

I miss me...

Posted by littleneshamale - 10 Jul 2025 00:00

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Hey guys, so I have had a GYE account for give or take a year and really have not been too active. However, recently I was motivated through a vaad with strangers-- whom I'd consider friends, even though I don't know any of them-- to begin my own thread as a personal journaling out loud so-to-speak to help me through my struggle. So here we go!

I'd like to first address the name I chose for myself on GYE and why I chose it. I chose *Little Neshamale* based off the lyrics from Abie Rotenbergs song *Neshamale* because it captures the inner purity I'm trying to protect and return to. Like in the song, I feel the tug-of-war between the *neshama's* innocence and this world's distractions—especially the powerful grip of porn, masturbation, and general lust.

It's a daily battle. These struggles aren't just physical—they chip away at the core of who I want to be and who I know I truly am deep down. But I'm not here to hide in shame. I'm here to fight back, reclaim my dignity, and remember the mission I was sent down for.

*Little Neshamale* is the part of me that never gave up. It's my reminder that even when I fall, I can rise again—because I'm more than my desires. I'm a neshama with purpose.

So now, just a little about me on a personal level. I began struggling with masturbation after accidentally discovering it at the young age of 12. A few months later—driven by confusion and the kind of questions any kid might have when encountering something unfamiliar—I started searching online. That's when I was first exposed to pornography.

From that point on, pornography and masturbation became a constant struggle in my life. Over time, it turned into more than just a struggle—it became, unfortunately, a form of self-therapy. Whatever I was feeling—exhaustion, stress, boredom, sadness, anxiety, even just being alone—it became my default escape. As one of my mentors from GYE puts it, it became my pacifier.

I've had periods in my life where I broke free from it, the most powerful of which was when I was 15—I went eight months without even trying. I wasn't focused on quitting; I was simply immersed in a life I genuinely loved. That season of strength ended, though I can't quite recall how. Since then, I've never reached that same place of effortless clarity.

When I was 17, I held out for a month—my second-longest streak—but it was hollow at its core. My rebbe had proposed a deal to our class: whatever amount we put in, up to \$150, a sponsor would match it if we stayed clean for 30 days. Fail, and we'd lose the money. My drive wasn't conviction—it was cost-avoidance.

I made it through the month, but the effort was mechanical, not meaningful. I remember the exact moment it ended—midnight struck, and I deliberately gave in. I had stayed up just to fall. The pressure from 30 days of white-knuckling erupted, and I plunged headfirst into it. What followed was two months of spiraling—a sharp and painful unraveling I saw coming, yet couldn't

stop.

After high school, I went to yeshiva in Eretz Yisrael, expecting that the spiritual environment alone would elevate me—that everyone gets more serious there, so overcoming this would be a non-issue. I couldn't have been more wrong. While I did grow somewhat in my learning and davening, the addiction quietly persisted, untouched beneath the surface. It didn't scream—it simply settled in, complacent and undisturbed.

During my second year in Eretz Yisrael, my addiction began to evolve—even though the original battles never let up. I had stacked my devices with every filter imaginable to block access to pornography, and while that closed one door, it opened another. I started wrestling with new platforms, new loopholes—and that's when the nature of my desire shifted. Watching was no longer enough. I felt a growing, consuming urge to act, to meet someone in person. That marked the beginning of what has since become my deepest and most persistent struggle.

Thankfully, while still in Eretz Yisrael, that urge never materialized into action. But it was there that I first became fully aware of what was waiting for me back home—how accessible it all could be.

Baruch Hashem, that summer didn't lead to anything, and I returned to Eretz Yisrael the next year as a madrich in a different yeshiva. But the struggle with pornography and masturbation persisted. True to form, I always managed to find a workaround—either through hidden loopholes on my own devices or by gaining private access to others. And behind the scenes, I was a mess. The secrecy, the constant falling, the double life—it was eating away at me. It stunted my spiritual growth, dulled my learning, and slowly chipped away at my emotional and spiritual functionality. I was showing up on the outside, but inside, I was breaking.

