

It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by Trouble - 23 Mar 2017 20:22

So, I was driving, and yes it was a few miles past the speed limit as I was skimming the ash out of my Amaretto pipe, but who does the city think it is to make the limit 25 mph? There are no children running out between the cars, at least, there weren't any when I was driving. And while it is also true that I was looking at the sidewalk on the other side, as there was a cute bais Yaakov (or what looked like one, and why do they need to make their uniforms so similar?) girl walking with bobby socks, you heard me! Bobby socks! Where are the Rabbanim? What are the principals and teachers doing? Can't they see what these girls are causing the boys and the men in this city? It's not like we are in some darfshtatt in Texas! This is holy-ducking BoroPark! They should know better and they don't! I am not even discussing the length of her skirt. My goodness gracious! Don't they check the sizes before they release the uniform skirt! Appalling! So, anyway, yes, I was looking out of the corner of me eye; ok, I'll be honest (you hear that? I'm actually admitting here, so don't go off on me), it was more than the corner, but who can blame me? I'm a guy and I'm normal and I exercise; I'm good looking and attractive, and these girls are dressed to kill (their teachers and parents will burn in Hell for this)! And then, it happened! The guy/gal in front of me driving the fancy delancey Lexus, just stopped. The gall! I hate these people who think they can press the brake whenever they ducking please. Brakes should be used at the end of the blocks, and then, only if there is a light, or if there is a blind man crossing with an elderly woman. So, back to the story (I do not understand why you keep interrupting me): "It" braked all of a sudden, and I needed to slam on my brakes (while I was still thinking of you know what, and you know whose fault that was), and my car swerved (which is another thing; why can't they make cars like they used to that stop when you press or tap on the brakes; now, they skid to the side, jerk and then stop; idiots!), and it was then that I heard the screeching, scratching sound. I wasn't sure what it was, but it did seem that it was coming from the truck which was parked illegally to my right; yes, can you believe it? Illegally! He had at least four inches between his wheels and the curb! What's up with that? All they do is drive and yet they can't park like a normal human being. Somebody on the side started waving his hands in the air, motioning for me to stop, but there was no way I was gonna listen to a Salem menthol smoking grunt of a guy. If it was his truck, then it's just his fault, and I will clear that with a couple of my Rabbeim shortly, and if it wasn't his truck, who does he think he is to smoke in public, and menthol to make it worse. I needed anyways to chase down that short-stopping-Lexus-driving son of a bitch who caused that scratching sound! As fate would have it (and fate always screws with me, except when it's hashgachah pratis that I should be tested based on the high level that I'm on), the Lexus made the light (if you can call it that, for the yellow was already turning red, and it was clear to anyone that he ran it), but I missed it. Two yeshivah boys were smirking at me, holding up a dangled side mirror with several wires coming out of it. It was then that I lost it! And who could blame me? I jammed the gear into park and ran out of the car, yelling at those two boys (who anyways should be in seder now; what's up with that? Is there no learning anymore in Yeshivah? This would never have happened if I was appointed the First year Beis Medrash Rebbe, like it was so deserving, and instead, they appointed that so-called masmid, halachah expert, who just happened to be the nephew of the Rosh Yeshivah! Sick nepotism is what I say, and look at the catastrophic results!) to wipe their smile off their faces. I screamed, "why the Hell did you pull my mirror off my car?" They looked at me with that glum

look, as if I was nuts. This really ticked me off. They said, "Excuse us mister, but your mirror came off when you sideswiped that truck." It was then that I realized, and thank God that I am 61 days clean (of any unclean thoughts involving various genders in various places at various times without first doing fifteen pushups and reciting tehillim chapter 09 backwards), for it was only due to my sobriety streak that I was able to realize that it was all a slap on the wrist for me looking at the uniformed girl (and a friendly reminder that I should probably get a filter, stop watching movies (mostly r rated), not shake any business associate, acquaintance, acquaintance's friend, etc hand, shoulder – and of course if they bump into me or get within my daled amos, I cannot be faulted), and I should keep my eyes, hands and feet on the road, which reminds me: Where is that crazy Lexus driver?

