

Naughty Alice -- There's No Laughter When You're Extinct

by Linda Seccaspina

Does life have an expiration date Alice asked herself? One must be careful when trying to deal with a broken person; you might cut yourself on their shattered pieces. Life can be like an arrow penetrating your heart. Hard and painful to pull it out, yet it hurts more to leave it in.

Alice knew where the magic was and carefully removed the cap of the most wondrous scent in the world. It was the bottle design and the dainty blue heart charm gold bracelet that had first caught her eye. Moreover, the sensual scent lingered in the air before garlands of roses came through and filled her nostrils.

As she breathed it all in like a drug she suddenly found herself back in Paris where she used to live a lifetime ago. Dust covered every inch of her former apartment, yet it still looked like she had just left yesterday.

But where had she gone?

Why had she not come back?

Had her heart been broken?

Where does one sit if there is a painting on every chair?

The place was in shambles because she had once gone through it like a hurricane, trying to find her most important things. Photos, family history records, anything that had once caught her eye. Some souls refused to return to their former lives less they find something that they did not want to remember. It was of great importance to her.

All around her were murmurs of neglected dreams. The vase of pink sedge grass disintegrated when she inched near it, simply from the motion of the air. She had fled, quickly, scared, and vowed never to return. Too much pain, too many memories that crushed the remains of her heart. One could speculate all day about why she really never went back.

There is absolutely only one way to quit, and that is to lose everything, and when you think there is nothing left to lose you will realize that there are more things. She looked at the bottle and refused to remove the charm to wear on her tiny wrist. The sensual yet elegant glass bottle would lose its magical charm and Naughty Alice might just become plain and forgotten once again. Was her life now preserved by neglect or was it simply now -- preservation by terror?

Inspired by the scent of "Naughty Alice" by Vivienne Westwood.

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Madame de Florian was a French socialite and actress who fled to the south of France during World War II. She kept her apartment in Paris on the Right Bank near the Opéra Garnier, though, in case she wanted to return. However, she never went back to it after the war. Since 1942, the apartment has been sitting untouched, until recently when an auctioneer entered her apartment. What he found was a time capsule, full of treasures. The apartment was covered in dust, perfectly preserved.

