

# I Don't Smoke



Written by Alvin R. Graham

Serie Leamos

Illustrated by Phillex Stewart

Dear reader,

The book you are about to read was written by Spanish undergraduate students of the World Languages & Cultures department and illustrated by undergraduate students of the School of Art and Design, both from Georgia State University.

This project has been made with my Intermediate Spanish classes and the final product is a result of collaboration by the authors - students who wrote the original stories based on personal experiences - by the illustrators - Art students who gave life to the stories with a fresh and unique touch - and by me, who directed and supervised the whole process.

I hope you will find the stories in *Serie Leamos*, appealing, interesting, and enjoyable. Above all, I hope that these stories will help you love reading and reading in Spanish.

¡Espero que lo disfruten!

Victoria Rodrigo

# I Don't Smoke

*An Original Story*

Written by Alvin R. Graham

Illustrated by Phillex Stewart

Serie Leamos

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## Vocabulary

fumar: to smoke

humo: smoke

calada: puff

tos: cough

ahogo: difficulty breathing

olor: smell

riesgos: risks

hombría: masculinity

nunca: never

paracaídas: parachute

amenaza: threat

## **Characters**

The Narrator

Female Coworker

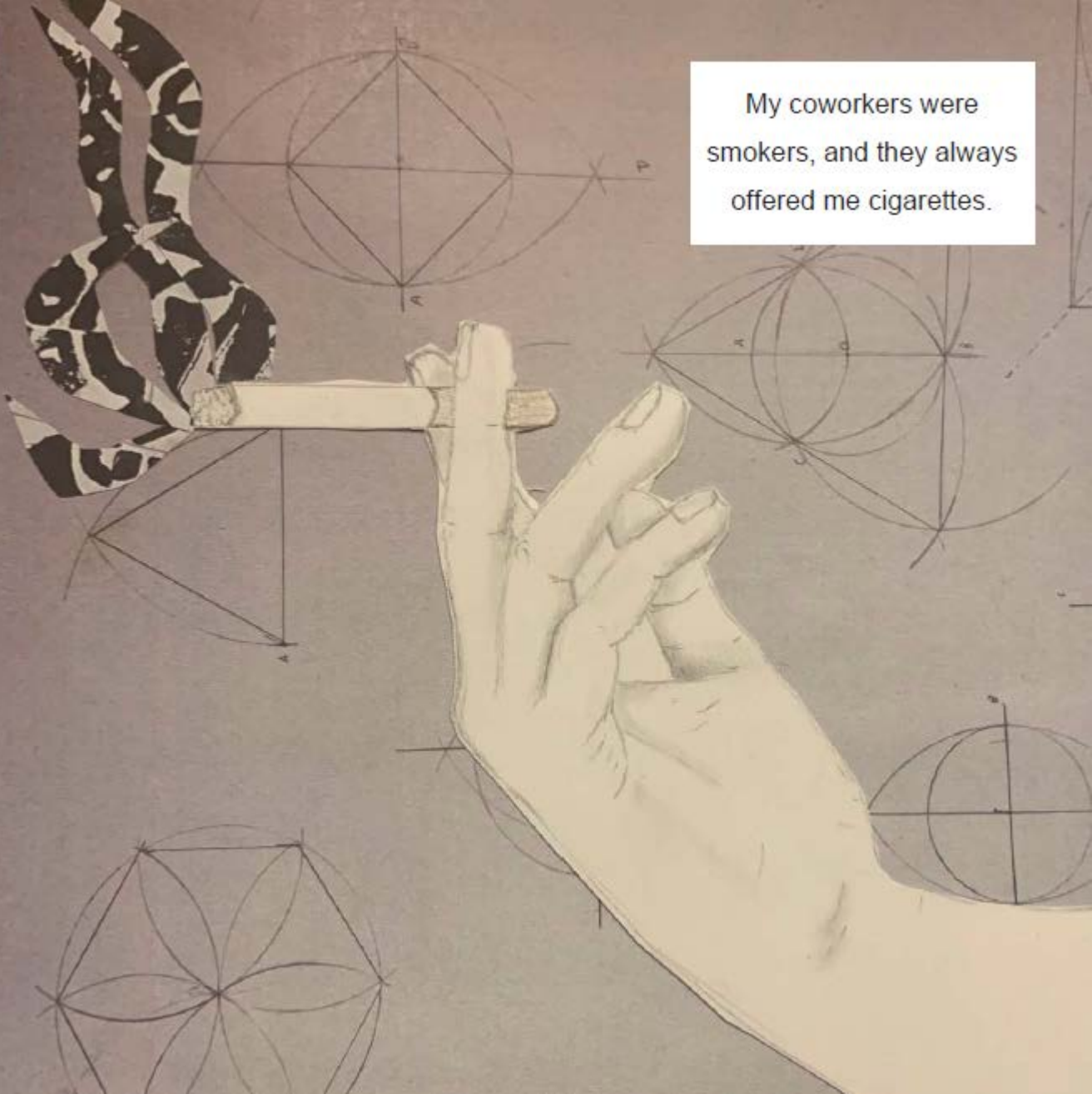
Male Coworker

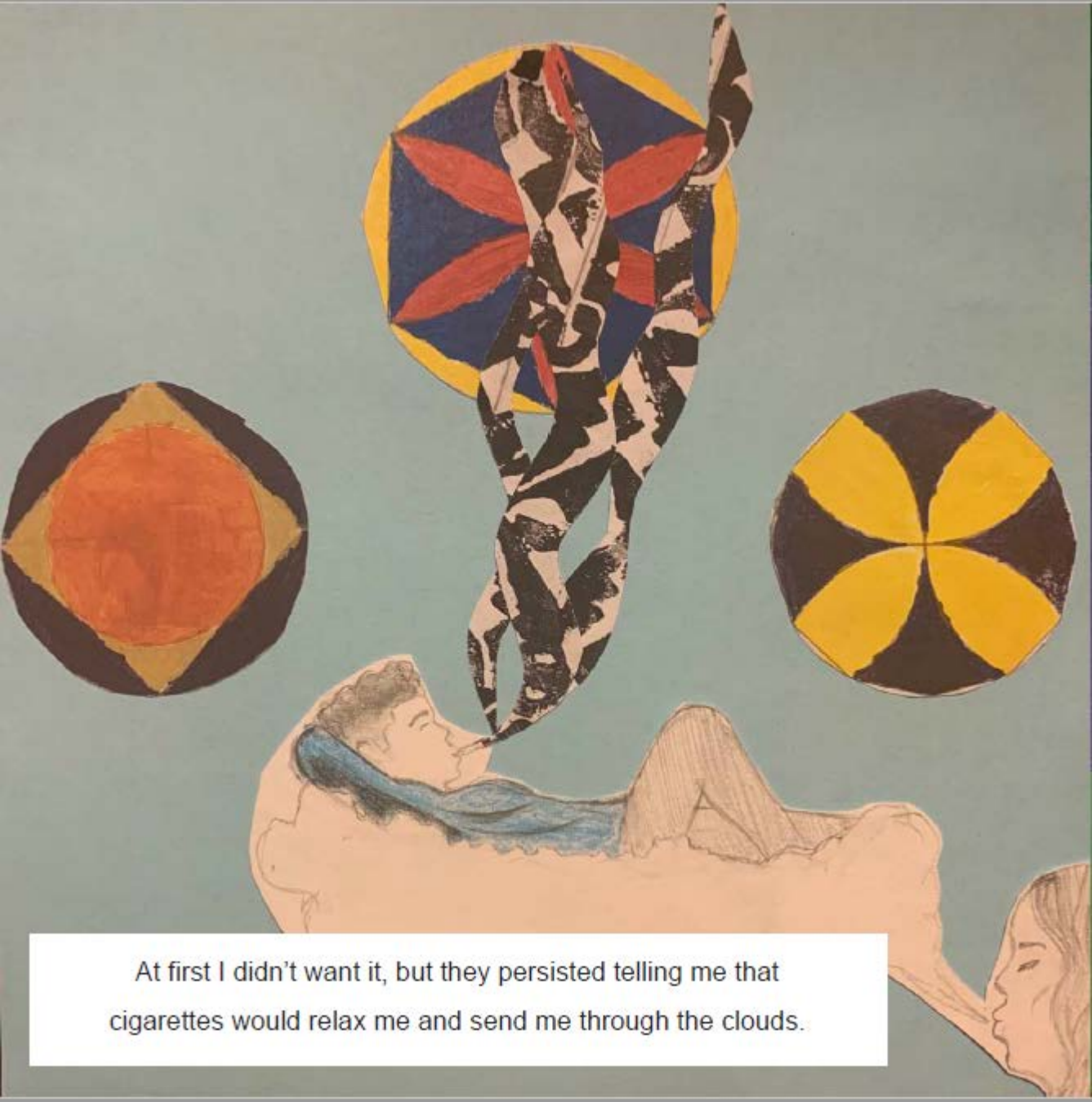
The Narrator's Father



One summer, when I was thirteen years old, I worked with two young people for a company that made ice cream.

