

STORY TIMEPosted by stillgoing - 13 Jul 2015 17:27

SNAPPY'S BOWL**Chapter 1**

Once upon a time, far far away, on the top of a mountain, there lived a family of birds. They were a happy little bunch who lived their lives hunting for worms, and keeping away from cats. The Birdy family had many young fledglings. The youngest Birdy was named Flyhigh. He was the baby of the family (so far) and all of the other birds pampered him with extra worms and shiny pieces of ribbon that they would pull off of Mrs. Mc'Odells hat while she was gardening on Sunday mornings.

Flyhigh was a small bird, but everyone had high hopes that he would go far. He was smart, and could smell a picnic all the way from the top of the old tree they called home. One day, while Mama bird was bathing in the lake, and Papa bird was out with the older birds gathering sticks to strengthen the nest after a branch fell on it, Flyhigh was flying around aimlessly, and noticed a very good looking piece of fish, sitting on Mrs. Mc'Odells back porch. By rights, the fish belonged to Snappy, the mean black cat who lived in Mrs. Mc'Odells house, but Snappy was snoozing and Flyhigh saw no reason that he shouldn't swing down for a minute and have some fresh tuna. Scanning the area from a birds eye view for potential dangers (or any of his brothers, who might tattle on him), Flyhigh dropped down on the porch, and started pecking away at the fish. It was good, But Flyhigh was a good little bird, and he remembered what his Mama told him about Snappy, so he only stayed for half a minute, and then flew off back home. Feeling guilty, he made sure to help out at home and be an extra good listener for his Mother.

The next day he went off to the porch again to see if there was any more tuna. Sure enough, there it was. This time he couldn't see Snappy but he figured that he was probably inside somewhere with Mrs. Mc'Odells. Today, the fish was better than ever. While Flyhigh was pecking away he suddenly saw a flash of black and felt the rush of air as Snappy came bounding up the stairs at his bowl and the bird intruder! Without a moment to spare, Flyhigh took off into the air, as Snappy stood there making all sorts of scary cat growls. His little heart beating fast, Flyhigh flew up as high as he could go until he began to get dizzy from the heights. After a bit, he flew back home and hardly ate any of his worm supper that Mama gave him. For one thing, he was full, and besides, he was feeling so guilty and upset at himself for doing something so stupid, just for a few moments of pleasure. That night Flyhigh slept fitfully, with dreams full of flying cats on brooms that said Mc'Odells on them. After Flyhigh was sleeping, Mrs. Birdy went for a fly with Mr. Birdy.

"I'm worried about Flyhigh," She said. "He's not acting his happy self recently, and tonight he barely ate supper!"

Mr. Birdy listened closely "give him time, "he answered quickly. "He's probably just going through a difficult stage"

"But you always say that about him!" his wife answered back. "You are too soft on him. I've heard that he's been hanging out by the Mc'Odells's house a lot recently. He needs a strong father figure!"

"So you want him to end up like poor Tweety?!" Mr. Birdy answered back. "You know what happened when his father was too hard on him, he ran away and got shot by a hunter! Is that better?!"

Mrs. Birdy was silent. What could she say. Tweety's death was a tragedy in the bird community, and everyone knew that Tweety's father was very strict with him. Perhaps her husband was right. She would give Flyhigh more time. Maybe if she gave him some more responsibilities, he would be too busy to get into trouble.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by annauthor6 - 25 May 2017 15:22

Rabbi Hecht put down the phone and sighed. That was the third call from their interned provider, that someone was using the schools internet to acces po.nagraphec websites. He knew such problems existed but he had no time to deal with it. If people found out, it would look terrible for the school. Suddenly his intercom buzzed "Rabbi Hecht, Mike is on line 2 " Mrs Kliners voice came through the speaker"

"Hello Mike" Rabbi Hecht said. "What can I do for you?"

"Well rabbi" Mike's aging voice came through, "you know that I love the boys at ZK like I would my own children had Emily and I ever had any. I was wondering if there was any project what you wanted me.to take care of. Since you're not updating your furnace now, maybe there is something else that you'd like me to do."

The words came out of Rabbi Hechts mouth before he had a chance to even think about them. "Mike" he said, "I have the perfect job for you. Someone.is logging onto the schools internet service and using it to go onto inappropriate sights. We have cameras set up but I'm not able to check each one and the exact times that the server is being used. This sounds like the perfect thing for you, with your attention to detail and time, I think you can really figure this out."

Mike paused on the other end of the line, and Rabbi Hecht almost wished that he had never brought up the whole topic.

"Ok Rabbi" Mike said. "I'll do it, but on one condition".

"What's that?"