When I got home that summer—just this past year—I remember stepping off the plane and almost immediately falling back into old patterns. I went straight to my chats and apps, and within a month, I had arranged to meet a girl nearby. That meeting became my first in-person experience.

Without getting into specifics, I just want to specify that we did not cross *that line*. The truth is, the only reason it didn't go further was because she held that boundary—I wouldn't have been able to stop myself if she was open to it. Afterwards, she wanted to keep meeting up, but Baruch Hashem, I found the strength afterward to block her. I won't sugarcoat it—there have been weak moments when I regretted that decision. But I know it was the right one.

A few months later, while still deep in those same chats, I was holding down a good job—on paper, everything looked fine. That's when I met someone else. After a few meetings, and still not crossing *that line* we had a call and agreed it was best to block each other and move on. And like before, I've had weak moments where I regretted that too. But in that moment, it was the only right decision either of us made.

Fast forward to this past January—my friend and I decided to have a fun night out. The plan was to go to a club, get high (something I've done on and off since I was 18—never habitual, just occasional), dance, unwind, and maybe meet someone.

We had never been to a club before and, being pretty high, ended up in a club of sorts—definitely not the kind we were expecting. It was a much more adult-oriented scene.

Let's just say the night included things that were physical, but not necessarily sexual. That night left me feeling off, however the full weight of what happened didn't hit until the next day.

A few months passed, and by then I had MB Smart and WebChaver set up, which closed off most of my access points. But there was still one small loophole I hadn't dealt with. It felt minor—but it became a major struggle. Baruch Hashem, I eventually blocked it. And like the rest of this journey, there have been weak moments where I questioned that decision.

It was around then that my most destructive struggle began. I learned about it during a conversation with a friend—and honestly, I wish I hadn't. Out of respect for anyone reading this, and to avoid triggering or introducing harmful ideas, I won't go into specifics.

I acted on it twice. Both times, I crossed *that line* I had managed to avoid for years. I wouldn't say I live in constant regret, because I try not to carry that. But I do wish I had never gone down that road. And yet, despite knowing all of that, the urge to go back is still there—every single day.

Well so much for “just a little about me,” lol. This is where I'm holding now—still occasionally finding ways to access pornography, still haunted by past experiences that surface constantly, especially when I'm alone or feeling anything deeply. I'm struggling with masturbation daily.

I know this was a lot—and truthfully, I left out even more than I actually wrote. I just wanted to lay out what I guess are the “big” pieces.

But beneath it all, I know there's a version of me that's light, joyful, always smiling, always making people laugh. He's still in there—I just want him to be present all the time, not only when things are good. I want him back.

Truth is... I miss me.

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by littleneshamale - 21 Jul 2025 04:30

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**Hey everyone,**

It's been over a week since I last checked in here. Truth is, I felt ashamed. After pouring my heart out in my previous post, I slipped just over 24 hours later. That shame kept me from logging back on. But the other day, one of my GYE accountability partners gave me the pep talk I didn't know I needed — and reminded me why I'm here.

So here's the truth:

Two weeks ago, I went five days clean — no pornography, no release. That was the longest streak I've had since last summer. And those five days? Emotionally and mentally, they were some of the best I've felt in a long time.

But here's where I sabotaged it — I kept edging. I would start to masturbate multiple times a day, just not "finish." For most, that's not considered clean. But for me, it was progress. Still, the problem was clear: I wasn't guarding my eyes, my thoughts, or my actions. I wasn't truly setting myself up for long-term success.

As one of my closest friends told me today — and it really hit me — the real path to lasting success isn't just being *shomer habris* or *shomer einayim*. It's being *shomer machshavos*. Guarding your mind. Keeping your thoughts holy. That's the foundation everything else rests on.

Over the past week, I fell multiple times — Motzei Shabbos, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Some were small slips. Others were worse. But since Friday afternoon, I've been clean. Not just physically — but mentally. My eyes, my thoughts, and my actions are all in check. And I'm feeling that clarity again.

