

Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by thompson - 01 Jul 2024 18:22

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Hello, dear brothers, fighting the good fight.

I'm Thompson, and I come in peace - I don't bite.

I've tried many times to quit, and every time fell flat on my face prematurely.

By now, many porn sites have my email address stored (hopefully) securely.

So I figured, what harm can it do if I attempt to kick this via another anonymous online account -  
Resembling the others - all of which only in an incognito window do I mount.

I'm now on day three in my quest toward a clean life,

I pray to our heavenly father that this time, I should get there without much strife.

Amen

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by thompson - 22 Aug 2024 15:17

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Passing a mirror, I stopped to take a hard look at myself—almost as hard as the water in my area—so hard that the mirror nearly broke. In fact, I think I heard a slight cracking sound. Had I not softened my gaze at the very moment I did, something might have happened.

What I saw there didn't please me. I know I need to be more accepting, but this was unacceptable. There was a pair of smallish handprints right in the center. How do these little rascals even reach up there? With a silent sigh, I took a damp rag and began working the glass in a circular motion. After five minutes of intense circling, I stood back to admire my

housekeeping skills, but I was shocked to see the handprints were still there, clinging on for dear life with both hands.

It turns out some mirrors come with preinstalled, permanent miniature hand stains to prevent child labor from occurring. Who woulda thunk it?

I started this with the intention of writing an honest, reflective post, but the flow was too good to ignore. In paragraph two, I tried again, but it kept coming.

I'll try again.

In short, I see that I look for threads/posts where I can express my bleakness. This is not right. It's not fair to newcomers taking their first brave step in opening up, and it's not fair to the old-timers who put in hard work, making this a valuable resource for searching souls.

I can't allow the life events that shaped my darkness to spill over wherever it finds an opportunity.

That's what I saw in the mirror. Those handprints? They're still there.

Now, where's the Windex?

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by youknowwho - 22 Aug 2024 16:04

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Have you tried adding some Mr. Clean to that verily damp rag, my bleak and Twisted comrade?

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology

Posted by Muttel - 22 Aug 2024 19:52

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I know I probably come across as a super positive person, but let me be clear: I've had my fair share of bleak moments where I thought I'd be dealing with this garbage for the rest of my life. It's ok to express disappointment and darkness - the pall invading your happiness. It's even ok to consistently express it.

Just don't be harsher on yourself than you would be on the next guy.

Just because you know yourself well doesn't mean you don't deserve a fair shake.....

Muttel

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology

Posted by thompson - 22 Aug 2024 20:22

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[Muttel wrote on 22 Aug 2024 19:52:](#)

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Exactly. Hence why I'm harsh on other. That way I can do unto myself as I please.

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology

Posted by thompson - 26 Aug 2024 15:21

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Shlemiel liked food.

He liked how it looked, smelled, felt, and, last but not least, tasted. Over time, Shlemiel developed a sickly sweet tooth, from cakes and cookies to Skittles and soda and everything in between; nothing escaped his trap.

Naturally, he was severely - some might even say morbidly - obese.

One day, Shlemiel had a Hisorerus, "That it. This has got to stop. I'm going to cut sugar out of my diet." Knowing that going cold turkey had a low success rate, he made a timed challenge instead.

Fifty days.

He downloaded a tracking app on his (strictly filtred) phone and began his journey. The first few days sailed by effortlessly. Then, around day six, at 11:43 PM, he suddenly found himself standing in the kitchen with half a chocolate bar in his hand after getting into a spat with his wife. The other half was already being pulverized by his powerful jaws. He awoke from his trance in disbelief, "How did this happen?" he wondered. Then the anger set in, "How did I let this happen?!". Closely following was despair, "Eh, I anyhow messed up, I might as well enjoy the rest." (Plus another one, cuz today doesn't count anymore.)

He finished the snack and slowly unlocked his phone to reset his counter, awash in feelings of shame and self loathing.

Over the next few weeks, this story repeated itself every few days. Once, the culprit was stress at work; another time, it was boredom; in a third instance, it was the lack of funds to pay his credit card.

One day, feeling defeated and walking with his head down, Shlemiel bumped into a guy on the street. Literally. "Ouch!" They both exclaimed. When they finally got over the initial awkwardness, a flash of recognition lit up the other guy's face. "Shlemiel, is that you?" Shlemiel looked up and couldn't believe his eyes; standing before him was his old childhood friend, Yerachmiel. But wait a second, as a child, Yerachmiel was the one wearing the husky pants. And now, Shlemiel almost didn't recognize him, looking all slim and fit.

*Well, well, well, how the turn tables.*

After some small talk (weather, job, children, and such), Shlemiel got the courage to ask Yerachmiel how he did it. "I've been trying for a few weeks now to get to fifty days without sugar, but every time after a few days, something happens and, bam, Skittles or, bam, chocolate chip cookies," he complained. "I think this is just not for me."

Yerachmiel looked at his old buddy with understanding. "Ay ol' pal, I feel your pain. Here's an insight that helped me, and it might help you too," he said. "I, too, was in this hamster wheel with no end in sight until someone told me that I needed to shift my focus from getting the full fifty days and instead realizing the progress I'm making with every gram of sugar not consumed."

Seeing the perplexed look on his friend's downtrodden face, Yerachmiel explained, "You used to eat sugar all day, every day, right?" Shlemiel nodded. "Now, you've only junked seven times over the last few weeks, right?" Another nod. "That's a tremendous accomplishment, Shlemiel! The fact that you didn't reach your self-imposed goal of fifty days doesn't make you a loser. The big, currently unattainable goal can be a motivator to train yourself to go longer without junk, but when the inevitable snack happens, you pick up where you left off and, next time, have a longer stretch. You're training your body and mind to rely less on sugar and appreciate nutritious, wholesome food."

