

# Nicotine Clouds and Depleting Oxygen

*by* Anthony Van Hart

I spent the summer of 2001 in disguise; getting lost in nicotine clouds, tapping my feet to stand up bass lines, and peeling 30 cents off stickers off of hard packs of Old Golds.

With my oxygen depleting as much as the oil in my beat up Toyota; I spent countless hours hating my job and failing to figure out what kind of man it takes to appreciate peaty scotch.

Writing on napkins and not sleeping;

Falling in love.

