

## A Compulsive Smoker Quits-Day One

I went to bed at 1:00 am today. I haven't had a cigarette for eight hours and I cannot enjoy my food or coffee. I am hungry but the end of the meal holds no promise of one special treat when I light and inhale that sweet tobacco tar-and-nicotine that calms my yearning stomach and flushes the neurons of my brain cells with the sensual/cerebral feeling of an almost "afterglow" It is the titillation of self-perceived brilliance and enlightenment in a piece of paper with filter.

It is 1:00 pm. It's been twelve hours since I've had a smoke! I begin to play with my fingers and remember games like: "here is the church, here is the steeple, I open the doors and here are all the people". I twiddle my thumbs and alternate directions so as not to bore myself. My mouth waters, it's wet, it's dry. I am at a loss. I want some coffee, but not without a cigarette. I did not enjoy lunch. I'm halfway through day one.

Now, at 8:00 pm it has been seventeen hours since I had that last drag on my Red Marlboro before crushing it and retiring. I'm hungry again, and I'll overeat. I know this for a fact because I have churned through this cycle before. I push out my breath for a trace of smoke. It's still there!

It's 1:00 am again! Day two begins. Sleep will not come easily I think, but I know it will come eventually. I look forward to tomorrow. Slowly, I enclose myself in the "coffin" of my bed sheets. Can I quit? I am giving up a "good" friendship. It must be like dying.