Shlemiel nodded slowly as the new information started sinking in, a smile forming on his previously gloomy face.

**Narrator:** It took Shlemiel another few months to fully internalize this message, and that's okay. In the end, Shlemiel died in a car accident, but not before having lost over 43 pounds.

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by redfaced - 26 Aug 2024 15:29

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[thompson wrote on 26 Aug 2024 15:21:](#)

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C'mon so many details missing!!

Was he driving or a pedestrian? If he was driving what was he driving? If he was a pedestrian was he J-walking ? Talking on the phone ?

PS; someone else has to be the Shlemazel - we already have the Shlemiel and the Nudnik

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by youknowwho - 26 Aug 2024 15:36

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We can always rely on a Twisted friend to go right ahead and kill off the main character.

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by chosemyshem - 26 Aug 2024 15:47

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[thompson wrote on 26 Aug 2024 15:21:](#)



**Narrator:** It took Shlemiel another few months to fully internalize this message, and that's okay. In the end, Shlemiel died in a car accident, but not before having lost over 43 pounds.

Just think. If only there'd been a few extra pounds of fat to shield him, our good friend Shlemiel might've survived . . .

Yerachmiel is right, of course. Except when he's wrong. Shlemiel lost the weight - ergo Yerachmiel was right.

Shlemiel's other friend, Shmeichel, also tried to diet and found himself occasionally bingeing. He also bumped into Yerachmiel (and knocked him flying down the street). Yerachmiel gave him the same speech, and Shmeichel was encouraged. But he still wasn't able to lose weight.

Turns out he wasn't training his body to rely less on sugar, he was just switching his eating habits from eating too much every day to eating waaaaaaay too much every few days. In short, Shmeichel was a food addict.

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by thompson - 28 Aug 2024 17:26

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There's a Maamar Chazal that, like many others, can be life-changing - if appropriately implemented.

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Return one day before your death.

In a nutshell, their idea is that none of us know which day will be our last, and it might be right now. A person who knows this is his last day uses those hours differently than most of us.

Cognitively, I know this phrase. Very well. I've repeated it to myself many times over. Yet, somehow, it doesn't have as much effect as I'd expected. This phenomenon always perplexed me. I know people who surprised everyone with their untimely demise. Untimely, that is, in our estimation. Young, healthy, vibrant people. One day, he's chilling with us on this space rock, and the next thing we know, he's back Home. Granted, I didn't sign up for this early departure membership, but rumor is that neither did they.

Knowing this, I've always felt a bit puzzled about my nonchalance.

Recently, a theory of explanation started percolating in my mind.

If I'd known that today was my last day, not only would that hold me back from watching porn, but my whole day would look different.

I'd do radical things that I wouldn't dare do now.

I'd call my father and tell him, "I love you despite all your shortcomings."

I'd give my mother an actual hug.

I certainly wouldn't be at work.

You see, it's hard to live as if it's my last day in regards to, say, porn when the rest of my actions don't reflect that.

It's my understanding that this is precisely what Chazal meant by this phrase. Don't live a dull life. Make every day radical. This will give you a chance to avoid wrongdoing because the rest of your actions will be in sync with this reality.

Just thinking of living this way gives me a new appreciation for Modeh Ani. Imagine waking up and being pleasantly surprised. "Wow! I got another day! Thank You!" Would I need any motivators that day not to watch porn? I doubt it.

Now, that's a scary way to live.

It's much more comfortable to stay low and take life for granted. And when my soul tries to wake

me up and I start feeling unfamiliar and uncomfortable sensations, I can watch porn, which should keep everything quiet.

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by redfaced - 28 Aug 2024 18:01

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[thompson wrote on 28 Aug 2024 17:26:](#)

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Son, I love you too!

Shortcomings? Who, Me?

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by thompson - 28 Aug 2024 21:22

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[redfaced wrote on 28 Aug 2024 18:01:](#)

Son, I love you too!

Shortcomings? Who, Me?

*I knew you're here!*

That 491 day streak seems a bit hard to believe, though, but I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. As in, I'll doubt you - for free.

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by thompson - 29 Aug 2024 16:15

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Thank You Hashem for helping me stay in my lane yesterday.

'twas nice.

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by chaimoigen - 29 Aug 2024 19:45

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[thompson wrote on 28 Aug 2024 17:26:](#)

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You've got me thinking about living with freshness.

I sometimes feel, deep down, that it's kind of irksome that we have to have Elul and Tishrei every year. (I'm mostly anonymous here, so I'll dare verbalise this). I feel like, why do I have to deal again with getting all earnest and coming face to face with all the things I need to fix? why have to deal with uncertainty and judgement?

Why does Hashem insist on making us deal with the pressure and weight of it all, every year.?!?!

Well, even though it's not your exact point- you got me thinking - maybe coming face to face with judgement and mortality is a gift. Because this, and the demand for Teshuva is maybe about being forced to come face to face with the possibility of actual change, and actual new beginnings- new ways of living. Perhaps this can keep life from being on autopilot and blah unfulfilling (which not surprisingly mirrors the exact measure of blah unfulfilling as **I am**, a lot of the time. )

Thank you.

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Re: Thompson, with a 'P', as in psychology  
Posted by thompson - 30 Aug 2024 16:37

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Here's to an awesome Shabbos! [clink]

A sober Shabbos.

A Shabbos in which I don't wield my cynicism at optimism, and I'm not afraid to let myself feel inspired.

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