



Ki Seitzei / כִּי יֵצֵא

Seeking Fun

Toras Avigdor Junior

Adapted from the teachings
of Rav Avigdor Miller zt"l

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"Welcome to Four Towns restaurant," said the restaurant host as Stevey Risnik walked in with his father.

"Risnik, table for two," Mr. Risnik said.

"Woof!" barked the Risniks' dog.

"Sorry, table for three," Mr. Risnik said, slipping the host a twenty dollar bill.

"Of course, Mr. Risnik," said the host, leading them to a table. "Right this way."

After giving the waiter their orders, Mr. Risnik pulled out his gold pen and fancy leatherbound notebook. "So, Stevey. Chol Hamoed Sukkot. Let's talk ideas."

"How about Grand Expedition? After the renovations it is now the largest theme park in the world. And the roller coasters have leather seats!"

Mr. Risnik wrote it down. "That sounds good. And I've already got tickets for the ring-around-the-rosie world championship at MetLife stadium."

"Really?" gasped Stevey. "Gosh, thanks Dad."

The waiter brought them their appetizers: braised lamb in truffle sauce, chicken-noodle skewers, creme de la soup, and corn exotica.

"Good thing we made brachot at home so we can start eating right away," Mr. Risnik said as they dug in.

"Mmmm yum!" Stevey said, dipping his chicken-noodle skewer into the truffle sauce. "We should come here on Sukkot."

Mr. Risnik nodded. "We can sit under that indoor tree over there and it will be like a sukkah."

Soon the entrées arrived. The waiter laid out medium-rare dry aged angus steaks, beef franjoli, buffalo pate burgers, Antarctic sausages, and chisel-cut french fries.

"Now this is what makes life worth living for," Stevey said, his father nodding in agreement as he chewed his franjoli.



Mr. Risnik swallowed. “We should probably come here at least twice on Chol Hamoed,” he said, writing it down. He paused. “Actually, there is another Four Towns restaurant in Cedarmere. I heard there they flip the steaks with three-armed tongs instead of normal two-armed tongs.”

“Oh wow,” said Stevey. “I can’t wait to taste that! I bet that brings the steaks to a whole new level. Oooh! Speaking of levels, can we rent out the roof of the Empire State Building so we can have the highest Sukkah in the world?”

Mr. Riskin laughed. “Uncle Haskell’s shul, Temple Sagi Nahor, already rents it out. We should go when they have their grand “pizzat beit hashoeiva” - they serve 84 types of pizza with over 500 types of cheese!”

After a dessert of 27-layer chocolate fudge double deluxe molten cinnamon river delight, the Risniks walked out of the restaurant, patting their bulging stomachs.

* * *

“Hi Shimmy! Hi Yitzy!” Stevey called out, waving at his neighbors.

“Hi Stevey,” Shimmy and Yitzy Greenbaum answered with pleasant smiles. “How are you?”

“Oh, I just had the best day of my life!” Stevey gushed, telling them all about the amazing food he had just eaten. “But not as good as what we have planned for Chol Hamoed!”

“Chol Hamoed?” asked Shimmy. “You’re planning for Chol Hamoed in the beginning of Elul?”

“Oh, does your rabbi not allow that?” asked Stevey.

“No, uh I mean yes, I mean...” Shimmy stammered.

“There’s no halacha that says you can’t,” said Yitzy. “It’s just that it’s a month and a half away. Why are you planning now?”

“Because we need to have fun!” Stevey said. “When do you plan for Chol Hamoed?”

“I dunno,” said Shimmy. “Usually in the morning Totty or Mommy come up with an idea and then after learning and Mincha, we go to a park or our cousins’ sukkah and spend time with family or something like that.”

“Oh,” said Stevey sympathetically. “I didn’t realize you don’t have fun on Chol Hamoed.”

“What do you mean?” said Shimmy and Yitzy simultaneously. “We have SO much fun!”

“Wow, I forgot you guys have to learn every day,” Stevey said, shaking his head.

“But we love learning!”

“But that’s what you loved six months ago on Pesach!” said Stevey, remembering the time he joined the Greenbaums one day at Yeshivas Bein Hazmanim. “You need to do something bigger and better each time or else it gets boring!”

“I think it’s you who doesn’t know how to have fun,” said Shimmy.

“What?” exclaimed Stevey. “This year we’re going on a safari where we get to ride real giraffes!” He paused. “Hmmm, I wonder how we’re going to top that on Pesach...”

“That’s just it,” Shimmy said. “You need to constantly do bigger things because you get bored of what used to excite you. When someone is having real fun, you keep doing it because it’s so fun.”

“Are you saying that doing what Hashem wants could be fun?”

“Absolutely!” said Yitzy, smiling.

Stevey thought about this. “Would I maybe be able to join you on your trip to the park one day of Chol Hamoed? I would love to learn how to have real fun.”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

let's Review

- Why did Stevey and his dad [and dog!] go to the restaurant?
- Why do you think the ben sorer umoreh kept chasing pleasures like meat and wine?



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