helicopters in the Torah.”

“I’m not talking about crocodiles and helicopters,” Totty said. “I’m talking about brothers fighting.”

“Are you saying one of us is like Eisav?” Shimmy asked.

“No, I’m not saying that. But look at what happened when Yaakov and Eisav didn’t get along. Eisav couldn’t make shalom with Yaakov, and look where that landed us - with his descendants causing trouble for Yidden all throughout history. Even after *krias yam suf*, when all of the other nations were terrified of us, Eisav’s children Amalek were the only ones bold enough to try attacking us.”

“But this is just an argument about crocodiles and helicopters,” Yitzy said. “It’s not like we were going to try to bite each other’s necks.”

“Even so,” Totty said. “When brothers fight, it’s a terrible thing. It’s a terrible habit that *chas veshalom* could turn into something much worse in the future.”

“It does seem silly that we’re fighting about this,” Shimmy said after a few seconds.

“Yeah, who really cares if one person likes helicopters more than crocodiles,” agreed Yitzy. “We can tell your story, Shimmy.”

“No, it’s okay,” responded Shimmy. “I feel embarrassed that I made such a big deal over this. We can tell Yaeli about the crocodiles.”

“How about this?” asked Basya, who was standing in the doorway. “Why don’t you make up a story about crocodiles flying a helicopter?”

“Oooh Yaeli would love that!” Shimmy said. “What do you think, Yitzy?”

“I love it! Let me get into pajamas and we’ll tell Yaeli the story. This is going to be great!”

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!

Takeaway:

There is nothing worse than fighting with a sibling. Just like with Eisav, once a fight starts, it can get bigger and bigger and continue forever, so we should try to live with Shalom always.

Let’s Review:

- What are Shimmy and Yitzy fighting about?
- What’s the connection between their fight and the war with Amalek?



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