

The Story Teller (Old)

Posted by Grant400 - 09 Dec 2020 17:53

[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.

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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 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 - 10 Dec 2020 13:16

Righteous Indignation

Chapter Two:

January 13 2010; 7:30 AM Brooklyn N.Y.

The alarm clock let off a blare, jolting Esther Berg from her dream filled sleep. She groggily cracked open one lid, her eye adjusting to the sun streaks peeking through the beige blinds. Her sleep deprived brain trying to decipher the words of Modeh Ani. Suddenly it clicked! She remembered what day it was, today was her planned engagement! Her soon to be chosson is slated to pick her up in two hours! "Two hours? What was I thinking?" she exclaimed out loud finally fully awake. " I need to daven, eat, do my hair and makeup - I'll never make it!" she whined.

She jumped out of bed and started her preparations. Anticipation sending tiny electrical volts coursing through her body. She must look perfect today. Be her best to look like a radiant kallah. Today is the day she dreamed of her entire life.

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Two hours later all ready, she stood in front of the mirror obsessively adjusting her perfectly brown coiffed hair. Maybe I should change my clip to the felt one? The black beaded one doesn't do justice to my eyes. Nah, it's fine she decided, and sat down to wait nervously tapping her right foot.

Her mind drifted to the days in high school of when she dreamed of the man she will eventually marry. How she imagined him being a true ben torah and yirei shamayim. Someone whose whole day was devoted to learning and working in his avodas hashem. She always pictured herself the perfect wife, always there to help her husband in his quest for being n'hene m'ziv hash'china.

In seminary that dream only solidified and grew in intensity. Now she understood that the only purpose of life was to raise a toradi'ke family, and create a home where yiddishkeit was cherished and the sole focus. She was ready to sacrifice for hashem and his holy torah and now that dream was going to come true.

When she entered shidduchim she made it clear to her parents just what kind of boy she was looking for, and they wasted no time getting to work. They searched high and low, digging through a stack of resumes tirelessly, until they found just the right boy, Moe Steiner. He had a stellar reputation as a bochur who took his learning extremely serious. His davening was a true avodah. He was someone who lived for his yiddishkeit, and he was the one she wanted to build a beautiful relationship and family with.

During the dating process she made sure to make her convictions clear. To relate the passion she has for hashem and the way she wants to live her life. Moe was completely on the same page. The future looked bright.

"Knock, knock" she was shaken out of her reverie, Moe was here! She excitedly walked towards

the door, her heels satisfyingly clicking on the ceramic tiles. She swung open the door and flashed him a million watt smile, "Hi" she giggled shyly, blushing just a bit. "Hey there"! He returned the grin with a luminescent one of his own. "Ready"? He asked, "You bet!" she exclaimed, and she locked the door behind her and they strode toward the car.

How handsome he looks, she thought walking alongside him. In his black suit, dark green tie with small red circles and shabbos shoes buffed to a sheen, he did look quite dashing. My chosson, she practiced the word in her head with satisfaction. She liked the special ring it had to it.

Nearing the car Moe, being a gentleman opened up the passenger side door of his luxury rental, and made a show of bowing. "Nice car Moe" said Esther. "You like it"? He asked excitedly, she found his boyish exuberance endearing. "You bet"! she laughed. "Are those your favorite words"? He teased. Esther smiled and slid gracefully into the seat. Moe looked on with pride. This was the girl he wanted to marry. So cute and elegant. How pretty she looked in her straight grey skirt with all those gold buttons running down the side, and that white top really made her face look so pretty and glowing. She was perfect, he knew it and he was looking forward to the rest of their lives together.

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After arriving, they took their time leisurely strolling across the boardwalk. Moe appreciated the looks he was getting, thinking to himself, yup she's mine. Esther was excitedly babbling on about how excited she was, and how she called all her friends to share the news.

Eventually they slowly walked up to the dock where the table was set up. Esther, laying eyes on it exclaimed "Oh. My. Gosh! That's soooooo cute! You are amazing!" Moe turned to her a serious look on his face. "My dear Esther, I've only known you for a few weeks, but I feel like I've known you for much longer. I've come to appreciate what an amazingly spiritual person you are. What a kindhearted, giving and smart and extremely pretty girl you are. There is no one I'd want more to be my wife, my friend for life and the mother of my children. So, will you make me the luckiest man in the world? Esther, will you marry me?"

"Yes! Of course! Yes! A million times yes!" Esther was glowing. "Mazal tov!" they said to one another. "We must call our parents" Moe exclaimed "but first a toast to the most special kallah in the world"! He popped open the ice cold champagne and delicately poured it in to two glasses.

