

I miss me...

Posted by littleneshamale - 10 Jul 2025 00:00

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 - Yesterday 05:26

Today's Post

Today wasn't dramatic. It wasn't some emotional breakthrough or spiritual high.

It was just hard. Quietly, steadily hard.

The day started early — no breathing room, no breaks. From the jump, it was hustle mode.

And as the hours went on, the pressure just kept piling. One task after the next. One more thing added to the list. I barely had time to think. But under all that busyness was a steady hum of dread — not about work... **but about what would happen when I got home.**

Because I know my pattern.

A day like this — stressful, exhausting, overstimulated — usually ends in porn or masturbation.

That's the old wiring. It's been my go-to escape for years.

But I don't want that anymore. I don't want to keep reinforcing the same broken loop.

A GYE brother told me something later in the day that's been echoing in my head:

"If you don't learn how to handle this now, when it's just work stress, it's going to eat you alive when you're married."

He's right. And I've been carrying that with me.

So I made a plan: after work, I'd find a quiet park. **Reset. Breathe.**

But I don't know the area near this office too well — and I wasn't sure where to go.

There's a girl in my office — not Jewish, kind, attractive. We both stayed late today.

I asked her if she knew any peaceful spots around.

She gave me a suggestion — and that should've been it.

Honestly, I could have easily just looked for something on Google Maps, **but I wanted an excuse to talk to her.**

Before even asking her, **my mind already began building fantasies. False stories.** Hoping she would come to the park with me.

I didn't say anything inappropriate. But I didn't shut the door, either.

I left it open. Hoping, maybe, she'd walk through.

Baruch Hashem, she didn't. But it still left a mark. It felt like I had let something slip.

I went to the park. It was beautiful — but crowded. No shade.

Too many challenges with shmiras einayim. So I left.

Back in the car, alone with my thoughts, I felt myself spiraling again.

Not actively choosing anything — just being pulled.

I made a few calls on the drive home. Most didn't answer.

But then, *one* did. One brother picked up. And **that call saved my day.**

He helped me snap out of the fog — gave me just enough space to breathe again.

When I got home, I stayed around people. Kept the door open.

Put on a light show to ground myself. **Just stayed above water.**

Then I hit the road — I had a nice drive out of town for Shabbos.

And now, I'm writing this post, gonna get ready for bed, and put this day to bed.

It wasn't a "wow" day. But it was a *win*.

And sometimes that's even more powerful.

Because not all victories come with fireworks.

Some come in silence, in sweat, in choosing not to fall — even when no one would know if you did.

Today was clean.

Today was progress.

And I'm grateful.

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by goldwings - Yesterday 05:52

Your a giant in our midst!

Keep posting your golden posts.

Get stronger and pull us all up with you!

Thank you for the chizzuk!!

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by cleanmendy - Yesterday 11:39

[littleneshamale wrote on 25 Jul 2025 05:26:](#)

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I'm not changing your story but if you look at it this way, its definitely a majorly WOW!!!! day, keep it up:)

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by hashemisonmyside - Yesterday 15:17

i love your post as always, but disagree with the way you look at it, to me this is a "WOW DAY" the fact that you had all the reason to give in to your urges and you didn't that's called "beyond successful day" so keep pushing the YH away, but also change your prospectus, just by saying "eizhi gibor hakoveish as yitzroi" which is exactly what you did today...

Git Shabbos!

Chodesh Tov!!

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by davidt - Yesterday 15:23

,This post hit me hard. The honesty about the "quiet, steady hard" days - those are often the most important battles we fight, and you nailed it.

Your awareness is incredible. Recognizing the pattern before it played out, seeing the fantasy-building with your coworker for what it was, catching yourself in the spiral - that's real growth. You didn't shame yourself into paralysis; you just observed and redirected.

That call that saved your day? That's exactly why we're here. And the fact that you kept trying until someone picked up shows you've learned to reach out instead of white-knuckling it alone.

Your friend was right about the marriage insight too. Learning to handle stress without the escape route - that's building the foundation for everything that comes next.

"Some come in silence, in sweat, in choosing not to fall — even when no one would know if you did."

That line is going to stick with me. That's the real work right there.

Thanks for sharing this. Days like yours are victories worth celebrating, even if quietly.

Gut Shabbos, brother.

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