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Preface

I began writing this book as part of my fourth step for both my Adult Children of Alcoholics and Al-Anon NFG groups. The fourth step as it is written in twelve step recovery programs states.

“Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.”

I have written many fourth steps over the years, and everyone has been the same. For a person who has struggled with low self-worth his entire life it was easy to list my shortcomings. Self-loathing and self-deprecation come natural to a man who at the very minimum doesn't like himself. This fourth step had to be different. I had to focus on the positive attributes. This was extremely difficult, I was never able to speak to my positive attributes, if I did try to celebrate my accomplishments as a child I was immediately chastised as braggart or show off. I learned that celebrating accomplishments was not acceptable.

This fourth step I had to discover what my positive attributes were. This fourth step needed to be different. I needed to look for the reason my life is important, I needed to escape the nihilistic feelings that haunted me my entire life. I also need to get to the root of where all these inner feelings began. And how many of the survival traits I developed at a young age no longer serve me.

After my divorce in 2018, I was a stranger in a strange land. My ex-wife who grew up here in the Sacramento Area, moved back to San Diego. So here I am a Southern California grown boy in Northern California, with no family friends or support group. Left to my best thinking, this book will outline some of the adventures that led to where we are now. Some of the poor choices I made, and what I needed to do to change my thinking. I will share my experience, strength and hope and attempt to carry the message to help those who are still afflicted.

Introduction

One of my life goals was to be able to publish my memoirs. To say I published a book would be a feather in my hat. I believe that we've all considered writing a memoir at some point in life. Well, I'm not any more special than the next person. I'm just putting down my thoughts regarding my life experiences.

A lot of what is in the following pages are some of the shittiest moments in my life—periods where my decision-making had really sunk me into deep holes both physically, psychologically, and emotionally. I've also written down the work I had to do to dig myself out of those holes.

The thirty years that I'll recall were spent in and out of an alcoholic cloud. So, the memories may not be completely accurate. Another thing to consider is that this is a one-sided story. I didn't interview or reach out to anyone to get their side of the story. Honestly, I don't care about their side. You could say I am being selfish. Well, yes. It's my book, and it's my perspective and my experience. What I would say to anyone who disagrees; I challenge you to write your own book recounting the stories illustrated in this book if you feel the need for a rebuttal.

Conventions in this book, there are no conventions. I'm going on strictly memory. I'll be bouncing around from the early years in my late teens to now at fifty years of age. Sometimes, when expressing

one's ideas, you must look at the past to solve current issues. I will reference and misquote everything in this book; I'm not looking to be chronologically accurate on who said and did what. However, I will attempt to express the meaning I received from people smarter than me on the various subjects written down. In addition, I'll be speaking in generalities based on my experiences over the last thirty years. With that being the understanding, don't take anything that is written as a personal attack on you. However, if something that is said stings, you might consider looking in the mirror and sort it out with a therapist.

From time to time, I'll break the fourth wall. I may inject a thought or two as I'm writing in real time, well as real-time as it can get as I'm writing. I'll encapsulate random thoughts in parentheses. There will be no political correctness; at times, I'll be sarcastic (although sarcasm rarely translates well in text), vulgar, but never crass. Much of what is in these pages I've mulled over for thirty years. Sometimes revisiting situations to gain a new perspective on current events.

So, what qualifies me to write a book on SIMPING? Well, life experience, the ability to think, and literacy qualifies me to write a book. These are my experiences; you can agree, disagree, or use the sheets in this book as toilet paper; it doesn't matter. These are my experiences and how I've interpreted life to get me here today, writing this book. I'll try to keep things in chronological order; however, as stated in the previous paragraph, in dealing with issues today, I may have to revert back to prior experiences to see if there is a lesson learned.

I'm not going to go out of my way to throw anyone under the bus. I won't explicitly out any of the people I've been in relationships with. So, when discussing romantic involvement, I will just refer to them as Girlfriend #X. They can keep their anonymity, and I can avoid a lawsuit. Unless they want to out themselves, then so be it. However, just a reminder, court records are public.