My coworkers were smokers, and they always offered me cigarettes.





At first I didn't want it, but they persisted telling me that cigarettes would relax me and send me through the clouds.



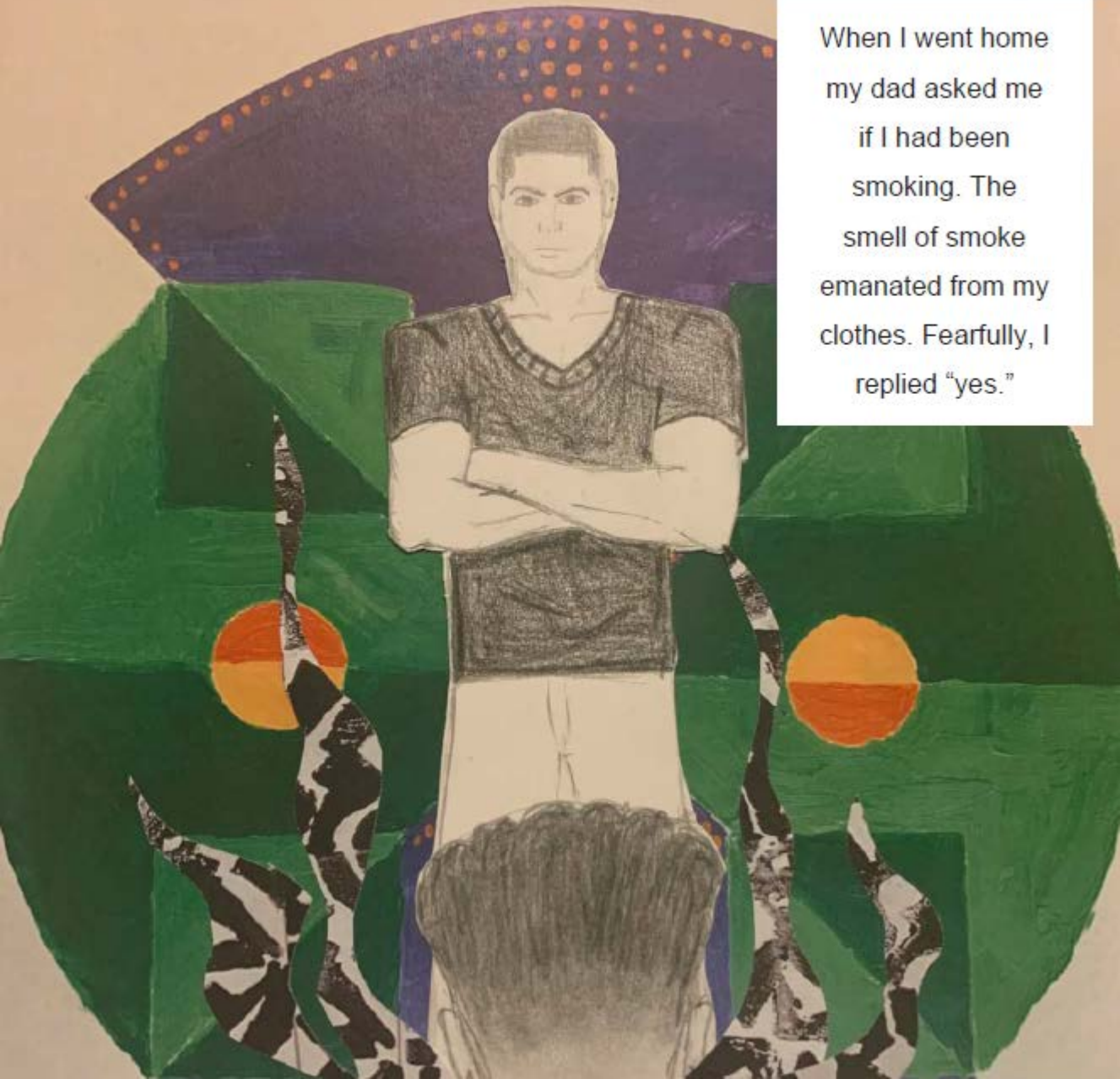


The first puff of smoke did not relax me or send me through the clouds. In fact, it irritated my eyes. I had coughing spasms and felt like I was choking.

