

COUNT FROM TEN DOWN TO ONE I WOULD LIKE YOU TO ALLOW YOURSELF TO  
BECOME TWICE AS CALM AS YOU WERE ON THE COUNT BEFORE... OR IF YOU  
PREFER.. ALLOW YOURSELF TO FEEL TEN TIMES AS CALM ... 10 ...9...8...7...6...5...  
...4...3...2... ON THE NEXT COUNT YOU ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRCASE  
AND ONCE AGAIN I WANT YOU TO USE YOUR IMAGINATION...ONE...GOOD... I  
WOULD LIKE YOU TO FIND YOURSELF WALKING OVER TO A FURNACE...THERE IS  
A FIRE BLAZING INSIDE THE FURNACE... THE INTENSITY OF THE HEAT IS SUCH  
THAT THE BACK OF THE FURNACE IS TURNING RED...YOU PICK UP A POKER NOT  
FAR FROM WHERE YOU ARE STANDING...OPEN UP THE DOOR OF THE  
FURNACE...YOU FEEL THE HEAT FROM THE OPEN DOOR ON YOUR FACE AND  
ARMS...YOUR WHOLE BODY FEELS WARM...YOU OPEN THE BOOK TO FIND AN  
ENTRY OF EACH AND EVERY TIME YOU HAVE TAKEN A CIGARETTE...YOU READ  
ABOUT THE VERY FIRST TIME YOU SMOKED A CIGARETTE...YOU REMEMBER  
WHO WAS THERE WITH YOU...WHO LIT IT...HOW IT BURNED THE BACK OF YOUR  
THROAT...YOU MIGHT NAVE GAGGED AND COUGHED...YOU MAY HAVE HAD TO  
FORCE YOURSELF TO FINISH IT...UNTIL YOU FINALLY GOT INTO THE HABIT...  
(THIS PORTION OF THE SCRIPT IS MODIFIED TO FIT THE PARTICULAR SITUATION  
YOU ARE WORKING ON) IN ANGER...YOU SLAM THE BOOK SHUT...AND THROW  
THE BOOK INTO THE FURNACE...YOU WATCH AS THE BINDING BEGINS TO  
BLACKEN AND CHAR...AND THE PAGES BEGIN TO BURN AND CURL...WHEN YOU  
ARE CONVINCED THAT THE ONLY THING LEFT IS A PILE OF BLACKENED  
ASH...YOU PICK UP THE POKER AND CLOSE THE DOOR TO THE FURNACE...