I'll definitely be dropping names and/or shoutouts; shoutouts may also include public figures who have done some stupid shit. Furthermore, if you have been or provided a thoughtful perspective and/or influence, you will be noted as such by name. These individuals may be personal friends or internet influencers who have given me a different perspective on life. As mentioned earlier, I'll most likely misquote the shit out of them; by no means do I mean any disrespect. I'm too fuckin' lazy to cite everyone in the book. However, I will provide a list at the back of the book so you can research it yourself. Maybe you can pull some pearls of wisdom from their teachings.

Almost every influencer I've watched or read has said this statement in one way or another.

“Life fucking sucks; it's how you respond to it that separates you from the rest of humanity.”

What does this mean? Well, I've interpreted it as this, humans are miserable creatures. In general, we always look to complain about

something; I'm no different; many of the people who are closest to me have heard me utter the words ...

“If I'm not bitchin' about something, then there is something wrong!”

However, there is so much to unpack in that statement, the short version. For most of my youth till about my mid-thirties, I was a miserable human being. Most of all, it was self-inflicted. In my later years, when my old behaviors began to creep back in, I had to take stock and revisit some old teachings learned twenty years prior. You really have to work hard to change your stripes.

It isn't easy to untangle your misery and try to be a good human being. Even harder to be virtuous.

Why did I title this book *Simpin' Ain't Easy (SMPN8EZ)*? What is a simp?

Merriam-Webster defines simp as:

“... a foolish or stupid person: SIMPLETON

... Forrest Gump, the smash movie starring Tom Hanks, as a sweet simp from Alabama who rides to fame and fortune on an IQ of 75.

—Peter Travers

The ... line inching up the bottom of the chart shows the pitiful returns for the simps whose investments are taxed every year.

—Virginia Wilson

It has always been difficult to grasp how Louise, a simp in the first two-thirds of the show, could become such a swan in the final act.
—Hilton Als”

Urban dictionary defines a simp as:

“... a word that everyone overuses w/out the correct definition. it means a guy that is overly desperate for women, especially if she is a bad person, or has expressed her disinterest in him whom which he continues to obsess over. They're usually just virgins that will accept coochie (a.k.a. pussy) from anyone regardless of who they are.”

This is how I define simp as it pertains to my own life experiences:

“... investing time, money, emotional and physical energy for little to no return on investment (ROI).”

Now that we all have a clear understanding of the definition, we can see where I have bounced in and out of these different forms of “SIMPNESS” choosing the wrong people or just plain ignorant. In this context, I will lay out some of the bad choices I’ve made in my life and the consequences that followed in pursuit of affection, attention, and affirmation.

Maybe I can illustrate how I’ve twelve-stepped my way out of these scenarios. So, sit back and enjoy the ride.

Chapter 1 – Addiction.

Merriam-Webster defines addiction as a compulsive, chronic, physiological, or psychological need for a habit-forming substance, behavior, or activity having harmful physical, psychological, or social effects and typically causing well-defined symptoms (such as anxiety, irritability, tremors, or nausea) upon withdrawal or abstinence.

I cannot begin writing on a topic so real to so many individuals without relaying my addictions. I firmly believe that most people suffer from one addiction or another. Addictions take many forms, as expressed in the definition above. I also believe that most people practice their addictions without knowing they are addicted. I also am of the opinion that once aware of their addictions, they gladly choose to ignore them because the alternative would mean looking in the mirror and changing their behavior. In most circumstances, people are afraid to do, including the author of this book, it takes an enormous amount of courage to face the demons inside; this is where all demons live.

As mentioned earlier, I have my own addictions; for dramatic effect, I will refer to my addictions as demons. My demons include alcohol, nicotine, and in my life, the most seductive of demons ... women. I will embark on a journey in my own mind and hopefully provide you, the reader, with some pearls of wisdom I've picked up over my short fifty years on this earth. By opening up, I can learn a little about myself and entertain you on this journey.

I realized early on, at seventeen, that alcohol was a potent elixir. It gave me superhuman powers of the mind. Alcohol allowed for a very insecure individual to come out of his shell and be the life of the party, the hero of the day, the ultimate lover, and unleashed an intelligence that was superior and could rival any of today's top minds. Just ask me about it. I would love to pontificate on it.

I realized very quickly that it was all a con job, and fortunately for me, at a very young age, I realized it was all my own mental masturbation. Stroking my very sensitive ego until it all came crashing down after my second DUI (Driving Under the Influence).