He handed one to Esther and raised his own. "To the most amazing girl and the luckiest man alive" Esther said "Amen!" exuberantly, and laughing they sipped their celebratory champagne. They looked into each other's eyes and wondered, can they be any happier?

To be continued...

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by concernedjew21 - 11 Dec 2020 00:06

These have been really great, and this looks like it has a lot of potential.

Please keep it coming!

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Grant400 - 11 Dec 2020 00:20

[concernedjew21 wrote on 11 Dec 2020 00:06:](#)

These have been really great, and this looks like it has a lot of potential.

Please keep it coming!

Anyone who is enjoying the story, I'd appreciate if you clicked the thank you button, so I know it's worth the time and effort. Not that I need the thank you. I just want to know its being enjoyed and read and my time isn't wasted.

Warning: Spoiler!

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Grant400 - 13 Dec 2020 05:27

Righteous Indignation

Chapter Three:

January 25, 2010

After all of the excitement of the past few weeks, with the L'chaim and vort already over life started settling back into regular routine.

Moe returned to yeshiva, with a renewed vigor and continued his shteiging. With his vibrant kallah on his mind he felt energized, wanting to be the man she wanted to marry. He strived to be a husband she will be proud of, a true talmid chacham.

After a week or two of uninterrupted learning, Moe started looking for the perfect chosson rebbi. He started to ask around, inquiring of his married friends who they went too and what their experiences were. He didn't want someone too yeshivish, because hey, he's not planning on being a "porush" the rest of his life, he heard enough horror stories about that, but he definitely wanted someone who can give him a true torah perspective and teach him to live in a successful yiddeshe marriage, because that was very important to him too.

After a few days of searching he finally decided upon Rabbi Rosenberg, who had a stellar reputation of being open minded, yet having true yiddishe hashkafos. They set up an appointment to start learning the following week.

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Esther knew right away which kallah teacher she was using. Her twelfth grade teacher Mrs. Riesman was the best! They had an amazing kesher, and she always knew she was going to go to her. She was truly the woman Esther wanted to be. She had stellar middos and lived for hashem's torah. Her davening was real and she was the epitome of a tznuva. She was beautiful, always dressed modestly, yet with an understated elegance. She was an embodiment of what a true bas yisrael should look like and act. All the girls adored her.

Her husband was a big rav, and she lived for torah. Her shalom bayis was legendary. The respect she had for her husband and her husband had for her, was whispered about admiringly by all the girls that were zocheh to spend a shabbos by her. Throughout the year she invited 3 girls at a time to her house where she showed them what a true home filled with respect and holiness looked like.

Esther's face glowed every time she recalled that shabbos. She went with her two best friends Shaindy Baum and Chani Goldstein. They had the time of their life! Watching the rav and her teacher interact with their angelic little children, asking them the parsha questions and discussing their week, was a true lesson. When the rav sang the holy shabbos zemiros in his melodious voice, she felt the shabbos queen singing along. The way the rav after tasting every dish complimented her teacher over how delicious and well spiced it was, made her picture herself in the same situation being acknowledged by her husband for her efforts, caused her to shiver in delight and hope for that day to come quickly.

Of course she was going to Mrs. Reisman for classes! She was her role model, and the only person she wanted to emulate in her marriage. All her friends went to her. She couldn't wait to hear all the secrets of how to build such a relationship, based on mutual respect with her husband. How exciting! She must call Shaindy and Chani. She smiled to herself.

To be continued...

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Grant400 - 15 Dec 2020 16:16

Righteous Indignation

Chapter Four:

January 25, 2010

Esther picked up her worn out flip phone and pressed speed dial number two. Chani Goldstein, now Chani Baum after marrying Yeshuah Baum six months ago, used to be speed dial one. Of course after getting engaged to Moe she was bumped to number two. Not number two friend, she's always going to remain best friends with her, she was always going to be friend number one.

They were friends since toddling around in diapers. Her second word after "Mama" was "Ani", the way she used to pronounce her friends name as a baby. Even after growing up and having very different personalities, they remained close.

Esther was more settled, always knowing what she wanted out of life and always wanting to do what was considered the "norm". Chani was exuberant and outgoing and had more of a wild streak in her. She was always down for an adventure and living impulsively. She was brimming with self confidence, unencumbered, her blue eyes sparkling, her long blonde hair flowing in the wind. It helped that she was the most gorgeous girl in the school.

She married Yehoshua Baum, a good solid boy who was her polar opposite. He was a quieter boy, with more of a serious streak to himself. She always wondered about that shidduch, but she chalked it up to the known adage of "opposites attract". They did seem rather happy.

