

COMPLETE YOUR STORYPosted by Singularity - 07 Sep 2016 14:03

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However, we can use it to our advantage. As I've read, the way to use imagination properly is, for example, make up the most bizarre circumstance so you can judge someone favourably. In this regard, I suggest an exercise that will use it properly in our collective struggle. So I invite you all to

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And construct your story with two parts. Text in green has already happened. Text in red has not yet happened, but based on your current path, could possibly happen and only by Hashem's chessed and *erech apa'im* has not yet been so. Thus there is still time to fix it up!

but Remember, it's probably best to extrapolate your story based on where you are. Not EVERY story has to end in suicide! Make it as personal as possible, something you can click with, things that you can actually picture happening. On the tip of your tongue. In the reach of your grasp.

And then you can daven and thank Hashem that you are where you are and only look to go ever upwards.

My story:

I was born in a secular, traditional Jewish family. My parents divorced when I was young and my childhood was fraught with constant fighting and lack of money, but BH we had a place to stay (my mother and I) and found a place to live with good neighbours, some even religious.

The first time I watched p*rn and acted out was in the fifth grade. Before the internet and anything like that, I would only see it every now and then, on a Saturday night if I could stay up late enough. Then I got a computer for my barmitzvah and subsequently the internet and things went downhill. Like any kid (especially with technologically inept parents), I slowly built a collection of videos and images and became steeped in the stuff. So much so that whenever I heard a helicopter over my head my heart would race. "This is it; the gig is up. They found me," I'd tell myself. Illegal music, videos, all types of degrading material.

I became observant a year after high school and went to Israel for a year to Yeshiva. I was clean for a good 3 months, but then on Pesach I had a fall, and could not quite recover for the rest of the year. I remember by the end I would blatantly find open wifi and go on to sites to download videos and images. Even in my dorm room. In JERUSALEM! Oy!

I came back with a resolve but fell more and more. I left university to do correspondence and learn in Yeshiva, but the struggle did not lighten. I fell a lot and actually broke down halfway through the year through lack of friends and fears of if I had made the right decisions in life. There I went to see a psychiatrist and we discussed lots of things. I carried on but still fell. A lot. I went back to Israel at the end of the year for 2 months to learn and at one point was so distraught I wanted to end my observance completely. But BH I didn't. there was so much Hashgocha. We were at a meal where everyone was so frum and shtark and I just felt like crumpling into the floor. But then I, in a daze, waddled over to the couch and I started talking with the Rabbi and a closer friend and it was nice. Then he told his son to go learn and he wanted to learn with me. So we did. And what did we learn? The very first daf of gemora I ever did in Yeshiva. I could feel Hashem's message and woke up a new person. I realized no matter how hard the struggle was, I knew where I stood, my Avodah, and that it was worth it.

I came back from Israel and had a good year of learning. Once again in June I flipped out but got back on track. I had the world's most amazing Elul Zman and that RH YK was the best I've had. I resolved to delete all the illegal stuff on my PC and start afresh with music and software. Then the Hashgocha really rolled in. I got a heavily discounted deal on graphic design software, I met my bashert and we were married in 3 months. And I had completed the 90 day challenge! I felt unstoppable, but a few times before the wedding I fell again. BH we are happily married and have 2 wonderful children.

However being at work, with very open internet, and the stresses of money and family have made me quite anxious and I have once again acted out. At first in subtle ways, but as the days go by I have made riskier and riskier actions. Like going onto youtube and blatantly finding awful videos. There was a time that at work my PC screen faced only me and nobody walked behind me. I would search for bad things and just look at them all day. Then I took the fall into youtube when images alone were not enough. Then, recently, I sunk even lower and use my in-laws' computer (with absolutely no protection) to access hardcore sites. While my wife was in another room. I felt so vulgar and empty inside. What am I doing to her?

Then it happened. I stole away to browse the pc again but my father-in-law walked in. I tried to close the browser but he had already seen. His face could not contain the shock that reverberated around the room. I, a frum Jew with hat and jacket in front of my secular father-in-law. And I could only hang my head in shame. He said he was going to tell my wife but I pleaded with him that I would do it in good time.

Then a few days later, at work, my bosses walked up to me. "In keeping with our policy, we do random internet checks on our employees," they informed me. "...Just what have you done? Do you even *work*? This is despicable." My entire body froze in shock and overwhelming panic. My surroundings seemed to disintegrate as they led me to the CEO's office for a disciplinary hearing. Everyone was staring at me, kippah bold, tzitzis flailing. I might as well have cut them off.

"You signed an internet policy when you started to work here, and it was based on a level of trust and moral obligation that we believe our employees have and exercise properly. We see that you do not have this. Not only have you wasted our resources, but you have left our company vulnerable to a malady of viruses and negative feedback. In this vein, we have no choice but to terminate your employment and impose a fine on you for contravention of policy. Furthermore, we are forced to submit a criminal offence on your part to the authorities, which will severely limit business prospects going forward. We are very disappointed."

