

Smoking Incognito

“Oh, I didn’t know you smoke!” This is the fifth time I hear this standing out the backdoor of Robo, in what I thought was a secluded area. My first reaction is always to clear my name. “Well, I’m quitting soon. Uh, I don’t really smoke.” Yeah, that’s right, I’m quitting right after finals, after this month, after this pack, among other discarded deadlines. And I do quit, for a minute, but I always start again.

So, why do I always refuse the label of a smoker? Dartmouth frowns on smokers! Green, athletic, Nobacco Dartmouth reminds a smoker daily that smoking equals social misfit. That is, unless you are drinking at a frat when smoking is encouraged by friends thrusting, or snatching cigarettes from you.

Everyone knows smoking is detrimental to one’s health. However, my theory is that in order to maintain sanity in a place such as Dartmouth, it makes sense to have a crutch. Smoking just happens to be my personal outlet for sanity. In fact, I have been known to beg, smooch, and even snatch a cigarette from behind someone’s ear.

Smoking, like all crutches used to get through this college life, is something I desperately hope to abandon with graduation. Hopefully, I won’t need to sneak out the backdoor to get my moment of solitary happiness in a cigarette. What a silly life we “smokers” lead (but I don’t smoke!!).

Anonymous