

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 ZemirosShabbos - 16 Jul 2015 20:25

wow! that was good!

kiol hakavod

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Gevura Shebyesod - 16 Jul 2015 20:35

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 19 Jul 2015 17:03

A SONG To the tune of “There was an old man

Named Michael Finnegan”

There once was a man named Sammy Heavygin

He has issues with his, staying thin,

He decided that he won't be giving in

But then he just changed his sin

Now his name is Sammy shikurin

He has problems with his drinkn'

Then he stopped and did not give in

But then he just changed his sin

Today his name is Sammy Lusten

He's got issues with those women

He tried to stop but he just gave in

He realized that he's got to win

Sammy went up to a meetn'

He gobbled up all they taught him

He realized that, if he was not gonna sin,

He would need a different spin

Sammy knew he had an addiction

What's it's for, kept on changin'

But he knew that if, he was gonna win

He'd have to take up life again

Today Sammy, is a different man

He's fought against, the great lust scam

He sings a lot, in his kitchen

Cause Sammy is a happy man

(Like the story, for me, this is a (partly) true song with the exception of the happy ending)

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 15 Dec 2015 19:01

[stillgoing wrote:](#)

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Trouble - 24 Apr 2017 13:46

So, I think this is the appropriate thread (hilariously entertaining story; he really should do more) for what I am about to write, for two reasons: 1. Because it doesn't need to be accurate, and 2. The message is sublime (like my posts have meaning....ha!), so, here goes:

After seeing Cordnoy's post to Mr Taub, I was inspired to reveal the following revelation: last week I fell, and I don't give one damn! That's right; not at all. Why? For two reasons (that seems to be the motto today): 1. Because it wasn't my fault (how can there even be another reason?), and 2. Because I'm addicted and we live life one (insert expletive) day at a time.

?So, here's what happened: I was at a business meeting (that's allowed; no?) and an associate (who I have seen before and fantasized over one too many times) of the investor was there as well, and my apologies, but this paragraph, where I went into details about the prelude to what transpired, was edited (deleted) by a moderator after I sent it to him for approval, so suffice it to say: there was a side room and the deed was done.

Now, I have been clean/sober for three (i.e.) years, three months, three weeks, three days and three hours before this happened, so it wasn't like I was white-knuckling or something; I was living in serenity and peace (for the most part). I didn't seek her out. I didn't (i.e.) plan this. It was obviously orchestrated by God. I will continue with my sobriety plan. One moment has nothing to do with the next. There is no reason to get down on myself. It wasn't like I set this ordeal up. It's not like I clicked on a website, drove up and down street corners, visited a brothel or club, engaged in illicit relations with multiple women; I simply am living One Dame At A Time.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 24 Apr 2017 18:32

My opinion may very well be worthless, but it agrees with some of what you wrote (especially), and disagrees with some of it.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 24 Apr 2017 19:41

[stillgoing wrote on 24 Apr 2017 18:32:](#)

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the complement

Complement?

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 24 Apr 2017 19:42

I don't know about the other yukels, but this yukel always likes to hear your opinions. They are
far from worthless.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 24 Apr 2017 19:47

Personally, I very often wonder if I'd be able to maintain that one day at a time mantra after such
a fall. Obviously, I push the thought away, for what difference does it make now.

You might not believe me, but such a fall would feel nice (my current thoughts).

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by GrowStrong - 24 Apr 2017 21:19

[cordnoy wrote on 24 Apr 2017 19:47:](#)

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 24 Apr 2017 21:30

[GrowStrong wrote on 24 Apr 2017 21:19:](#)

[cordnoy wrote on 24 Apr 2017 19:47:](#)

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I'm fed up with dreamin'; I crave the real thin'.

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Posted by stillgoing - 24 Apr 2017 21:45

"Trouble" post=311262 date=1493041615 catid=23So, I think this is the appropriate thread (hilariously entertaining story; he really should do more) for what I am about to write, for two reasons: 1. Because it doesn't need to be accurate, and 2. The message is sublime (like my posts have meaning....ha!), so, here goes:

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Like I wrote, I don't know if my opinions are right, but for cords sake, here they are

"I'm addicted and we live life one (insert expletive) day at a time." - Agree

"It was obviously orchestrated by God." - Disagree. Everything is orchestrated by G-d, even the death of a family member. Not my fault, but i'll still care.

I will continue with my sobriety plan. There is no reason to get down on myself. " - Agree

"One moment has nothing to do with the next." - In the context of sobriety, I suppose you're right.

"last week I fell, and I don't give one damn! That's right; not at all." - Disagree

"hilariously entertaining story; he really should do more" - Definitely Agree!

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Trouble - 25 Apr 2017 00:26

1. Insert expletive - agree with your agreement.

2. Orchestrated by God - you disagreed - On what? Then you mixed in if you care or not. (You probably meant that saying it's orchestrated by God is somewhat of a copout, for everything is.)

3. Double agree. Never get down!

4. One moment to the next is true with everything - our job is to overcome our feelings from the moment before, so it doesn't affect the next one.

5. How can you disagree that I don't give one damn? You think I'm lying!?

6. Your story was hilarious. So was my last line.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by yiraishamaim - 25 Apr 2017 01:31

[Trouble wrote on 24 Apr 2017 13:46:](#)

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I must comment. Please remember I write as a fellow traveler who struggles and has fallen more than I enjoy to admit. I am surely no better than you and have begun a count just a few short days ago.

I am very confused. Our struggle is a major challenge to us. Call it an illness or Yetzer Harah but it goes under the general umbrella of a challenge. A challenge that seems larger than life itself at times but a struggle or challenge just the same. Engaging in this behavior is also a sin. Even if we are not being drawn in because of pure Yetzer Harah, we certainly have an obligation to seek out the necessary tools to cease behaving in this self-destructing manner. For the sake of making life manageable, for the sake of our families for the sake of a million reasons and yes for the sake of our souls.

Having the nisayon you had with this woman I imagine was ALMOST impossible to pass. No way can anyone judge you. Who necessarily among us would of passed? However, understand that it was a major fall. You did lose out big time. Imagine now if Yoseph would have had relations with Potiphars wife.

- would not be king of Mitzraim
- would not have the zechus of supporting Am Yisroel for years
- would not be given the title of "Yoseph Hatzadik" l'olam va'ed

Instead, he'd have the concellation prize of having the guys in the forum *understand* him. After all, he had an excuse – he didn't ask for this, his lust was on steroids and off the charts, and hey tomorrow is another day. One day at a time, right? No judgment on you my friend. Who can claim to be Yoseph Hatzadik? But then again the big bucks will go elsewhere and the bag of lame excuses is all that remains.

As for the fact you are not bothered. I don't believe you. No, you are not a liar. Just a person in pain that needs validation. How can I be so sure? I can't be. But people who are not in pain don't make their points with exclamation marks. In short, they don't scream, they just flippantly mention them.

Also my friends. Let's be careful not to in any way celebrate indulging in lustful behavior. Been there, done that. no? Let's see the filthy ugly destructive behavior as it truly is.

If not, why the H_____ are we here?

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