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ANECDOTES AND REFLEXIONS AT AIRPORT

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Throughout the year, we can see people from all social classes, all cultures, but also from several countries.

A very particular and codified universe. I have been selling for several years in a perfumery also offering fashion accessories such as luxury watches, scarves, gloves ...

Working conditions, contrary to what we think, are not so easy.

The atmosphere is quite heavy, especially in hot weather. Everyone comes to scent, to try articles. Our only benefit is personal enrichment.

Among other things to observe these simple or curious customers, their languages, their habits.

It's already been seven years and I love what is human. By this I mean, to exchange, to discuss while working, to understand the requests, the desires, to answer them but also to listen to their confidences.

It is a job where we find their inner life, we discover the rituals of each but also their opinions, their thoughts on various topics that often have nothing to do with what I sell. But whatever.

## A bath of perfume?



A woman comes in, followed shortly by a teenager who calls her mother. The lady walks towards the linear of a particular brand, ignoring my home.

I go forward offering my help, but no answer. His son goes to the side of the men and tests some of them. For her part, taking a very luxurious bottle by hand, she sprinkles her hair.

She continues with the scarf, then her neck, her wrists, her sweater, her waist.

I thought the perfume was finished but no. It was not coming to an end. Yet, I was about to overdose this scent.

Alas, she lifts a part of her skirt and slides the bottle.

Three pressure and hop the tester is put back in place. I'm shocked to see that.

Apart from skull ache due to excess perfume.

Once the scent is dispersed, I pick up my note of lipstick.

About an hour later, a hostess comes to say hello and she said that when boarding, a woman was embalmed.

That it was atrocious, to lift the heart.

Given the description, I understand that it was the same person who had come here, and given the dose, there was enough to make at least two airplanes full of passengers sick.

I do not see the point of putting so much perfume.

The more people perfume themselves and the less they feel.

Other people, however, that's another story!

They do not understand that the perfume particles are volatile.

Some are held in the nose and it saturates in sum.

After a while, you no longer realize your own smell.

The problem is that we want to put in and put back.

To refresh, some customers trust me.

This woman wanted to do it for sure but with that, it is not the solution and even less with an essence of perfume. It is much more concentrated.

Take a cool water for pity if we want to scream.

## **Illness or handicap and then?**

One morning in the shop, while I redo the cosmetic department, two young women enter. The blonde, tall and thin, sunglasses on the head confides to her friend. Close to me, I can only hear their conversation.

She explains that her boyfriend hid something from her. For months, he had not dared to tell him what it was. He has an illness that attacks his nerves.

Her friend, sorry to hear it, puts a comforting hand on her forearm.

- My poor darling. He looked so good. It seemed made for you.

What I heard ... is unfortunately far from what I would have liked to hear. Here is the continuation of the exchange that my ears would have preferred not to hear:

- My dear, apart from this announcement, what makes you so sad? Do not you like it?

- That's not the question! Yes, he is different from others. kind, considerate, understanding. He gives himself without counting for others, for me too.

- So, apart from the fear of what can happen to him, are you afraid of the eyes of others?

- Of course. I am in good health and everyone thinks I am pretty. But what if it does not work with him? If people do not accept?



And when it's not going to go, what am I going to do?

- I love him darling. Do you know what will happen to you tomorrow?

In a year ? Maybe in twenty years? Will we be there again to discuss as we do at the moment ?

After a few purchases, the two customers left to take their plane.

We know that everything that exists will disappear. Living beings, machines, monuments ...

Everything has a hope of "life" and an end.

It is not because a person has an illness or disability that they should not be loved or loved in return. It is not because a person is sick that it is caused to die faster than others .... Sick or not, it's a rule that governs life.

A patient does not necessarily die from his illness. Like everyone else, he can die crossing the street one morning while going to work, being the victim of an earthquake ... What do I know yet?

Any disability is not irreversible.

Nobody knows what he will do, will see or be the next day. Disability or illness can be scary, especially when it's for the sake of the unknown. We know that every day can be the last for everyone.

So why erect barriers? Why not live with the person who makes your heart beat faster?

Or who makes us laugh and share good times?

Who makes butterflies fly in the belly?

Time allows us less and less to find soul mate or friends.

Everything is going faster and faster.

Work, success, fear of the unknown are sometimes limited to making the most of it.

See yourself, take time for yourself, but also for others. Yet the relationship between humans is important. To have someone close with whom to share your joys, your sorrows, your laughs ... is worth so much. Being seen and loved by someone other than the family is often so precious. To be loved, admired, open to others brings us a lot.

Everything is never pink.

Life does not work like this.

Do not they say, "What does not kill me makes me stronger" or "What does not destroy me makes me stronger".

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## **A sock?**

A colleague brings me something to piece together one of the lines of a perfume brand. Together we are looking for the best way to change visually ... And there, a man enters the shop.

- Hi girls ! Sorry to bother you, but I need socks urgently!

With my colleague, we look at each other and indicate the supermarket on the ground floor.

- No ... No ... I'm looking for a distributor.

- Sir, there is no distributor of socks and I think I have never seen. My colleague confirms, smiling too, trying to help. We like to help but there ...

- No, but ladies, you do not understand. It's an emergency! I am ready and I need at least one!

There ... we feel stupid. She and I have the same expression of misunderstanding.

Seeing our misplaced heads, he adds while agitating:

- The young woman is waiting in the large toilet on the upper floor! She is very eager to ... Approaching a little more, he whispers while looking around:

- I need a condom. A sock what!

That we can enjoy the excitement of the moment.

- Oh! Yes we understand. So you have one near the lobby or at the mini market downstairs

I must admit that we both have fun together.

But our blush on the cheeks and ears took a few minutes to pass.

It must be said that there are no distributors of condoms, no pharmacy ... so when the supermarket is not open ... how do people who have urgent desires?

Note that it is the same for many products such as dressings or the need for an anti-emetic for the aircraft. You better not have forgotten yours.

### **Tire strike?**



I put bottles in front of the head of the gondola.

A lady goes by and enters, followed by a pleasant hello. I return it before sharing a smile.

By putting myself at her disposal, I feel that she wishes to discuss.