

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 stopsurvivingstartliving - 10 Jul 2025 00:19

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Beautiful beautiful post!!!!!!

You almost had me in tears, and I haven't cried in a while.

So much honesty was put into that post.

It should be the beginning of a bright path. Amen!

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by iwantlife - 10 Jul 2025 00:47

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Welcome! What a raw, powerful first post. Ditto on the tears, my neshama felt yours, that's for sure. Thank you for sharing your story with us, we're rooting for you and looking forward to growing together!

With love and soul,

iwantlife

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by gyefeller - 10 Jul 2025 04:01

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Wow! Wow! Wow!

That was such a pure and sincere post

I can't relate to all your experiences but I can share your pain and rejoice in your success.

You sound like an awesome guy INSIDE and out! I wish you tons of siyata dishmaya and HHatzlacha on your journey!!!

Keep posting!

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by justwannabefree - 10 Jul 2025 05:02

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Hey there littleneshamale, welcome to the forum! Good move on your part to join, I also joined recently after having already been in touch with the great gye mentors and I would say the forum has already helped me a lot. I really appreciated your post, especially how eloquently you brought out that emotion that all of us on here feel, that we want to get back to that real version of ourselves. The version that's connected to kedusha, the version that is happy, and free from the doubts sown in our heart by a lust filled life, and instead filled with the clarity of a meaningful one. Ten points buddy.

yours truly, jwbf

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by captain - 10 Jul 2025 12:15

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Hey LittleNeshamale, thanks for sharing your raw emotions and moving story. I can also remember that feeling of never being about to go back to be that innocent boy as I wish I could be, which you have experienced in different ways a number of times, especially each time you took things up another notch, but most of all with your most recent experiences you described.

While there might not be a way to go back to being that innocent child, there is a way to emerge

as a new, much more powerful creation, who fights and wins these struggles. Dare I say, this "new creation" is much greater than the old "innocent boy," and in fact is one of the greatest creations in world history. So don't give up, because you can become greater than you ever imagined, davka because of this struggle and how you overcome it.

I invite you to start this next leg of your journey by checking out The Battle of the Generation [guardyoureyes.com/ebooks/item/the-battle-of-the-generation](http://guardyoureyes.com/ebooks/item/the-battle-of-the-generation).

And don't forget that we are here for you (and you are here for us!).

Wishing you much hatzlocha,

Captain

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by redfaced - 10 Jul 2025 12:29

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Congrats on the two days.

Lets go for 3!!!

NITWIT!

BLUBBER!

ODDMENT!

TWEAK!!!!!!!

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by chosemyshem - 10 Jul 2025 13:44

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The only part of this rather excellent post that I disagree with is the "little neshamale."

Freakin YUUUUGE neshama right here.

And once you can break through the walls of shame and guilt, you'll see that this struggle itself is a way to reveal that yuuuuuuugeosity.

Hatzlacha!

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by time2win - 10 Jul 2025 13:57

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Little neshamele, what a heartfelt post! It's clear that you are a fighter, and I wish you much hatzlacha on your journey to sobriety.

Kol Tuv,

Time2Win

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by proudyungerman - 10 Jul 2025 18:22

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Wow! What a post!

Welcome to the warmest family in the world!

Here you will find true care, concern, and warmth.

Here you will learn that you CAN break free!

As you may know from your time here, there are many tools here to help you in this fight, some of them you may not be familiar with.

There is the F2F Program, the [Vaad Program](#)\* (click [here](#) for an explanation of what the vaad

is), and the book [The Battle of the Generation](#) - many have found this very helpful in reframin' the struggle.

Posting is a great way to connect, learn, and grow also.

(The [Hall of Fame Thread](#) is an awesome compilation of some the great threads on GYE.)

There is also an extremely powerful tool of accountability, friends, and mentors that has helped hundreds - myself included.

HHM - Hashem Help Me - is the mentor-in-chief around here. He's reachable at [michelgelner@gmail.com](mailto:michelgelner@gmail.com).

