The Story Teller (Old)
Posted by Grant400 - 09 Dec 2020 17:53

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This thread was moved here.

TRIGGER WARNING!

Viewer discretion is advised.

Righteous Indignation

Chapter One:

January 13 2010 2:50 am; Brooklyn N.Y.

Moe Steiner was laying in his bed wide awake. His family were already sound asleep. But not him, he already gave up trying to sleep, after twisting and turning fitfully for 3 hours. Tomorrow was the big day. His heart started pounding with nervous anticipation, yet again. It finally arrived, after weeks of incredible highs and terrible lows, the speculation and wondering were almost over, tomorrow he was finally going to propose. Oh! How his heart was singing, this girl was the one, of that he was always certain, now that they were on the same page they were done with the feet dragging. He was more than ready to get the show on the road.

He planned the perfect proposal. Never one to spare an expense, he excitedly rented a full size luxury car, a Cadillac - his favorite - to pick up his wonderful Esther Berg, soon to be his very own Esther Steiner! He spread the back seat with an assortment of her favorite chocolates and candy for a mini lichaim together after he said the words. Of course the jumbo bouquet of red roses were going to be waiting in the trunk for right after. Oh, he couldn't wait. Those beautiful four words; Will you marry me? He'd been practicing in the mirror the whole night.

He decided to drive down to N.J. tomorrow and take a nice walk with her on the Point Pleasant boardwalk, ending at a small dock were his good friends set up a small table with a bottle of champagne resting on a bed of ice, flanked by two thin stemmed champagne flutes and

sprinkled with red rose petals. He wanted it to be perfect, just like the life ahead of him. Perfect of course.

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Moe lay with his hands tucked comfortably behind his head, imagining the future. How beautiful it will be. To finally have someone with whom he can have a real honest and deep relationship. Someone to laugh with and someone to cry with. He knew he was going to be the best husband ever. He just knew he will always be there for Esther, and she will always be there for him. Their relationship was going to be legendary. To be able to open up and share the most raw emotions, to be vulnerable and honest...Honest! Moe abruptly sat up and kicked off the covers. He suddenly felt stifled and short of breath. Honesty. Is he being completely honest?

He swung his bare feet onto the cold wood floor and started pacing back and forth. A weird feeling bubbling up in his chest. What was it he wondered? Fear? Guilt? Confusion?

All these years he knew the time would come, the time he will have to let go and never turn back. When he would finally have to face reality and admit the painful truth to himself. The truth about his secret. Until now he always excused himself, boys will be boys - of course I wouldn't do it forever, that's disgusting. But that was always deep in the unforeseeable future, but that future had just arrived. To have an honest and healthy marriage, to be the husband and father he wanted to be, meant finally facing reality.

His hands shaking, he headed towards his desk where his pants were neatly folded and draped over the chair. He picked them up with purposeful intent, then he stopped in place. Was he ready? Can he give up all those years of pleasure and bliss? All the hours and history together? He sighed, his heart heavy. But he knew what he must do, no, what he wanted to do. He set his jaw determinedly, stuck his now steady hand into his pocket and pulled out his treasured and secret device. He tiptoed toward his bedroom door and ever so softly padded his way into the hallway bathroom. He turned around and closed the door gently clicking the lock into place. He stood in front of the toilet, memories flooded his senses. That was then, he chided himself. It's over I'm not that person anymore. He picked up the cover of the toilet tank and without hesitation dropped his phone into the water, holding his breath without realizing until he heard the telltale thud of the now despised device hitting the bottom. He exhaled, expelling his mixed feelings along with his pent up breath.

He instantly felt better, he knew he did the right thing. No regrets. Now he can face tomorrow with a clean conscience and build an honest and open relationship together. All those years and all those times were over, from now one it wasn't just Moe for himself. Now it is Moe and Esther, an entirely new entity, an entirely new beginning.

