

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 where 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.

\* \* \*

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 on 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 Grant400 - 17 Dec 2020 21:46

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[OivedElokim wrote on 17 Dec 2020 20:29:](#)

I'm so happy there are Nazi's involved...

**Warning: Spoiler!**

Don't worry! This won't be a big portion of the story - just wanted to add some spice and have

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by starting - 17 Dec 2020 21:51

fun. Just shalom bayis issues can get too heavy.

[Grant400 wrote on 17 Dec 2020 21:46:](#)

[OivedElokim wrote on 17 Dec 2020 20:29:](#)

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Shalom bayis issues??

Did I miss the wedding?

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Grant400 - 18 Dec 2020 02:41

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[starting wrote on 17 Dec 2020 21:51:](#)

[Grant400 wrote on 17 Dec 2020 21:46:](#)

[OivedElokim wrote on 17 Dec 2020 20:29:](#)

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In chapter 4 we discussed Chani Baum not feeling satisfied with her husband Yehishua's

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by starting - 18 Dec 2020 02:57

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[Grant400 wrote on 18 Dec 2020 02:41:](#)

[starting wrote on 17 Dec 2020 21:51:](#)

[Grant400 wrote on 17 Dec 2020 21:46:](#)

romantic capabilities...Chazara is very important!

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[OivedElokim wrote on 17 Dec 2020 20:29:](#)

I'm so happy there are Nazi's involved...

**Warning: Spoiler!**

Its making me nostalgic for the old Shaar Press novels...

Don't worry! This won't be a big portion of the story - just wanted to add some spice and have

fun. Just shalom bayis issues can get too heavy.

Shalom bayis issues??

Did I miss the wedding?

In chapter 4 we discussed Chani Baum not feeling satisfied with her husband Yehishua's

romantic capabilities...Chazara is very important!

Oops, sorry. I was only thinking of Moe and Esther as an integral part of the story.

I guess it's all about imagination...

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by i-man - 18 Dec 2020 06:52

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First of all , thank You Grant for a great read , as well as all the other good things you bring to the forum.

May I suggest that you make a separate thread, 1 exclusively for the story and 1 for the commentary and discussion.

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Grant400 - 21 Dec 2020 16:11

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## **Righteous Indignation**

### ***Chapter six:***

April 20 2010;

Moe and Esther were happily married at Ateres Chaya Hall, in Boro Park. What a wedding it was! Starting from the chuppah to the final dance and dessert, it was truly spectacular.

Moe was the perfect chosson He looked super sharp in his brand new black suit and the requisite white tie. His hat had just the perfect brim size, not too wide, but not narrow. A great yeshivish/but open minded style hat. When he smiled everyone smiled with him, his happiness contagious.

Esther was a positively glowing kallah. Flowing white gown, with white beads around the shoulders. Perfect makeup and a nice updo. She just got gloss on her nails, she felt a colored manicure wasn't so tznius. She wanted to be a beautiful kallah inside and out, and didn't want to cut corners when it came to halacha. This was the start of her torah home!

At the end of the night they exited the hall, and waiting for them was a beautiful black stretched Lincoln Towncar. They settled in for the ride to the hotel.

What a perfect night.

\* \* \*

August 2010; Brooklyn N.Y.

Dear Diary,

I haven't kept a diary in quite a number of years. But I think I'm going to start up again. I have so many emotions whirling around my brain, my heart is in turmoil, I must vent somewhere. I've been married for four months two weeks and three days. I wasn't supposed to be feeling like this now. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me start at the beginning.

During the first month or so after my wedding, life was blissful. Moe and I spent time getting to know each other. We had long stimulating conversations, sometimes deep into the wee hours of the morning. It was delightful. We became closer and closer, and I felt like I was on top of the world.

Moe returned to Yeshiva and started learning with a fire and a zest. I rolled up my sleeves and got to work doing the job I always yearned for. To be the wife of someone who sits and learns the whole day. I tended to his needs and assured him that nothing will stand in the way of his learning.

All would've been great, had life continued in this way. The truth is, life did continue like this, yet something started to chip away at the foundation of our relationship. Initially I couldn't put my finger in it, then it clicked.

Every night, when Moe would return from night seder, I was conked out on the couch, tired from my full day of cooking three meals a day, cleaning, doing laundry, in addition to doing my nine to five job as a secretary at Lumber Supplies Ltd. Moe would walk in all full of energy, and flip down on the couch next to me. He looked at me with those puppy eyes full of question marks.

I'd laugh, and give him an answer depending on how low my energy levels were. Sometimes yes, and sometimes no. When I was bone tired and had the beginnings of a headache, I was just ready to cuddle up in bed and drift off. I thought we were in agreement.

