

# Type Red

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**I**t might have been Chanel's 99 Pirate but more likely MAC's Ruby Woo, after all it seemed like the color was everyone's statement red these days. Extravagant chandeliers illuminated the restaurant, twinkling along to the melody of violins and cellos in the background. Every set of eyes focused on her. She was around twenty-five, and undeniably beautiful, with her long silky brown hair and eyes the color of cobwebs. Yes, she was a sight to behold. Though, her physical appearance wasn't the reason why she was the center of conversation tonight.

In reality, it was her choice of attire (or lack thereof) *should* have held everyone's attention. The girl had donned a silky set of underwear from Victoria's Secret, and to make matters worse, she sat in the middle of the restaurant. However, her choice of attire played no part in the room's inquisitive stares. The real culprit was her red lipstick. It perfectly merged with her face like two lanes on the highway, making it impossible to identify the exact shade or brand. The hostess, who worked part time at Sephora, immediately classified the shade as Laura Mercier's



der. He, however, claimed in a loud, self-assured voice that it *was* Tom Ford's Cherry Lush. Needless to say, he left with the wrong order and no caviar.

Let's go back a few hours in time and see how it all started.

It was supposed to be the most momentous of momentous occasions. She was sitting with nine other people, a luxurious meal stretched out in front of them fit for every royal family in the world... or at the very least it lived up to a Kardashian's party standards. The entire family met to celebrate their grandmother's 88th birthday, the first birthday she had agreed to celebrate in quite some time.

Given the rarity and specialty of the occasion the girl had decided to wear a custom-made floral dress, designed by an up and coming designer. Though half her reasoning for wearing the dress was to prove to her family that she was *not* still sulking about her latest

Temptation and maybe, just maybe topped with a dab of Tom Ford's Cherry Lush just as a customer arrived to pick up a to-go order.

breakup (the family had placed bets over a group chat that she would be wearing strictly black for at least an entire year).

Similar to her relationship, the beauty of the girl's dress was short lived as it soon became covered in a salad dressing so rare that it had to be translated twice before the most renowned linguistic professors could even attempt to pronounce it. The dress destroyer came in the form of her younger brother, his left hand frozen, still tightly grasping the bowl where the sauce had slithered out from. The stench from the salad dressing had begun permeating through the air, and the girl had no choice but to remove her once beautiful dress.

That was when the examination and speculation immediately began.

An old couple, famous for inventing one interesting gadget or whatever, who were sitting in the booth across from the family was engaged in a heated battle. The husband argued it was Giorgio Armani 400, while his wife insisted it was NARS Cruella as she owned the identical shade. She then proceeded to whack him

with her purse as she cursed him for forgetting that she had worn that lipstick on their wedding day. He would end up sleeping on the couch for a month.

A passing waitress, who was a third-

year student at a local cosmetology school, stopped to refill their glasses and claimed that the shade as Bobbi Brown's Parisian Red before walking away, a small smirk on her face. She had refilled the couple's glasses with a different drink. Later that night, she would find herself covered in barf. Which was courtesy of the infant, who was named after the owner of a famous makeup brand. He was sitting with his parents behind the old couple. The manager of the restaurant debated with the band, who called themselves Wrong Red, that it was Charlotte Tilbury's The Perfect Red. The band threatened to play hard rock music while the manager sneered, bragging that he could easily have them replaced.

Of course, then the debate began about what kind of finish the lipstick was. Matte? Semi-matte? Cream? Stain? Sheer? Frost? Traditional bullet lipstick or liquid lipstick? Was she wearing a gloss? Was there lip liner underneath? All these elements had to be considered and everyone had their own personal thoughts on the issue. The debate soon ravaged the entire restaurant. Chairs flipped, tables followed, drinks flew through the air like ballet dancers, rings left fingers, resignation letters were handed in, and plates remained untouched.

Meanwhile, the girl's grandmother was positive some hot sauce had gotten into her granddaughter's mouth and called for a glass of ice water.♥

Image of red lips courtesy of openclipart-vectors from Pixabay

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