

A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by mr. emunah - 17 Apr 2013 00:28

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It wasn't much, but it was home. At least for now

It really was just a refrierator box that Jerry Longer had managed to find while he was scavenging through the garbage day spoils.

But it kept him dry, which was a good thing becaudse he had enough on his plate without worrying about catching a cold. or pnuemonia.

The Rush of cars, and the roar of trucks blocked out most noise, but Jerry was able to make out the high pitched screech of a Bird of prey as it swooped in on a helpless rodent.

Just like they had swooped down on him.

His whole picturesque existance had been shattered.

and it all began with that Shady man he had met at the Dry cleaners.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by tehylimzugger - 06 Jun 2013 20:14

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**\*\*This break is brought to you by Tenuva Milk Products LTD.\*\***

In the beginning of the story Jerry's life as a successful financial adviser was ruined by the shady man he met at the dry cleaners- someone get this story back on track! [And if possible tell us some more of the heiliger hitteroigener- I really like him, not to mention his rebbitzen's "kiggle"!]

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee  
Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 06 Jun 2013 20:46

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Pumplegrisht!, thought Jerry to himself. Even my ability to reminisce is choppy and broken up, much like my life. Like any other addiction, narcotics is hard to shake and the trick was not so much to stop using drugs but rather to stay 'stopped'.

The hoodlum had been the catalyst for him to be cemented firmly in the grim and dark world of narcotics. The first exposure he had to the effects and life of a druggie had been in Bob's Sparkling Cleaners. It was a stormy day and he was on his way home from work after a particularly difficult day at the office and he stopped at the cleaners to pick up some shirts. While waiting on line he noticed a man standing off to the side who was shaking.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee  
Posted by mr. emunah - 06 Jun 2013 23:04

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"I"LL BE SO HAH

I'LL HIT DA SKAAH

Jlggy Jiggy uh hu

I GOT ME SUH CAN dEE

Don't LOOK DOWN ON ME

I'M FEELIN DOWN CANT YA SEE?

SO JUST GIT HAH ON DIS WEED!"

The man rapped out as his body went into convulsions, and he layed spread eagle on the floor foaming at the mouth.

Jerry was fascinated and repulsed

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee  
Posted by tehillimzugger - 07 Jun 2013 16:19

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Even Deaf Mendel froze- Boruch Kiggle dropped his Emden Siddur.

The Rebbe's face, it was positively glowing- like Rabbi Shtayner's torah- like Lemel Evans' jacket!

In a voice that was barely audible the Rebbe said. "Ich hub geheisen langer er zull nisht gein tzim cleaners!"

"S'iz bashert- ein tug vet men nuch zehn der toive fin dehm- ubber ich hub mich lashuv matriach gevehn ehm tzi voorinin in choolim..."

"Nein! S'iz goornisht imzinst."

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee  
Posted by zvi - 07 Jun 2013 19:30

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[tehillimzugger wrote:](#)

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Translation please? (For us non-Yiddish speakers)

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by tehylimzugger - 11 Jun 2013 16:29

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*\* This break is brought to you by Klein's kosher Ice Cream. Klein's Kosher, Real Kosher. \**

*The story will now continue, my sincere apologies to Zemmy for confusing him.*

*\* This break is over and remember: Klein's Kosher, Real Kosher. \**

"I was in Uconn", Jerry said abruptly, "I was headed for basketball - the big leagues".

"I don't know much about basketball" Manny sheepishly admitted, "just that it involves putting a ball through a hoop and a lot of shvartzes. We were told to stay away from goyim, stay away from basketball- funny, we were never told to stay away from drugs."

"Yah" Jerry put in. "Anyway, there was this guy- one of them 'shvartzes' you mentioned, who made it his mission to make my life miserable. Khaleed was the guy's name [a seven foot four giant]. In the beginning it was taunts and mockery, I had plenty of that in my childhood with my drunken father. But then he tried to blackmail me into assisting him in a drug trafficking scheme. I had seen what alcoholism had done to my dad and wanted no part in advancing anyone's addiction. I refused to help him."

"One day he snuck up behind me and said: WATSH OUT JEWBOYYY. I'ZE ARMED, IF YOU'Z NOT HELPIN' ME YOU'S DEAD!"

