



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

Junior

Sefer Shemos sponsored by:



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The Real Tzaddik

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The Real Tzaddik

Tzadok returned home from *Krias Megillah*, fed his many pets, and got ready to eat his *Hamanfish* - a new traditional Purim food that Tzadok had recently invented. It was a tuna fish sandwich, because the *mazal* of Adar is fish - and cut into a triangle, so it would be the same shape as a *hamantash*.

As Tzadok carefully carried his *Hamanfish* plate to the table, the doorbell rang and a man handed him an envelope. He quickly put down his *Hamanfish* sandwich and tore open the letter and read it:

Dear Tzadok, I hope this finds you well. I greatly miss our companionship and I can't wait for you to come visit me again in University City. Which brings me to the main point of this letter.

Due to the mass prison escape at a St. Louis prison, which happened while you were working as a prison guard, several of the escaped prisoners broke into my office and stole the valuable painting of me which hung behind my desk.

Normally, my guards would have stopped these thieves from entering, but unfortunately they were working as bodyguards for my dog at the time.

This tremendous loss, to me, and to all the taxpayers in University City whose valuable asset has been stolen, is all your fault! Therefore, I have decided to sue you for TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS (\$12,000,000.00 USD). This way I will be able to commission an even fancier painting of myself, which no doubt you admit that I deserve.

Sincerely yours,
Mayor PJ McGillicuddy

Tzadok finished reading the letter in a panic. What was he going to do? He didn't have twelve million dollars! He quickly picked up the phone and called Rav Volender and explained the whole story to him.

"Oy Rebbe, what am I going to do?" bawled Tzadok.

"Tzadok," Rav Volender said. "There is only one thing you can do and there is only One who can help you."

“You’re right!” exclaimed Tzadok. “How could I forget? Thank you, Rebbe!”

Tzadok knew just what to do next. He quickly hung up the phone, before Rav Volender had a chance to explain that the One who can help is Hashem.

Tzadok had other ideas as he hopped on a bus to Beitar.

After arriving in Beitar, Tzadok had to do a bit of asking around, but finally he found the right shul. He rushed inside, and sure enough there was Aharon Spetner, the author of *Toras Avigdor Junior* - but he was dressed like a Yerushalmi!

“Ah, Tzadok,” Aharon greeted him warmly. “A freilichen Purim!”

“Wait - when did you become a Yerushalmi?” Tzadok asked, confused, but before Aharon could answer, Tzadok told him about the letter from Mayor McGillicuddy. “You must know how to help me!” Tzadok begged. “You know everything about everything!”

As Tzadok paused to catch his breath, he took a look around the shul and couldn’t believe his eyes - there were people in shul dressed as him!

“What’s going on???” Tzadok exclaimed. “Why are there so many Tzadok HaTzadiks? And how do I know which one is the real one? Maybe I’m not me!”

Aharon put his arm around Tzadok’s shoulder. “Tzadok, Tzadok, it’s Purim! I’m not really Yerushalmi - and of course these people aren’t you.



“We’re all wearing costumes - and do you know why? Because Purim teaches us that nothing in this world is as it seems. The world is dressed up to hide the fact that Hashem is Controlling everything.

“Just like when it seemed as if Haman was going to wipe out the Yidden, Hashem flipped it around. Tzadok, all you need to do is daven to Hashem - and you’ll see there’s nothing to worry about! He Loves you and will Help you”.

Tzadok looked shocked at these words. “Really? I can just ask Hashem to do that?”

“Of course,” smiled Aharon. “Why don’t you do it right now?”

Tzadok wasted no time. “Oh Hashem!” he called out. “In the zechus of my Hamanfish, please save me from Mayor McGillicuddy’s gezeirah!”

“Amen!” answered Aharon.

Just then, Tzadok’s phone rang - it was mayor McGillicuddy!

“Hi Tzadok,” the mayor said. “I hope you are enjoying your holiday! Anyway, I don’t know if you received my letter, but my lawyer advised me that suing you could possibly backfire on me, so I have decided to drop the whole thing since you are such a good friend.”

“Oh thank you, Mister Mayor!” Tzadok said, and hung up the phone.

“Oh wow, Aharon!” Tzadok said, crying tears of joy. “What you said really worked! All in the zechus of my Hamanfish!”

“Tzadok,” Aharon replied. “I don’t think your Hamanfish had anything to do with it. It’s because you davened to Hashem with all your heart.”

“How do you know that?” asked Tzadok.

“Don’t you remember what you said a few minutes ago?” Aharon said with a wink. “I know everything about everything!”

Have A Wonderful Purim!

Takeaway:

Did it seem like Haman was powerful? It was just a disguise, like a purim costume. In reality, the only one with any power in the world is Hashem! Only He can Help us, and He does!



To listen on the phone, Dial:

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