

Thursday, 12 Jan 06

Still maintaining the rage. As I walked around the city I noticed all the people walking and smoking or standing outside their buildings, dragging away on their gaspers. I felt sorry for them for still being caught in the grip of those foul things.

I searched the net about cloves and smoking. Apparently clove cigarettes (kreteks) are 60% tobacco anyway, so they're hardly a useful smoking alternative. They say that nicotine-free coltsfoot cigarettes can also be smoked and are actually good for you, but I expect they'd taste like ... herbs.

Still, if you get used to smoking something else it would probably only be a matter of time before you edged back towards the killer weed. Hell, I've smoked for over 30 years, so let's just call it "been there, done that".

This morning Victoria, our fill-in office manager, told me that a friend of hers was advised by a mystic on a Himalayan mountain (I kid you not) that putting a piece of clove in her mouth and sitting it inside her lip would help her quit smoking. The guru said it was purifying, which makes sense since it's an antiseptic. So I bought a pack of cloves and, well, the jury's out so far. I've now had a few tries at the clove-in-mouth caper and it's actually not too bad! It seems that it's been recommended on a few websites too, so it's not exactly hidden ancient wisdom privy only to gurus.



If tobacco was treated like heroin by the law

Today's tally is nine lozenges and four gums for the day ... oh, and a few cloves.

This is the first day that I've felt the confidence to write "o" in the cigs smoked panel before the day was out. My addiction has now transferred from cigarettes to lozenges and gums—like a junkie who quits heroin and becomes addicted to methadone. Keep posted for the quitting NRT journal ...