

The Girl with the Burberry Scarf

by Emilee Phillips

A man's loud voice woke me from my deep sleep: "This is your captain speaking. We will be arriving shortly at Heathrow airport." I looked over at my mom, and we gave each other a big smile. We grabbed each other's hands, anticipating the landing. The plane finally landed with a thump. I practically jumped out of my seat with excitement. My brother had bought himself, my mom, and me tickets to London, England, for Christmas! My thirteen-year-old fashion-loving self knew that London was home to some of the most prestigious brands. I had stumbled upon the brand Burberry while surfing the Internet about two years before. While looking at people modeling their clothing on social media, I knew I had to have the Burberry signature scarf. On this once-in-a-lifetime weeklong trip to London, I had one mission in mind: get the scarf. This mission had about a 0.1 percent chance of working, but I knew I had to give it a try.

A small black cab took my family and me from the crowded airport to one of the largest houses I had ever seen. This house was worth a shocking ten million dollars! The Airbnb had five levels, and I was on the very top floor. After I made my way up the five flights of stairs, I crashed on the small twin bed and quickly fell asleep. The following day, my family and I indulged in all the wonderful sights and culture London had to offer, such as Big Ben and Tate Britain. All I could think about was going to the Burberry headquarters to get the scarf of my dreams. This scarf was the most beautiful, luxurious scarf I had ever seen. This beige plaid scarf just screamed London. I knew that I could not leave without it. At this point, I put my mission into action: leave London with the most beautiful scarf in the world.

The next morning, I knew that I had to convince my mom and brother to go to the Burberry headquarters. Before breakfast was even ready, I just had to ask if we could squeeze in a trip to this fascinating place. To my surprise my mom and my brother were both on board. It turned out they wanted to go too. We made our way to the front courtyard to wait on our tiny black cab. The ride to Burberry was cramped but so exciting. I looked around at the apartment buildings and the luxury shops. I could not believe that I was there in that beautiful, unique country. Then, the sights started to disappear and fade into a daydream. I started thinking about the scarf and all the ways I could wear it. I could bundle up in it in the winter and use it as a pool cover up in the summer. I would be known as the girl with the Burberry scarf. Suddenly, the cab hit a large pothole and jolted me from my daydream.

We were right outside the most glamorous store I had ever seen. The storefront was huge and the architecture was like nothing I had seen in Tennessee. We all ran to the ornately carved front door. As my brother held the door, I had to prepare myself mentally to walk in. I slowly walked through the massive doorway and my mouth dropped. This was the most gorgeous store I had ever entered. Plaid and beige designer garments lined the immense white walls. The only problem was I could not find my scarf.

We turned the corner, and there it was. A bright light radiated off the famous checkered pattern. I ran up to it and stared, wide eyed. I was too afraid to touch the premium cashmere fabric. As most parents do, my mom turned over the small tag on the scarf. The price had more numbers than I thought possible for such a small item. The price: \$470. Our mouths dropped. We had my brother check to see if the price was correct. I then realized the people I saw wearing the scarf never mentioned the price. My mood fell like a rock in a pond. I knew this mission was a lost cause, but I had to recover quickly. I realized I should be happy just getting the opportunity

to be in such a glamorous store. As we were making our way back to the door, my lower lip nearly dragging on the marble floor, I looked over, and a small pink bottle with a tortoise shell cap caught my eye. I walked over to the small bottle and took in the most beautiful scent I could imagine. It had such a lovely rose smell with a hint of pomegranate. I had to have it. Thirty dollars later, I walked out of Burberry feeling like the queen of England herself.

When I got back to the Airbnb, I sat down on my bed and admired my new perfume. I watched as the sunshine from the skylight bounced off the corners of the bottle. I must have sprayed the wonderful perfume from head to toe. I felt like the luckiest girl in the world. This made the eight-hour plane ride completely worth it. I set my delicate prize on the little nightstand and floated down the five flights of stairs for dinner. As I sat down at the table that night, I looked around and saw the laughing faces of my brother and mother, and an important realization struck me. Even if I had walked out of Burberry emptyhanded, the memories there with the ones I loved was the most important souvenir I could ever have.