And then... **Shabbos**.

**Shabbos gave me the reset I desperately needed.**

This past Shabbos was exactly what I needed — uplifting, grounding, and real. I had a few close friends over, and we spoke openly about life, our struggles, and where we're trying to grow. Those conversations lifted a weight I didn't even realize I was carrying. Today carried that energy forward — I had a powerful call with one of the incredible GYE brothers, and later met up with some friends who recently returned from Eretz Yisrael for the summer. We had a deep, honest conversation about everything going on in our lives. Then, in the evening, I was supposed to have a horseback riding lesson — something I had been looking forward to all week. But just as it began, the rain came down and it was called off.

At first, I was disappointed. But then I reminded myself: *This is Hashem's plan*. I don't need to understand it — I just need to trust it. And just like that - 15 minutes later, the skies cleared, the sun came back out, and it turned into a gorgeous day. Since I was already out in nature, I decided to explore. I ended up on a peaceful trail — a hidden gem I know I'll return to.

I came home, davened with a minyan for all three *tefilllos* (big win for me), and felt completely uplifted. Full of hope. Full of clarity.

One last thought —that *shomer machshavos* idea which my friend shared with me connected deeply to what Rabbi Joey Haber said in the Friday Vayimaen video. He spoke about the danger of living with a *searching mindset* — how even in marriage (and certainly before, for us single guys), constantly scanning the horizon, sizing people up, and wondering if someone else

might be more attractive, more exciting, or a better fit — chips away at everything sacred. For those of us still unmarried, it often looks like (at least for me) checking out every person who walks by, playing out mental fantasies, and letting our thoughts wander unchecked. That mindset doesn't just weaken our future relationships — it disconnects us from ourselves, from the people around us, and most importantly, from Hashem.

We need to stop looking outside the life Hashem gave us and start living inside it. Fully. Gratefully. Intensely. *Work on ourselves. Elevate what we already have. See the blessings in front of us.*

*Bli neder*, I'm committing to post something short each day this week — not for attention, but for myself. To stay grounded, to stay honest, and to stay in the fight. Maybe even another verse or two of the *Little Neshama* song rewrite.

BezH, this will be a strong, meaningful week — for me, for all of us here on GYE, and for Klal Yisrael.

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by cleanmendy - 21 Jul 2025 13:42

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It seems to me that we have a giant amongst us!

The clarity with which you write, the thought out ideas, the brutal honesty and the will to grow and grow, is guaranteed to bring you to places you didn't dream of!

That idea of not looking and looking all around us for something 'better' or 'new', is so powerful. Thank Hashem that you are zoche to work on this now before you get married, so you and your future lucky wife will be able to fully connect, having you fully and exclusively interested in her.

Also how you took this idea to all areas of life,

**"We need to stop looking outside the life Hashem gave us and start living inside it. Fully. Gratefully. Intensely. *Work on ourselves. Elevate what we already have. See the blessings in front of us.*"**

Powerful and inspiring, thank you for joining our family!

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by littleneshamale - Yesterday 03:40

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### **Wow. What an unbelievable day.**

It started with a simple 5-minute check-in call — something my friends and I decided to make a daily habit. As quick as it was, that call gave me the exact spark I needed to launch the day with motivation and grounding. Sometimes, that's all it takes — **one small act of connection to shift the entire direction of your day.**

Work was long, but incredibly fulfilling. I stayed almost two hours late, but I barely noticed the time. The pace, the progress — it all flowed. That sense of productivity, of doing what I needed to do — it just felt amazing. **I felt like I actually *showed up* to life today.**

After work, I made what turned out to be the best decision of my day: I drove out to a hidden gem I discovered just 15 minutes from the office. For nearly two hours, I just *was* — surrounded by trees, ocean air, quiet animals, breathtaking views... and most of all, the presence of Hashem. I genuinely felt like I was spending quality alone time with the Ribono Shel Olam. **Not in some abstract way — it felt real. Intimate. Like He was right there with me.**

And in that space... I felt something I've been davening for: **oneness with Hashem.** Real, intimate ***deveikus***. Like it was just me and Him — no noise, no distractions, no filters. Just His presence, surrounding and holding me. **It was magical.** I've been asking for that feeling in tefillah lately — and today, I felt it answered in full.

