

The Execution of Cigarettes

By Betty Odimba

Preface

This book has been written with humour in mind. The idea of the book is to make smokers see and look at the funny side of smoking.

Each chapter includes proverbs, jokes and sayings to beat the pangs of craving when giving up smoking.

They are there to make you laugh at some of the folly of smoking.

It is hoped that the book will be a success if it helps even a single smoker to give up.

Giving up has been a critical journey for me and I believe that if I can do it, anyone can, because I am very addictive in nature.

DEDICATION

To all my friends and family who constantly advised me to give up smoking. Although I did perceive their concern as nagging, I am very grateful for their persistence to make me see that I did not need cigarettes in my life.

I am very grateful to Mr. Andrew Richardson for buying me a new laptop to complete this project. You are a good man, Andy.

My big thanks go to Christopher Kelly at Whohoo.co.uk, my invisible friend working behind the scene. Thanks Chris, keep up the good work.

To all smokers who are still struggling to give up, remember;

**NEVER GIVE UP GIVING
UP**

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Dear Reader,

My name is The Execution of Cigarette. I am a personal gift to you. I need to reach as many smokers as possible and can only do this if you can help me.

My writer does not want to sell me but humbly requests your kindness to visit www.lighthouseartseries.co.uk or www.lighthouseartseries.com to make a contribution.

Your contribution will help print more copies to give to smokers FREE

I PLEAD THAT YOU WOULD KINDLY VISIT THE WEB SITE AND MAKE A CONTRIBUTION.

Your contribution will enable me to reach your friends and family who are smokers.

Each book has two versions. You can get each version from the web site www.lighthouseartseries.co.uk

It is a secure web site with Pay Pal or you can make your contribution by Bank transfer.

Thank you and I hope you will help me reach as many smokers as possible.

I will also keep you regularly informed of the progress of this program and the next book on the addiction series. Please visit the web site for regular update.

Thank you for your time and kindness.

1

Plaintiff's Dilemma

`Hey Mr Cigarette, I did not say it was your fault, I said I was blaming you.`

Need I say more? This is the story of the trial between a Packet of Silk Cut and me. This was an inimitable prosecution. I finally resolved that the honeymoon be over. I had reached a crossroad where two things in my life needed extermination. To add to my adversity, I had to find a job in half a shake.

I was in such a tizzy state with life, but as you know,

`When sorrows come, they come not single but in battalions`

One of the things that needed total annihilation was cigarette.

I would like to tell the cigarette that though;

`Man is the head of the family; the woman is the neck that turns the head.`

Of the two menaces presently in my life, cigarettes have been the greater hazard. I can't wait to get cigarettes on their knees, resigning themselves to one less stupid being; shrugging

their shoulders and saying at the end of this probationary,

`What's all the fuss? Said the crane after the eel had slipped away, `I never liked fish anyway`

That fish will be me!

The other thing I can't wait for is for the day, I can use the words `When I was a smoker.`

The latest of my illnesses now include a serious crick in my back every night.

I went into this battle with determination and endurance since,

`Man's greatest battles are the ones he fights within himself.`

I tried other techniques to give up cigarettes in the past but failed several times. This time, I had to win this war. Before I went on this mission, I recognised that,

`If you are afraid of losing, you don't win.`

I knew this was going to be a battle of will but you know what they say,

`Confidence is what allows you to open a door when you have absolutely no idea what is behind it.`

It would be an agonising experience but;

‘He that would have eggs must endure the cackling of hens.’

Firstly, a war plan and an effective strategy were essential because,

‘A man who rushes into battle does not realise that battle entails death.’

I also kept a diary of the daily struggles with cigarettes. The diary of events was a very crucial instrument because I wanted to remember everything about this effort. I do have the memory of a sieve, but I anticipate the level of pain would make it even more difficult for me to remember the events from day to day.

Moreover, whether you are a smoker or not, try this one,

‘If you want to test your memory, try to remember what you were worrying about one year ago today.’

I perceived the experience as a crusade for my health and life. It was war. It was an all-out war.

I could only blame myself for starting smoking in the first place, aged almost 30 years. I should have known better at that age. Cigarettes turned out to be as useful as a chocolate teapot. The problem I had then was not an excuse to start smoking because;

`At whatever age a child gets a problem, at the same age she has to shoulder the responsibility.`

The Trial Court is based in North West London, UK

The Year of the court case – 2011

Upshot of Case: Well, cigarette sympathisers, keep reading because,

`There are things I have been trying to say to you, but words keep getting in the way.`

Most smokers would wish to quit. I struggled for years to give up the killer weed but failed several times.

I am hoping, you would follow this case to the end and have fun doing so. As they say,

`A girl's patience can only be recognised by how long she keeps her virginity.`

Mr. Cigarette was the enemy. I tried giving up with Patches and Chewing gums. Neither of them worked. I went to the NHS quit smoking clinic and gave up half way through the programme.

I was fully aware of the health and social stigma attached to smoking. Nevertheless, my serious addiction to cigarette made me ignore all warnings about the dangers.

I felt that having smoked for twenty-eight years; I had seriously assaulted my body and health. If I did not give up now, it would be a question of,

The leech that does not let go even when it is filled dies on dry land.`

Going cold turkey was not an option because I believed I could go crazy without smoking.

