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90 days for the heavy addict...
Posted by EscapeArtist - 02 Jan 2019 04:25

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I busted on day 87.

There. I got it out. You can all stop laughing now... thank you very much.

Hi all, you can call me Moshe (hey, I've been called worse...); I've been addicted to masturbation since at least the age of 6, over 25 years. (No idea how it happened.) Since finding out it was ???? somewhere in high school (I think it was at an extracurricular ???? shmuess in camp; -not from ????? or my dear old folks) I've started cutting back and trying all sorts of tactics to stop. I went through upps & downs, never lasting more than a few weeks at most.

To make a long story short, after about 8 years of my wife thinking she was married to the best hubby in the world (they all think that at some point, no?) I kinda filled her in about my double-life, obviously sparing MANY details, but enough to get her quite upset, as anyone who's been in that situation can understand. I tried the TAPHSIC & similar methods, but I would always come crashing back down w/ renewed vehemence. (They are really wonderful tactics, but for someone like me, it just reinforced the fact that I CAN'T control myself without fences blocking me; ????? once I'd leap the fence I'd hit the ground running...)

I finally got so fed up (usually happens when you keep forcing yourself to do something because you HAVE to, not bec. you WANT to even...) that I sat down and wrote a detailed goal for myself (based on a lecture I heard from R' Avi Shulman - phenomenal person), complete with the whats, whys, hows, what ifs & whens. This worked for longer than ever. I was slated to hit day 90 in middle of ???? ??????, beautiful. Problems started after a few weeks, the addicted mind starts going crazy. You start finding ways to ever-so-slightly break ?????, without really falling... then that's not enough, the brain gets crazier, crazier than ever before. seriously, every ??????? on the street became this crazy beauty in my eyes. I started contemplating things I never thought of before. Spent most of the ??? ???? davening standing at my shtender, but in my head i was very intimate with the shiksa from the hardware store... ( good thing I was wrapped in a talis - ?????? ????).

??? ????? I felt sick, was laying in bed & finally broke the last ??? - applied a drop of pressure & basically exploded on contact. (sorry mods, I'm new here I don't know how graphic is accepted, feel free to edit).

I've been on & off since then, but scared to fight too long, afraid I'll end up in places worse than I've ever been. Any advice from the vets or fellow warriors?

Thank you all, ??? ???? ????, much ????? in this ????? ???? ????!

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Re: 90 days for the heavy addict Posted by mggsbms - 27 Mar 2019 18:21
Hey you reached 90 days! Let's throw a party.
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Re: 90 days for the heavy addict  Posted by i-man - 28 Mar 2019 04:24
sorry to hear about the rough day they are the worst
I recently came across a book about peace of mind by reb zelig plisken and opened up 50 a chapter where he recconemnds an exercise where you think or say repeatedly or at different times of the day "Great thoughts Great feelings Great words Great actions" its really been helping me maybe it could benefit you
hatzlacha! komt!
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Re: 90 days for the heavy addict  Posted by EscapeArtist - 29 Dec 2020 07:09
Wow haven't looked at this topic in a while. I used to take myself so seriously lol.
My wife nebach has corona, she's quite sick & nauseous & dizzy & headachey

Just reflecting how this would have been disastrous way back in the olden days before the creator very graciously granted me a program of recovery & the freedom it comes with.

my hand at being mommy, Rebbe, Morah, Doctor & cleaning lady.

So farshtaytzach I'm not going to complain about quarantine, that I get to quit my day job & try

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I get to spend time with my kids, concentrate on appreciating & enjoying the time with them.

I can try to be there for my wife in her time of pain, I can miraculously hear out her complaints and not feel the need to escape to my fantasyland.

I can stay up till the wee hours of the morning, alone on my computer, working on my new business the Eibishter gave me - without the drive to surf the net and find whatever gets through my filter.