



The main thing is to keep the main thing the main thing.

COLD OUTSIDE, WARMINSIDE

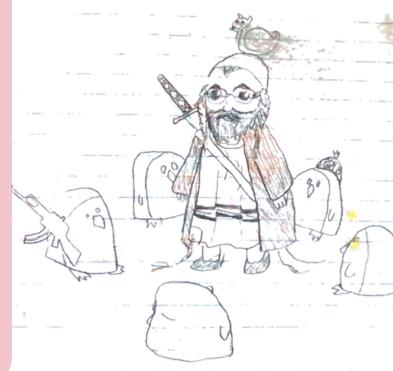
RETURN TO ZION

BY SHAYA LEXIER

As I flew over the Israeli coastline and proceeded to glide over Mediterranean waters, I felt my spiritual GPS start tweakin out, similar to the way many cell phones start reacting once you take them out of the parameters of their cellular connection. It's no joke, once you leave The Land and enter the Diaspora, the Jewish soul starts running on roaming which means you be working double time to get that super dank 4G connection with the man upstairs AKA the Creator of the Whole World, Hashem Himself. It was that moment, combined with catching a fatty gust of frigid Canadian air immediately upon arrival, that I realized that Eretz Yisroel is the dankest ting in the game. It's quite simple if you think about it, I mean like yo, you got The Land, Fischer's, connection to Hashem, LIVING IN REALITY, all of that combined with Shalom Weisberg and palm trees! The only thing I've been doing recently during the peaceful hours of golden sunshine that crack through the trees on this beautiful moshav, is just scratch my head wondering how there isn't like thousands of tents popping up at the dorms. I'm tremendously confused.

For all those of you who are reading this and simultaneously in yeshiva, take it as review. But if you're reading this from one of the 4 corners of this spherical world, I do urge you, do yourself a favor and return to Zion to bask in the sublime light of the Eternal. That's all I gotta say. Yalla bye.

REB MOSES AND A LEGION OF PENGUINS BY TZVI-KOENIG



A WINTER PSA

BY SHALOM WEISBERG

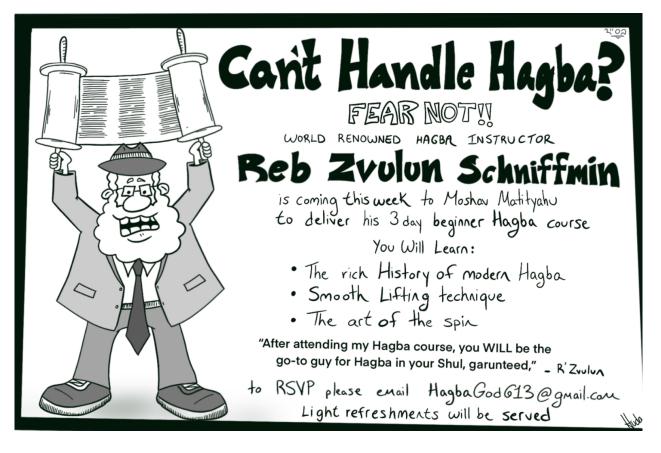
Winter is coming, and it's coming hard with -1 inch of snow predicted for the season-but don't sleep on the cold rain and hail it's gonna come for you. If you're in the Old City then you have less of a problem due to your many roofs and overhead coverings. But on the Moshav, ever since the fire, we have lost our cover and it gets wet and cold. So bundle up with as many hoodies as you have because most of us left our coats in America, so head to the Bais- it's warm there and there is unlimited PB&J. So get to the Bais because it's the place and it's December so everyone get pumped and come on through because as a wise man once told me, the Bais is booming.

SET YOUR SIGHTS HIGH

BY CHAIM PERKAL

So, after being asked to write a Dvar Torah, I was looking for some crazy piece on the Parsha from the Berditchever or some other holiness. Then I decided to share my own thoughts. One major key I took out from this weeks parsha is DETERMINATION. Let's look into what happened to Yaakov Avinu. He wants Rachel, so he makes a deal with her father, Lavan, to work 7 years in exchange for her. 7 years. No biggie-he does it, he worked for Lavan 7 years... and he gives Yaakov his older daughter Leah. Now, we have 84 year old Yaakov, happily married to Leah, yet he does not give up on his dreams of marrying Rachel. He conforms to Lavan's shtuyot and gives him another 7 years of his life to get Rachel. Maybe the next time we get discouraged and think we can't reach our goals, we can think of our father Yaakov. If we want it bad enough we can do whatever we set our mind to. Nothing can get in our way. Set your sights high, and never give up. May we all have a shabbos of bracha, menucha, and mad shefa, L'chaim!





THE LAST SUPPER

BY SIR ISAAC COLDSORE

This week I had the Homer (Not Homer Simpson) of checking out what really goes on suppertime at R' Fischer's Yeshivah. I had to make a quick stop at the Old City to pick up my son Zisseleh whom is now 4 years old. On my way I asked on the Fischers WhatsApp chat what supper is tonight and some smart alec responded "Supper is a meal in the evening. The main meal of the day, called dinner."

So Zisseleh and I made a promise never to talk to this guy again. I walked in at 6:25 and most of the yeshivah was standing around the serving table calmly eating croutons awaiting their meal. I told my son Zisseleh to sit by the supper table (the furthest place from the water fountain see last weeks issue). I noticed the kid who wrote his intelligent response on the chat and gave him a 5 minute death stare while holding my plastic fork and knife. At 6:30 on the dot a car pulled up and started unloading the food. It was at that moment....all gehennom broke loose. For little did I know, it was shnitzel night. There was pushing and screaming Zisseleh was crying in the corner Everyone was grabbing shnitzel. Tzion Hatzadik was just trying serve the food!!! Behind me Rav Friedman and one other bocher came barreling through the crowd holding a huge barrel of soup. What an experience!!!!! As the whole shpil started to die down, guys got their food and sat down. As Zisseleh crawled out of the soup container, The One And Only Shimon Gold stood up and read a piece of Shmiras Halashon from the Chavitz Chaim. I sat down next to Shmuli Adler and asked for a comment about the shnitzel. He said and I quote, "This is some dope schnitzel. It refuels the chevra for an amazing night Seder. You look at a guy like Nosson Moerman-" Yet again Nosson Moerman ran over the second Shmuli said his name, gave him a fist pump, took a bite of Shmuli's schnitzel, and ran off. All together supper at Fischer's was an amazing experience. Five stars on Yelp hands down. And as for the guy that wrote that comment about supper...I'm seriously considering sending him to Fischer's Kinder Garden. We love you Old City. Stay tuned. Oh.. and in case I don't see you good morning, good evening, and good night.

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