

DR. PETER F KRUGER

ESCAPE NICOTINE - PERMANENTLY

Audiobook Companion and Field Kit

- Meet the Little and Big Tricksters
- Guided-session replay guide
- Action Notes worksheet
- The Field Kit
- Your Belief Curve

Use with the matching audiobook chapters. The guided sessions are designed to be heard. Use this companion for preparation, writing, and quick reference.

Educational material only - not medical care. Do not change prescribed nicotine replacement or cessation medication without speaking with your prescriber.

Meet the Two Tricksters

One con, presented in two parts throughout the book



LITTLE TRICKSTER

The book's metaphor for the physical itch, pang, or static between doses.

Loud. Urgent. Brief. Weak.

BIG TRICKSTER

The book's metaphor for beliefs, stories, the whisper, and the 'just one.'

Quiet. Patient. Persuasive.

They can't force you to do anything. All they can do is feed you lies.

Both figures are metaphors for bodily sensations and automatic thoughts - not literal voices.

Guided-Session Replay Guide

Use the book and audiobook chapter numbers shown here

Listen only when safely seated. Do not close your eyes while driving, cycling, or operating machinery. Pause or skip any scene that feels unhelpful.

CHAPTER 3 GUIDED REFRAMING

The First Lie

Revisit the first con and separate the memory from the story.

CHAPTER 9 HYPNOSIS-STYLE

Inside a Free Mind

Rehearse an ordinary nicotine-free day.

CHAPTER 4 GUIDED REFRAMING

Why Willpower Loses

When quitting feels like a fight or a test of strength.

CHAPTER 10 HYPNOSIS-STYLE

Watching the Con Work on Others

Before social cues, offers, parties, or celebrations.

CHAPTER 5 GUIDED REFRAMING

The Little Trickster

During or after a pang, when the raw sensation needs perspective.

CHAPTER 11 GUIDED REFRAMING

One Puff Is a Reunion

Before your named ambush or a 'just one' offer.

CHAPTER 6 GUIDED REFRAMING

The Big Trickster

When the whisper sounds reasonable or feels like your own thought.

CHAPTER 12 HYPNOSIS-STYLE

The Last Puff

For the planned Last Puff moment described in the book.

CHAPTER 7 GUIDED REFRAMING

The Protection Racket

Before or after a stressful day that used to come with nicotine.

CHAPTER 13 HYPNOSIS-STYLE

The Impostor

When old automatic thoughts return in your own voice.

CHAPTER 8 GUIDED REFRAMING

The Pleasure That Never Was

When nostalgia makes an old dose seem special.

CHAPTER 14 HYPNOSIS-STYLE

Freedom Awaits You

For closing reflection and future rehearsal.

Find the matching Audible chapter. If the session has its own track, select that track directly.

Action Notes

Write only when the audiobook invites you to pause and reflect

1. THE EXACT THOUGHT THAT ENDED MY LAST QUIT

2. RAW PHYSICAL PANG

Rating (1-10):

Date/time:

3. MY FUTURE AMBUSH - ONE SENTENCE

4. MY TOP THREE 'I NEED NICOTINE FOR...' BELIEFS

Belief	Year I started
1.	
2.	
3.	

5. MY EASY NO - FOUR OR FIVE WORDS

6. MY LAST PUFF APPOINTMENT

Date:

Time:

Place:

Medication and mood safety: Do not change prescribed nicotine replacement or cessation medication without your prescriber. Seek clinical help for severe withdrawal or a persistent decline in mood.

THE FIELD KIT

Everything in this book, folded down to carrying size. You shouldn't need it often. But knowing exactly where it is, is half of why you won't.

One Long Breath

The all-purpose tool. For the itch, for a loud moment, for any time he raises his voice. It costs fourteen seconds and it works because an urge is not a command — it's a wave. It rises, it peaks, and it *always* passes, whether or not you obey it. Nobody told you that the whole time you were using; you always paid before the wave could crest, so you never once saw one land on the beach by itself. Now you get to watch.

Here's the whole technique:

1. **In through the nose, four counts.** Slow. Fill the bottom of your lungs, not just the top.
2. **Hold, two counts.** Nothing dramatic. A pause at the top of the wave.
3. **Out through the mouth, eight counts.** Longer out than in — that's the part that tells your nervous system the emergency is cancelled. Let the shoulders drop with it.

While you breathe, don't fight the feeling. Turn and face it. Give it your full attention, the way you'd watch weather: *there it is* — *rising* — *peaking* — *passing*. Fighting an urge feeds it; watching one bores it to death. One breath is usually enough. If it isn't, take another. You have an unlimited supply, they're free, and he hates every single one.

And when the wave has passed — because it will have — make a note of it. A tally on the back page of this book, a mark in your

phone. Waves survived. That's a count worth keeping (it's not a streak; it's a scorecard, and you're the one winning). Every mark is a moment he swung and missed.

