

Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ben durdayah - 30 Dec 2010 08:14

:(Although I've had my ups and downs over the years, and some long streaks of abstinence from any P*** or M***, I never got off the roller coaster. Not that I think that I'm the most far gone person here as far as the quality and quantity of the shmutz, still I know that this is an addiction that never left me and never will if I do nothing about it.

This morning i thought of a mashal (someone else might have used it already, but for me it was a moment of clarity from heaven): A temporary bout with the YH about lust and P*** etc. is like a strep throat -take your antibiotics, drink fluids, rest up and it'll go away; if you don't catch the bacteria again -you're cured, and it's gone. But when the struggle for kedusha keeps on being just that, and with the slightest slip -you feel that you've lost control and your actions show that even years of self restraint didn't do the job (like ridin' a bicycle -ya never forget how to; same thing goes for sewage surfing...) that my friends is like Rachmana Litzlan Lo Aleinu V'lo Aleichem 'Yennerr Machla', and not the kind that attacks at first a specific organ or is operable; rather like the kinds of Yenner Machla in the blood -the best they can do is put it in remission, but it's there to stay -and when Chalila V'chas it's active -there's no limit to the damage it can do and the places that it will show up in. Same goes for addiction to Shmutz.

What's the point of this whole tirade? ... to be continued in the next installment (because it's too hard to type without seeing what your doing and I've filled the window and now it's dancing the Hora and making me dizzy...).

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ben durdayah - 13 Jan 2011 11:59

But No Green Elephants (continued)

In a small hut at the outskirts of the little village lived a Yid, named Zanvil Schwartz. Rather appropriately, he was a Shtreimel-Macher, that is until he was struck with rheumatic athritis. As his age advanced he was forced to cut down shtreimel production to a bare minimum (you all know what kind of hard work shtreimel maching en-tails YUK,YUK,YUK) as he could no longer turn a road-killed possum carcass into a shtreimel that was fit to wear (Chaim-Yankel says that this was even way back then when a shtreimel was reminiscent of a cat's tail on a rainy day with a vevet yarmulke in the middle). So Zanvel and Devoirah -his ~~unbearable, nagging, overbearing,~~

~~machsheifa~~ of a devoted wife -were left without a source of income.

Zanvil tried a number of ideas that didn't require a good set of hands, such as Kretchme-Keeping, but since the non-enterprising gentile population of the derfel were non-enterprising even for a group of non-enterprising gentiles, the debts mounted and the gains lost. So Zanvil was forced to close the Kretchme and sell his house in the center of the derfel, and move out to a hut (Chaim Yankel says that some say that it was more of a shack than a hut) at the outskirts of the derfel. But our hero Zanvil was not left without a penny, he moved out to his hut accompanied by two precious treasures (In Devoirah's opinion-and boy, was Devoirah opinionated - Zanvil possessed three treasures).

The first and most precious of the treasures, the apple of Zanvil's eye -the only reason he kept waking up in the morning (don't tell Devoirah) - his lovely, talented, and pious daughter Ruchi. At fifteen, she would soon be in need of a fitting dowry. For his only daughter, Zanvil was not willing to compromise, and so he put away over the years what grew into his second treasure -5000 golden coins -a tidy sum by any standard. Penniless as he was, he didn't think of touching this treasure, which he kept buried deep in the forest, where it waited for Ruchi to come of age. Even rendered penniless, Zanvil and Devoirah refused to touch that stash, and preferred to sell their luxurious (by non-enterprising gentile standards) two room hovel in the Derfel and move to a hut on the outskirts of town.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 13 Jan 2011 17:05

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by Yosef Hatzadik - 13 Jan 2011 17:31

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by ben durdayah - 13 Jan 2011 17:49

I can't believe that noone knows this story....

Though it could be that it was never told the way I am telling it...

Stay tuned...

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by Yosef Hatzadik - 13 Jan 2011 18:02

... even if we do know it, would we want to spoil the fun??

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by ben durdayah - 13 Jan 2011 19:01

But No Green Elephants (part III)

Zanvil came home after a long day of looking for parnussah, at parnussah, at things that look like parnussah- but no such luck. He didn't come home emptyhanded, for when he saw that his prospects of employment as a day-laborer were bleak (*even Grunem the Road-Kill butcher said that he had no use for him*) he grabbed a hitch with a buggy that was making the trip into the nearby shtetl, where he proceeded to make the rounds of all the shteeblach by Mincha-Ma'ariv. Satisfied with the proceeds, he made his way to the town square, and looked for a hitch back home. But none was forthcoming.

