



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

Junior

Sefer Bereishis sponsored by:



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תולדות

The Mayor is Doomed

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The Mayor is Doomed

“Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor!”

Mayor McGillicuddy paused just before walking into City Hall to see a man running up to him.

“Mr. Mayor, I want to talk with you,” the man said. “My name is Gil Bates, and I think I can help you with your ‘space mirror’ project (see *Toras Avigdor Junior Eikev 5783*). You know, where you want to launch giant mirrors into space to reflect light back into the sun to keep it from running out of energy.”

“Thank you Mr. Pates,” the mayor said dismissively. “But I don’t need any help anymore. I’m about to walk into the city meeting, where I am sure they are going to approve my plan.”

“It’s Bates, not Pates, sir,” Mr. Bates said. “And please just give me two minutes of your time - I think it’s a genius idea and I’d really like to help.”

“I don’t need your help,” the mayor laughed haughtily. “I’m a seasoned politician. I know what I’m doing.”

A few minutes later, Mayor McGillicuddy walked into the City Council chamber, where everyone was waiting for him.

“Welcome, Mr. Mayor,” said Chairman Brandon Litzgo. “We have reviewed your space mirror project plans and I have to say, we have a lot of questions.”

“What do you mean?” the mayor demanded, defensively. “It’s so simple a five-year-old can understand it.”

“To be fair, my five-year-old thinks it’s a great idea,” said Councilwoman Madell. “But as adults, we don’t see where you plan on getting the funds for such an expensive project. This will likely cost billions of dollars.”

“Well, we’ll just raise everyone’s taxes,” said the mayor. “I’m sure they’ll be happy to give up some of their money to save the sun.”

“We would have to increase taxes by \$100,000 per year per household,” the chairman said. “I don’t think the voters will like that. And besides, moments before you walked into this room a very wealthy



philanthropist named Gil Bates called me to say that he tried to approach you with a plan to fund your project and you refused to give him the time of day.”

“He wanted to give me money?” said the mayor. “I didn’t realize that! Of course I’ll talk to him!”

“I’m sorry Mr. Mayor,” replied Chairman Litzgo. “But you have failed to demonstrate that you are capable of managing such a project. The council officially rejects your proposal.”

With a bang of the gavel, the meeting was adjourned. The mayor jumped out of his seat, his face beet-red, and ran from the room and outside of the building.

“Look Totty!” exclaimed Dovid, as the Friedmans drove by City Hall. “That’s Mayor McGillicuddy!”

Totty slowed down so they could get a better look.

“He looks **MAD**,” said Yehuda.

Mayor McGillicuddy ran down the steps of the building and into the street, giving an ear-piercing scream of rage. Totty slammed on the brakes to avoid running the mayor over, and quickly got out of the car.

“Is everything okay?” Totty asked the mayor, concerned.



“No! Everything is not okay! I messed everything up! I can’t believe I did this! My career is ruined!” The mayor told Totty what had just happened.

Several minutes later, after Totty did his best to console the hysterical mayor, the Friedmans were back in the car continuing their drive.

“Totty,” Yehuda said. “The mayor’s scream made me think of how Eisav’s scream must have sounded when he lost the *brachos* to Yaakov Avinu.”

“I thought of that too,” Totty said. “But not just how it sounded. It was a similar situation too. Why did Eisav scream? Not just because he lost out on something good. He screamed because he could have made better decisions in life. Instead of always running out in the fields to play and hunt, he should have focused on serving Hashem and learning Torah like his brother Yaakov did. And only now, when it was too late, did he actually realize his mistake.

“And just now, the mayor screamed because he acted silly and didn’t do the hard work necessary to make his silly ‘space mirror’ plan work. And now his plan was rejected and there is nothing he can do to save it. That’s why he screamed. Just like Eisav, he realized too late that he should have made better choices.”

“That’s really scary,” said Dovid. “I will *bli neder* try as hard as I can to always do what I’m supposed to do so that I never have to *chas veshalom* scream like that.”

Have a Wonderful Shabbos!

Takeaway:

Like Eisav, Reshaim are always filled with regret about what they could have done better. We try to do things right the first time around.

Let’s Review:

- What was Mayor McGillicuddy’s mistake?
- In what way was his mistake similar to Eisav’s?