Lying on my mother's couch after a second night in jail within an eighteen-month period. My life had to change; it had to change in a drastic manner. However, I had no idea how this would take place. In forty-five days, I had to appear in court and hand my life over to the People's Court of Los Angeles and a judge who most likely wouldn't be lenient.

Forty-five days later, once the sentence was passed, I did what any young inexperienced knucklehead would do. I went home to ask my mother for help. I needed someone outside of myself to bail me out of a dumb-ass decision I made – driving drunk. Think about that for a minute as an adult; I had to ask Mommy to bail me out.

The courts had other stipulations in mind in lieu of court fines. In addition, the Department of Motor Vehicles suspended my driver's

license for eighteen months. I was also sentenced to an alcohol diversion program and eighteen months of Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. I participated in A.A. for sixty months, identifying as an alcoholic.

During those years, I learned many valuable lessons. First and foremost, don't drink and drive. And a further deep dive into my life via the twelve-step program (A.A.), there was an underlying message I still haven't forgotten.

Wait for it ...

RESPONSIBILITY!

The root word for responsibility, as defined by Merriam-Webster, is *responsible*: “... *liable to be called on to answer*,”

... now let's take a minute to define *liable* again as defined by Merriam-Webster,

“Liable: obligated according to law or equity.”

Obligated to law? Who's law? Man's law? God's (how you believe in God) law? Mother Nature's law? Then tack on the second part of the definition “or equity” What the fuck does that mean? Well, let's refer to Merriam-Webster again,

“Equity: justice according to natural law or right specifically: freedom from bias or favoritism.”

Going down this rabbit hole isn't getting any clearer; it raises more questions than answers. Equitable to whom? The answer may be in the definition “according to natural law.”

“Natural law is a philosophical and legal concept that refers to a system of principles or rules that are inherent in the natural world and govern human behavior. These principles are believed to be discoverable through reason and observation, rather than being dependent on human invention or social convention.

In other words, natural law posits that there are certain fundamental ethical principles that are objectively true and universally applicable, regardless of cultural or historical context. These principles are often seen as being derived from nature, the cosmos, or a divine source, and are thought to provide a basis for moral and legal judgments.

Examples of natural law principles include the right to life, liberty, and property; the duty to fulfill promises; and the prohibition against harming others without just cause. These principles are often contrasted with positive law, which refers to man-made laws that are created by governments or other legal authorities.”

Keep these words in mind as we progress through this book. Also, this definition doesn't sound like anything the leftists are yelling about. Things that make you go, HmMMM!

Let's return to the young man in his early twenties lying on his mother's couch, realizing that life can't be this fucked up. Constantly looking for others to bail me out of my own bad decisions. Looking for substances to cure me of my shortcomings. More about shortcomings later; alcohol provided me with the ability to be something other than I am. Alcohol also provided me with the excuse for the lack of direction in my life, and it also allowed me to blame everything on everyone else.

This is the seduction. It is difficult to sort through people's minds, much less my own, in a diluted alcoholic fog. Anyone who says they

have a lock on life, I say great! However, if I've learned anything from playing poker, it is that everyone is a bullshitter, even when they are not bullshitting. Everything is a setup.

For the sake of getting through this chapter, I'll begin with it's all my parent's fault, and they are the ones who fucked me up. (More on this in a minute.)

I do not have children, so I cannot write about the complexities of child-rearing. However, we all have had some adults in our lives trying to teach us about growing up. All that being said, some people do it better than others. I grew up in the burbs, the most eastern part of Los Angeles County, my parents were immigrants to the United States, and I had a lower-middle-class upbringing. Not a horrible existence; my parents did the best they could with what they had, bringing to the table their own set of biases and baggage. I am not critiquing them; I truly believe they wanted what was best for me, much like most parents. Since raising children does not come with a manual, I believe they imparted me with the gift of thinking differently. I sure as hell wasn't going to think the way they did.

At this point, I want to take a break and allow you, the reader, to jump ship. This rabbit hole will run deep and raise many questions in your mind, some dark places that may be too scary to travel. You can stop reading here if you'd like. (You have my permission to use the remaining pages as toilet paper unless you're reading this digitally; it's not advised that you flush your electronic device down the toilet). For

brave and interested, I invite you to grab your favorite addiction (alcohol, herbal remedies, soft drink, food, caffeine, etc..) and travel with me through my mind.

