

# Cigarette

This is now available in C1-C6 potencies. Each hour of trituration follows the same pattern of Grinding for 6 minutes, Scraping for 4 minutes, with powder added after 20 minutes & 40 minutes. Each level of trituration is listed below.

## Cigarette Proving 14/7/11 (made from the tip and core of a Holiday Cigarette)

### C1

Deeply breathe and relax  
Pain in left spleen area  
inside arch of right foot feels bruised  
Nostril irritated as if want to sneeze  
ears aches especially right  
throat feels congested  
pain under outer side of left breast > rubbing  
bones of face feel pulled together ++ cup of tea  
I want to light candles and smell them burning  
Right biceps aching, aching in left kidney area  
I feel alert but calm  
stitching pain above right eyebrow like sharp needle  
want to pick at fingernails  
enjoying the sounds of frenetic picking at bowl  
all the time this stuff pounces on me with cheetah spots  
I feel quite dead, disengaged  
Tightness down right side of neck, want to stretch and rub.  
I feel constrained within this bowl, no room, had to do small movements, I wonder if should be doing this alone – seems solitary.

### C2

Titchy, restless, can't settle  
The bowl seems sooty and dirty, contaminated  
Eyes feel watery and I want to blink them a lot  
Sudden sigh – catching breath  
A contaminant from the fire jumped into the bowl, but I removed it  
Desire to sit in front of fire and chant and grind like in an Indian tippee  
There's too much darkness in the bowl, too much shadow, I don't want to see it  
My lungs can't move, they are stuck, dark, black, can't breath  
The sound of the grinding takes me to a dungeon where the torturers' rack is being slowly wound tighter. My God how terrifying.  
People standing in rows, bored, listless, nothing else to do but wait, powerless in life to change anything

### C3

I burp and almost retch suddenly, as soon as enter the 'field' of the cigarette  
I can taste the chocolate I had eaten, severe, loud burps, could vomit, taste bile  
Slight aching in left ear  
Flatulence  
I really want to smoke that half cigarette tonight  
Slight sore throat around larynx as I start chanting  
Left side of face, around the outer edge of eye, itching, > rubbing  
Right breast pain above nipple  
I feel like I am nonchalantly looking at the world on a screen, not quite in it, just observing  
Sore throat is back as soon as start scraping  
What can't I say or sing?  
Burping almost retching – as if bile is rising  
What can't I stomach?  
Gland swelling left submaxillary gland

What if I haven't been alive today as me? What if I have just been in the field of cigarette today  
Sudden bowel motion on waking, yelled at daughter cause she was slow, bummed out with coffee at 2.30pm, wanted the sun, resented a day at the office.

Impatient.

I want to clean half the bowl like a broom cleans a floor but its stuck to the sides, cant move.

C4

Right ear pain flashes in

Feeling chirpy with the fires going

There's a faint feeling in back of throat as if cold coming on

In a zone, dreamtime, just zoning out on the substance

clear sense of time.

My left cheek aches

Cold feeling all over like a fever

You smoke to cover over the horrible things that are done to you, like the soldiers in the war, like victims of abuse. To make the pain go away.

This white powder is suddenly gray and I'm drowning in it, it's in my face and mouth and lungs.

C5

When I lit the fire tonight I burnt the cigarette. I couldn't bear to have it in the house. As I lit the end I breathed it in and felt the sharp acrid feeling as the smoke hit my lungs – it was disgusting and I burnt it fully.

Tonight the powder feels turgid, harder to grind, flatter somehow. NO life in it.

There's millions of people just waiting, with a cigarette in their hands. Just taking a break – not connected.

These rituals calm the mind amid a world that feels chaotic. These rituals breathe deep into me and anchor me. It is hard to give them up.

I want to make rhythmic sounds like a woodpecker,

I've gone over time again – my mind just wanders off. I feel like I am sinking through the floor into the earth, swallowed up by comfort, no fighting or resistance, just calm to be sinking lower. I am getting annoyed by all this grinding and scraping, this noise and agitation. Someone wanting me – just go away.

I should be finishing but I'm just staring into the fire, staring into space, not thinking about everything I should be doing – suspended in my own small world here. Neither expanding or contracting, Just suspended in this minute.

When you go to this place and turn inward, there's a feeling you will never return. You'll be caught in the whirlpool going down, unable to come up. Dragging through the thick sand, damp and thick, sticking to the sides and turning grey. In this place I couldn't panic or move or respond, I would just carry on grinding my bowl. Lost time again. Want to stay here just grinding.

C6

++ lemon drink but aggravated stomach with acidity

Feeling tremendous guilt, I shouldn't be doing this amid the energy of the new baby, seems disgusting.

I am feeling wooden and stiff as if the life blood is draining and i am restricted in movement.

Bitterness, sourness, sits under the surface. It is not mine but it is the remedy, a kind of hatred for what life has dished out. Still there in pain in my stomach area – griping .

My chest feels tight as if it is hard to open up, an anxious feeling, Its nice to be up at this time of the day (early morning) – no demands.

It makes me cross and irritated to have to scrap- the noise, the fast small movements of my hand disturb the peace.

I am a dragon that breathe fire at one end and crashes its tail at the other.

Clear mucus hawked from posterior nares.

Time disappears when I am doing this – my mind wanders off in a revelry about something and before I know it, I have missed the time to change.

Thinking about the need to disconnect, unplug from the a person so can co-exist.

Smashed the bowl this morning when the bottom fell out of box.

Cant complete C7 cause have lost my bag of powder that I was saving for it.