He couldn't wait for tomorrow. He headed to bed and snuggled into his quilt. Feeling the soft mattress envelope him in a hug, he sighed in satisfaction and immediately drifted to sleep with a smile on the corner of his lips. Pleasant dreams of the future accompanied his contented snoring. He knew everything will work out.

To be continued...

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by Markz - 15 Jan 2021 03:45

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Grant, you'll have to up the content of your book over here, because Ish Migrodno and Ish MiLizhensks are getting more interesting by the day...

So maybe push up the print time by a couple of months?

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by Grant400 - 15 Jan 2021 05:10

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I happen to be extremely busy the last week. Hopefully I will be able to write up the next chapter for this coming week, but so far it doesn't look so promising. It doesn't take a second to write, but I promise I will try my best.

B"H there are two more stories to keep the oilam busy. Both are looking promising and iyh will

share personal experiences and connect to the oilam. Thank you to the writers.

Thank you all for the positive feedback!

Grant

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by YeshivaGuy - 15 Jan 2021 06:38
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More stories?? Where r these stories?

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by Lizhensk - 15 Jan 2021 06:50
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YeshivaGuy wrote on 15 Jan 2021 06:38**:**

More stories?? Where r these stories?

On the Baalei Batim's Forum.

Sorry

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by YeshivaGuy - 15 Jan 2021 06:56
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Lizhensk wrote on 15 Jan 2021 06:50**:**

YeshivaGuy wrote on 15 Jan 2021 06:38**:**

More stories?? Where r these stories?

On the Baalei Batim's Forum.

Sorry

Ah man, it’s really so private?

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by Lizhensk - 15 Jan 2021 06:59

YeshivaGuy wrote on 15 Jan 2021 06:56**:**

Lizhensk wrote on 15 Jan 2021 06:50**:**

YeshivaGuy wrote on 15 Jan 2021 06:38**:**

More stories?? Where r these stories?

On the Baalei Batim's Forum.

Sorry

Ah man, it’s really so private?

Not a matter of 'private', but they are there for a reason. The same reason why there is a baalei

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battim's forum in the first place.

Re: The Story Teller
Posted by Hashem Help Me - 15 Jan 2021 11:26

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YeshivaGuy wrote on 15 Jan 2021 06:56:

Lizhensk wrote on 15 Jan 2021 06:50:

YeshivaGuy wrote on 15 Jan 2021 06:38:

More stories?? Where r these stories?

On the Baalei Batim's Forum.

Sorry

Ah man, it’s really so private?

Well R' Yeshiva guy, I guess now you have another reason to start shidduchim…. So you can read the serials.....

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by Grant400 - 17 Jan 2021 21:36

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Righteous Indignation

Chapter Ten

June 14, 2011; Brooklyn N.Y.

The Baums were at the Steiner's for the Friday night seudah. Moe couldn't take his eyes off of Chani. She was beautiful. He tried not to be obvious, and continued schmoozing with Yehoshua, while casting surreptitious glances at Chani.

After the soup, Yehoshua excused himself, and headed to the bathroom. At the same time, Esther got up to clear the empty soup bowls.

It was just Moe and Chani left at the table. Moe shyly glanced at chani, she met his eyes with a glance of her own. They looked at each other. Moe felt frozen.

Chani looked at him and winked, a flush slowly creeping up her pretty face. "What's up?" She asked.

Moe was taken aback, he wasn't expecting that. He smiled, his face red. She likes me back! He thought excitedly.

Esther suddenly walked back into the dining room, carrying a dish piled high with steaming BBQ chicken.

He guiltily turned away from Chani, and started to sing "ka ribon alam..." A weird feeling in his chest.

* * *

June 16, 2011; Langley, Virginia.

The phone rang in Langley, Virginia. The man in the dark designer suit, picked it up on the first ring. He didn't say anything. He listened for a moment, then hung up.

He immediately punched in a few numbers, waited a moment and said "We are closing in, the location is set. Brief the team, it shouldn't be more than a few weeks." Without waiting for a response, he abruptly hung up. Confident his directive will be adhered to.