When it was enjoyable for both of us, we would be on. I mean, obviously I don't wait until its beckoning, because it usually doesn't when I'm so tired at the end of the day. I try to be there for him when possible. At least the minimum that my kallah teacher said. But when I'm just too exhausted, I mean it's simple mathematics no?

As the weeks progressed, Moe started to act short tempered with me sometimes. He just wasn't his old cheerful self. I wasn't sure why, but I chalked it up to a hard day in yeshiva. The turning point was last night. After slaving away the whole day, I cleaned up our supper dishes. I was about to retire to my beloved couch and indulge in another chapter of the new book I bought.

I decided instead to surprise Moe with a surprise he'll love. I know at night he enjoys a little snack after learning. I decided to make him his favorite, peanut butter chocolate chip cookies.

I quickly took out all the ingredients and the mixing bowl and got to work. I worked as fast as I can since I wanted it to be all ready for when he comes home. The baking went a little faster than I expected and I was all finished twenty minutes before Moe usually arrived home. I wrote a little note. Dear Moe, Thank you for being the very best husband ever. I hope you enjoy this little surprise! Esther.

I sank into the couch My weary body sighing in relief. I sat there excitedly awaiting his arrival. I must have drifted off to sleep because I awakened when Moe walked into the room. I opened one eye and said to him, did you see my surprise?

He totally ignored me and said, your sleeping again? Every night you gonna be tired? You bet! I said, I'm zonked from today. I've been working nonstop. I'm heading to bed now. But Moe, I made you surprise cookies, your favorite! I excitedly waited for his reaction. I was so proud of myself. He looked at me kind of funny, and rolled his eyes. I'm not hungry, he replied, and turned and stormed away.

I was shocked. I was deeply insulted. Moe! I said. At least eat one cookie! They are as fresh as possible! Are you so stuffed from the supper I slaved away making especially for you, that you can't even make believe you appreciate what I did? At least make believe!

He stopped walking and turned around. You don't get it do you? Cookies? Seriously!! It's been 5 days already! He stormed away and slammed the bathroom door behind him.

I was terribly hurt. What was his deal? It finally clicked. I understood why he was acting aloof recently. My eyes welled up. I tried to swallow them down. You're a big girl I told my eyes, but they paid no heed to my pep talk. The tears spilled over and streamed down my face. I felt the worst I ever felt in my life. Why? Oh, why? All I did was try to please him, but all he can think about is one thing, and one thing only?!? I started sobbing quietly into my sleeve. I was so hurt. I felt crushed.

Enough, I decided, he can get what he wants tonight. If that's why he was moping for days then I'm done with all this. I walked over to the kitchen table, picked up my plate of still warm cookies, opened the garbage lid and threw them in. I wiped my tears with my sleeve and headed to the bedroom. I'll give him his stlye cookies, the way he wants. I resigned myself. Maybe I'll hang a bell around my neck and he can ring it whenever he likes. I get it. He speaks one language, and one thing it's not. It's not the language of love. It's the language of lust. I'll serve him a heaping portion tonight.

So diary, it may have been the biggest mistake of my life. I felt so violated, and humiliated after he gleefully took me up on my angry offer. I took a shower, but the feeling stayed.

Moe left to yeshivah whistling today. Oh well, at least he still feels human.

I'm just so confused and hurt. Is this normal? Maybe I'm wrong. I guess I'll call Mrs. Reisman.

Love,

Esther

**To be continued...**

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Re: The Story Teller  
Posted by mggsbms - 21 Dec 2020 17:08

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This diary post hit home, a throwback.

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Re: The Story Teller  
Posted by mggsbms - 21 Dec 2020 23:17

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Wow! this diary episode really has more reality to it. Lots of familiar themes.

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Re: The Story Teller  
Posted by YeshivaGuy - 24 Dec 2020 03:44

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The suspense is killing me!

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Re: The Story Teller  
Posted by Ish MiGrodno - 24 Dec 2020 04:54

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Holy Smokes, Grant,

This is the novel that will never be written cuz...well, cuz Jewish novels must be written between the 49 yard line and the 49 yard line. I cannot believe that as the supposed "clean folk" of klal yisrael, davka WE are the ones who are zocheh to be enjoying such a novel...What irony that this material is only to be found on this forum!

Thank you for one of the better laughs of recent memory. And please get moving so we don't die from suspense.

Thank you Grant!

I.M.G.

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Re: The Story Teller  
Posted by YeshivaGuy - 27 Dec 2020 13:11

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[YeshivaGuy wrote on 24 Dec 2020 03:44:](#)

The suspense is killing me!

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Re: The Story Teller  
Posted by Hashem Help Me - 27 Dec 2020 14:03

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Grant, I just saw this thread. Please send this story to every chosson rebbi you know.....

