

Language Experience Sample Text

“My First Smoke” by Patrick Keady

When you are a child you want to experience everything.

There was no Dad to be seen. He died the 12th of March 1946 – I grasped that fact at a very early age.

To find out anything else was a bit painful.

You didn’t talk about that sort of thing.

I was a bit curious about the suit that hung on the back of the door.

I thought it was a bit peculiar, the suit on the back of the door, instead of getting rid of it.

This particular Saturday when I was 10 or 11, I was on my own.

The old lady had gone shopping.

My sisters had been working, the youngest was playing in the garden.

I decided to investigate the suit.

Well I went through the pockets like any child would do.

I found the knife and the tobacco pouch.

In the top pocket I found the pipe.

I said, “I’ll have a try at smoking!”

But I couldn’t find any tobacco.



I filled it up with loose tea, sat down and smoked the full pipe.

It takes nearly half an hour to smoke a full pipe.

I didn't know it then, but I certainly found out.

I was getting worried, it was time for mother to be home and the kitchen smelt terrible!

I didn't want to be caught.

Then I started seeing stars, I felt pretty bad.

I thought I was going to pass out.

I went to the back kitchen and had a good look in the mirror.

I was just like a dead man.

I kept getting sick, I was drinking water and orange.

'Twas time for mother to be home and find out that I was up to something.

I put it all back in the top pocket and swore I'd never smoke that pipe again.

I took myself out with the boys playing football – I was lying in the garden for the rest of the evening!

When dinner was ready I couldn't manage it.

That pipe was a hell of an experience!