The ambush plan

He doesn't work at random. He books appointments. So the single most useful habit of your first free weeks is this: **each evening, take ten seconds and ask what's on tomorrow's calendar that used to come with nicotine.** A long drive. A deadline. Friday drinks. If the answer is "nothing," carry on. If something's there, you don't need to brace, rehearse a speech, or dread it. You only need to say to yourself, tonight: *he'll be there, by the door, with the tray.* That's the whole plan. An ambush you're expecting isn't an ambush — it's a man in a bad costume waiting at the exact spot you said he'd be.

The thirteen costumes

One lie — *this moment needs nicotine* — in thirteen outfits. Here's the full wardrobe, so nothing arrives as a surprise:

Waking. His oldest booking; the itch is loudest after a night unfed. It's not a sign you need one. It's the sound of him starving. **Coffee.** The pairing was never chemistry, just calendar — two things that happened to share a table until they seemed married. The coffee still works alone. Better, actually: taste it. **Driving.** The hand drifts on autopilot. Let it find the vent, the radio, the wheel. Hands re-learn in days. **The work break.** You were never addicted to nicotine at work; you were starved of daylight and pause. Take the break. The break was always the good part. **After meals.** The full stomach, the sigh, the reach. The meal is complete. It always was — you just never once let yourself feel a meal end without him. **Drinks and parties.** His loudest venue:

a glass in one hand, an offer in the air. Rehearsed in Chapter 11. The easy no, then back to the conversation. **Weddings.** The Long Con's favourite dress code — emotion, ceremony, "special occasion." Nothing about a celebration requires a chemical you don't want. **The boys' weekend, the fishing trip.** Old scripts run hardest in old company. You can keep the company and skip the script; nobody around that fire is having a better time than you because of a con man. **Acute stress.** The bad-news moment. Remember Chapter 7: he doesn't relieve the emergency, he *is* one, stacked on top of it. One Long Breath. Then handle the actual problem, with your whole head. **Major life events.** His payday, the one he'll wait years for — a loss, a crisis, a diagnosis, a divorce. The whisper says a crisis this size deserves an exception. Flip it: a crisis this size deserves your full strength, and he was never strength. This one costume is why Chapter 13 exists. Reread it the day life turns loud. **Boredom.** The itch dressed as emptiness. Boredom is just a moment with nothing in it — it was never a nicotine deficiency. Sixty seconds of it never hurt anyone. **Desk-vaping.** The autopilot puff you don't even notice taking. Twenty invisible appointments a day. Now that you can see them, they're almost endearing — he really did have to work that hard. **The flight landing.** The old sprint from the gate to the smoking box or the first allowed puff. Remember what Chapter 8 proved with this exact scene: the bigger the "relief" at landing, the bigger the confession. That relief was the entire product, and you've stopped needing it by the simple trick of not running out of anything.

Thirteen costumes. One move for all of them: **laugh, don't long.** You caught him mid-lie. That's not a crisis. That's a comedy, and you've got the best seat.

If you slip

Read Chapter 11 again — the reunion chapter — *before* anything else, and don't let him near the paperwork. One puff doesn't erase your progress; the beliefs you dismantled stay dismantled, the way you can't re-believe in a magic trick after seeing the palmed card. But one puff *is* a job offer, and he'll spend the next hour telling you the signature's already dry. It isn't. Put it down mid-sentence if you have to, take One Long Breath, and check the margins of this book — your own handwriting, your own numbers, your own verdict. The receipts outrank the whisper. They always will.

The whole book in four lines

He can't make you do anything. All he can do is lie.
Identify the automatic thought, acknowledge and disarm.

The "pleasure" was relief of an itch he installed. You're losing a liar, not a pleasure.

Willpower guards a door. We removed the door.

There is no such thing as just one — and you don't want one, which is better than not having one.

YOUR BELIEF CURVE

One page for all your receipts. As you finish each chapter's **Lock it in**, copy your number here with the date. This is the con collapsing, in your own handwriting — the only progress chart this book keeps, and the one document the whisper can never argue with.

Ch.	The belief on trial	Win looks like	Date	1–10
3	The "pleasure" is just relief of withdrawal.	rising	_____	_____
4	Quitting requires willpower.	falling	_____	_____
5	The physical withdrawal is unbearable.	falling	_____	_____
6	A whisper has no hands — relapse would need MY hands.	rising	_____	_____
7	I need nicotine to cope with stress.	falling	_____	_____
8	My "best ones" were ransom payments, not pleasures.	rising	_____	_____
9	How comfortable am I saying "I don't"?	rising	_____	_____
10	I envy people who smoke/vape.	falling	_____	_____
11	There is no such thing as just one.	rising	_____	_____
12	I'm free.	rising	_____	_____
13	A thought with his signature is not my thought.	rising	_____	_____

Waves survived: tally marks welcome below. Each mark is a moment he swung and missed.