"That was when he had crossed the line: I spun around and tried to inflict upon him some of what my Judo teachers had taught me. I have no idea how it happened but the next thing I knew I was on the floor and Khaleed was using my head as a drum and glass bottles of bourbon as drumsticks 'AIN'T NO ONE MESSIN WIFF KHALEED' he was shouting, rapping, singing? Not really sure because before long I passed out."

"Reminds me of reb Levi Yitzchok", Manny muttered.

"What was that?"

"My teacher, or rebbe in the fifth grade was a man named Levi Yitzchok. The guy was like a talmid of the Melitzei Aish or something- you know those guys that never say tachanun- that's what he was like. 'Today's a big Yahrtzeit Zalman Hakoodish Dayan of Prague, tomorrow's the Yahrtzeit of the Rabbenu Tam and the Haflooh- and let's not forget the Heiliger Vahluzhitzuver.'\* My dad insisted that I get switched into his class 'Ah Yeed mit aza kesher tzi amuhlige tzaddikim'. It was all bluff of course- Levi Yitzchok's obsession with yahrtzeits was much more than just skipping tachanun. A yahrtzeit provided him with a good excuse to finish a bottle or two of woodford at the essential post davening lechayim. The guy was drunk as Lot, which was fun most of the time [not that we learned much]. But sometimes he would get mad, furious (and it would usually be at me). He would grab his empty woodford bottle and beat me over the head."

"Sounds terrible. For me, that was the end of Uconn and baxitball. Having a bit of background in the world of finance [whatever- it had something to do with the draft] I focused on finishing a degree in business."

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\* All true by the way (today is 3 Tammuz).

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by Gevura Shebyesod - 11 Jun 2013 17:20

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Don't forget Rav Shneur Kotler and the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by tehylimzugger - 11 Jun 2013 19:06

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He had a "keshar tzi **amuhlige** tzaddikim" Reb Levi Yitzchok [and he used Melitzei Aish, as mentioned].

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by tehylimzugger - 27 Jun 2013 17:34

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"LOOK OUT!"

Manny suddenly screamed

A HUGE brown bird, at least 6 feet tall was racing towards them.

"Get off the road!" cried manny as he rolled into the ditch.

"Look, just look at it" wheezed Jerry, hollering in laughter. The bird had slowed down and was raising and lowering its neck like a party blower.

Manny peeked out of his ditch, "C'mon" called Jerry, "it's an emu!"

"Must've escaped a nearby farm. Who woulda thought- on a deserted road in some hicktown

near Pittsburgh-"

"It's called Monroeville" Manny muttered "Couldn't miss that name."

The emu approached them silently, eyeing them curiously.

"It's so cute." Jerry exclaimed as the emu came to a stop near a frozen Manny, laying its tiny head on his shoulder.

"Ha! I wish I had a camera!"

The emu picked up its head and took a few steps back, Manny shook his head violently, trying to brush off the emu's touch. It looked at him quizzically.

"Great. Ah frische Gahst! Now this, this, this BIGBIRD is going to follow us around! Do I look like Mitt Romney or something?"

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee  
Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 31 Jul 2013 01:26

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"Look at this!" called Manny, "Birdie has a tag! Rockoe's Fleishige Bagel Plantation. Now what in the world is that?"

Jerry started a new fit of laughing.

As suddenly as it came the emu started walking off down the road whence it came from.

"Quick Manny, let's follow this critter. If they know what fleishige beigels are they must be Jewish. Maybe they can help us."

Picking up their bags and cleaning up the potato chip wrappers, they were off, trotting down the road after the feathered interloper.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee  
Posted by tehylimzugger - 08 Aug 2013 14:28

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Jerry saw him first- approaching them at a rather rapid clip came one of the queerest looking individuals he had ever seen. If not for his fear of embarrassing the stranger, Jerry would have started yet another fit of hysterical laughter.

Manny saw him as well; huffing and puffing his way up the road, came a rather heavysset individual wearing faded blue farmer's overalls and a wide straw hat. But Manny's eyes almost popped out when he saw what was under the overalls, a white shirt [well maybe not so white, but apparently it had once been white] covered by yellow [make that extremely yellow] Tzitzis. The stranger's face was framed by two flaming red peyos, which not being curled [though Manny could tell that their owner had [i]tried[/i]] reached down to his overalls. His chin was covered by a scraggly red beard that had a few pieces of straw peeking out from it at interesting angles.

