

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Anosmic

by Grant MacFarlane

I am anosmic. That is, I lack the sense of smell. I don't tell people, in order to avoid the standard questions that are asked upon one hearing of my disability. Such genuine curiosity becomes tedious after the first few hundred times of affirming "No, not even lavender". An unusually repetitive question amongst the middle class of Berkshire, as if lavender was the very essence of a life, unimaginable to conceive the inability to exist without such.

After my brain damage resulted in the condition, I was more concerned about the end of my epicurean tendencies than any purple plant. Not being able to discern the difference between Liebfraumilch and a Sancerre haunted my recovery even more than the fear of an undetectable gas leak. My efforts to try and remember smell in the manner of a Sommelier, by creating my own dictionary of base notes and adjectives - such as velvety - was stymied when I was unable to describe the smell of a banana without using the word banana-ey.

Such details paled into insignificance when I met Daniel. He understood my flavour despite my lack of a sense. He provided me with an inhaled sense of love that I no longer noticed my lack of olfactory function.

He simply told me "I love you," and I felt all my senses return in day-dreams.

With those words, he released me - which I was glad of, for his hand smelt of scented soap.