"I need to have access to everything. I know a thing or two about computers and if I'm going to make an investigation, I can't have it blocked by a lack of access"

"I don't think we need a whole blown investigation." Rabbi Hecht said. "I just thought that you could check the cameras if any cars are loitering in the parking lot late at night."

"Don't worry Rabbi, "Mike assured "I'll take care of it"

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by eslaasos - 25 May 2017 15:50

The tension is mounting.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Trouble - 25 May 2017 23:47

This story kinda gives me the creeps.

I remember the days I used to buy/steal the small 120 page books from the airport convenience store. This book/story would be on the bottom two rows in the circular racks. Those days, they wouldn't dare show a picture of young boys on the front cover. The books I liked were prominently featured dead center!

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by bb0212 - 26 May 2017 06:42

I miss the good old stories from 8 years ago. Those stories, you were able to read them all at once without waiting. Nowadays.... We have to wait for stories to continue..

And thanks Mr Author!

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 30 May 2017 00:59

[bb0212 wrote on 26 May 2017 06:42:](#)

I miss the good old stories from 8 years ago. Those stories, you were able to read them all at once without waiting. Nowadays.... We have to wait for stories to continue..

And thanks Mr Author!

TZ used to be hounded for the next edition of Harry.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by bb0212 - 30 May 2017 05:24

[cordnoy wrote on 30 May 2017 00:59:](#)

[bb0212 wrote on 26 May 2017 06:42:](#)

I miss the good old stories from 8 years ago. Those stories, you were able to read them all at once without waiting. Nowadays.... We have to wait for stories to continue..

And thanks Mr Author!

TZ used to be hounded for the next edition of Harry.

:grinning:twas a joke. When I read Harry, last week, I didn't have to wait for the next installment. Now I'm realizing that the joke was not that funny. Please bear with me 😊

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Re: STORY TIME
Posted by Hakolhevel - 13 Jun 2017 18:48

Any continuation to the story?

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Re: STORY TIME
Posted by Hakolhevel - 25 Dec 2018 19:06

Bump

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Re: STORY TIME
Posted by stillgoing - 25 Dec 2018 21:50

I actually reached out to aannauthor6 about this story. He said that he lost access to his gye account, and got involved in other projects. Maybe if Markz gets on his case we might have a continuation..

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Re: STORY TIME
Posted by mirror - 25 Dec 2018 21:55

Can he just send you the unedited rest of the story as is?

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Markz - 26 Dec 2018 02:47

That's not my main worry today.

Im concerned about FlyHigh from page 1. That is 1 brilliant story!!!

Did he make safely it to the BB section?

●**Warning: Spoiler!**

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 26 Dec 2018 16:21

[mirror wrote on 25 Dec 2018 21:55:](#)

Can he just send you the unedited rest of the story as is?

I'll ask him.

Mark, thanks for the flash back. I just re-read that story and cried no less than 3 times! It is a great story, and I relate to it no less now, three years later then I did at the time. Only difference is, that now I'm stayn in mrs mc'oodels basement.

(and I may even agree to cordnoys critique of the story after all)

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Hakolhevel - 30 Dec 2018 01:05

IT WON'T HAPPEN TO ME

By A Desperate Parent

I am writing out of desperation and frustration, and in the hope that someone will be able to provide some useful advice. I will skip the preface and begin with the problem:

I live in a pleasant neighborhood, and I am part of a very close knit and caring community. Recently an individual moved into our neighborhood. This person happens to be a very intelligent and suave individual. While he can't in any way be considered an official Chossid, he is without question a very good friend of the Chassidim, and has provided immeasurable assistance to numerous mosdos.

He is very witty and entertaining, and extremely willing to extend a helping hand to anyone in need. He is always helping out kids with their homework, and in general giving them a good time and keeping them out of their parent's hair. He helped one woman fix a broken sink, saving her thousands of dollars. And when anyone needs information about almost anything for any reason, he is a veritable fountain of knowledge.

Needless to say his popularity is soaring. Many in our community bless the day when he decided to join us.

But. . .

But its been whispered for some time, and subsequently confirmed, that this individual has had a very shady past, one in which he dabbled with ideas VERY foreign to Torah and Judaism. Ideas that would be classified as Avodah Zara, one of the three cardinal sins of Yehoreg veal yaavor. Ideas that he has never fully renounced to date.

When this information began coming to light there was a subtle but persistent campaign by various members of our community to warn parents against allowing their children to associate with this individual. I mean, we all continued to treat him royally, we continued to respect his virtues and varied talents, but the protection of our children should be our number one priority. Right

To my surprise and chagrin, the campaign met with little to no success. Not that anyone challenged the information. On the contrary, every yenta had their own little tidbit to enhance the developing story. But as far as concerns for the safety of our own children, these were dismissed as unrealistic and fatalistic.

