

Waiting Room: A Short Story [C1]

Dopo un incidente, un uomo affronta una lotta interiore contro l'angoscia, il senso di colpa e la confusione. Nell'attesa, la sua mente si perde tra ricordi, desideri non realizzati e il peso di ciò che avrebbe potuto essere e non sarà mai.

I hate hospitals with their **stink** of disinfectant and sick people. I'd try to sleep, but they make these plastic chairs so uncomfortable. The nurse told me to wait here, but I'll go home soon. I can't do anything for Ilga. I'm starving. I've had nothing to eat since that packet of **crisps** in the pub. Lucky I'd taken Jayden to his mum's. She complained, of course, as she always does. "It's your weekend, Ian! You'll never change." Well it was **a piece of luck**, actually, because he's **best off there**. Though I can't call him. My phone was destroyed. I can see the sandwiches in the vending machine from here. I gave it a **shove** earlier, and this old guy sitting nearby **gave me a dirty look**. I told him my money'd got stuck. I shouldn't have listened to Theresa. She told me to leave my bank card at home and use cash to save money. She's always **nagging** me: "Ian, Jayden needs new **trainers**! Ian, you spend a fortune on **booze**!" Like it's her business, I'm not even with her any more. Well, not exactly. If I had my card I could go and get some cash. Like my **mate** Ant always says, 'Ian, never listen to a woman; you're too soft, **mate**.' He's right, but I **can't help it**. I **could murder a fag**. I lost my packet in the accident. The thing is, I'm not getting any **sympathy** because I don't even look like I've been in an accident. All I've got is a couple of **scratches**, and Ilga's... well. Anyway, no one cares about me! I've been here for hours. There's not even a clock in this place and my phone won't even turn on. The weird thing is, I wish Jayden was here. What is he, nine... ten now? He's a good kid. I wish I could call him, just to hear his voice. How stupid's that? It's the accident, I s'pose. That guy's going out for a smoke. I **could murder a fag**. I'd only just bought that phone off Ant. The police asked me if I'd been using it at the time of the accident. I told them it'd been in my back pocket. It would've been if that... Ilga had remembered the address. I had to look it up as we were going along, and then... No! Now I've thought about it, I can't get it out of my head, how she just **flew off** the **bike** and... 'Scuse me, **mate**! You

haven't got a **ciggy**, have you? I'm sorry, it's just my girlfriend's in there and...' Bastard! Of course he's got some left. I always give fags to people when they ask. That's how I met Ilga. She asked me for one in the pub and then ended up playing **pool** with me and Ant. We had a few drinks and she made me laugh. I kept calling her Olga and she kept **giggling**. She's got a sense of humour. Not like Theresa. I s'pose Ilga's a lot younger than Theresa — ten, fifteen years younger. She told me she thought I was about thirty-five when she saw me. Thirty-five! I s'pose I keep myself all right. I'm not fat like some **blokes** I know — like Ant. We met up a few times, me and Ilga, and then one thing led to another. Couple of weeks back we ended up in her tiny **bedsit**. God, it was worse than my place, but it was a good night. She wanted me to meet some of her friends in this nightclub. I wasn't interested, but she kept smiling at me with those blue eyes and saying she'd **make it worth my while** and I **gave in**. Like I said, I'm soft. So we were going to a club on the other side of town in the rain. Only she couldn't remember the address and I had to get my phone out. Don't let me think about it. Makes me want **to puke**. I mean, it was so fast. SO FAST! One minute we're **racing along**, next minute the **bike's skidding** and I'm hanging on, trying to keep it upright, and the phone's slipping out of my hand, but there was NOTHING I could do. We went over and the **windshield** kind of protected me, but she... she just **flew off** like a doll. It was horrible! I should go. I should call Theresa from the **front desk** or something. She'll complain, but then, she'll **sort something out**. She always does. Oh God, that nurse is coming back. She's going to tell me Ilga's dead! Why didn't I leave? "Yeah, I'm Ian Foster. She's asking for me? What? She's sitting up in bed? She's hungry? But I thought she was... Oh, God bless her! Sorry, nurse... look at me, crying like a baby. I don't know why. The shock, yeah! Oh, thank God , thank God ... Sorry nurse, I don't know what's wrong with me. No, I don't need to sit down again. I'll go in now.

Glossary

- **shove** = empujón
- **bike** = moto
- **ciggy** = sigaretta
- **bedsit** = monolocale
- **gave in** = cedere
- **sympathy** = compassione
- **flew off** = volare via
- **gave me a dirty look** = guardare male
- **could murder a fag** = darei qualsiasi cosa per una sigaretta
- **make it worth my while** = farmi valere la pena
- **racing along** = correre, fare la gara
- **windshield** = parabrezza
- **can't help it** = non ci posso fare niente
- **pool** = biliardo
- **to puke** = vomitare
- **crisps** = patatine
- **nagging** = tormentare, assillare
- **trainers** = scarpe da ginnastica
- **booze** = alcol
- **mate** = amico, collega
- **a piece of luck** = un colpo di fortuna
- **scratches** = graffi
- **skidding** = sbandare
- **front desk** = bancone della reception
- **stink** = puzza
- **best off there** = stare meglio così
- **blokes** = tipi
- **giggling** = ridacchiare
- **sort something out** = risolvere