He leaned back and breathed a sigh of relief. They were finally getting somewhere. After years of confusion whether this organization existed, the fears were confirmed.

The C.I.A. was ready. The C.I.A. was always ready.

* * *

June 18, 2011; Brooklyn N.Y.

It was dark and eerily quiet. She was all alone. A sharp, cold, howling wind blew roughly against her cheeks. An ominous sense of impending doom started to envelop her. Panic started rising. She shivered. Someone started chasing her. Must get away, she thought. She tried to run. Her legs wouldn't move. Her fearful eyes darted all over looking for someone to save her. Raw fear paralyzed her. No one was there.

She was all alone. All alone. All alone.

She started to scream...

Esther abruptly opened her eyes. She woke up in a cold sweat. The fear was so real. She futilely tried to shake off the cobwebs of sleep. She was confused. The house was dark and quiet. Glancing at her wristwatch, she saw it was 3:20 am. Why was she sleeping on the couch?

As her foggy sleep deprived brain started to clear, the dark dreaded feeling started to set back into her stomach. Water. She needed water. She felt parched. She stumbled off the couch, groggily making her way to the refrigerator. She grabbed a cold bottle of Poland Spring water, and sat down at the kitchen table.

She aggressively twisted off the cap, mumbled a bracha, and thirstily gulped down a few mouthfulls. Satisfied, she set the half empty bottle down. She felt drained. Entirely and utterly devoid of energy.

Her mind started to wander back to the days horrifying events...

* * *

"Moe, I need the car today. My ride to work cancelled on me."

"Your sure there's no other option?" He responded. "You know I hate not having the car."

"I know, but you're just going to have to manage for one day. I'll drop you off at yeshiva and I'll pick you up after second seder. I can prepare you lunch to take along, if you don't want to eat the yeshiva lunch." Esther offered.

"Ok." Said Moe resigned to losing his car. "We need to leave in ten minutes, you'll be ready?" "Sure", replied Esther, "I just need to put on my sheitel and throw on some lipstick. I'll be right there".

True to her word, Esther was ready on time, and she dropped Moe off, with a few minutes still to go before seder. She pulled out of the parking lot, and headed towards work.

Esther hummed to herself as she drove. She was in a pretty good mood this morning. She wasn't sure why. Maybe it was because she expected Moe to put up a bigger fight for the car. She was prepared for him huffing and puffing, but he seemed ok.

Esther pulled onto Avenue L, just as she felt her phone vibrate. Picking up her phone, she flipped it open to read the text message. Suddenly, she saw flashing lights in her rearview mirror, and horrified, she realized she was being pulled over. She fearfully turned on her right blinker, and slowing down, pulled over to the side of the road.

When the officer appeared at the window, Esther obligingly rolled it down. "License and registration, Ma'am", said the stern faced cop in a no nonsense tone.

She dutifully reached into her purse and removed her license. She leaned over and clicked open the glove compartment, looking for the registration card. As she ruffled through the contents with shaking fingers, she felt something hard among the documents. Interesting, she thought to herself, I wonder what that is.

Oh, "here it is" she said, victoriously holding the registration aloft. She handed it to the officer. She nervously tapped her fingers against the steering wheel, as she waited for the police officer to return. She never got pulled over before. She was terrified.

The cop returned, and said "Ma'am, you were driving while on your phone, but I'm going to let you off the hook, because you got a clean driving record. Consider this a warning. G'day". He handed her the papers and returned to his vehicle.

Esther exhaled in relief, "Thank you Hashem" she said. She placed her license back in her pocketbook, and returned the registration to the glove compartment. Before she shut it, she remembered that there was something she wanted to check. She groped around, seeking the curiously hard object. Her hand closed around it, and she pulled it out.

A cell phone. Actually a smartphone. Interesting, I wonder who's this is and what it's doing here, she innocently mused to herself. She decided to turn it on. As it was powering on, she resumed her drive to work.

