

# EQU DE elegance

From Coco To Cacophony

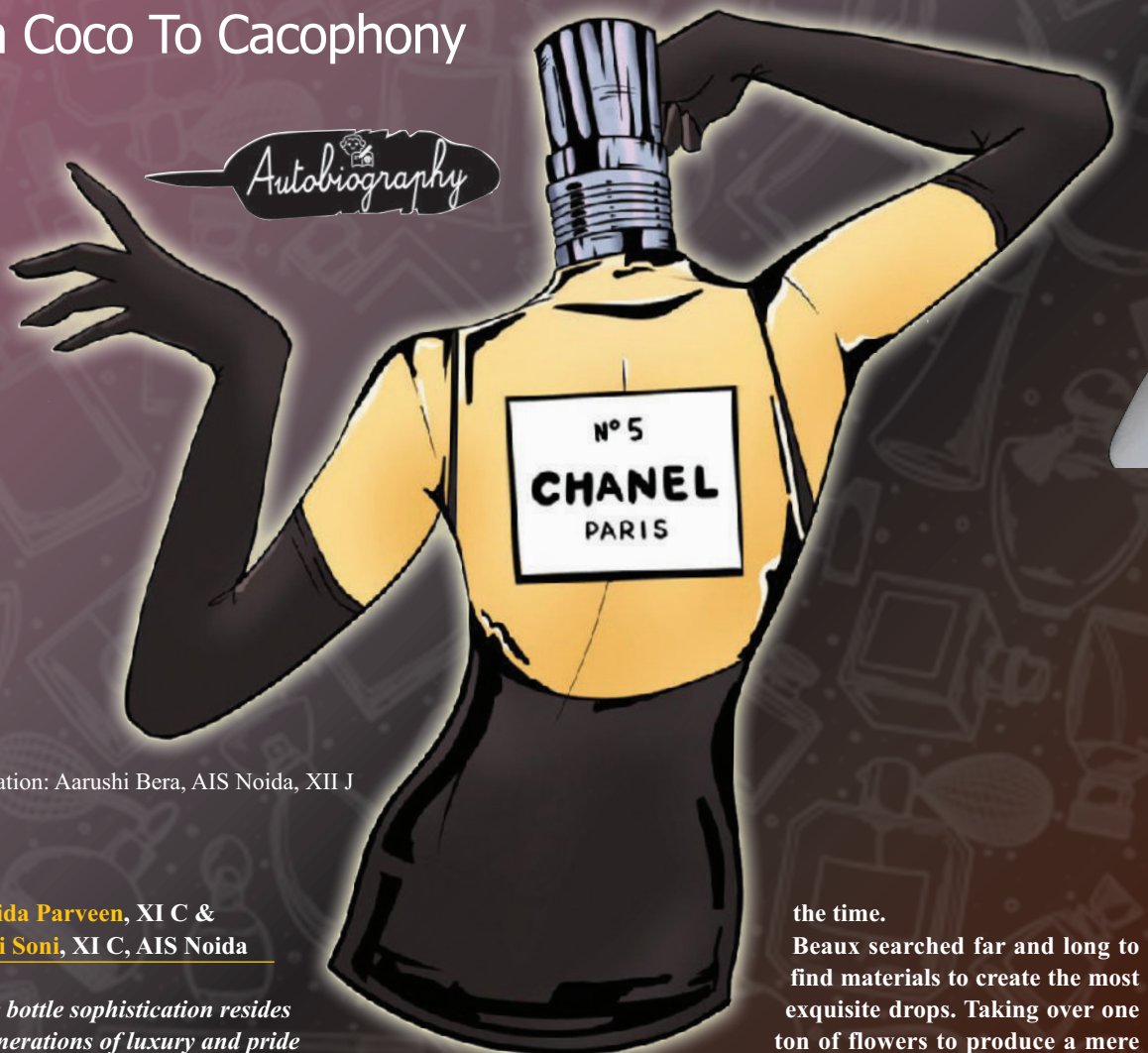


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*In a little bottle sophistication resides  
Many generations of luxury and pride  
A classified, fragrant journey I've had  
In my presence, is elegance personified.*

**P**ardon me, my darling, I was just trying my luck with some verses to celebrate over a century of my existence. I became a centenarian in 2018, but never mind that dear, in the world of fragrances I, Chanel No.5, have stood out for years, reigning like a timeless icon. My existence story is intertwined with the legacy of the legendary fashion designer, Coco Chanel, we even share the same name.