Jun 18, 1994. (If that date sounds vaguely familiar, we were all captivated by the O. J. Simpson car chase on the news the night before, June 17th, 1994). I was twenty-one that morning after being released from jail, laying on my mother's couch, full of shame, guilt, and despair, in a nutshell, feeling like a complete loser, much like a champion racehorse tripping over its own legs out of the starting gate. I lost my driver's license and soon lost my job as a result. On June 17th, the night before, I was barhopping with friends and pulled over for making an illegal U-turn, arrested, incarcerated, and soon to be convicted of a second D.U.I. (Coincidentally, I was driving a white Ford SUV).

A year earlier, I had finished my associate degree in electronics from one of those tech schools advertised on television. I was a field service representative traveling and repairing equipment throughout the United States. I traveled to and from many of the States on the continent and brought down a decent salary for a twenty-one-year-old. In one night of celebrating and indulging in my own arrogance, it was all taken away just like that. In addition, I had my sites on going to Warrant Officer Candidate School and becoming a helicopter pilot in the United States Army Reserves. All were shot to hell because of one night of drinking.

Much like the narrator in “Fight Club,” the next ten years were spent in twelve-step programs trying to figure out how fucked up I am. Debating philosophy, psychology and attempting to get a handle on my life. Completely oblivious to the answers in front of me. The addiction was real; just recently, I read a meme on Instagram ...

“... is this what life is about, trading one addiction for another?”

Not sure how that is relevant at this point; I believe it has much to do with the inability to live with oneself without external stimulation—combined with my nicotine addiction, overeating, and my love for women. I was a ticking time bomb, never really getting a hold of what life is about.

Abstaining from booze for five years did teach me that I, as a human being, am capable of doing whatever I wanted (sound familiar, you can be anything you want, you can even be President of the United States); what is missing from that statement is -- if you are willing to accept the responsibility that comes with it.

I am the last person on this planet to pass judgment on anyone (I won't be casting the first stone, maybe the second or third. -- human nature). What I will say is if you choose a lifestyle that requires you to compromise yourself and your integrity as a human being and put yourself or others in harm's way, you need to accept your responsibility in those transactions. Examples of this don't have to be dramatic; it

could be as subtle as a dispute regarding property lines among neighbors.

We, as humans, are inherently selfish creatures. We come out of the womb as such; we are ego driven and will always strive to take care of our own needs selfishly and, most of the time, at the expense of others. You don't have to look far; look at the teenagers we are raising today.

This is what addiction is to me; this is how I define my addiction -- deep compulsive needs to fill a hole in my psyche, an external want for sedation that can only be satiated by an internal wholeness. Wow! That was a brief moment of stoner enlightenment; I digress.

After blaming my parents for many years for fucking up my life, I gave myself an out; I didn't take responsibility for myself because I am the fruit of their loins; the fruit doesn't fall from the tree; they are the people at fault, not me, I am a product of my environment --sound familiar?

The wonderful thing about blaming your environment, people, places, and things is that it allows you to avoid any responsibility until responsibility catches up with you. After you've alienated everyone in your life. After you've been alienated, the only person you have left is you. Now what?

I have a drinking problem (substitute drinking with overeating, gambling, sex/porn, social media, drugs, shopping, debt, nicotine). Addictions consume you slowly; life begins to have no meaning. You

become more nihilistic, more narcissistic, and more self-loathing. Later, I discovered that it wasn't my drinking; it was my thinking. (We'll touch on this later.)

The more I partook in my addictions, the more that hole in the pit of my stomach got deeper. I couldn't control or, at a minimum, satiate the compulsion.

It took five years, but I managed to get my driver's license back, pay back all the fines, return to school, and earn my undergraduate degree. At a tremendous cost, I had to learn my first lesson in responsibility. Sometimes working two jobs to settle my court fines and pay astronomical insurance fees, all while trying to pay my way through school. The end result turned out well, for the most part. However, life took on a different trajectory based on some really bad decisions. Choices you make today affect future choices (or lack of choices). Those damn DUIs still pop up on live scans even today, regardless of the thirty years that separate me from them.