

Running Into A Transparent Mist.

1997. Prior to this year, I had no concept of smell. Smells. Smell. Smells. No concept of fragrances. Or the importance of fragrance. I knew such things as cologne existed. But I knew not of their specifics. Or the mechanics behind them. Or the context. And thus, I never used such things. I remember my father surprisingly gifted me with a fragrance this year. Definitely a surprise. Perhaps he felt it was time. For me to join the world. I carefully examined this gift. But I was caught by what I read on the bottle. It said something in what I would perceive as the French language. Eau de Toilette. This was before the internet. My printed encyclopedia books at the time had no such entry. Neither did the dictionary. These offered no help. So I would spray it in curiosity. Smell it. Spray things in the house. But I was caught by a certain fear. I could not help but wonder if I would ever use this, would I be shamed? My English language logic would just see the word toilet in this Eau de Toilette and I could not help but wonder, was this fragrance specifically for use in the toilet? Was it something to mask the smells of the toilet? Yes, I was an idiot. I had no idea, nor anybody to ask. If you had not picked up on any of the clues yet in these texts, I was very alone at this time. Not too many friends. Not too many people to ask. Just very alone. My father, the gift giver of this fragrance, I was ashamed¹ to think that perhaps he too,

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might not have any idea what this was. And more importantly, might not really know if this was to be used strictly to mask smells from the toilet either. He was an immigrant. He might not know such things? Could he? I was very alone. The smell? It did smell kind of good. I mean, perhaps this was my first time owning such a creation. So I would open the bottle and smell it. I guess I smelled such things on other folks all the time. But here, I had something in my hands that I could ponder. Think over. Smell again and again. And I remember it did smell good. But I remember perhaps kind of old man ish? But would I dare wear such a fragrance in public? Would people know that I was wearing something for the toilet? I was unsure. Entirely unsure. It was also a spray. How is this applied? How do I go about attaching the fragrance to myself. To my body? I again, had no idea. I was entirely alone. I had a younger brother who was much more savvy than me in numerous ways. And he had explained that one method is to just spray it and run into the cloud. Run into the mist. I was okay with this. Visually this looked rather fascinating. He would spray. A cloud would disperse. And he, after a microsecond would run into it. Waving his arms and hands to catch the fragrance. And the catching of this mist would then somehow attach this fragrance to his body. Was this correct? I don't think he knew entirely either but again, he was much more savvy than myself. So I

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too did this. And sadly enough, it kind of worked and I ended up following such methods for years to come. It was only years and years later at a department store where I asked the lady at the counter how one actually applies this. To my slight embarrassment, she showed me that all you needed to do was dab your wrists and behind the ears. The way she did it looked so professional. So showy. So nice. But it also again reaffirmed the fact that for many years. I was alone. Very alone. Alone.