Of course, the next step is figuring out how to bring that sensation with me into everyday life — not just in the peaceful moments, but in the busy, noisy ones too. And that's a process. Baby steps. Slowly building a strong foundation. Not getting worked up when things don't click right away. **Growth isn't instant** — and honestly, it shouldn't be.

As the day ended, I stayed to watch the most breathtaking sunset — golden hues, soft pink streaks, and red sparks glittering off the trees and ocean. It was absolutely *mesmerizing*. I sat there in stillness, fully present, feeling Hashem's love, His faith in me, His gentle reminder that He's walking with me — step by step — as I return to the truest version of myself. The joyful me. The laughing, smiling, ***alive*** me.

There's something powerful about spending time alone in nature. It's like stepping out of the chaos of daily life and entering a kind of Gan Eden — sacred, pure, and whole. I tried doing a bit of *hisbodedus* — something a friend recommended (though I'll be honest, it's harder than I

expected lol). I also meditated for a while... and somewhere in the silence, I entered this state of absolute serenity, tranquility, and just... zen. **Authentic menuchas hanefesh.**

I found myself looking around in awe — at the trees, the waves, the colors, the sounds — and just thinking: *How? Why? From where?* I started reflecting on the world, Hashem's infinite design, and our place within it. I realized — there's no real word for it. "Creativity" doesn't do justice when we're talking about the **Ein Sof**. There *is* no word. I just sat there just soaking it all in. Feeling small, but somehow full.

It was grounding. It was humbling. It was deeply moving.

I just hope I can hold onto this beauty — let it carry through my week... and maybe, **b'ezras Hashem, through my life.**

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by BenHashemBH - Yesterday 12:55

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Shalom Brother,

This is almost surreal to read. Incredible! I can almost feel your shleimus as you describe your experience.

Thank you so much for sharing. It is a huge chizzuk for me, and I'm sure others as well.

Mamash beautiful. Kol Tov

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by littleneshamale - Today 04:59

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Not really sure how to start this. Honestly, I really just want to go to sleep and avoid all this...

But I know it's healthy for me — to think it out, to process it, and to put it into writing.

It feels strange... coming off such an uplifting Shabbos, then a Sunday where I *clearly* felt Hashem showing me that He runs this world with a plan, and then yesterday — where I genuinely felt *one* with Hashem in a moment of real deveikus...

And then today.

Today was not a great day. I worked from home — and I knew, even before I went to sleep last night, that it would be difficult. But “difficult” turned out to be a major understatement.

I don't like to use the word *impossible*, but for where I am right now in my journey, being home alone with an unfiltered device is a **nonstop avodah**. Every moment requires active resistance. I have a major issue with my laptop filter — it's way too easy to turn it off and just as easy to put it back on, so I'm essentially living with an unfiltered device. Dangerous territory.

I'm going to walk through the events of today step-by-step. ***THIS MAY BE TRIGGERING FOR SOME***, but I'll keep it as PG as possible. More than anything, this is for myself — a journal entry to review what happened, understand why, and hopefully gain a better perspective on how to move forward.

The day started off with me checking GYE on my laptop. Usually, I try not to go on screens first thing — I like to get up, take a quick walk, get some sunlight. But that didn't happen today.

After checking GYE, I went to my personal email and saw a message in one of my old spam accounts — the kind I used to use for random sites and apps. The email was from a “woman,” and the moment I saw it, I transformed. Out of *real me*... and into **behaima me**.

