

**STORY TIME**Posted by stillgoing - 13 Jul 2015 17:27

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**SNAPPY'S BOWL****Chapter 1**

Once upon a time, far far away, on the top of a mountain, there lived a family of birds. They were a happy little bunch who lived their lives hunting for worms, and keeping away from cats. The Birdy family had many young fledglings. The youngest Birdy was named Flyhigh. He was the baby of the family (so far) and all of the other birds pampered him with extra worms and shiny pieces of ribbon that they would pull off of Mrs. Mc'Odells hat while she was gardening on Sunday mornings.

Flyhigh was a small bird, but everyone had high hopes that he would go far. He was smart, and could smell a picnic all the way from the top of the old tree they called home. One day, while Mama bird was bathing in the lake, and Papa bird was out with the older birds gathering sticks to strengthen the nest after a branch fell on it, Flyhigh was flying around aimlessly, and noticed a very good looking piece of fish, sitting on Mrs. Mc'Odells back porch. By rights, the fish belonged to Snappy, the mean black cat who lived in Mrs. Mc'Odells house, but Snappy was snoozing and Flyhigh saw no reason that he shouldn't swing down for a minute and have some fresh tuna. Scanning the area from a birds eye view for potential dangers (or any of his brothers, who might tattle on him), Flyhigh dropped down on the porch, and started pecking away at the fish. It was good, But Flyhigh was a good little bird, and he remembered what his Mama told him about Snappy, so he only stayed for half a minute, and then flew off back home. Feeling guilty, he made sure to help out at home and be an extra good listener for his Mother.

The next day he went off to the porch again to see if there was any more tuna. Sure enough, there it was. This time he couldn't see Snappy but he figured that he was probably inside somewhere with Mrs. Mc'Odells. Today, the fish was better than ever. While Flyhigh was pecking away he suddenly saw a flash of black and felt the rush of air as Snappy came bounding up the stairs at his bowl and the bird intruder! Without a moment to spare, Flyhigh took off into the air, as Snappy stood there making all sorts of scary cat growls. His little heart beating fast, Flyhigh flew up as high as he could go until he began to get dizzy from the heights. After a bit, he flew back home and hardly ate any of his worm supper that Mama gave him. For one thing, he was full, and besides, he was feeling so guilty and upset at himself for doing something so stupid, just for a few moments of pleasure. That night Flyhigh slept fitfully, with dreams full of flying cats on brooms that said Mc'Odells on them. After Flyhigh was sleeping, Mrs. Birdy went for a fly with Mr. Birdy.

"I'm worried about Flyhigh," She said. "He's not acting his happy self recently, and tonight he barely ate supper!"

Mr. Birdy listened closely "give him time, "he answered quickly. "He's probably just going through a difficult stage"

“But you always say that about him!” his wife answered back. “You are too soft on him. I’ve heard that he’s been hanging out by the Mc’Odells’s house a lot recently. He needs a strong father figure!”

“So you want him to end up like poor Tweety?!” Mr. Birdy answered back. “You know what happened when his father was too hard on him, he ran away and got shot by a hunter! Is that better?!”

Mrs. Birdy was silent. What could she say. Tweety’s death was a tragedy in the bird community, and everyone knew that Tweety’s father was very strict with him. Perhaps her husband was right. She would give Flyhigh more time. Maybe if she gave him some more responsibilities, he would be too busy to get into trouble.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 04 May 2017 01:22

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Hang on...

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 04 May 2017 01:24

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One more...

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 04 May 2017 01:25

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[annauthor6 wrote on 03 May 2017 02:45:](#)

Hello. As my username suggests, I write stories. There is no guarantee that they are good, but I'm fairly certain that some of you have read my work in the past. I struggle from lust like the like the rest of us and I wanted to write a story about these issues. I obviously could not show it to

the editors, and I hate editing myself so if it's choppy I hope you'll forgive me. This is the rough

May I present

WHY-SIGH

draft (that means you can give suggestions too)

Mike groaned as the screw-fell yet again, "If I could just get some normal lighting in here" he muttered to himself. "Then i might actually be able to fix this thing'

There was nothing unusual about this job. Mike could almost predict it. It would be a cold day. He would be pressed for time with a long list of furnaces to fix, when he'd get the call from the school. The furnace at Zichron Kedush was as old as Mike's truck, and that was pretty old.

'Most furnaces this age" he had told the administrator many times 'Have long been turned into scrap metal. It's time that the school gets its self a new commercial heating system instead of trying to find parts for this old machine each time that it breaks'.

'Come on Mike' Rabbi Hecht had said "you know we can hardly afford the oil for this machine. How can we possibly afford a whole new system?"

"Most machines don't even use oil!" Mike answered back, 'I'll even do the work for free!"