My coworkers tried to encourage me telling me that with more practice it would feel better, and I would like it.



When I went home  
my dad asked me  
if I had been  
smoking. The  
smell of smoke  
emanated from my  
clothes. Fearfully, I  
replied "yes."





My father was a very sympathetic, Presbyterian preacher but at the same time strict. He knew nothing of the health risks of tobacco. He believed that youth smoking was a symbol of daring and precocious manhood.

He told me, "Son, look into my eyes. As long as you live under this roof, even if you have a beard to your knees, you're never going to smoke".

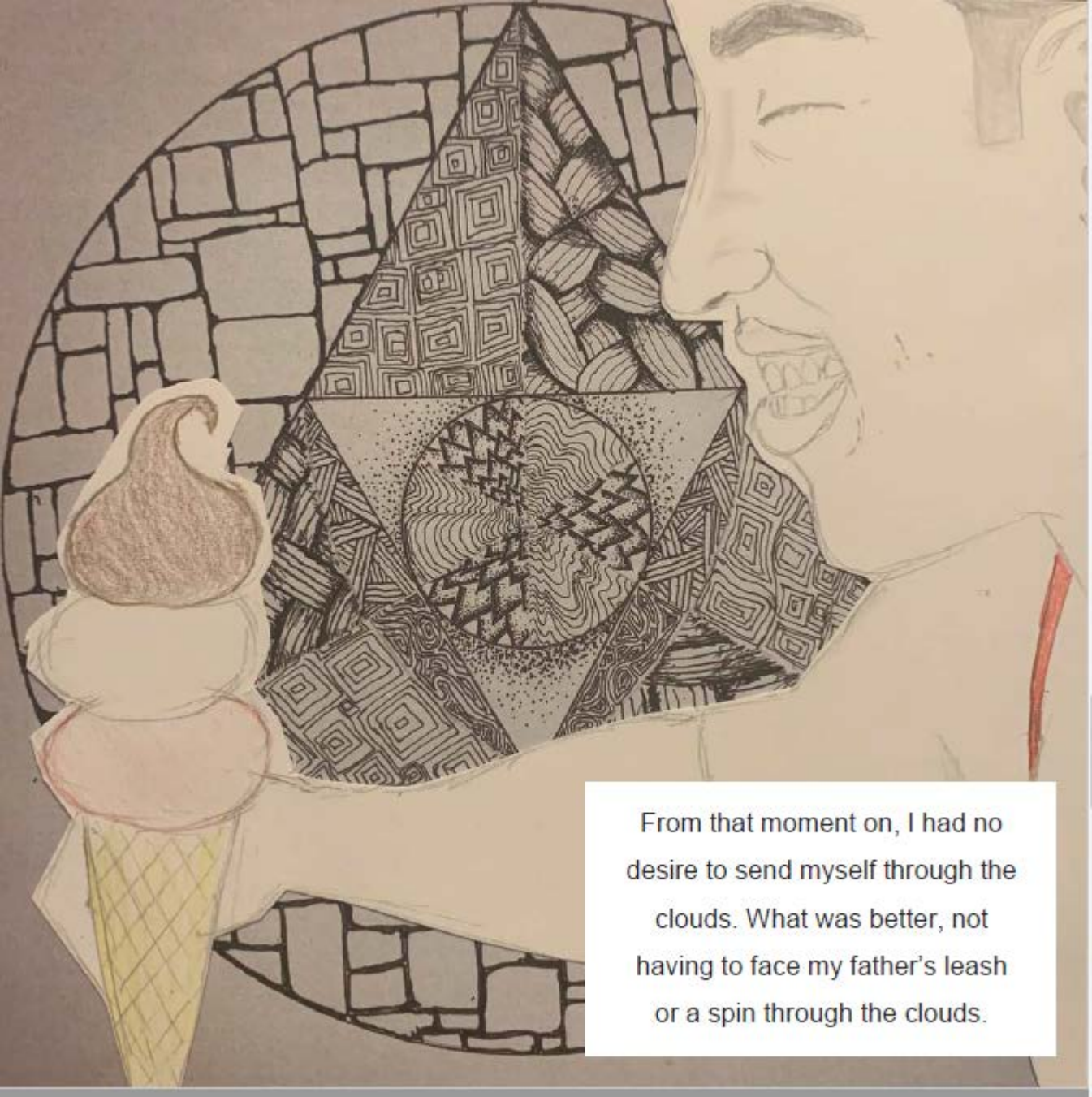
He put a particular emphasis on the word *never*. "Understood?"