I took off my filter and went to the site. After some quick investigating, I realized (unsurprisingly) it was just another bot — like 99% of these messages. But by then, I was already *in it*. **That mood, that cloud, that pull.**

I felt myself being drawn into pornography. I could hear this small voice in the back of my head whispering:

*“It's not worth it. You're going to regret this. You've been on such a high — don't throw it all away for this.”*

**But my hands and fingers were in a different world.**

I watched for about 10 minutes — until a work text snapped me back. That small interruption gave me just enough clarity to stop — as one of my accountability partners later reminded me, *“Even simply thinking about texting someone can break the cycle.”* I “pulled the plug,” slammed the laptop shut, and jumped into a cold shower.



I thought I beat it. But in truth, I had just delayed it. **I had already tasted the impurity** — and that taste lingered.

Later in the day, I found myself craving stimulation. I re-downloaded an app I hadn't touched in a long time — one that still had contacts of people I used to talk to, none of which I ever followed through with... because most of them were the type you pay for.

In the past, I've held myself back from that line — because of my mental health, my future wife, future kids, risk of STDs, and this quote someone once told me:

**“If you wouldn't lick a public toilet, why would you lick *that*?”**

Crude, but clear.

But today was different. I wasn't thinking straight. **I wasn't really thinking at all.** All the warning signs I'd respected before... I just ignored. I contacted someone. We agreed on a time. A price.

When I went to the store to buy the gift card she requested, **Hashem intervened.**

The card I picked — out of dozens — happened to be broken. The cashier told me, *“That's never happened before.”* I was reimbursed and told i could go grab another.

On the way, I said to Hashem (foolishly):

*“If that was really You, not just coincidence, then make the second one break too. If You do that, I'll know for sure and I'll walk away.”*

**Hashem is God. He doesn't owe me two signs.**

Unfortunately, the second card worked. So I went.

At the location, she texted me to wait outside, told me she'd come out to get me. But she never showed. She started insisting I send her the last 4 digits of the card, the receipt, what kind of car I was driving, what shirt I was wearing, where I was parked. I gave vague answers — part of me terrified I was about to be jumped.

Then she sends me another number and says I need to contact this guy on WhatsApp to tell him she'll be safe with me.

And that's when it hit me:

**WhatsApp is my real life.** That app connects me to my family, my friends, my work, my Vayimaen videos. **My actual life.**

That sudden mental interruption — just thinking about my real life — gave me the clarity I needed. And this time, *Baruch Hashem*, **I clearly saw Hashem's hand guiding me away.**

I left.

I drove away to a nearby park to cool down. And for the first time in years... **I cried.**

**Real, painful, emotional tears.**

I've lost family members. I've had close friends killed in the war in Eretz Yisrael. And yet, I haven't cried in years. I've numbed myself over time — from emotion, from pain, from myself. And today, I broke open.

I called one of my accountability partners. I could barely get words out. But *finally*, I spoke, and **we had a powerful, healing conversation.**

I went back home — and back to work (yes, I literally left *mid-workday* to go down this dark road). I finished the day and had a surprise call from my cousin. We schmoozed for a while, and then I spoke with one of my GYE brothers who gave me solid advice.

But then — an hour later — **it was like I became a zombie.**

I walked back to my room, locked the door, took off the filter, and started browsing. It was on and off — watch for 15 minutes, distract myself with pushups, music, a book... then back again. The problem? **I never left my room.**

Eventually, I gave in completely. I “finished.” And the moment after... I felt **absolute disgust with myself.**

After a long shower, I sat with the question:

**What do I do with this gift card — this object that was meant for aveirah?**

I decided to use that same card — which was originally bought for a *horrendous sin* — to install **Teckloq**, which will BezH be a bulletproof, irremovable filter.

**If that money was meant for tumah, I'm going to redirect it for kedusha.**

As for tomorrow... I'm not going to act like I just “reset to zero.” **That's the mindset that's failed me before.**

Instead, I'm going to zoom out and look at the full picture:

**I was clean 4 out of the last 5 days.** That's progress. That's huge. I'm not on Day Zero — I'm on **Day Six**, with 4 clean wins already behind me.

