

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.

* * *

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 - 03 Jan 2021 22:11

Righteous Indignation

Chapter Eight

March 2011; In the mountains of Afganistan

The dusty Land Rover wove its way through the rocky mountains. It's destination getting closer. The German man sitting in the back seat, sandwiched between two AK-47 toting bodyguards, fidgeted nervously. Sweat trickling down from his blindfold, to the nape of his neck.

He wasn't sure if this was a good idea, but his feelings and thoughts didn't matter. When the boss gives a command you follow.

This was supposed to be the beginning of a successful partnership between the organization he represented, and the Shakar clan.

The Shakar clan was ruled by the infamous Abu Batar Ibn Samara. A man whose path you didn't want to cross. Just a mere mention of his very name planted fear in the hearts of all who heard of him. No man dared to oppose him. Those who did, didn't live to share the story. He was a brutal and bloodthirsty man, who tortured his enemies gleefully. Allowing them to fall gratefully into the hands of death, only after milking them for every cry of pain and tortured scream.

The German quaked in fear as the vehicle slowed to a halt and the driver cut the engine.

The door was shoved open, and he was roughly pulled out of car. He landed on his feet, his heart pounding. One of his escorts yanked of his blindfold, he squinted in the light, his eyes fighting to adjust.

He was led into a small white stone structure, in the middle of nowhere, armed masked men roving the property.

He entered the building, eyes curiously gazing around. "Eyes straight ahead!" He felt the but of a rifle wack him in the small of his back. He quickly looked at his feet, fearing another injury. He was led into a small well lit room, and seated around a small wooden table, and was gruffly instructed to wait.

The door swung open, and in walked the man he came to meet. A tall strong man, with an angry chin and black eyes strode over to the table and seated himself. The guards snapped to attention respectfully. This must be Abu Batar, thought the German.

"You are probably tired after your arduous journey, would you like some freshly brewed coffee?" asked Abu Batar, in flawless yet accented English. He had a surprisingly sweet voice. "Yes, please" responded the German.

The middle eastern man flicked his wrist imperceptibly, immediately a man came over with a tray of coffee paraphernalia. Abu Batar picked up a steaming decanter of coffee and poured them both a mugful.

"Sugar?" He inquired. "No, thank you". The Clan leader smiled, "A man after my own heart" he said pleasantly. "Just the way I like it, strong and bitter".

They each took a sip of the hot brew. "Now, to business, what is the proposal? How will this proposed partnership work?" Abu Batar gazed at him intently. He returned the look unflinching. Inside he was deathly scared, but he knew better than to show it.

The German was ready, he took a deep breath and started to explain in great detail. As he went on, he could tell the terrorist was getting excited.

Maybe this wasn't such a bad idea after all. This alliance will lend a new thrust and urgency to their aging organization.

"Eisenkralle" is still alive.

* * *

April 2011; Brooklyn N.Y.

Dear Diary,

I'm back. I know it's been a while but life's been so confusing, I wasn't even sure how to put pen to paper to describe it.

My husband is a great guy. He takes his learning and davening seriously, he's always ready to lend a helping hand to someone in need, and is quite a helpful husband too. He's an all-around great guy. I really like him. I actually love him too, but there's a part of him I'm terrified by.

Let me explain.

Our bedroom life is in shambles. Whatever I tried to do to salvage it wasn't helpful. In the beginning of our marriage, when I learned how important it was to Moe, I spoke to Mrs. Reisman for guidance. She explained to me the way a man's mind is, and the physical necessity of being together.

She described it beautifully. She explained that for a woman, it's like a delicious dessert, enjoyable but not vital. Something that can be savored, but not every moment is deemed an occasion to indulge. On the other hand, to a man, it's akin to requiring the bathroom. It's a need. It can consume them.

I listened to her, and started making myself more available. A few times a week. I would prepare for him. It was actually quite nice, seeing him enjoy being with me so much. Things really started looking up for us. I breathed a sigh of relief. My loving husband was back.

Yet, as soon as we started to drift into tranquil and serene waters, dark ominous clouds began to show on the horizon, heralding the next storm starting to brew. Once Moe became used to our new schedule, he started to need something more. He always showed up with some new idea or problem, or a new reason to be unhappy.

First, he wanted to know why I don't "enjoy" it the way "every other woman does". I tried to explain to him, that I do indeed enjoy it. I enjoy being with him. I truthfully look forward to it. But he didn't believe me, because it didn't "sound" like I do. I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do to make him believe me. I wasn't given acting lessons in preparation for marriage. Although, now I wish I was.

