

**Eau de Memory:**  
*A new fragrance line*

Delve into the past through this new collection of perfumes. Revisit moments through scent; take in your surroundings from a new perspective, and savor the moment, whether you're reminiscing or painfully reliving.

**01. Christian's room**

**Fragrance Family:** Summer Nostalgia

**Mood:** Warm and light

**Top notes:** Rain on hot pavement, summer breeze

**Heart notes:** Dirty stuffed animals, sunscreen, comic books

**Base notes:** Playing cards, salty tears, crayons

A single spray of this perfume transports you across the hall to the room in the house you barely get to see. Cross-legged on his carpet, you see that your brother's window is cracked. Outside, August breeze rattles leaves and drifts inside. The afternoon air is heavy and heat radiates from the sidewalk below where you can smell warm rain steaming on the cement.

The heart notes are cozy, like your brother's lofted bed that he lets you sit on the very edge of. Your hands still smell like sunscreen from a day spent in swim diapers at the pool, before the clouds started rumbling. He doesn't want you touching his signed Diary of a Wimpy Kid book, so your brother flips it for you, fanning the newness of the crisp pages into your face.

He shows you his pokemon card collection, from a white binder that reeks of sun-melted plastic. Five minutes later, you're kicked out of the room, probably for accidentally bending a card. Tears drip down your face and into your mouth. The base notes of this fragrance dry down similarly to the scent of crayola crayons, the same kind you would use to color alone when Christian no longer wanted to play. This loneliness may feel more familiar as time passes. But *Christian's Room* provides a journey for wearers to recall the simplicity and eagerness of an opportunity to spend a single afternoon with their role model.

## **02. Field Trip**

**Fragrance Family:** Woody Fresh

**Mood:** Adventurous, playful

**Top notes:** Bug spray, peanut butter, musty school bus, exhaust

**Heart notes:** Sticky pine, cool mist, smushed ladybugs

**Base notes:** Sun-warmed grass, pond water, alcohol wipes

*Field Trip* takes you right back to third grade. A soft spritz introduces the familiar sting of bug spray. Waves of nausea take over as heat from leather bus seats circulate the chemical tinge of insect repellent. The initial intensity is numbed by a deep breath of rushing highway air and a whiff of your bus partner's peanut butter sandwich.

The top notes settle as the bus pulls to a gravelly halt. The heart notes bloom the moment you're on stable land. Icy morning mist chills your skin, and fresh pine needles ease lingering sickness. You slap your cheek where you felt crawling, only to be met with the distinct smell of smeared bug guts. The woodiness of this layer is pure magic, a smell you'll search for every time you find yourself surrounded by trees.

In the dry down, grass stains are baked into fabric by the sun and small fingers smell strongly aquatic from where they gripped kayak oars. You rest your head on the window of the bus while rubbing alcohol floats from where your seatmate is patching up a scraped knee. The final essence of this scent wafts core memories of elementary school joy. This perfume aims to channel a sense of exploration and eight-year-old pureness unique to a field trip away from the city, when the most exciting thing in the world was a bus ride to a pine field.

### **03. Club Tryouts**

**Fragrance Family:** Aromatic Sports Musk

**Mood:** Adrenaline-fueled, competitive

**Top notes:** Warm paper, black sharpie

**Heart notes:** School gym, sweet body spray, leather

**Base notes:** Sweat, evening air, family car

A tiny spritz of *Club Tryouts* immediately immerses the user with the warm inky smell of a freshly printed waiver. It brings you back to tryout week, your health forms rattling in your nervous hand. You catch the cool scent of the skinny sharpie that the head coach uses to scribble down your name and tryout number. The first buzz of this fragrance should fill users with adrenaline and a sliver of self-doubt.

When the top notes fade, you'll soon notice the rubbery smell of a cold gym. A hundred other girls are situated all around you passing volleyballs back and forth. The vibrant leather is pungent, like a new tire. The only familiar scent from this foreign place is caramelly Sol De Janeiro. Every twelve-year-old in the gym seems to be wearing the same perfume. The heart of this fragrance reminds many wearers of the sweat from every point earned by a hardworking team. A deep breath takes you to the jitters of setting up a pass for the girl beside you. You might not know her name, but right now you're in it together.

The final stage of this eau de parfum provides a break from the excitement and nerve-wracking competition. The cool smell of the November night air is heavenly to your nose. You wave goodbye to the group of friends you just met and probably won't ever see again. Loading yourself into the stuffy-scented car, your dad seems pleased to hear that tryouts went great. You won't hear back from the club for a few days, but all that matters is that—despite your initial fears—you left everything you had on the court.

#### **04. Last Time in Chicago**

**Fragrance Family:** Oriental Antique

**Mood:** Still, regretful

**Top notes:** Magazine pages, floor cleaner, rubber gloves

**Heart notes:** Dusty clothes, vinegar

**Base notes:** Flowers, face cream

The first spray of this perfume is harsh, like hospital lighting and medical-grade disinfectant. It might bring memories of the magazines someone left on the chair beside your grandma's adjustable bed. The magazine pages smell and feel just like the ones you might find at the doctor's office or in the lobby of a salon. Hospice is kind of like a waiting room. The nurses made you put on a mask and gloves before you came in, and when you clasp your hands to lead a prayer, the latex stings your nose.

The top notes fade eventually, like you know they will. In their place, the heart notes emerge, inspired by what you found cleaning your grandmother's apartment. Over-fermented kimchi stuns your other senses when you open the fridge. The kitchen is a mess. Her bedroom is dusty and your skin smells like mildew once you're done folding her clothes. This part of the perfume experience tends to leave wearers feeling extremely guilty.

The base notes are more pleasant than the heart notes, but still laced with reminders of loss and regret. The funeral flowers are beautiful and fragrant, but you can't understand the service because your Korean isn't good enough. Old women who you don't know hug you afterward, their face cream smells like the same kind your grandmother used. *Last Time in Chicago* isn't as sweet as the other fragrances in this collection, it dries down and lingers; it's the hardest in the *Eau de Memory* line to forget.

*Eau de Memory*, a collection of four fragrances, was crafted to remind users of good and bad days. Every scent aspires to bond current selves with their pasts, each with a different goal and message: warm summer days in a childhood home, the simplicity of elementary joy, thrills from pushing oneself past comfort, and lingering regret that will forever fuel future connections.

Through each experience, *Eau de Memory* allows users to savor every moment.

Fragrances are best paired with a sentimental mind and time to think.