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Re: The Story Teller  
Posted by Grant400 - 27 Dec 2020 17:23

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**Righteous Indignation**

**Chapter seven:**

December 2010, Brooklyn N.Y.

Moe sat behind the wheel of his silver Toyota Corolla, deep in thought. He was on his way back from Lakewood, where a friend had made a bris for his son. As he neared the end of the Verrazano Bridge, he veered left towards the Belt Parkway. He always felt calmer around water. It had somewhat of an hypnotic effect on him, helping him gather his thoughts.

On a whim, he exited to the right, and pulled into a parking spot alongside the water. He shifted the car into park, and stretched his stiff muscles. He let out a sigh. He wasn't happy. At all.

He opened his glove compartment and took out his shiny new iphone. He looked at it.

He vividly recalled the night he discarded his secret phone. It was the night prior to his engagement. He intended that to be the last chapter of his ugly secret. He really did. He was getting married, he didn't need it anymore. He will have the real thing. Finally.

The real thing. Nope. He struck out. Just thinking about it made his blood start to boil again. What was Esther's problem? He thought she loved him, and he deeply loved her, but she was so selfish. Seriously, she lived for herself.

Why did it have to be a big deal? What did she think was wrong with him? Was she not attracted to him? I mean, the way his chosson rebbi taught, it was supposed to be such an exciting experience. A fun bonding experience between a husband and wife. Why did she always make it feel like a chore? Didn't she love him? What did she want from him? To be a monk?

He always imagined him and his wife, with passion, excitement and fun. He was looking forward to this all his teenage years.

Why was she always saying she was tired? Just because yesterday worked out meant not today? It's something enjoyable! She should be excited about it. He knew from all his years, that women love it! She should be begging for it. Not the other way around.

His thoughts were whirling around in his mind, like a cyclone. He was so angry. The water wasn't calming him down today. What was the point of a marriage like this? They were glorified roommates for all practical purposes, once or twice a week, they were husband and wife, but please! There was no excitement on her part. Why was she so boring?

Where was the passion? The adoring eyes? The fire? The...satisfaction?

He never felt satisfied after, he actually felt disgusted most times. Over the months it got worse and worse.

Initially, in the beginning of their marriage, it was nice, but as time passed and life started to get more hectic things changed. Esther was tired, alot. He came home from night seder, all geared up, and his dreams were dashed time and time again. When he broached the subject with his wife, she tried to explain that she really does enjoy it. But when she's tired it wasn't something she enjoyed. She just wanted to relax together. But he didn't believe her. No matter how tired he was he wanted it. If you enjoy it, theres always time. He remembered his years as a bochur. He knew what she should act like if she enjoyed it, where was the fireworks? The surprises when he came home?

Eventually she stopped responding when he complained. When he requested either she feigned exhaustion, or grudgingly shrugged and did her chore. Just like she cleaned the dishes. Emotionless.

He wondered why she got married at all. What was the point? If she just wanted a friend she could've just visited her best friend Chani every day.

Chani. Now that was a girl who probably had passion. She was so vibrant and lively, he always pictured her having excitement and energy. Her husband was a lucky man.



He sighed. Chani....

Moe powered on his new phone. He felt a twinge of guilt, but quickly disregarded it. It's not his fault. It's Esther's. He tried. He really sacrificed for her. But he got nothing back in return. He was so good to her. A man has needs. What else can he do? It's completely her fault!

When she decides to change, I'll get rid of it, he told himself.

His flip phone pinged. He clicked on the new message. It was from Esther. Hi there, I made one of your favorite snacks, peanut chews. I know you'll probably be hungry after your drive. It's on the counter. I hope you enjoy it! Shteig away! -Esther.

He really did love his peanut chews. He felt a rush of appreciation for her. She really was a good woman and a loving wife in every other area...but...he just didn't understand it.

He shrugged. He picked up his other phone and got busy.

**To be continued...**

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Lou - 27 Dec 2020 18:07

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I don't want to interrupt the flow of the story, but I just feel the need to share this with R Grant and everyone else. Although Moe and Esther are being portrayed as stereotypical to the extreme there are definitely real life lessons to be learned from the story. As Grant does in the story I will try to make this post as Parve as possible regarding the details...

On a Thursday night my wife went totally out of her way to make something special for

Shabbos that she knew I would like. Knowing her, I knew this meant she really knocked herself out and possibly would still be exhausted Friday night. For a split second, my mind said "why did you do this? I would much rather you be well rested etc" But then this story came to mind. Instead I made a conscious decision to appreciate what she did and to work on really feeling it. BH it was a big success. As HHM would say I decided to enjoy the cake and if the cake would have icing as well then good but if not at least I got the main thing which is the cake.

Thank you Grant!

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