She pulled into a parking spot, and picked up the phone. She was real curious. She clicked on the contacts, it was empty. Suddenly, Esther started to get suspicious. She started browsing through it, and realized it had service. She clicked on the browser, and selected the browsing history. She gasped.

Esther felt her throat constrict, icy tentacles squeezing her airways. Her heart started pounding. Curiosity got the better of her, she scrolled down. Then she clicked on one of the searches. The results appeared on the screen. She pressed play.

She couldn't believe her eyes. She was utterly appalled. She felt the bile rise in her throat, and felt like she was going to puke. She quickly rolled down the window for some fresh air. It didn't help.

How, how, how...she couldn't formulate a coherent thought. Her mind was racing. She felt her ears getting hot, a migraine headache starting to set in.

The tears started to flow. Big, hot, salty tears started to course down her cheeks. She started to sob uncontrollably, her shoulders heaving against her will. She felt such a deep sense of betrayal and despair. She never felt so hurt in her life. She felt like somebody stuck a sharp dagger into her chest, and ripped out of her heart. Her life was over. Completely over.

Esther sat behind the wheel of her car, for the next three hours, in a daze. Incoherent thoughts streaming through her painfilled brain. She didn't know what to do, where to go, or who to turn to. She was drowning, every breath a torturous struggle.

She was all alone. All alone. All alone.

To be continued...

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by Looking_to_improve - 17 Jan 2021 22:52
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Wow, this hit hard

Very well written

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by YeshivaGuy - 18 Jan 2021 06:05
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Very sobering. Thank You.

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by Grant400 - 24 Jan 2021 21:52
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Righteous Indignation

Chapter Eleven

June 17, 2011 Undisclosed Location

The man spoke into the phone intently, arranging all of the final details. If everything were to go

as planned, it would be underway in a few days time.

He called the last number on his list. "Mike? I need someone from you, make sure he won't take the consequences, we can't afford to lose at this point. Make sure there's no question at all. Good. Bye."

The man hung up. He leaned back in his chair and waited for the show to begin.

* * *

June 17, 2011; Brooklyn N.Y.

Esther sat in her car at a loss. She watched her life burn and crumble around her. She felt a searing pain deep in her heart. She wracked her muddled brain to think of the best person to reach out to. She didn't think there was any way to fix this terrible situation, but she desperately needed a loving hug and a reassuring pat on the back.

She was embarrassed to call Mrs. Reisman, she felt her face burning in shame just thinking about it, but she knew that was her best and only bet.

She picked up her phone, found her kallah teacher's number and hesitated, then with her jaw clenched, pressed call. She waited as it rang, her heart in her throat, with no idea what she was going to say.

"Hello?" Mrs. Reisman's clear voice rang over the line. "Hello, it's Esther, Esther Steiner." " Oh, Hello my dear Esther, what a pleasant surprise! How are you? I missed you!" Replied her Morah. The sound of love and warmth in her teacher's voice was just too much for Esther, she melted and broke down in tears, crying uncontrollably. She tried unsuccessfully to enunciate a few clear syllables in response, but she just couldn't do it. It was like all of the pain of the past many months suddenly broke loose, the dam inside her decimated by the gushing tears. She waited a moment.

"Oh, Morah, Morah, it hurts so much! The pain is too much. Morah, I can't, my heart is exploding." The words tumbled out of her uncontrollably. She started to hiccup.

"Esther, my sweetheart, take a deep breath. Talk to me sheifela. Morah is always here for you, no matter what", said Mrs. Reisman, love and deep concern permeating her voice. Esther felt a profound sense of relief wash over her. She felt deep feelings of love for her beloved Morah. She had someone to talk to, someone who loved her, someone who was loyal to her. She had her Morah.

"Morah, I don't know how to say this, it's mortifying. Um, I um, found a phone that my husband had, and um, it had not nice things on it. Like um, not tznius videos, of um, other woman undressed and..." she couldn't finish the sentence.