Sitting on her bed with the phone pressed to her ear, she twirled a strand of her brown hair around her right index finger. The phone rang for the sixth time, finally chani answered. "Hey Est"? She said sounding breathless, the sound of her washing machine humming in the background. "How's the blushing kallah?" Esther loved the sound of that word. Finally, she was a kallah! "Now she's blushing!" She laughingly responded. "Chan, I just wanted to schmooze about Mrs. Reisman's kallah classes. I'm so excited and I wanted to talk about it. It's amazing right? I mean after going to her marriage really is bliss right?" "Uh huh", Chani replied

distractedly, "OMG I gotta run, my mother is clicking in, she wanted my heaven roasted sweet potato and chestnut recipe I made this shabbos, I'll call you back, bye Est!"

Chani hung up the phone, deep in thought. Her mother wasn't clicking in. It was just an excuse to get off the phone. Talking about kallah classes made her chest feel tight. She began to feel all those feelings of unhappiness and discontent surface again.

Her marriage didn't start off on the right foot. She married a great boy, of that she was certain, but ever since her wedding, life had been rather dull. She was used to excitement and energy, adventure and fun. Her new husband although they had a great time together when engaged, it sort of stayed the same way.

She was expecting marriage to bring it to the next level. Yes they were closer and their appreciation for one another grew too, but she wanted and expected romance and fireworks. She didn't expect him to develop a new wild personality, she enjoyed the fact that he was less gregarious than her, and listened to what she had to say. But he was definitely capable of more. She thought she made sure of that. She was always a big fan of soap operas and romance novels. She waited her whole life to feel that kind of magic with an intensity and passion borne of true love and excitement for one another. She waited for that hungry look in his eyes when he saw her after a full day of being away from her in yeshiva. But all she saw was a quiet appreciation and respect.

She yearned for him to do something impulsively. To come home one day and tell her he made reservations in an upscale restaurant and a luxury hotel. They would hop into the car heading into a night of romance and fun. Or anything like that. Something extra, something fun. But her husband didn't need "fun". He was happy as can be sitting next to her looking into his sefer, occasionally glancing at her and giving her a sweet smile.

Her husband definitely loved her, there was no question of that. He took care of her with his signature gentleness. He was available and happy to take care of all her needs, always with a smile and a kind word. He left her cute notes around the house, and always came home with her favorite chocolate bar. She knew she should be happy and satisfied. How many girls would give their right hand for such a loving husband? She think she loved him too, but yet, she felt a gigantic crater inside her heart that begged to be filled. She sighed, life was supposed to be simpler, wasn't it? She hoped things would slowly fall into place.

She wished she could confide in someone, but she knew her friend Esther wasn't the one. She would never understand.

She actually did summon up enough courage to call Mrs. Reisman, and she said exactly what she knew she was going to say. Marriage is about love and respect, about a true appreciation for one another. Fireworks and passion are very nice, but that's not a real relationship. That's a modern day fictitious interpretation of love. That's not love, it's infatuation. It doesn't last, nor can it weather the storminess of life's trials and tribulations. In the face of any unfortunate circumstance it would bust at the seams like an old pair of pants.

Real love is a cement that gives a relationship a solid foundation that never wavers nor sways. It's an unconditional appreciation and respect for the other.

She knew that was true, but yet she still felt a hunger for something more.

For now she put on a good show. No one would ever have any suspicions of her discontent. She acted the part of a happy newlywed settling into her new life.

Chani headed to the kitchen. To ease her mind she drowned herself in her favorite hobby, cooking. There was nothing as calming and soothing as hearing the chop, chop of her knife hitting the cutting board and a hot pot of something simmering in the stove. She got to work preparing supper. Aromas of delicious food wafting throughout her kitchen, she already felt better.

To be continued...?

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by the.guard - 15 Dec 2020 18:01

Wow, great writing! I can't wait to see where this is going!

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Grant400 - 15 Dec 2020 21:34

Important to note:

The purpose of this piece of fiction, is primarily to entertain. In addition tangentially to educate and inspire too.

All views expressed are for entertainment purposes only, and in no way should be viewed as a rabbinic or professional opinion. No research was done to validate any of said aspects. Neither does it mean the author agrees with any of the positions taken by any of the characters.

Additionally, due to the sensitive nature of some of the topics addressed, and in the interest of being tznius and not triggering, in addition to taking into account that this story isn't exclusively for married individuals, intimation and hinting were and will be used throughout this story. Please use your imagination (but not too vividly) as to what the intent really is, and to understand the underlying narrative.