Coco was a sweetheart and considered my fragrance her personal lucky charm. Her obsession with the number 5 brings light to the story of my origins. Chanel, known for her calculated decisions, orchestrated all her collection releases on the 5th of each month – a tradition that continues till date, and when the time for my debut came, I too was released to select clientele on the 5th day of the 5th month.

My journey wasn't a cake walk, it is one wrapped in the elegance of generational wisdom, sprinkled with a touch of individuality. The story of why I was chosen out of the countless bottles of new fragrances is an interesting one. Chanel had tasked Ernest Beaux in 1921 to tailor a fragrance "that smells like a woman", something that would challenge the traditional one note perfumes prevalent at

the time.

Beaux searched far and long to find materials to create the most exquisite drops. Taking over one ton of flowers to produce a mere one and half kilograms of my absolute pure luxury. At my heart is ylang-ylang harvested from Madagascar and Mayotte, headlined by May rose, a flower that blooms for only 3 weeks a year. And all of this dipped in the luxury of jasmine from Grasse – the most luxurious raw ingredient in the world.

My popularity is only befitting to the luxurious assortment that I am. Whether it was Marilyn Monroe's confession of her love or Andy Warhol's silkscreens of the bottle or the endless lines of American soldiers who queued up to bring a bottle for their wives at the end of the war, the testimonies to my idolisation are endless.

But mind you, I feign no ignorance to those who disregard me due to my price. For they are right to call me out due for my exorbitance. I remember my most expensive bottle was once pegged at 30,000 USD. Launched in 2018, it was handcrafted from baccarat crystal and there were only 55 bottles ever made. And even my commercial, made in 1969, stands to be one of the most expensive commercials to day.

Sure, it tugs at my heartstrings when some tag me as just an instrument of snobbery, failing to recognise the treasure that lies within my bottle. But here I stand unwavering, knowing my true value, for I am Chanel No. 5, worth every penny.



A day at

## MotoGP

### A Two Wheeler Dream

Prashast Pareek, AGS Noida, P2

**S**eptember 22, 2023, holds a special place in my heart. A symphony of vibrant moments unfolded on this day when my dad, surprised me with tickets to the MotoGP in Greater Noida. Well, it wasn't just an ordinary day; it was an experience of a lifetime, a dream that metamorphosed into reality. My excitement was such that it refused to let me sit still.

I couldn't imagine sitting on the front row and experience the adrenaline rush inside me. The anticipation was so intense that I didn't want to miss a single moment. To ensure the same, I clutched the binoculars in my hands, all set to see the magic of speed. As the races began, I dived into a world of two-wheeler wonders. The motorcycles seemed like little speedy rockets on wheels and the riders, adorned in vibrant helmets, depicted a breathtaking spectacle. What added to the adventure was the display of iconic bike brands like Ducati, KTM, and HONDA, each a masterpiece of design and colours. It created a visual like a rainbow as they raced past on the track.

My excitement reached to next level when I spotted a bike on display and grabbed the opportunity to sit on it and get my pictures clicked. Sitting on it, gripping the handlebars, I felt like a MotoGP rider in the spotlight. Little did I know that this picture of mine would make me win a photo contest there. As a prize, they gave me a gleaming MotoGP cap with logos of the incredible bike brands I have always admired.

We wrapped the day after witnessing the main race, where Marco Bezzecchi, emerged as the winner. He conquered the racetrack with his steed. The joy I felt that day was unparalleled and I will forever be thankful to my father as he fulfilled my dream to watch a live motor racing event and feel the blast of speed.