Some time went by, and the teenage son of one of the fine and upstanding families in our neighborhood began showing laxity towards crucial aspects of Yiddishkeit, while espousing

ideas that he had definitely not heard from his Rebbe in Yeshiva. It took little investigation to trace the source of the problem to the above individual.

While sharing in the sorrow of a fellow Jew, I was certain that this cloud had a silver lining. At least now the danger would finally be recognized, and everyone else would take appropriate precautions for the future.

To my shock and dismay I was wrong. Again.

While feeling genuine sympathy for what their neighbor was experiencing, the overall response of the neighborhood parents was that this teenager must have been heading astray from the start, and they still didn't believe that their own children were in any risk.

The story doesn't end there.

Shortly after the above incident some new information came to light. This fellow's past escapades included even worse incidents than what had previously become known (suffice it to say that there were others of the three cardinal aveiros). What's more, he had a record of improper contact with children in the past, with catastrophic results.

Undaunted by their earlier failures, some diehards embarked on yet a third campaign to show people the folly of their ways. And still nothing changed in our community.

Not that anyone questioned the information. Nor did anyone bring to light anything that could exonerate him. Yet everyone chose to look only at what they could see of him and of his interaction with their children, and he continued to be a welcome guest in the majority of the homes in our neighborhood.

And then came the last blow. It was discovered that he had been making available to some local children indecent publications.

By now I was certain that everyone would be convinced that this person was merely a demon disguised as an angel.

Could you believe that I was still wrong?

Though it's true that many people, at this point, did see the light, there were many others who persisted in coming to his defense, pointing out that he didn't show anything to anyone who didn't themselves ask for it, and that if anyone is at fault it is the parents of the victims etc. etc.. They insisted on focusing on all of his positive qualities, pointing out that anyone seeking inappropriate reading materials would have easy access to them anyways, even without this person's help.

I still see this individual as a prominent shabbos guest in most homes, and as an esteemed participant at all kinds of programs and functions (including children's functions, where he continues to have unsupervised interaction with local children).

I (and others) beg people: Don't let him into your house!! KEEP HIM AWAY FROM YOUR

CHILDREN!! But alas our words are falling on deaf ears. The women promise to discuss it with their husbands. The men say they'll discuss it with their wives. BUT NOTHING CHANGES.

This is where my story ends, and my plea begins. It may or may not be my affair, but there is an injunction in the Torah LO TAAMOD AL DAM REIECHO! We just can't sit back passively and witness tens of families destroy their children slowly but surely.

What should we do?! What can we do

All of the above is a true story. Not only that, but it is taking place not in one community, but in almost every community around the world. In fact, many of you are probably familiar with the individual in question. His name starts with a W. Three of them in fact. And his last name is always dotcom or dotnet or dotsomethingorother. He is the Internet a.k.a. chatrooms a.k.a. email/instantmessaging. The invasive stranger from Cyberspace.

Surely you heard speeches decrying the dangers of the Internet. Surely you've heard from rabbanim and mechanchim about the great risks inherent in email and chat rooms. Surely everyone has read all kinds of articles lamenting the great damage that has actually been caused (to young and old alike) by various aspects of the Internet. Some articles may have even been very convincing (you know, the ones you downloaded from the internet so that you can email them to a friend).

And yet this vile object continues to be a welcome guest in the majority of Jewish homes. We continue to benefit from its multitude of services, from helping our children with their homework, to saving us money on plane tickets, to organizing our affairs.

It continues to hold a prominent place in many homes. All the while corrupting our youth, perverting their minds, and defiling the very essence of our family purity.

None of this is even a drop of an exaggeration. On the contrary: it is understating the problem. I don't think anyone today still questions the dangers entailed. And most people must know families who were personally impacted by this blessing of modern technology.

What more will it take for us to open up our eyes, to take action before its too late? How many victims do there have to be before we acknowledge that the danger is genuine? How many casualties before we pay heed to all the horror-stories

The point of the above is very simple: If you care at all about the future and spiritual wellbeing of your children GET RID OF THE INTERNET FROM YOUR HOUSE! BREAK THE MODEM! DESTROY ANYTHING THAT PROVIDES INTERNET ACCESS! If the only way to do this is to get rid of your computer, then by all means GET RID OF IT.

At the very least download this article and email it to a friend. And chalk up another credit to the Internet.

CREDIT: RABBI WAGNER TORONTO

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Hashem Help Me - 30 Dec 2018 12:21

Please send this in to every jewish magazine in the world to feature on the first page!

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 14 May 2019 22:10

[Realestatemogul wrote on 14 May 2019 04:13:](#)

Storytime!!!!

Mike lived in a far away country. He grew up in a small town in northern Sweden, where most of the year the ground was full of snow and the sun didn't shine. Every year the kids would be busy playing in the snow or trekking along on a pair of skis. Mike, however, was different.