If anyone feels that those boundaries were mistakenly crossed in any way, please private message. Editing and corrections will be done immediately. There is no interest for this to serve as an impediment, or a hindrance to the path of recovery.

Thank you.

Grant

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Zedj - 15 Dec 2020 21:52

We all appreciate the time and effort the grant400 association has put forth for the betterment of all GYE members.

Especially the spectacular story teller series.

Thank you for being an inspiration for all of us

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Grant400 - 17 Dec 2020 16:32

Righteous Indignation

Chapter five:

September 2, 1945. Berlin, Germany.

The five men huddled around the table in the darkened cellar. It was a haphazardly constructed meeting room, with a table assembled from an old brown wooden nightstand with a large piece of wood placed upon it. It was warm and humid, the lone lantern casting dancing shadows across the cement walls.

All the men leaned attentively toward the man at the head of the table. Respect and anticipation gleaming in their eyes. They waited with bated breath for the Dr. to start talking.

The Dr. Placed his palms flat on the table, and gazed meaningfully at each member of the group. He was already advanced in years, but he aged gracefully. His full head of blonde hair,

graying at the temples, was slicked back and perfectly combed. His chiseled jaw, prominent nose and cold blue eyes still as determined as ever. Not so much as one hair out of place. His perfectly pressed uniform was spotless, looking like it just came back from the laundry. His countless medals pinned proudly on his chest, gleamed in the light of the lantern. He was a shining symbol of the Nazi party.

The Dr. leaned forward and took a deep breath. Exhaling through his nostrils, he opened his mouth to speak.

"Men. We can no longer deceive ourselves. The end is near. Our glorious Third Reich is being dismantled at a rapid clip. Our beautiful goal of ridding this world of those that aren't of the Aryan race, has ground to a halt. We must acknowledge that. To deny that, is foolish and destructive."

His gaze travelled to each man, to gauge their reaction to his blasphemous words. Satisfied, with their unruffled faces, he continued. "Our path to the reign of the supreme race has indeed been cast off course, but our eyes must not waver from the prize."

The men all looked solemn, awaiting his next words. "Right now we must retreat and lick our wounds. For if not, we will be totally demolished and destroyed, with no chance of revisiting the glory one day. But today we must plan for the future. A time will come when we will slowly regain our strength, and once again attain the ability to reign supreme. We must be patient and wait for that moment. Try and seize it too rapidly and our plans will bite the dust once again. It may be years, decades, or generations even, yet we will wait with the patience of a lynx, and the cunning of a fox."

"We must pass on this message to our firstborn sons, teaching and training them with our ideology. Instructing them how to await the right time and start the plan over."

"These past few years, with the generous funding from the Furher, I have succeeded in developing a rapidly spreading virus which can cause a decimation of complete populations. The time will come when the opportunity to use it will present itself. We will be there."

"Over the next few years, we will continue to secretly develop the product, advancing it's

potency, and designing means to spread the virus, and to create an antidote for use by those we want alive. We will be the only one of the powerful nations left alive, at last, our world dominion assured."

"We must continue to meet, secretly of course, and further solidify our plans. I took the liberty to draw up a code, strengthening our bond in this secret society. This society will be referred to as the "Eisenkralle" (The Iron Claw). I will pass the document around. Please affix your signature. By doing so your promise will be etched in stone and your pledge cast in iron. A betrayal of this sacred code will result in an immediate death. There is too much at stake to treat this lightly."

The Dr. passed around the paper. Each member dutifully signed their name, brows furrowed with the seriousness and gravity of the moment. They knew they were rewriting the history of Germany.

To be continued...

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Markz - 17 Dec 2020 19:04

Wow Grant! Such a powerful imagination you have!!!!!!!!!!!!

If regular people have imagination on a scale of about 50, yours is at 400 like the entire Cavalry of Esav (Is that why someone called you 'general').

It must effect your lusting too...

In that case, how in the world can you even consider breaking free?

I guess we'll leave that upto your imagination too...

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by YeshivaGuy - 17 Dec 2020 19:32

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Grant400 - 17 Dec 2020 19:58

Are we starting a new Coronavirus conspiracy theory? That's wat it seems like after today...

[Markz wrote on 17 Dec 2020 19:04:](#)

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by OivedElokim - 17 Dec 2020 20:29

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

Warning: Spoiler!

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Markz - 17 Dec 2020 20:53

[Grant400 wrote on 17 Dec 2020 19:58:](#)

[Markz wrote on 17 Dec 2020 19:04:](#)

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No I won't.

You're the ST!

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