He started to constantly come up with new ideas, always asking if now "it's geshmak", of if finally "it's working". He was relentless. All under the guise of wanting "me" to be happy.

Oh! He completely ruined everything! I used to look forward to relaxing together and giving him a nice time. Now, three times a week, I had a torture session, with a man possessed with "giving me a good time".

Then, he graduated to wanting new ideas. He was always bored with the "old". What did he want? Diary, tears are falling from my eyes, I'm I'm pain. I don't know where to turn.

I learned to dread the night time. When I heard the front door being unlocked on those nights, my heart dropped. I knew that now starts Moe's painful rituals.

I begged, and I pleaded with him to stop this madness, but to no avail. He needed to feel "satisfied " he claimed. It was an obligation for her to go along with it.

I told him time and time again, all I wanted was to have an enjoyable time together with my husband, but he was possessed like a maniac with reaching certain goals and needed me to meet all the specifications. He needed me to dress a certain way, start wearing perfumes, and many more things too painful to recount.

One thing led to the next and every week or so he'd come up with a new idea and a new way to try unsuccessfully, to satisfy his unquenchable thirst. I couldn't handle it anymore, I'm not sure what he wanted from me. It was like I was an actor on a set, and he was a stern script writer who needed all his I's dotted and T's crossed.

I gave up attempting to please him, and started to shut down. I started pleading exhaustion, doing all I can to prevent this new unpleasant experience. He was like a ravenous monster, with an insatiable appetite.

It reached the point where we are now, when faced with no more excuses, I grit my teeth, close my eyes and let him do his thing. I'm just an object. With a diamond ring on my finger, proving

that I belong to him.

I do try my best during the day to be a loving wife, I try do shove all the night activities to the recesses of my mind. I try to hold up my chin and smile at him, but inside I'm crushed.

I cry bitter tears to Hashem every day. I beseech him with all my strength, to turn my husband back into the person I married. So far my prayers weren't answered.

I hear the front door, that's Moe coming in. Gotta run, I think I'm on the menu tonight. I already held him off for too long. Oh well.

Love,

Esther

* * *

Moe stared at the screen. His heart was pounding. He had never taken such a step. But he couldn't anymore. It wasn't his fault. What else was he supposed to do?

He pressed send with a shaky finger. He waited with bated breath. She's typing. His message was returned. He read the response and smiled. This could be dangerous, but he felt like he was at the end of his rope. All day every day, all he felt was frustration. He was with a woman who didn't even attempt to satisfy him. Now was a chance to change that. He gleefully started typing again.

To be continued...

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Markz - 03 Jan 2021 22:47

To be continued...

NOW OR ELSE!!!!!!

You can't leave us in the dark like that.

Where's the "No Thank You" button?

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Grant400 - 03 Jan 2021 23:13

[Markz wrote on 03 Jan 2021 22:47:](#)

To be continued...

NOW OR ELSE!!!!!!

It's sheer torture

You can't leave us in the dark like that.

Where's the "No Thank You" button?

My, my! You are almost as scary as Abu Batar Ibn Samara!

It's sheer torture
Warning: Spoiler!

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Zedj - 04 Jan 2021 05:09

I've read alot of books in my life. I find your writing style a very captivating read.

Thank you!

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by YeshivaGuy - 07 Jan 2021 20:57

This is very very good!

I think I can guess what happens next, but I'll just wait until the next segment comes.

May we be ????? ?????

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by YeshivaGuy - 10 Jan 2021 05:20

[YeshivaGuy wrote on 07 Jan 2021 20:57:](#)

I'll just wait until the next segment comes.

May we be ????? ?????

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Grant400 - 10 Jan 2021 22:20

Righteous Indignation

Chapter Nine

June 7, 2011; Undisclosed location

The scientist pored over his computer screen. He was crunching his data and reviewing his logs for the fifth time. He just couldn't understand how this was possible.

All the other rats were behaving according to plan. They were all injected and placed in a new cage with uninfected rats. Within a few seconds, all the other rats were heavily infected, and died a few days later.

It worked like clockwork. His superiors were extremely satisfied with his success. They were nearing the finish line now, all his years of hard work were worth it for this very moment.

But what was wrong with the white one? Why did it remain healthy and strong and not contagious in the face of numerous injections and exposures? He was baffled.

