

Naftali: But why can't we hit him with a stick?

Dan: What if the stick breaks, Tali? Huh? Rocks don't break.

Naftali: But they crumble. Like cookies.

Dan: What kinds of cookies? Not chocolate chip.

Naftali: Well, if they're dry.

Dan: Not chewy chewy chocolate chip. 'Cuz they're chewy chewy.

Naftali: [pause] Now I'm hungry.

Dan: Me too.

Reuben: Guys! I'm the oldest here, and I don't like what I'm hearing.

Naftali: He's right, Dan. We didn't say anything about that coat Dad gave him.

Dan: Yeah, we should rip up the coat, then hit him with a rock –

Naftali: -- and a stick –

Dan: -- OK, and a stick, and then throw him –

Reuben: Guys, listen. We all love our father, Jacob. We can't stand Joseph but hurting him will also hurt Dad.

Naftali: Look, here comes Joseph!

Dan: He's gonna rat us out again!

Reuben: You guys are gonna get him no matter what I say, huh?

Naftali: Yup.

Dan: You're totally outnumbered.

Reuben: OK, then I have a plan. And Joseph will live, we'll make some money, and everything will be normal again.

Naftali: And then we get cookies.

Dan: Yeah, chocolate chip.

Narrator: Will Joseph be OK? Will Reuben be right? Will the cookies be chewychewy? We'll be back with SML after a word from Mitzvah Man.

Shlomo: Hey, Tzipi! Look at this picture I painted in school today.

Tzipi: What is it?

Shlomo: Well, that's Dad and that's Mom and that's me.

Tzipi: Oh, so Dad is the big blue blotchy thing and Mom is the yellow smear. Which one are you?

Shlomo: Tzipi, that's not very nice. It's our parents' anniversary, and I made this for them. I spent a whole hour on it.

Tzipi: Well, I guess it's a really nice smudgy thing, I guess. Maybe.

Mitzvah Man: *whoosh* Hey kids!

Both: Mitzvah Man!

Mitzvah Man: Shlomo, you're all red in the face. I bet something's troubling you.

Tzipi: Ah, that must be your superpower.

Shlomo: Mitzvah Man, I spent a long time on this painting. It's for my parents.

Mitzvah Man: Oh, well, I think it's lovely. Which one is your mother?

Shlomo: She's the yellow one, because she's so sunny and makes me happy.

Mitzvah Man: Well, that's sweet.

Tzipi: I don't get it.

Mitzvah Man: You see, Tzipi, there's something you missed when you looked at the picture. Something called *derech eretz* – Courtesy.

Tzipi: What's that?

Mitzvah Man: Well, *derech eretz* means that you think about how someone else might feel before you say something or do something. For example, you might love mushrooms, but Shlomo might be allergic to them.