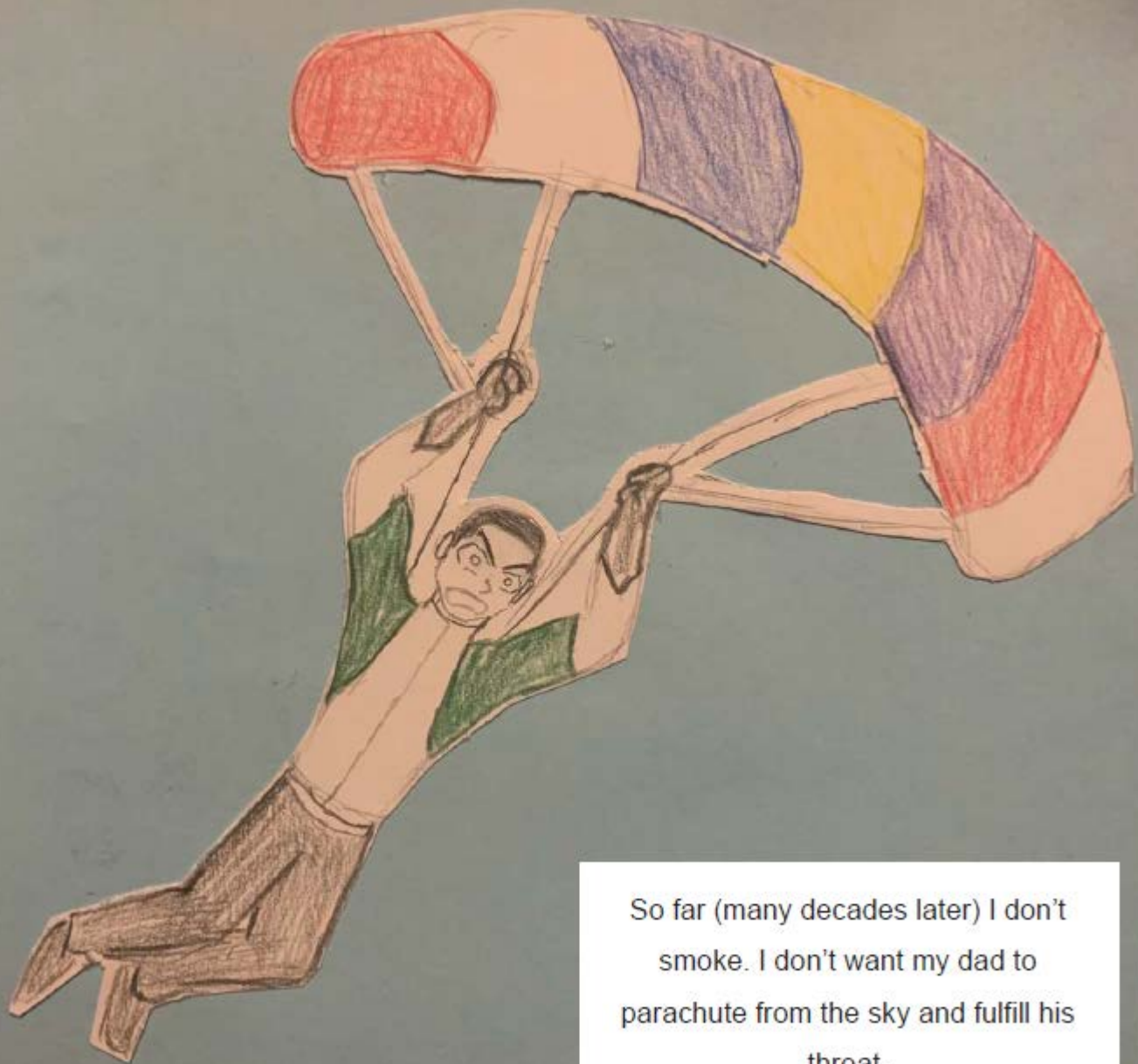
Well familiar to the floggings of my  
dad's leash, there was one and only  
one correct answer.

"Yes, dad, whatever you say."





From that moment on, I had no desire to send myself through the clouds. What was better, not having to face my father's leash or a spin through the clouds.



So far (many decades later) I don't smoke. I don't want my dad to parachute from the sky and fulfill his threat.



