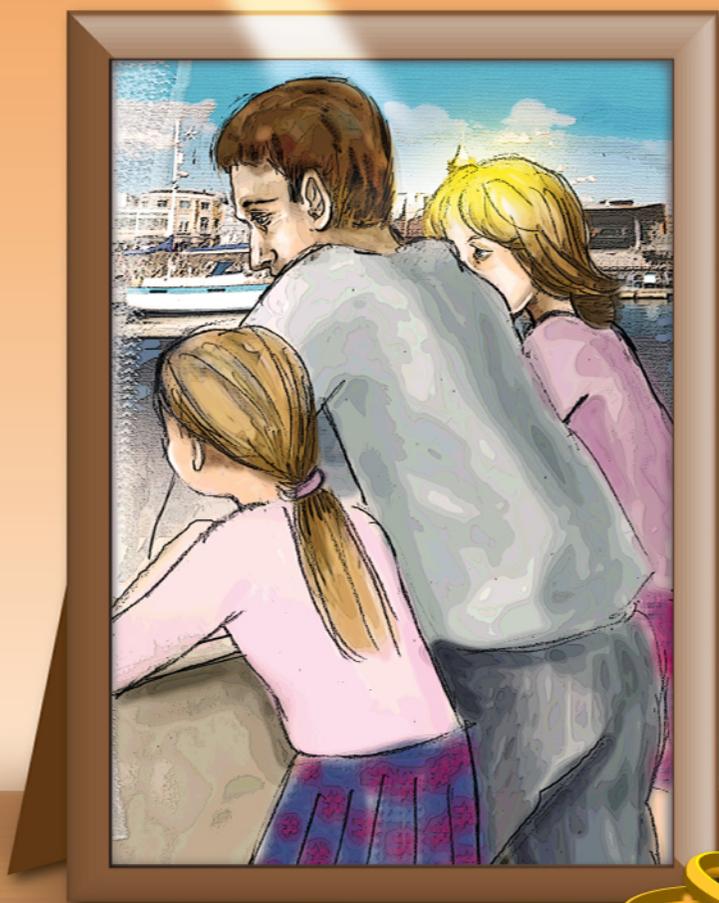


ORR

AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL



Ester Dror



Orr at the End of the Tunnel

By

Ester Dror



Strategic Book Group

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Chapter One

At last, the house was quiet. Sarah and Kelly were fast asleep upstairs. Sawn was sitting in the living room with his head dropped in his hands. He felt drained. Throughout the passing, unperceivable two days, his mood swung from anxiety to relief and then to rage, guilt, and back. He found it hard to shake off the anger and disappointment. In a twinkling of an eye, his life took an ugly turn. His wife was in the hospital, starting a long and painful recovery from her broken ribs and the operation on her leg that took place this morning. The previous day, she had a car accident and her injuries caused her great pain. Somehow, he could not find compassion for her suffering. Rage took control. She could have killed herself. Worse, she could have killed his girls, and that was unforgivable. Much happened since he got the call that shook his world and yet all he could think of right now was the afternoon wrangle in the hospital when he came to visit Joan.

He strode along the corridor to her room, finding her alone. The woman she shared a room with was taken to the theater and Joan parents were gone. He came in and closed the door. She looked beaten. For the first few minutes they talked in a civil manner about her recovery and enduring the pain. When she remarked she'd be glad to have a drink, it flared his temper.

"Your drinking is what brought you here," he snapped at her. "You almost killed the girls. What were you thinking?"

"I only had one drink before I picked up the girls. It wasn't my fault," she fumed.

"It's never your fault," he hissed. "I guess it's the council's fault. What were they thinking? How dare they place a lamppost in this exact spot inviting you to collide with it? For heaven's sake, it stood untouched for more than thirty years."

"You are always blaming me. I had one small drink that's all," she yelled back at him.

"The blood test tells another story. You were loaded. Save your breath. Don't use those arguments on me. It's the judge you'll need to convince. I know exactly how much you drink."

"How do you know?" she raged. "You are at work all the time leaving everything to me. You are always complaining. I had to calm my nerves."

"Calm them? You drown them. I can't tell you how many bottles I found hidden all over the house. I bet you don't even remember yourself where you kept them all. You blew your paycheck on that?"

"It's my money. I'll do with it how I please. I don't need your approval."

"I thought it's our money. Apparently, you have your ideas."

"That's exactly what I have been talking about. You never listen, you're never at home. Maybe you have a secret lover."

"You know what?" He lifted his hands in suppressed anger and stepped backwards. "I had enough. There is a lot of thinking I need to do and so do you. I hope you feel better. Try to drink the hospital tea. It will do you good."

"Very funny," she called as he retreated out the door.

The exchange of angry words played in his mind over and over again. He knew he was at the beginning of another white night. Hopefully, at dawn, he'd know what to do next.

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