Oh well, he didn't have time for blood tests. He already sent a message that he was successful. They were putting the rest of the plan into motion. He didn't want to disappoint his boss. No one did. Things never ended well when the boss wasn't happy with you. He hoped it was just a weird occurrence.

* * *

June 12, 2011; Brooklyn N.Y.

Moe got into his car, his coffee in hand and pulled out his phone. He clicked on his emails, hoping to find new unread messages.

His relationship with this young woman he met online, was really progressing. There were moments he felt terrible guilt about it, but as soon as he went home to his wife, and experienced her nonchalant attitude towards his male needs, he felt better.

Over the past few weeks they've been getting to know each other. She shared with him that she was also an orthodox Jew and married to a man she wasn't happy to be with. They shared their frustrations with each other on an almost daily basis, and the two were growing quite close. They still were wary about sharing their real names, photos or meeting, but they both knew that was going to happen, and it was only a matter of time.

He really started to love this woman. She seemed charismatic and witty, and had a positive energy about her that he felt immediately attracted and connected to.

He didn't know how he got sucked into this so deep. Just a short while ago he was a loyal husband and a serious Ben Torah, but slowly things started to unravel. It started with small nips on the internet once again, over time needing more and more, and before he knew it this is where he was holding. He almost felt numb sometimes. Sometimes he felt guilty, and sometimes just plain confused.

He tried to get himself to break it off and stop all this nonsense. But he couldn't. It was just too hard and too tempting. It wasn't just about desire, this was a real relationship he had with this woman. He felt he really cared about her and she really cared about him. He just couldn't let go. All he felt was missing in his marriage, was found with his new friend. He felt fulfilled and happy when he conversed with her.

He looked at his phone. Yes! He noted excitedly. A new message. He opened it up. "Hey Love! Feeling super edgy today. Husband went to sleep early. I needed some serious action! I wish we would finally meet! I could use a real man in my life. Wadaya think?"

His palms felt sweaty. His heart pounded in excitement. She was ready! After a moment's hesitation, he decided he was ready too. He clicked the reply button, and started to type.

* * *

June 13, 2011; Undisclosed location

Skippy walked through the hallways, mop in hand with a spring in his step. He was able to feel the excitement permeating the laboratory all day. He knew that after these long weeks, whatever project was going on here was coming to a successful culmination.

He didn't know anything about it, nor what their objective was. All he knew was that he was given a room and food, And was hired as a janitor. Whatever was going on was top secret. He wasn't all6 to leave the building all these months. But he didn't care at all, he was the happiest he's ever been since being a child.

He swished the mop back and forth in a graceful motion, cleaning and polishing the hallway floor. It was a job he took most seriously, he loved working here, and wanted to do the best job possible. Here, he wasn't taunted about his looks, or made fun of the way he spoke. Here he was able to live in peace, assured of food and board.

His favorite part, was that they supplied him with the best toy in the world, silly putty. He had a whole cabinet full of it in his room. And the thing that put the biggest smile on his face was the fact that he had an unlimited supply of his favorite food, peanut butter. They really wanted him to be happy here.

Peanut butter, he was able to eat it breakfast, lunch, and supper - and in between as a snack. That's why his name was Skippy. His real name was Danny but in school he was taunted over his obsession with peanut butter amongst everything else they used to make fun of him about, so they called him skippy. He actually enjoyed peanut butter so much, he took a liking to the name Skippy. He took so much pride in it, he started to use that name all the time.

He finished cleaning the hallway, and surveyed his handy work. He smiled with satisfaction, proud of his superb cleaning skills. He plunged the mop back into his pail, and headed upstairs to don his special protective suit, before cleaning the laboratory.

He loved cleaning that specific room. This was the room he had friends in. This was the only room where he was able to talk, and feel connection. He opened the door and sang out "Hey buddies, Skippy is here!" He dropped his mop and pail and put down his spray bottles and rags. He headed over to the little cages that housed his little friends. "Hello Snowflake! Hey there Spot, Ron and Brian. He named each one of them. They were his only companions in his lonely existence.

Next, he exuberantly walked over to his favorite one. This one was special to him. It reminded him of his little pet he had when he was a young child. It was only true friend, the only one he felt comfortable around, the only one who didn't make fun of his looks, or call him mentally retarded.

He looked down with fondness in his eyes, reminded of all the happy moments. "Hey there, Peanut" He said, "Daddy's here." He knew he shouldn't and he wasn't allowed to, if caught he would definitely lose this precious job. He couldn't resist. He reached down and unlatched the air tight case. He stuck his hand in, and picked up his little furry friend.