Some of the other great guys here are Eerie - [1gimpelovitz@gmail.com](mailto:1gimpelovitz@gmail.com), Muttel - [muttel15@gmail.com](mailto:muttel15@gmail.com), Reb Akiva - [mevakesh247@gmail.com](mailto:mevakesh247@gmail.com) iwantlife - [iwantlifegye@proton.me](mailto:iwantlifegye@proton.me) minhamayim - [minhamayim1@gmail.com](mailto:minhamayim1@gmail.com) amevakesh - [amevakesh23@gmail.com](mailto:amevakesh23@gmail.com) iwannalivereal - [iwannalivereal@gmail.com](mailto:iwannalivereal@gmail.com)

Keep postin', you'll see, the oilam is here for you.

Lookin' forward to seeing great things from you!

And don't forget, as always, KOMT!!

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by eerie - 10 Jul 2025 20:32

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Welcome to the most amazing family, Little Neshamala!

As I'm sure you've learned from the responses of the oilam, we are here for you, now and always. We care about you, we want to hear from you, and we will stand by you to see you succeed, beH!

Keep up the amazing work, keep sharing, and keep trucking!!!

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by thompson - 10 Jul 2025 22:01

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Come with us, little Neshomele,

Together now, let's all hold hands,

And we'll fly away, all of us together,

With ambitious goals and plans.

But anonymous Chaver, no, part of me doesn't want to go,

There is so much pain and hardship, and the journey is so slow,

Let me stay here down in hell, where it's dark and I'll be numb,

Please don't make me go away, can't you see I'm so afraid.

Come with us, little Neshomele,

It's time you faced your ability,

As you grow day by day now, you will show yourself,

There is so much you can be.

(Y'all are invited to continue.)

Welcome!

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Re: I miss me...

Posted by littleneshamale - Yesterday 18:39

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Hey *chevra*. First off, I just want to say **thank you** — from the depths of my heart — to each and every one of you who read, replied, resonated, or just silently stood with me. Your words were like oxygen. Every reply was a reminder that I'm not alone in this fog. I read them all multiple times... and I'll probably keep rereading them when the next wave hits.

These past 3 days since I posted... have been unbelievably hard.

I won't lie to you — the urges have been fierce. **So, so strong.**

There were moments I could barely think straight. The thoughts hit like a storm — sudden, aggressive, unrelenting.

I started slipping more than once... but somehow, I didn't fall.

Not because I'm strong.

But because **this forum — all of you — kept me alive.**

I kept coming back here. Reading the replies. Whispering your words to myself. Remembering that I'm not just trying to win — I'm trying to **remember who I am**. That helped me hold the line.

So in response to user Thomson who continued the "*Neshamale*" song— you lit something inside me. I wrote this in response, from Little *Neshamale*'s perspective. This is where I'm at right now:

Since that night, dear Anonymous *Chaver*,

Little *Neshamale* has held on tight,

Not a fall yet — though the storm's been heavy,

Through every waking hour, and every night.

Now I've been tempted, and I have been torn apart inside,

I've been inches from the edge with nowhere left to hide.

But your words, they lit a candle — and I've kept it burning low,

That small spark which you gave me... it wouldn't let me go.

Still I'm fragile, dear Anonymous *Chaveirim*,

Little *Neshamale* barely walks the line,

But I whisper all your voices when I am weakest —

And with His help, somehow I still decline.

Don't you see now? You've carried me these three long days,

Every post, and every message— they've truly cleared the haze.

You gave my soul permission to come back to the fight,

To try and try again, to finally grasp for light.

)

(Would love to see more continuations

On another note - Thursday morning, in a real moment of *siyata dishmaya*, I watched a *Vayimaen* video — the first one I'd seen in a long time — as I began this new journey. The Rav (R' Naftali Reich) spoke about how before a *neshama* comes down to this world, *Hashem* makes it take a *shevua* — a promise to be a *tzadik*, to stay clean, to live with purity.

It hit me hard. Because right after I had poured my heart out about how *Abie Rotenberg's* "*Neshamale*" inspired me, here I was hearing a *Rav* describe the exact journey of that same little *neshamale* — the one who made that promise before coming down. It felt like *Hashem* was speaking straight to me, reminding me why I'm fighting.

So thank you. Truly.

Let's keep walking together.

One day at a time.

One choice at a time.

And if you see me stumbling — remind me who I am.

With love,

*Little Neshamale*

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