=====

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by Markz - 23 Mar 2017 20:38

Welcome to gye

Theres place here for you in this asylum, so make yourself comfortable, and don't forget the slogan "Keep On Trucking" so if you go thru a red, just blame it on gye

=====

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by Gevura Shebyesod - 23 Mar 2017 20:41

Hey! You're the one who scraped my truck! The nerve!! Now I gotta go find those two yeshiva boys...

=====

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by GrowStrong - 23 Mar 2017 21:02

It was then that I realized, and thank God that I am 61 days clean (of any unclean thoughts involving various genders in various places at various times without first doing fifteen pushups and reciting tehillim chapter 09 backwards), for it was only due to my sobriety streak that I was able to realize that it was all a slap on the wrist for me looking at the uniformed girl (and a friendly reminder that I should probably get a filter, stop watching movies (mostly r rated), not shake any business associate, acquaintance, acquaintance's friend, etc hand, shoulder – and of course if they bump into me or get within my daled amos, I cannot be faulted), and I should keep my eyes, hands and feet on the road, which reminds me: Where is that crazy Lexus driver?

Pure solid gold!

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)
Posted by Workingguy - 23 Mar 2017 21:56

[Trouble wrote on 23 Mar 2017 20:22:](#)

So, I was driving, and yes it was a few miles past the speed limit as I was skimming the ash out of my Amaretto pipe, but who does the city think it is to make the limit 25 mph? There are no children running out between the cars, at least, there weren't any when I was driving. And while it is also true that I was looking at the sidewalk on the other side, as there was a cute bais Yaakov (or what looked like one, and why do they need to make their uniforms so similar?) girl walking with bobby socks, you heard me! Bobby socks! Where are the Rabbanim? What are the principals and teachers doing? Can't they see what these girls are causing the boys and the men in this city? It's not like we are in some darfshtatt in Texas! This is holy-ducking BoroPark! They should know better and they don't! I am not even discussing the length of her skirt. My goodness gracious! Don't they check the sizes before they release the uniform skirt! Appalling! So, anyway, yes, I was looking out of the corner of me eye; ok, I'll be honest (you hear that? I'm actually admitting here, so don't go off on me), it was more than the corner, but who can blame me? I'm a guy and I'm normal and I exercise; I'm good looking and attractive, and these girls are dressed to kill (their teachers and parents will burn in Hell for this)! And then, it happened! The guy/gal in front of me driving the fancy delancey Lexus, just stopped. The gall! I hate these people who think they can press the brake whenever they ducking please. Brakes should be used at the end of the blocks, and then, only if there is a light, or if there is a blind man crossing with an elderly woman. So, back to the story (I do not understand why you keep

interrupting me): “It” braked all of a sudden, and I needed to slam on my brakes (while I was still thinking of you know what, and you know whose fault that was), and my car swerved (which is another thing; why can’t they make cars like they used to that stop when you press or tap on the brakes; now, they skid to the side, jerk and then stop; idiots!), and it was then that I heard the screeching, scratching sound. I wasn’t sure what it was, but it did seem that it was coming from the truck which was parked illegally to my right; yes, can you believe it? Illegally! He had at least four inches between his wheels and the curb! What’s up with that? All they do is drive and yet they can’t park like a normal human being. Somebody on the side started waving his hands in the air, motioning for me to stop, but there was no way I was gonna listen to a Salem menthol smoking grunt of a guy. If it was his truck, then it’s just his fault, and I will clear that with a couple of my Rabbeim shortly, and if it wasn’t his truck, who does he think he is to smoke in public, and menthol to make it worse. I needed anyways to chase down that short-stopping-Lexus-driving son of a bitch who caused that scratching sound! As fate would have it (and fate always screws with me, except when it’s hashgachah pratis that I should be tested based on the high level that I’m on), the Lexus made the light (if you can call it that, for the yellow was already turning red, and it was clear to anyone that he ran it), but I missed it. Two yeshivah boys were smirking at me, holding up a dangled side mirror with several wires coming out of it. It was then that I lost it! And who could blame me? I jammed the gear into park and ran out of the car, yelling at those two boys (who anyways should be in seder now; what’s up with that? Is there no learning anymore in Yeshivah? This would never have happened if I was appointed the First year Beis Medrash Rebbe, like it was so deserving, and instead, they appointed that so-called masmid, halachah expert, who just happened to be the nephew of the Rosh Yeshivah! Sick nepotism is what I say, and look at the catastrophic results!) to wipe their smile off their faces. I screamed, “why the Hell did you pull my mirror off my car?” They looked at me with that glum look, as if I was nuts. This really ticked me off. They said, “Excuse us mister, but your mirror came off when you sideswiped that truck.” It was then that I realized, and thank God that I am 61 days clean (of any unclean thoughts involving various genders in various places at various times without first doing fifteen pushups and reciting tehillim chapter 09 backwards), for it was only due to my sobriety streak that I was able to realize that it was all a slap on the wrist for me looking at the uniformed girl (and a friendly reminder that I should probably get a filter, stop watching movies (mostly r rated), not shake any business associate, acquaintance, acquaintance’s friend, etc hand, shoulder – and of course if they bump into me or get within my daled amos, I cannot be faulted), and I should keep my eyes, hands and feet on the road, which reminds me: Where is that crazy Lexus driver?