"Hello there", he cooed, stroking it's soft back. "Are you hungry?" he asked. He reached into his pocket and pulled out some leftover lunch. He always saved some for Peanut. He dropped some crumbs of bread generously slathered with Skippy peanut butter, on to his palm. "Here, eat, eat up, precious".

The white rat hungrily devoured the little gift, and licked his paws in satisfaction. Skippy knew they were friends. Really close friends. He gingerly lifted him up, and reluctantly placed him gently back in the cage. "Good bye Peanut. Daddy has to go now I'll see you again tomorrow."

* * *

June 14, 2011; Brooklyn N.Y.

"Esther!" Moe screamed. "Why is there four settings by the table?" "Don't you remember?" Esther replied. "I invited the Baums for the Friday night meal." He really doesn't listen to anything I say anymore, Esther mused to herself.

Things between her and Moe, were gradually getting worse. She didn't want to share a whole meal with just Moe and herself all the time, so she invited her friend for the Friday night meal. She'll have Chani to talk to, and they'll have a fun time talking about their week like they always do. Moe will have to talk to Yehoshua. She knew he didn't love hanging out with him because he found him a little boring, but too bad, this was her decision.

Oh, the Baums thought Moe. He smiled to himself. He didn't really like having to sit and talk to Yehoshua for so long, but he sure did enjoy having Chani sit at his table.

He enjoyed just having her around. He was able to feast his eyes on her, and hear her voice. He knew it was wrong to view his wife's friend like that, but she awakened something inside him, and he always felt some deep stirrings.

He sometimes wished he were married to her. He knew they would have fun together. He didn't understand why she was with Yehoshua. They didn't seem to have any chemistry. When he mentioned it to Esther, she brushed him off, and told him he's imagining things. He knew it was true.

He was looking forward to the meal.

To be continued...

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by tzitzis dude - 11 Jan 2021 00:30

This is getting even more outstanding-er as we all type.

Derech agav, Grant, is the message that you're giving us all about how peanut butter=happiness+ immunity to COVID???

Warning: Spoiler!

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by BHYY - 12 Jan 2021 03:45

Oh come on! The good part about finding this story weeks late is that I could read 9 chapters

And now we wait...

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by BHYY - 12 Jan 2021 03:50

Grant you are a tremendous author and, as someone in the parsha of shidduchim, I know this is something incredibly important to read.

I enjoyed the warm, fuzzy feeling at the beginning of the story and now that the plot unfolds it has really shaken me and reinforced the need to really stick with you guys and take it ODAAT to sobriety for my wife's sake, whoever she may be.

seeing this in there anytime soon...
without having to wait

) Although I don't think we'll be

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by lionking - 12 Jan 2021 05:15

I would buy the book if Grant decides to publish.

I hate serial stories, it forces me to have self control to wait a week for the next installment. Give me a book and I finish it right away.

Really good story and well written. It should really be serialized in the GYE weekly newsletter.

Thanks Grant for providing us with a great source of entertainment!

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Hashem Help Me - 12 Jan 2021 12:18

[lionking wrote on 12 Jan 2021 05:15:](#)

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Thanks Grant for providing us with a great source of **entertainment!**

Personally I would call it **education**. Very thought provoking - he has us all in Moe's shoes..... but entertainment is appropriate too. For those of us who have closed the door to direct mussar on this subject, Grant is getting to us through a back door (maybe Moe will use a back door too)

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Lou - 12 Jan 2021 20:16

[Hashem Help Me wrote on 12 Jan 2021 12:18:](#)

[lionking wrote on 12 Jan 2021 05:15:](#)

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I think I heard in the name of R Shalom Schwadron ZTL that he says jokes so you open your
mouth to laugh. Once your mouth is open he pushes the Mussar in too!

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Re: The Story Teller

Posted by Hakolhevel - 15 Jan 2021 00:22

[Hashem Help Me wrote on 12 Jan 2021 12:18:](#)

[lionking wrote on 12 Jan 2021 05:15:](#)

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Definitely Education. Education in a way we can handle yet so raw. I can understand how you where able to describe moe's feelings, how you got into the wives feelings is incredible. Makes me think of what I've done to my wife:expressionless:

Either way, I agree with some others we need a whole entire thread to discuss the story

Thanks Grant!

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