See, ever since he watched the summer Olympics as a young 6 year old and watched a couple of races and marathon he had a burning passion to run. Now you can imagine what it is like to become a runner in a country that prides itself in bobsledding and cross country skiing. Needless to say, Mike wasn't exactly in the best position to follow his dreams.

The thing was that no matter how many people tried telling him he was crazy and he would never be an Olympic runner, he just kept on going. It wasn't always easy. In matter of fact, for most of his young life he just kept failing. He would try to enter local races and he would not even qualify as a participant due to his poor race times. He would often wonder why he thought he could do it, maybe everyone was right, maybe a Swedish man would never be the world's greatest runner. But year after year he kept pursuing his dream of being an Olympic runner....

Then, through his perseverance and dedication, he started to see real meaningful results. Mike

started qualifying for races and actually making a name for himself among the running community. People would see him around races and smile at him, something that hadn't happened in years. Then as the months and years went by, he actually found himself placing in the top 3 race after race. Mike started to get a renewed strength and passion from all his success. He starting really believing he would realize his dreams of being the best in the world....

Then the day came. Many years had passed and he was finally on the stage he had dreamed about since being a little kid, the Olympic games. At that point he was actually the favorite to win a medal and many people thought he would take the Gold. The first two qualifying rounds were against people he had already beaten several times and he easily walked away in first place.

He was now down to the last round before the championship race. As long as he finished in one of the top four places he would go on to the final championship race, the moment he had spent his whole life to be at. He wanted that Gold medal more than anything else in the world.

The race got off to a pretty good start and he took an early position in fourth. This would keep him enough ahead of the pack but still save energy for the last couple of laps. He knew his opponents well and had seen them take early leads only to lose energy and be outrun towards the end of the race. That's exactly what happened and as they were about halfway through the race Mike started to pull ahead. First he took the third position, then he inched over to second and maintained his strong lead. With about three laps to go he finally gave it all he got. Mike pulled away from the pack of runners and into first place. He had been down this road so many times and settled into a significant lead. Mike was about to go on to the final race and compete for a chance at a gold medal...

Then....against everything he had worked on these past few years, his legs gave way and he fell....One second he was on his way to a final and next second he is on the ground. Mike wasn't injured at all, but in his rush to make it to the finish line he let go of his training and lost focus. At those speeds and after such a long run, a very slight misstep can knock you off balance and send you to the ground. That's where Mike found himself...on the ground and not in the position he expected. Not after all the years of work and fighting to be where he was....

Mike wasn't about to give up. He quickly picked himself up and tried to get back in the race. So far only two other racers had pulled ahead and he still had a shot at the final, and ultimately the gold medal. He was a bit shaken from his fall but he tried with every bit of strength to maintain his speed and focus on that finish line. In his peripheral vision he could see the rest of the pack

of runners closing in on him. As they neared the finish line, he gave it all he had. One other runner came ahead of him but he managed to finish in fourth place. Enough to qualify for the Gold medal. He still had his chance to fulfil his dreams....if his fall doesn't get in his way...

Mike had become one of the world's best runners. He was on a stage most people never even bother dreaming about, let alone actually reach. But, the thought of failure of not getting first place on this second to final race was hard to swallow. It was hard to watch the media coverage of his fall. Most importantly his coach was worried that this might overtake him and prevent him from performing his best in the gold medal race...

This is Mikes story.

This is also many people on GYE story as well. Tonight it is my story....

All my life I wanted to reach the level of getting past these issues. I so badly wanted overcome my addiction or strong lust if you prefer. To stop watching things that made me depressed or to act out and not feel any better from it.

B"H! I made it to 272 whopping and amazing days!!! Days filled with kedusha and growth!!!

Then last night I fell. Not nearly as bad as what my old falls where, but a fall nonetheless. I lost my streak. I would have to come onto my forum page and tell everyone that I failed. I couldn't maintain this forever. Quite embarrassing no?

I think though everyone who read Mike's story would be thinking something different. Mike's story is merely to illustrate how the minor fall is just a trap to hold us back from getting the Gold medal. Mike may have fallen and finished fourth but he is very much still the favorite to win the Gold.

This is what I will do. Pick myself back up and go for the Gold! I was also born in a far away country. I was born in a generation that shmiras aynayim isn't the favorite sport of the day.

People laugh at us when they see us hiding from things that "seem" so normal to them. But when we pick ourselves up and work on ourselves, after all our hard work we will find a Gold medal around our neck and have a special place up in shamayim. Because although we may have fallen a few times, in the final race that matters most we came in first!

#Day 272 + Day 1

Thank you everyone for your support! You are the coach in the story and you are crucial in running this race!

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