The Smoker

She stepped outside the back door. It was a simple path to destruction. Smoke filled lungs, a coughing fit. It didn't take long for her to die. No one rushed to her side, no one rushed to her aid. She was alone when she died. A loss for sure. It wasn't a tragedy by any means, but it was a loss.

Smoke filled the house. Awful smell. The tobacco was overpowering. It annoyed the sensations of anyone sitting nearby. Ugliness was its companion. Smoking killed. Its only purpose was to kill.