Well, Zanvil was nobody's fool, it was cold outside -and that sure did no wonders for his rheumatic arthritis -so he made his way back to the Shomrei Shabbos Sheel (*where the Gabbai announces hitches as they become available- just without a microphone, I did say once upon a time -didn't I?*) where he could warm his aching bones with a steaming cup of tea.

As Zanvil entered the Sheel, a breathtaking sight caught his eyes (*soundtrack=violins galore, angel wings flapping etc. etc.*).

There he sat... in a corner, shuckling over his stender....his high brow furrowed in concentration....his deep blue eyes burning with passion as they swallowed one line of Gemara after another...absentmindedly toying with a golden linke paye... RUCHI'S BASHERTE!!! Zanvil was sure, there can be no mistake...

"Tell me...", said Zanvil in hushed tones to the first person his hand could grab ahold of and shuckling him like a leelav (or klopping him like a hoishannna), "W-h-o i-s tha-t Bachur...o-o-o-over there?"

"Well", said the hapless passerby, "I'd be glad to tell you... But would you mind letting go of my arm first? You're KILLING me!!!"

"Oh, Sorry". said Zanvil.

"Thank you kindly. And for your information, that is Yankel Friedenstien... the pride of Volozhin and his mother, Channa who they call 'the Taddeikes Nisteres' and his father is Hershel the Jeweler who's known as 'The terror of the Diamond Exchange' and alos happens to be the Roish HaKuhel around these parts..."

"Aha, and who's his shver?"

"Shver? He's all of seventeen years old, and he might get to seventy and still be single!"

"Aza zeese bucher'I should become an alter Bucher? I'll bet there are shadchunim who are killing each other trying to get into his father's door!"

"They were, but you know -Hershel isn't really the worlds easiest person you know...and he made it clear that with his expertise in precious gems- he won't sell this ?????? (*I tried to write that in English, but it came out something like 'tackichsaa'*) for anything less than 10,000 golden coins. Yankel may be worth it, but noone in the whole province has that kind of money to put down for a *nadan*."

And with that the passerby walked away as quickly as he could, rubbing his sore arm, and leaving our friend Zanvil deep in thought....

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by ben durdayah - 13 Jan 2011 19:06

BTW- Today is

DAY 14

WE ARE STILL TRUCKIN'...

AND BUSY AS A BEE...

I THOUGHT THAT THE STORY WON'T TAKE MORE THAN ONE LITTLE POST AND IT'S ALREADY BECOME A TRILOGY...

BUT HEY...

THERE'S A MORAL OR TWO AT THE VERY END SO MAYBE IT'S KEDAI TO KEEP ON TRUCKIN' WITH ME...

(THESE CAPS ARE IN TRIBUTE TO MY DEAR FRIEND AND RABBI- THE ONE WHO MADE POSTING IN CAPS A CLASS ACT.... YOU ALL KNOW WHO HE IS)

YOURS ALWAYS,

EBD

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by Yosef Hatzadik - 13 Jan 2011 19:07

ICH KEN OWCHET!

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti
Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 13 Jan 2011 19:12

caps lock 'n load

EBD, i hope the story doesn't finish anytime soon

if it stops i might have to go back to buying Mishpacha-Ami-Hamodia-Binah for my reading

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~~enjoyment~~
Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by bardichev - 13 Jan 2011 19:13

I can't wait for the part when KHALEEDs elter zaydeh gets into the mix

Who is he

A fekketter back in the HAYM was an oisnam

Ebd you are

Kefffaldigggg!!

Was the elter bubbeh channeh a mudernster her shpitzel was ferd hoor not the rug remnanat.

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by Yosef Hatzadik - 13 Jan 2011 19:15

[ZemirosShabbos wrote on 13 Jan 2011 19:12:](#)

This is a REAL bardichever talmid! :D

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ZemiroShabbos - 13 Jan 2011 19:18

(in the bathroom i have the AA big book)

shhhhhhhhhhh...

it's under two possum skins

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ben durdayah - 13 Jan 2011 19:19

[ZemiroShabbos wrote on 13 Jan 2011 19:12:](#)

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EBD, i hope the story doesn't finish anytime soon

if it stops i might have to go back to buying Mishpacha-Ami-Hamodia-Binah for my reading

I may be a recovering addict -but I do have my self respect. :(

I can't believe that you're putting those in the same league as *me!* >

:-[For shame! :-[

My Creative Writing teacher would turn over in his grave if he knew what a short yardstick people use to measure my [strike]riding[/strike] writing.

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Re: Ki Nafalti , Gam Kamti

Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 13 Jan 2011 19:29

bist gerecht!

let me re-phrase: i might have to buy the Equestrian Monthly Journal again...

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