

# Freedom song

After smoking for 18 years, giving up was one of the easiest things I've ever done

**words: Emm Eh**

I knew I wanted to quit. I knew I had to quit. I just didn't know how to quit. It was like breaking up with my best friend. My ciggies had been with me through thick and thin, good and bad, happy and sad.

## How could I ever say goodbye?

Every time I laughed, I picked up a fag. Every time I was out with friends, there were cigarettes being passed around. Every time I was stressed out, my ciggies would calm me down. When I wanted to cry, the cigarette would help me swallow the tears. Every friend I made, every man I dated, every moment that ever meant anything, was always over a cigarette.

How then was I supposed to give up the one thing that meant more to me than everything else?

What else would pull me through those long, lonely nights? Those manic breakdown moments? Those uncontrollable outbursts of emotion? Would I have any friends left? How much weight would I gain? Was I crazy? Was I sure I even wanted this in the first place?

All those doubts weight down on me. Heavily. And I procrastinated. Days, weeks, months went by. I kept promising myself I would stop after my birthday, I would stop after the next holiday, I would stop after Christmas, I would stop after New Year's. Suddenly, I ran out of excuses to keep on smoking.

## So I wanna quit. Now what?

So here I was, a 33-year-old woman about to turn over a new leaf. I knew from experience the power of hypnotherapy over the mind. If I had to break one of the strongest bonds of my life, I knew I needed help from my biggest ally: my mind.

The problem was, as I've already explained, there were all these positive associations in my mind connected to smoking. To me, it was the wonderdrug to beat all wonderdrugs. How was I about to neutralise my emotion and change that

feeling of extreme affection for the nicotine monster to a feeling of indifference?

Easy. First I needed to understand why I was so attached to the stick anyway. What hold did it have over me? What was missing in my life that the cigarette filled?

## Confidence: my new wonderdrug

A large part of the therapy to quit smoking involves intense journeys down memory lane. It's about having the courage to clear out the attic, dust off those cobwebs, fill up the gaps, mend the broken bits and allow yourself to start brand new.

There's age regressions, healing your inner child, visualisations, conversations with the nicotine monster itself, the expansion of your will power, the diminution of the nicotine's power, the sudden realisation that you're smoke-free, mixed with the moments of sheer panic, temper tantrums, dry gums, sore throat, and suddenly, new smells, more stamina, oxygen in your brain, the ecstasy of knowing you're stronger than your addiction, the joy of replacing a skinny stick of poison with a bar of nutrient goodies....

You see, quitting isn't hard, but by no means is it a walk in the park either. There's one way and one way only to do it: the want to be smokefree, the desire to choose life over disease, the love for oneself over one's skanky stick.

And once you've made that choice, it really is that simple.

Whoever said quitting smoking was one of the hardest things they've ever had to do, obviously took the hard road to a smokefree existence.

Thanks to hypno, five intense days was all it took to say goodbye to an 18-year relationship with the nicotine monster. That and constant encouragement, cheers of joy, whoop whoops, and lots of mega yee-haws and hoop-la's from everyone around me. Finally, I'm not the smelliest person I know.

**To quit smoking contact Third Eye on [info@thirdeyeonline.com](mailto:info@thirdeyeonline.com) and book a session with Soni**