Presently, the stranger reached his bird and put his arm around it. Panting for breath he gasped, "Now now Chuna Feitel! That was a heck of a lot of trouble you put me through escaping like that! Vuss husti gemeint mitt dehm?!" He then turned to Jerry and Manny, and extended a rough hand which turned out to be surprisingly warm and gentle, and gave them each a firm handshake.

"The name's 'Kiva Pinchas, we don't often get guests 'round these parts so thanks for stoppin' my bird from going any further. I doubt I woulda been able to run any longer. Anywayz, I won't be keepin' you fellas from continuin' on your merry way, so I'll be goin', see y'guys around." And he turned to go.



"Akiva Pinchas! Wait!" called Manny desperately. Akiva Pinchas twirled sharply around [almost losing his grip on his bird Chuna Feitel] wondering how it was that this vagabond pronounced a "ches" so perfectly.

"Ich hub nuch nisht geleigt Tefillin heint!" Manny announced, and burst into tears.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee  
Posted by mr. emunah - 30 Aug 2013 18:26

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So Manny, Jerry, and Kivypinches ran to the closest hose stable and aquired for themselves three fine mustangs, and away the went with a gallup and a snort.

After bucketing along for 3 hours ofer River and dale, they came to the secret undercover entrance to Emegency Moshiachbringing Union, it wqas located between two trees, behind a large rock which had the word E.M.U. painted on it in invisible ink. After saying the prescribed ten psalms in unison, the rock split open revealing a deep hole with a ladder running down the side.

Manny quickly glanced around, for evesdroppers and blackmailers, "carefull, my Dad told me about this place once, the secret defense is that the ladder is electrified, you need to dive into the abyss headfirst, after about 70 feet is a deep underground mikva to catch you. Swim in the mikva until you reach the shore.

One after another they merrily dove headfirst into the dark abyss, for tje new that their only salvation would come if they laid tefilin on Manny before sunset.

After a deep splash, where it seemed that their previous lives had been knocked clear out of them they surfaced one by one bobbong in the cool waters.

They started swiming towards a small torch in the distance.

As they reached the shore, the met an old hunched over man with a flowing white beard and eyes like flaming sapphires, he was dressed in a flosing hooded white robe and had a scroll in his right hand and a sack in his left.

"Bruchim Habaim Likulam, welcome to the Pennsylvania Underground soul farm," he called to them, "you can call me Nachman. Here please but on these robes"

He withdrew 3 white robes from the sack and handed one to each of our three friends. "Thanks Nachman" called Jerry... "Thank Hashem, for he is the one who cleans the souls" answered Nachman. "come follow me it is only 18 minutes till sundown" he set off at once towards the

doorway under the flaming torch.

He remove a large brass key from around his neck, and inserted it into the ancient keyhole, the door creaked open and the trio saw a fearsome sight!

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee  
Posted by mr. emunah - 30 Aug 2013 18:30

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A room full of demons, poltergeists, zombies, undead vampires and other undesirables.

Jerry was about to scream out, but Nachman place his holy hand over Jerry's mouth. "do not make a sound my son, for the crys of fear are what feed these beings, these are all creations of your deeds, my children, so fear not and make not a word, remember that Ayn Od Milvado - There is nothing but Hashem"

and with that Nachman led our heroes into the hall of fear.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee  
Posted by mr. emunah - 30 Aug 2013 18:48

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The beasts and spirits started calling their names....

Mannnnny..... MAnnnnnnnny..... Commme to us..... Commmeeemmme....

Jerry jerrryyyy..... over here.....

Kivepinches..... come to us like the times of old and we will play.....

They all shuddred from the old memories, but held on tight to each others hands and murmured ein oid milvado.

as they came to the next room they saw a huge brilliand light emanating from four pairs of

tefillin. they all quickly made an ehrliche bracha and put them on as the clock was winding down.

As they said Shema They all had a blinding image of the word Amalek exploding into flames.

"Yes my children," called out Nachman, "you have vanquished those who seek your harm, we must celebrate, but know that this is only the first battle...."

THE END?

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