Is this a Purim rant or for real? It's hilarious!!

I'll tell you this- the highest rate of rear end collisions are people who are texting/on their phones and people "chapping" a look.

I bet 50% of people on this form at least have had a shortstop because of looking at someone while their driving.

=====

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by Trouble - 23 Mar 2017 22:05

Aren't all posts for "real" on GYE?

You will be tested on it before advancing to the next step.

Good luck

=====

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by Trouble - 24 Mar 2017 13:02

Help!

my tallis and tefillin fell off the bookcase yesterday.

I didn't fall.

I'm so confused.

Did I fall, or didn't I?

Was it just a slip?

The fact that it was covered shows that I was still "covered"?

Was it a sign, or wasn't it?

Was He showing me something, or was I just careless.

Warning: Spoiler!

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)
Posted by Trouble - 24 Mar 2017 22:37

[Trouble wrote on 24 Mar 2017 13:02:](#)

Help!

my tallis and tefillin fell off the bookcase yesterday.

I didn't fall.

I'm so confused.

Did I fall, or didn't I?

Was it just a slip?

The fact that it was covered shows that I was still "covered"?

Was it a sign, or wasn't it?

Was He showing me something, or was I just careless.

Warning: Spoiler!

Hey there Mr trouble,

Everything is a sign from heaven.

The great mashgiach used to say, "ven du kukst, du ken zen; ven du kuk nisht (of course referring to things we are supposed to keep our eyes opened for), du kennisht zen.

It's a sign to be more careful in general.

It's a sign to focus when you're performing those mitzvos.

Perhaps go to the mikvah before davaning.

Keep up the great work; you're an inspiration for all of us, even though we don't get what you're saying sometimes.

By the way, how'd you manage that streak of yours? Continue making us smile or whatever the Hell you're doing here. We love it, or, at least, most of us do.

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)
Posted by MayanHamisgaber - 25 Mar 2017 22:20

But seriously while the outlook is great and to be commended can we really understand these types of messages.....

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by Trouble - 26 Mar 2017 01:35

[Trouble wrote on 24 Mar 2017 22:37:](#)

[Trouble wrote on 24 Mar 2017 13:02:](#)

Help!

my tallis and tefillin fell off the bookcase yesterday.

I didn't fall.

I'm so confused.

Did I fall, or didn't I?

Was it just a slip?

The fact that it was covered shows that I was still "covered"?

Was it a sign, or wasn't it?

Was He showing me something, or was I just careless.

Warning: Spoiler!

Hey there Mr trouble,

Everything is a sign from heaven.

The great mashgiach used to say, "ven du kukst, du ken zen; ven du kuk nisht (of course referring to things we are supposed to keep our eyes opened for), du kennisht zen.

It's a sign to be more careful in general.

It's a sign to focus when you're performing those mitzvos.

Perhaps go to the mikvah before davaning.

Keep up the great work; you're an inspiration for all of us, even though we don't get what you're saying sometimes.

By the way, how'd you manage that streak of yours? Continue making us smile or whatever the Hell you're doing here. We love it, or, at least, most of us do.

Reb Trouble,

I appreciate the response and the chizuk. I like that mashgiach vort. Always keep your eyes open except when you shouldn't (perhaps that should be in that quote thingy thread).

Hmmm....more careful; I'm hardly careful to begin with. But I'll try by a mitzvah or two; I'll keep you posted. (Mikvah not for me.)