And now I'm trying something new — a tactic one of my GYE brothers recommended:

**Dear Little Neshamale,**

I know you're feeling in the dumps right now. Especially after such incredible highs. But it's okay to slip. It happens. **Beating yourself up will only lead to more falls** — and you know that. You've *lived* that.

That version of you earlier today? **That wasn't really you.** That was the Yetzer Hara, doing the job Hashem assigned to him.

But now it's *your* turn. Your task. Your mission.

**Bases are loaded. Down by 3. Two outs. Bottom of the ninth.**

Time to step up and **hit that grand slam** — for yourself, for your future wife, for your future kids.

**Smack that ball outta the park.**

No one can do it for you. But you don't need anyone else to. You've got this. Even at your lowest, **you *know* you've got this.** And Hashem? He's always known. That's why He gave you this challenge in the first place.

**Tomorrow is a new day. Day 6. We're 5 days clean. Let's make it count.**

As I once learned with my father in Sefer Benayahu al HaTorah by the Ben Ish Chai (I had to ask him to remind me the quote — without tipping him off what it was for

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**Dear Little Neshamale,**

I know you're feeling in the dumps right now. Especially after such incredible highs. But it's okay to slip. It happens. **Beating yourself up will only lead to more falls** — and you know that. You've *lived* that.

That version of you earlier today? **That wasn't really you.** That was the Yetzer Hara, doing the job Hashem assigned to him.

But now it's *your* turn. Your task. Your mission.

**Bases are loaded. Down by 3. Two outs. Bottom of the ninth.**

Time to step up and **hit that grand slam** — for yourself, for your future wife, for your future kids.

**Smack that ball outta the park.**

No one can do it for you. But you don't need anyone else to. You've got this. Even at your lowest, **you know you've got this.** And Hashem? He's always known. That's why He gave you this challenge in the first place.

**Tomorrow is a new day. Day 6. We're 5 days clean. Let's make it count.**

As I once learned with my father in Sefer Benayahu al HaTorah by the Ben Ish Chai (I had to ask him to remind me the quote — without tipping him off what it was for  
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Even if a person falls a thousand times, he must never despair. **Each time he rises — he is even more beloved before Hashem than before the fall.**

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by justwannabefree - Today 05:27

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Wow hashem must love you because lemayasa he pulled you back from a place that would have taken you to a whole new level.

Even though you lemayasa fell in your room, its probably nowhere near what you would have felt if you fell with that person, and getting back up would probably be much harder. I also recently fell after a few weeks clean so I'm in this with you buddy.

Can I just add my humble two cents? I was just thinking from reading how you started off you pointed it how you had been feeling so high and one with Hashem and how you had just had such an uplifting Shabbos. I just wanted to share a thought on that from my own experience.

In my experience there are some times when we feel very inspired and close. In those moments it may be very hard for the yh to get us, we are flying high. But those moments are many times only few and far in between. It is mostly the case that we feel just regular and plenty of times we will feel down.



Therefore can I suggest that its better not to focus on getting to an emotional place where one looks out on the challenge from the prism of the emotional high and tells himself these are my true feelings and I'm dedicated to using these feelings to combat the YH. Because although its probably true that deep down those are your feelings, the YH will come to you when those feelings are masked by other feelings maybe a bad mood or even a bland mood. And your previous high wont be accessible for you as a tool at that moment. Its more important to take your strong emotions and use them as a motivation to learn urge management tools while your still strong, so that you can use them when your not as strong.

yours truly and with you on the front lines, jwbfb

P.S I'm not suggesting that emotions can't be used to build motivation overall they probably should be used for that I'm just suggesting that you can't bank on the emotions themselves to help you in a time of crisis. Hope I'm making sense. Also just to be clear I'm not assuming your mindset, maybe this wasn't how you were thinking. I am writing just in case it was.

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