

COCO CHANEL

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A distinct smell of Coco Chanel clung to his collar as I put the glass in front of him. Grey eyes glanced up momentarily, tearing away as fast as they had looked, as though there was something he didn't want me to see locked away there. Instead, he looked to the table. The lamb took pride of place with trays of boiled potatoes and honey-roasted vegetables, along with bowls of mint sauce and port jelly. A last meal fit for a condemned man, if I did say so myself. Muttering incoherently, he grabbed his glass, gulping the wine like it would vanish a minute later.

As I sipped my own glass, the smell of Dior from my wrist soothed my nose. Savouring the rich taste, I pondered if he would even notice. He guzzled the liquid so quickly he probably wouldn't. Men. A little of something is never enough for them.

I continued to observe him. A small bead of water slid down the side of his face as he shovelled food into his mouth. Then another bead followed. And another. My eyes became transfixed on the small streams that ran and dripped silently onto his collar as he refilled his glass, slurping it all down before he'd even put the bottle back on the table.

The smell of Coco Chanel engulfed the air and my hand reached for my glass again. Loosening his tie, the tan line on his finger was highlighted in the candlelight.

Putting my cutlery down, I leaned back rigidly in my chair. He looked up but a violent cough ripped from his body, cutting

his words off. His face seemed to contort in pain. Mine was a blank canvas.

‘Darling, don’t you know I detest the smell of Coco Chanel?’