"That's very kind of you Mike", said Rabbi Hecht, but we're still talking over \$10,000 just for the materials"

And so it was, that about once a month Mike would get the call, and head over to ZK to try to do t'chias hamasim on the old oil furnace.

The truth was, that deep down Mike was happy when Mrs. Kliner from ZK called him down. Mike was semi-retired and these days, he only took jobs that he liked. He didn't really need the money, but who wants to sit all day alone in a house with nothing to do? He enjoyed being in Zichron Kedusha, the energy and excitement of the boys, the light that shone from their faces when they told a joke, it reminded him of his younger years. If he timed the job right, he got to be there during lunch. Now, Mike didn't remember ever being served chocolate milk for lunch when he was a kid, but times were different. Sometimes he would change the light bulbs in the schools cafeteria while the boys were eating just to watch them. Mike felt happy around them, and his fatherly protective instincts which were never used in his own marriage swelled. As ridiculous as he knew it was, Mike felt that these were the children that he had never had, and he would do anything to protect them.

Chapter two

10:30 PM

All is dark outside. "Connections available" blinked on the screen. .... "obtaining ip address"..... "connected". Good it's working. Password is still the same... his heart beating fast... a few clicks later and he was lost in a virtual reality of which no self respecting filter would allow.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by annauthor6 - 04 May 2017 14:36

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Part3

"Rabbi Hecht" Mrs. Kliner called through the intercom, we just got a call from Officer Leeds, he said that there has been activity in the parking lot of the school late at night, and he just wanted to know if we know about it."

"Nothing that I know of," Rabbi Hecht answered.

"But maybe a teacher came late to finish up some work. I'll check the surveillance system, but I wouldn't worry about it." Mrs, Kliner nodded satisfied. She knew that if anyone could take care of it, it was Rabbi Hecht. Goodness, she had worked at this school for 30 years before Rabbi Hecht had come to work there 3 years ago. She didn't like thinking about those chaotic days.

Rabbi Hecht went into his office and closed the door. Sitting down at his desk, he logged into the surveillance system home page, and entered the time that he was looking for. Sure enough, at 10:28PM a dark car pulled up in the parking lot. He couldn't see the licence plate, nor did he notice another car parked in the far corner of the lot. No one got out of the car and the screen was still. Rabbi Hecht fast forwarded and at 11:06 an ambulance sped by lights flashing, sirens blaring on the road in front of school. Moments later, the dark car turned on and pulled away. As the car was exiting, Rabbi Hecht could see officer Leeds patrol car pass slowly by. He turned off the screen, had he left it on, he would probably have seen the second car pulling out too a little after 12:00am. In fact, the second car passed so close to the cameras that he probably would have actually seen the face of the second driver on the way out.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Trouble - 09 May 2017 22:21

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Did Hecht have a crush on Mrs Kliner?

That's all I have been thinking about the past week.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Workingguy - 09 May 2017 23:28

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[Trouble wrote on 09 May 2017 22:21:](#)

Did Hecht have a crush on Mrs Kliner?

That's all I have been thinking about the past week.

That's all?

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Trouble - 09 May 2017 23:30

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[Workingguy wrote on 09 May 2017 23:28:](#)

[Trouble wrote on 09 May 2017 22:21:](#)

Did Hecht have a crush on Mrs Kliner?

That's all I have been thinking about the past week.

That's all?

Amongst other crushes.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by annauthor6 - 10 May 2017 01:39

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"Bye, I'm leaving",

D called to his wife. He heard a muffled answer from somewhere upstairs where his wife was bathing the kids. It kind of sounded like 'what time are you coming back', but he could definitely get away without answering that faint question. If she got upset later, he would just say that he hadn't heard her, beside, how could he know when he'd be back.

He thought about going to night seder. His chavrusa was still away, and the thought of learning alone didn't excite him. Mechanically, he turned left towards the school. Only for a few minutes, he firmly resolved in his mind.

This time the wi-fi signal was a little weaker and he had a hard time logging in. While he was waiting for the connection to be secured images from the previous night danced before his eyes, suddenly his heart froze as his eyes fell upon the large black surveillance camera facing his car! He had never noticed that before. How would he explain his presence late at night in the school parking lot. Hoping to still avoid detection, he turned his black car around and sped off into the night, not noticing the second car that was just turning into the parking lot.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 10 May 2017 02:29

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Who's D?

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 10 May 2017 14:34

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[cordnoy wrote on 10 May 2017 02:29:](#)

Who's D?

The 'Donald'!

Trouble, Mrs. kliners gotta be at least 50, more likly its leeds who is has one.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Singularity - 10 May 2017 14:46

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[cordnoy wrote on 10 May 2017 02:29:](#)

Who's D?

Dov, obviously. What else does he do when he's not on conference calls?

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Trouble - 10 May 2017 19:05

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[stillgoing wrote on 10 May 2017 14:34:](#)

[cordnoy wrote on 10 May 2017 02:29:](#)

Who's D?

