

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