The board were Jews and non-Jews, religious and secular, looking at me in disgust. I was on the verge of tears. My life was ruined. These people, who I mostly look at and judge why they're not keeping Shabbos or Kosher, now looked at me smugly. *These frummies. So dishonest. I knew it was all an act.*

I crept out of my grand Chillul Hashem a broken man. I had to go home. What was I going to tell my wife? How would I face her tears and disappointment? And now it has cost my job and our family's future. How could she forgive me?

She would tell me that nothing could every tear us apart. But I never wanted to test her words like this. I drove as slowly as I could until I reached our house.

As I broke the news, she sympathized. Because I didn't tell her *why* I was fired yet.

"...I looked at inappropriate things..." I mumbled. Her eyes shot wide open. Tears began to drip down. I did not even look up. Our kids were screaming. It was the most uncomfortable place I'd ever been in.

She didn't even want to touch me. She took the kids and told me she's going to her parents and I can enjoy my life and my pleasures. As she left with my bundles of joy, the emptiness grew more and more apparent. Nothing mattered anymore. I was broken. Our marriage was virtually over and nothing I could do could help right now.

So now I stand with a broken marriage, unemployed and with no future prospects or any idea how I would find money to raise my kids. I look around for ways to end it all. To reset and do things differently. But would this world-shattering experience even help me change? Do all I want to do is go back to my laptop, plug out all the filters and indulge? I inch closer towards it. There's nothing to be scared of. There are no problems. You're in the right place. Just you and the laptop. And now nobody can even see you. Nobody even cares anymore. And then I gaze at the moving pixels that have been responsible for my absolute downfall. And I flare up once more.

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by Markz - 07 Sep 2016 14:11

You have a great imagination

Our imagination is what gets us into more trouble than recovery

I don't believe the green or red stuff helped anyone nor the gye emergency panic button

If it helps someone cool, I'm just saying what (doesn't) work for me

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by Singularity - 07 Sep 2016 14:37

Maybe not.

But I feel there is value in the exercise. It's more personal than a picture in your email with a guy hooked up to a computer mouse. And also, bringing reality into something tangible and not just thoughts, makes it a lot more apparent and these fears that we always push away as "nah that won't happen" might change to "but maybe the could". And that's some 0.5 degree turn in the right direction. Now finish your story!!

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by aryehdovid85 - 07 Sep 2016 21:56

very powerful!!

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by jake08 - 08 Sep 2016 15:43

Powerful story, but from what I hear, those consequences never stopped a real addict. Not loss of job,wife family, health, or freedom. Actually from what I hear (and experienced too) no consequence ever stopped a real addict. And very often they didnt need their imaginations to show them what could result. The results showed them the results.

Nu, whatever. I'm just grateful for recovery. If I maintain it I dont have to worry bout those things.

Hatzlocha to you.

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by Shlomo24 - 08 Sep 2016 17:46

I agree with the sentiment that unmanageability is a spiraling circuit, and I also agree that it's good to be cognizant of that. However, like others have said, it's not what keeps me sane and sober.

Also, why don't you write a story in which you recover and life becomes better? It might be a lot more powerful than the story you wrote so far.

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by Markz - 11 Sep 2016 03:14

[Singularity wrote on 07 Sep 2016 14:37:](#)

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Another thing I forgot to mention

Im not a great sponsor but there was one guy that requested me to partner with him

He lost 2 jobs due to his porn use

Did the stories help him? No

Someone that's interested in recovery will take the right steps he needs, someone else will take the bedtime story and forget about it the next day

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by Shlomo24 - 11 Sep 2016 04:32

I agree with you, Mark. I would just alter the quote of "Someone that's **interested** in recovery..." to "Someone that's **willing to take the right actions** to recover."

Hell, I was interested my whole life in recovery. I just wasn't doing what I needed to do.

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by aryehdovid85 - 12 Sep 2016 17:08

Shlomo U R the best!!! Like your idea cause the negative thoughts just keep me stuck in the schmutz.....

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by pischoshelmachat - 12 Sep 2016 17:31

Wow!! My heart is racing. This could be me if I let things go downhill. Gehinnom on this world. Thank you for the shot in the arm.

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by cordnoy - 14 Sep 2016 02:46

[Singularity wrote on 07 Sep 2016 14:03:](#)

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Well done.

It quite possibly may help some people.

(First time I read it, I missed the intro that the red stuff was made up; I was feelin' pretty sad for you.)

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by Singularity - 14 Sep 2016 08:02

Thanks!

Do you guys see the point? This isn't window shopping. Don't just read my story, and feel (un)inspired. Write your own and post it here!! Maybe *I* feel like reading something!

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Re: COMPLETE YOUR STORY

Posted by eslaasos - 15 Sep 2016 19:09

Hi Singularity,

Love the idea, I would try to write a story but I'm kind of scared where those dark thoughts will go. Certainly not places I want to post online...or visit in my imagination either. I'd rather go with a happy ending.

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