Me, an inspiration!? Please.

Regarding my streak, I dabble in all different types of recovery tactics.

Thanks again; don't be a stranger.

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by Trouble - 26 Mar 2017 01:50

[MayanHamisgaber wrote on 25 Mar 2017 22:20:](#)

But seriously while the outlook is great and to be commended can we really understand these types of messages.....

Regarding your first question, I'm not sure. I also don't know what that big word means. But it's one of the ways I can try to understand myself....maybe.

Now, speaking of messages and understanding them, here's this one: I decided about ten days ago that my marriage needs working on (to say the least), so I thought that instead of my wife watching stuff upstairs alone (and me watching stuff downstairs alone), I should suggest to her that we should watch something together (upstairs of course). However, in the past, that has not been healthy, for I am interested in intimacy (sex bilaaz) and she is interested in escape (maybe she's an addict). But, I thought, maybe I should give it a try. I searched for a series that is just beginning, clean, lawyer stuff and somewhat riveting (for otherwise, she falls asleep before the title appears). I settled on a show (not sure if the mods want me to specify), but let's call it: columbia's junkyard. I went back and forth and decided against it. For various reasons. A few days later she was in her bed watching something and I forgot exactly how it transpired, but I was somewhat invited to join. What do you think she was watching? Yep, you guessed it (it was a basket filled with food): it was columbia's junkyard!

Now, what do you think God was telling me? Watch shows together. Watch them by yourself. Don't watch anything. There must be some message. But I haven't the foggiest.

Oh, and by the way, the invitation didn't last for too long.

Bottom line, it's all her fault.

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by bb0212 - 26 Mar 2017 13:02

Kinda speechless here. No clue what to say or what the hell is going on here. Very confused and kinda lost. Not looking for trouble, but what's happening in this thread?

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by unanumun - 26 Mar 2017 13:24

Mr. Trouble,

Your sharing here your frustrations with everyone around you is a very good thing. Often people are not honest with their feelings and don't realize that they are indeed doing such a thing. So even though you seem to be coming out a bit strange (please forgive me for pointing that out) it is indeed a feeling that many of us can relate to in some way or other. (Although most aren't as intense as you, but that is fine as honesty is always a good thing.)

I think I remember hearing that in the big book it talks about how the feeling that everyone around us is messing up our lives as we thought it should be lived, can be a source of causing us to escape to porn and acting out. So there might be a connection between those feelings and your issues that brought you to gye.

I would suggest that you ask the oilam here for advice on how to deal with these feeling and learn how to shift the blame inwards and take personal responsibility for what goes on around us. (for example, in your first post, perhaps you might have been a little lackadaisical in your shmiras eynayim or in the example with the bookcase, perhaps you could have done something to prevent the situation from occurring)

The truth is that even when it seems that there is nothing that we can have done to change the

situation, we can still shift the focus on ourselves and how we deal with everyone around us. People and things can force us to be in a specific situation, but no one can force us to react in any specific way. We have total control of that, unless we choose to give up that control.

think about it. your honesty can lead you to wonderful places. As long as you allow yourself to start looking inwards a bit.

=====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)
Posted by Trouble - 26 Mar 2017 16:08

Mr unan, can I call you that?

Thank you so much.

Look inward?

Isn't that what I am doing here by disclosing all my feelings?

I am baring my soul.

You think it's easy saying all this stuff? It isn't.

I am open for suggestions; it may even be harsh, I think.

I do and did speak to my rabbeim; they say that I am doing fabulous with my progress.

Porn and masturbation has been my go to drug for quite some time. I somewhat have it under control, but all these "God-sign" dilemmas confuse me. Am I doing well? Am I not?

And if my wife wouldn't keep screwing things up for me, it would be much easier. And my friends as well; they usually get in the way telling me silly stuff.

What did I miss?

Did I answer it all?

=====

====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!)

Posted by Workingguy - 26 Mar 2017 16:43

I think what some people are trying to figure out, and I put myself in that group, is are you kidding or serious? There's a difference between venting about the difficulties caused by your interactions with other people, and actually blaming them.

For example, there are many people here who is situations and whose wives and friends may make things difficult for them in that if things would be different, things might be much easier. However, most still trying to figure out what they could do and what their responsibilities.

or they just vent but don't necessarily blame.

=====

====