The 'Donald'!

Trouble, Mrs. kliners gotta be at least 50, more likly its leeds who is has one.

you have something against 50 year olds?

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by lionking - 16 May 2017 10:26

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I went to the grocery this week to buy the Mispacha to read the next installment of this story. I  
Then I remembered that the story was on the forum. Can we  
get the installments at least once a week?

**Warning: Spoiler!**

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by annauthor6 - 17 May 2017 00:43

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> D's mind was racing. How long had that camera been there? Does the school know that he's using their wi-fi? He slowed down as he got onto the highway. How can I figure out a way to delete the camera footage? Immediately D thought of his old friend from yeshiva. Kenny (as he was now called) had always been a wiz at computers, and if anyone could hack in to the schools security system, he could. The other plus of confiding in Kenny was that Kenny was likely the only one knew who wouldn't be shocked at D's revelation. They two of them had shared more then enough trouble in high school. Although D had mostly cleaned himself up, gotten married, and got a job. Kenny still lived by himself and enjoyed the "good life" He took out his phone and began to text.

> D: HY WHTS UP

> KENNY: NOT ENOUGH

> D: WANT SOME ACTION? LOL

> D: I NEED U 2 ACCESS A SURVAILENCE SYSTEM 4 ME

> KENNY: CALL ME

> So D called his friend and explained what had happened. "Come on over to my house" Kenny said, "and I'll show you how to do it. Its real easy when you know how."

> D ended the call, and turned toward's Kenny home. He felt uneasy about going there. He hadn't been to Kenny's apartment alone since he had gotten married. D liked Kenny, but Kenny brought out a side of D that he was trying to bury for many years.

> Before Yom Kippur, D would sit and cry about all of the hundreds of times that he was motzei zera l'vatula. The times that he spied on other people in compromising places. He tried to leave that all in his past. Twice he even counted 90 days without being motzei zera l'vatula, but somehow the problem kept coming back. Meeting with Kenny always made this feeling stronger. D had been so lost in his thoughts that he didn't realize that he was ready parked in front of Kennys door. D got out of his car, his his laptop under the seat and was soon sitting on Kennys couch, watching his friend performing a complicated series of clicks and typing on his laptop. That's it, he said, "we're in", "which camera did you want to see?" Kenny asked.

> "So fast?!" D exclaimed, "the outside one"

> "It seems that there are a couple of them outside" Kenny said. "This is footage from this afternoon"

> D's eyes suddenly widened as he watched the screen. Zichron Kedusha sported an Olympic size pool, which the boys would use in warm weather. The camera that Kenny had opened was situated right outside the pool gate and as the boys filed past in their bathing suits, D mouth dropped open. Kenny turned and saw D's lusting face and started laughing. "Get over it dude! They're kids!" He said punching D in the arm.

> "You're not gonna touch kids, right?"

> "I'm not touching anyone!" D shot back "Remember, I don't do those things anymore!"

> "Oh really," Kenny retorted smirking, "have you forgotten why you went to the school to begin with?"

> "There's a big difference between watching a little p### and actually touching another person." D answered blushing.

> "Don't fool yourself" Kenny said. "It starts with p###n and doesn't stop until either you kill it, or it kills you"

> "Big talker" D retorted, "how many people have come to 'visit' you here in your little den"

> "Listen," Kenny said, "I know that I'm messed up, the people who come here are just as messed up as me and just as willing. You on the other hand, live in a upstanding neighborhood, davin in a nice shul full of kids, people trust you, and you're just as bad as me, actually worse since you deny the whole thing"

> "Just shut up," D screamed, "you're a slimy hypocrite giving musser call day! Just shut up! D stood up and stormed out of the apartment slamming the door shut behind him

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by annauthor6 - 25 May 2017 15:20

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The sound of sirens pierced the air. D struggled to gain control as the burly hands clasped the handcuffs around his wrists. He violently twisted out of their grasp and felt himself falling. With a thud he woke up to find himself on the floor next to his bed. The house was so quiet that D could hear his own heartbeat pounding in his ears. The dream had felt so real. First the

sensation as he had spied on the boys, then the fear as he realized that someone had come up behind him, then the cops calling him a filthy pig and trying to arrest him. There was more, vague parts of the dream that actually involved going further than just spying. It all had seemed so real. D felt his emotions churning. One part of him was sorry that he had woken up, the other part of him was disgusted at the first part! Was it only a few hours ago that Kenny had accused him of preying on children and he had vehemently denied it. Could he actually be capable of such things? The thought scared him. How did it happen. He wasn't so bad. He certainly didn't feel like a predator. He had never touched anyone without their agreement. Could this be where his poisoning had taken him? Dovy stayed awake the rest of the night with these and other disturbing thoughts circling around and around in his head.

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