"Oh, Morah!" Cried Esther, the raw pain evident in her voice, her thoughts pouring out of her in a jumble. "Why doesn't he like me? Why am I not enough? Am I so ugly, Morah?" The tears started to flow with more intensity. "I always tried to be a good wife, what did I do? What am I doing wrong? Morah, I promise I was good to him, just like you taught me! Am I really not a good person? Tell me Morah, tell me!" Esther's eyes started to sting, and the back of her throat started to ache from her crying so much.

Morah Reisman wisely allowed Esther to express herself. She waited until she was sure her beloved student was finished before starting to talk.

"Esther" she began, "I can't imagine the pain you feel right now. It must be so painful, your entire marriage seems to be a lie to you. You feel like your husband hates you. I understand Esther. I truly do. But I promise you, you are a special person. A truly amazing young woman, who is beautiful inside and out."

Morah took a deep breath and continued. "You are a lovely wife, I can assure you, and you are a beautiful bas yisroel. Moe is a very luck man."

"But Morah" exclaimed Esther, "Why does he need all the other girls then? Why isn't he

satisfied with me? Now I understand why he always needed more and more. Now it's clear why he always had these new ideas, he was always busy with this. Morah I can't stay married to this monster! I can't! I never want to see him again! What should I do?"

"Esther-" Mrs. Reisman started to say, Esther cut her off. "I'm never letting him see me! I'm so embarrassed! How can I compete with all those pretty girls?" Esther was bawling now, her voice high and shrill. "He probably wishes he wouldn't have married me. He thinks I'm ugly, I know he does! Morah, tell me for real, am I ugly?" Esther couldn't talk anymore, she just sat in her car crying softly, high wet tears rolling down her cheeks. She pressed the phone to her ear tightly, as if seeking comfort from it.

"Shh, Esther" began her teacher again. "Everything will be okay, I promise. I know you don't believe me now, but I beg you to listen to me. I'm going to call my husband the Rav, and I'm going to get back to you right away. He is a very wise man and always knows what to do. Okay sheifela?" Esther nodded, then realized her teacher can't see her. "Ok Morah" she whimpered, "Thank you so much" Esther paused and took a breath, "I love you," she whispered, her voice hoarse from crying. "I love you too Esther," Said Mrs. Reisman, "I love you too. Goodbye Esther." They hung up.

To be continued...

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by Grant400 - 04 Feb 2021 18:08

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Righteous Indignation

Chapter Twelve

June 17, 2011; Brooklyn N.Y.

Esther sat in the car, waiting for her teacher's call. Her brain started to calm down and actually

think about what just happened. She started to feel anger besides for the hurt. The more she thought about it, the more her anger morphed into a deep red fury. She felt a fire bubbling inside of her. She was furious with Moe. Uch. Just the thought of him made her want to puke. The scheming jerk. Acting all holy the whole day, running off to yeshiva and minyan, whilst wallowing in filth - BEHIND HER BACK!

She wanted to wring his neck and throttle him as hard as she could. She wanted to slap him across the face and watch his cheek sting and turn deep red. She wanted him to suffer too, just as she was suffering now.

She opened her phone and angrily pushed speed dial one. As the phone rang she gritted her teeth gearing to lash at out him. "Hello? Esther? What's up? You know I don't like when you call me in the middle of seder" said Moe self righteously. She felt herself shaking in anger.

"Moe, I need you home this instant. Now." She said. "But I-" "Right now. Nothing to talk about," she cut him off, and slammed her phone shut. "In the middle of seder" she mimicked in a squeaky voice. "Such a tzaddik!" She said, sarcasm dripping from her voice.

She put the car on drive, and angrily turned the wheel, merging onto the avenue heading home. She'll confront him, and see what he has to say for his pathetic little self!

* * *

Esther waited for Moe at home, pacing the dining room floor, clutching the secret phone tightly in her clammy palm. She didn't know what she was going to say, but she knew she had to say whatever was inside. She was going to let it just pour out of her.