I had to find my own way. I decided to lay a heavy trip on cigarettes.

I am sure after reading my story; you can sit down, think, and come up with a fun and unique method to help you give up smoking. What do you have to lose? Think of your success this way,

`He, who has left a rogue behind him, has made a good day's journey.`

Maybe we take life too seriously at times. We take giving up cigarettes very seriously and even before we start, we are already defeated. You must remember that,

`Each trip gives you its own uniqueness`

Nobody else will do it for you. It is your own battle.

You can turn this difficult step around by thinking about who you are and what you have enjoyed; and any other area of your life in which

you have absolute control. Don't let cigarettes rage out of control.

Sure, other areas of your life may also be stinking, and you have been wondering why,

`Your bread always falls on the buttered side`

Okay,

`Life may not be the party you hoped for, but whilst you are here, you should dance.`

Giving up would at least remove this particular malignant problem. It is a life problem not a money problem.

You need to think positive and remember that,

`Worrying is like a rocking chair, it gives you something to do, but it gets you nowhere.`

Yes, you must have tried and failed in the past, but,

`Defeat isn't bitter if you don't swallow it`

Just imagine achieving success with giving up smoking. I am sure you would then appreciate that,

`Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet.`

I found my strength was in the use of communication. I am in court with the packet of

Silk Cut. Who would win depends on who can present their case more articulately. I had to prepare for this case diligently and aggressively. I had no lawyer but had enough information to argue my case before the judge. Failure was not an option because,

‘The Fish that can see that its water is getting shallower cannot be stranded.’

Cigarette on the other hand would rely on the use of cravings, stress, and irritability to argue its case.

I always made excuses about the present time, stating that it was not the right time to give up. Something was always forever happening in my life that would discourage me from giving up. It was either money problems; job problems; relationship problems; health problems or even something good that calls for a celebration.

In the last instance, my excuse was that I needed to celebrate the joyous occasion with a drink, and of course, a fag. But, boy, did I know that,

‘It is a lazy man who says, ‘It is only because I have no time that my farm is overgrown with weeds.’

Yes, I had to be eloquent and talk to my enemy. Arms (patches) and weapons (quit-smoking chewing gums) had not worked in the

past, and I have mustered enough ammunition for this war because,

*‘It is with courage that vanquishes in war,
and not good weapons.’*

The prosecution witnesses were Sayings, Proverbs, Jokes, and Phrases. I grew up in an African society where the use of proverbs was a prominent part of the culture. The proverbs they used encapsulated the society’s values and beliefs.

They used proverbs as tools of;
Encouragement

*‘Don’t throw away your nets if you catch
nothing, you never know what the gods are
planning next.’*

They interlinked proverbs in the beliefs of their gods.

*When a man says yes, his Chi (personal
God) says yes too.*

Strength

No iron is so strong that it cannot be melted.

Rebuke

*Rebuke should have a grain more of salt than
of sugar.*

Beating hardship

*Loosing builds character. You know who
said that, a loser!*

Love issues

*A wayward woman is like the weaverbird.
She uses her perch on one tree to scout other
trees.*

Marriage issues

*Marriage is like a besieged castle; those who
are on the outside wish to get in; and those who
are on the inside wish to get out.*

Depicting greed

*All you can tell about a big belly is that the
owner has had a lot to eat, not what he had to
eat.*

During gatherings

*A man, who believes he can do everything,
let him dig a grave and bury himself.*

Giving advice

*If you fail to take away a strong man's sword
when he is on the ground, will you do it when he
gets up?*

Predicting future events

*Marry a child of the devil and you are going
to have problems with your father-in-law.*

Bad behaviour

*Disgrace is like the grain of a tree trunk;
time makes it bigger instead of erasing it.*

Disrespect

Do not be like the little bird that ate and drank; and challenged his personal god to a single combat.

I heard old people using proverbs and sayings them at every gathering. They sometimes challenged themselves to see who would use the most appropriate proverbs for each occasion. This would have made me an expert on the use of them, but as a modern teenager, I showed no interest in their use. This meant I lacked the flair to use proverbs as effectively as I would have liked. This does show that,

‘Being a swimmer and spending time in the water does not make you a fish.’

My mum always used proverbs when, either talking to us, talking to my dad or giving us instructions. It was a big task sometimes, trying to decipher what she meant.

My favourite proverb from my mum was,

‘A chick that will grow into a cock can be spotted the very day it hatches.’

Although Proverbs were, and still are, the main part of dialogues, we also know that,

‘Wise men make proverbs but fools repeat them.’

My dad could not string two sentences together without a proverb in between. Bless his soul, he is now late. Whenever I go back to my village, and hear a repeat of one of his proverbs, it reminds me that;

‘When an old man dies, a library burns down.’

He had a favourite one; he used it when one of us lied and believed we had deceived mum. To make you understand that mum would definitely find out, he would remind you that,

‘When a woman has ten children, there is nothing that happens in the night that she does not know about.’

My mum only had seven children though, not ten.

I also trawled the internet to look for my combat weapons against cigarette. I found plenty. My gratitude goes to you if you left any of them on the internet.

Proverbs from different countries have similar meanings but worded differently. Whatever your origin,

‘A wise person must know the language, sayings, and tales of his society.’

Each proverb, saying, phrase, or joke relates to different moments of cravings.

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