She heard the jingling of the combination lock on the front door, and braced herself before seeing his face.

"Hey - what's up? What's the big emergency? Are you all right?" Asked Moe lightly, coming into the dining room.

Esther strode angrily toward him and thrust the phone in his face. "This, this! No! No!" Esther struggled to find the words to express herself. "I'm NOT all right! I found your... naked lady phone. You pig. Care to explain yourself, my huge yeshiva tzaddik?"

At the sight of his secret phone clenched in her hand, Moe turned white. "Um, um" he stuttered.

Esther exploded. "How long have you been doing this, huh? Am I not good enough for you? Why don't you just divorce me and sleep with every woman you see?" She fumed. "Now I know why you put me through all this pain, you and your crazy new ideas, all busy with with it every second. You're a horrible person. I'm ashamed I'm married to you!" She smashed the phone on to the floor in a fit of rage, shattering the screen.

Moe stood there in shock.

"You make believe you love me. You say all your preprogrammed platitudes, you don't mean one word of it! The second you leave the house you are busy watching all those horrible things." Esther started to cry.

"Why? Why? Why do you feel the need? You don't like the way I look? Isn't it about loving each other? Am I just an object to you? Am I just one of a thousand?"

"Look at this vase," cried Esther, picking up the crystal vase sitting on the dining room table. "You bought this for me for our anniversary, why? Is it a big joke to you? Am I a big joke? Is our marriage a big joke? Here, take this piece of garbage, give it to one of your naked internet ladies! Here! HERE!" Shouted Esther, slamming the vase onto the floor, shattering it into a million pieces. Water and flowers mingled with broken shards of glass, creating a puddle around Moe's shoes.

Moe stood frozen in place.

"Say something you! Answer me! Why?" Bawled Esther, tears cascaded down her cheeks. "How?"

Moe opened his mouth. "It's not my fault. It's because you never want to do it. I had to do this! You think I wanted to? I have no wife! I have a roommate. What am I supposed to do? I'm a healthy man!" Exclaimed Moe defensively. "When I come home, stop with your "Ooh Moe, I made your favorite snack " how about being with me instead of going to sleep!"

"Right!" Scoffed his wife. "Why do you think I didn't want to? Huh? It was never enough for you! You always needed more, always needed some new thing you knew I wasn't comfortable with. You killed everything! You made it into a chore. A chore I dreaded."

"But -" started Moe. Esther cut him off sharply. "But nothing. I was taught it was supposed to be a bonding experience between a husband and wife. Loving. It was nothing like that. It was you hungrily devouring your meal. It was you tearing me apart with you desires. Your internet stuff. You needed me to reenact all the goyishe videos you watch the whole day!"

Esther started to mimic Moe in a squeaky voice. "You're sure you're tired?" "You don't like this? Women like this!" " I'm telling you your gonna enjoy this!" "Can we do this?" "Why aren't you excited?" "Why don't you ever initiate?" "Why this, why that..." "Why don't you just play your video's for me and ask me to copy them? I can practice when you are learning your heilige seder, and perform for his highness when you come home!"

Esther looked at him with red eyes from crying. "I called Mrs. Reisman and told her what I found out. She's going to call me back after she speaks to her husband. We are going to do whatever they say!" Said Esther with a finality.

"No way." Said Moe. "This is your problem. When you learn how to be a wife, we can talk." Moe was angry too now. He bent down, picked up his phone, and stormed out without saying another word.

Esther stood there deep in shock. She wasn't expecting that response. Her fault? How?

She picked up her phone and saw a missed call from her teacher. She dialed her number, and heard it ring.

To be continued...

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by the.guard - 15 Feb 2021 09:51

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This is fantastic, such a wake-up call to us here on GYE!

I hope the story leads into a good ending that we can all learn from :-)

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by future paltiel - 15 Feb 2021 11:33

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Re: The Story Teller
Posted by EvedHashem1836 - 15 Feb 2021 22:37

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This is mamish incredible, very moving.
Warning: Spoiler!

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