

Francine
A Romance Novelette

When I first saw Francine, I could not have imagined such a perfect angel existed. A testimony to God's brilliance in creating a woman. Her hair had a slightly bluish color mixed with silver stranded swirls that reminded me of flowing mercury. Maybe you have not seen flowing mercury. It is mesmerizing. And that is what I saw in her.



I had wondered what Revlon color treatment could result in that effect. Later, I found out it was all natural. She had been raised in Paris and had come to the states at 10 years old. She still retained her French accent when speaking English, which only added to her charm.

I was not a bad looking dude myself, but I was no Brad Pitt. I rated my chance of hooking up with her as slight and none. Maybe I should have given myself more credit. Or maybe I should have given more credit to what girls are looking for. You see it all the time. Beautiful woman on the arm of some average looking gent. The guys may have average looks, but there was some charisma that each one exuded. Power, style, confidence, money. Maybe money is the key? I would find out later that Francine was not interested in money. So how do I gain those other attributes? It is a long and arduous journey. As you will see in the following chapters, it was all worth it.



Here is what I imagine Francine looks like, but without the mercury hair. What is not to like? Wine and French bread, my favorites.

Francine
A Romance Novelette
(Chapter 2)

At this time, Francine and I were both seniors in high school. She had been born in Paris and moved to New York when her parents immigrated. She was a transfer student from back east. I had been born and raised in southern California and had attended all my schools here along with many of my friends. My first attempt to talk to her resulted in an embarrassing situation for me. As luck would have it, my book locker was only two spaces over from hers. The opportunity for contact was high. We arrived at our lockers in sync. I was about to give my most compelling opening line when Brad, the high school football star and all around jerk, bumped into me causing a collision. The result was I made her drop all her books. As I bent over to pick up her books Brad said, get lost you moron. Can't you see you have already caused this beauty enough trouble? Hi, I am Brad and I wanted to personally welcome you to Playa Del Rey High School. He made this statement as he successfully blocked me from her view. My ears burned with embarrassment and resentment. I had always been kind of timid and did not really know how to react. I just picked up my books and shamelessly slipped away.

So my first encounter with her did not go well. My luck was still holding though as I found out that I had at least two classes with her. One was political science and the other was chemistry. I had rather strong opinions about politics and they were not very popular among the left leaning California voters. My father had been in the military and he had influenced a lot of my thinking. He always had these sayings. Don't blame others if you fail. You have the opportunity to accomplish whatever you want, if you work hard enough. Don't fall into the trap of listening to the government. We are hear to help you. What they are really here for is to get you to depend on them for everything so you can't break away and be successful on your own.

So the California government was just like what my father had warned me of. You are a drug addict, here let us give you clean needles. Oh, you walked across the border, no problem. Here is a driver's license and free medical

care. All you have to do is vote for us. Isn't it illegal to do that? No more illegal than your entry into this country. Nobody checks your voting status in this state. Just go vote.

So my position as a conservative believing everyone should be responsible for themselves was not very popular.

Our political science teacher was a bonafide Communist. At least in my opinion. He was typical of the left leaning bleeding heart liberals who want to transfer hard earned money from responsible adults to the lazy who only want government handouts.

I ended up in the principal's office after my well delivered rebuttal to one of his bullshit speeches.

The principal told me I must apologize to Mr. Spencer for my rude comments. What rude comments? I was just exercising my 1st amendment rights to free speech. Calling him a Communist in front of the class was uncalled for. OK, I should have just said he was a socialist.

Webster's dictionary defines socialism as half way to Communism.
Author's note: I actually read this online using dictionary.com.

Can't you just tone it down some? This is a political science class, if you can't voice your opinion here, where can you? You should hear some of the crap he spouts everyday. It turns my stomach.

I think the principal was really on my side in this matter.

After class, Francine came up beside me. She said, I actually agree with most of what you had to say. This surprised me since France was such a liberal country. Aren't your former countrymen mostly socialists too? Yes they are and maybe that is why my parents left for greener pastures.

So one merit for me. This exchange embolden me for future opportunities. My string of good luck was continuing. As I said before, Francine and I were

in the same chemistry class. The instructor had us pair up for an experiment. We ended up as partners. Brad missed out since he would never take a difficult class like chemistry. His loss, my gain. His attitude was no need to study too hard. Just enough to stay on the football squad and earn a scholarship and a free ride.

During our time together in chemistry class, I started to lose my shyness toward her. After a while, I felt like she was just a normal girl in spite of her stunning beauty. She seemed to genuinely like me.

I was not a member of the in-crowd, but I did have some fun friends. We did the normal stuff high school kids do. Occasionally we went to dances, the beach, and hung out at the local soda shop. Picture Happy Days actor Richie Cunningham in the 50's.

The date for the homecoming dance was approaching. I wanted to ask Francine to go with me. Brad beat me to the punch. He asked her right in front of me. She told him no, that her father was very strict and did not let her date. I could see that Brad's ego took a hit. After he left, I told her that she could still go to the dance if she wanted. Lots of students went there stag. I am not sure my father would let me even go like that. How about I meet your parents and insure them that this is a traditional event and that it is chaperoned by some of the teachers themselves? Maybe that would work. Why don't you come over Thursday for dinner and meet them? That might ease their worries.

I was ecstatic. The girl of my dreams asked me to dinner at her home. I of course said yes. As the date approached, my nerves took a big hit. What if they don't like me? What if I make a fool of myself? What if, what if, what if everything goes well. That's right, what does Dad always say. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

So I dressed in my best attire. Which isn't saying much, but it was better than my usual blue jeans and T-shirt. I told my Dad and Mom what I was doing. My Mom came to talk to me. She knew what was needed. I appeared at Francine's front door with some fresh cut flowers. Francine said, are those

for me? Well, I would have liked them to be, but actually, they are for your mother. This was my first good move. I did all the polite things required. You have a nice house. What a good smell coming from the kitchen and the food was delicious. We had a pleasant talk at the dinner table and later in the parlor. Francine has told us some about you. This was a surprise to me. I asked them some polite questions about their life in France. Her father and I got into a candid conversation about the state of affairs in the U.S. As it turned out, he was even more conservative than me. I left that evening on cloud nine. My mind spinning happy thoughts.

OK, Brad was a big football star, but I was not a total nerd. I had run track and cross country. I joined the wrestling team. Boy did I have a lot to learn. At first, I couldn't even beat the most junior members. That changed as I progressed with technique and strength conditioning. By the six month period, I was starting to win matches. By the eighth month, I was near the top of the class.

After my visit with Francine's parents, she told me that her father will allow her to attend our Homecoming dance as long as I escort her. Well, that is a tough job, but somebody has to do it. We did go to the dance and even though she did not dance every dance with me, I captured most of them. We started to hang out together at lunch and between class. Most of the other students assumed we were boyfriend/girlfriend. That was not the case, at least not yet anyway.

One of our favorite things during those days was to go to the beach. My Dad allowed me to drive. Along with several of my friends, we piled into the station wagon and headed off. Francine sat in the front seat along side me. This was still the early 60's and string bikinis had not made their way into wide use. The Yellow Poka-Dot Bikini song was a big hit though. I really wasn't a big fan of string bikini's. The allure of the female body is much greater when something is left to the imagination. Francine's modest swim attire was attractive enough for every guy on the sand to turn their heads when she strolled by. She certainly had my attention. Every move was poetry in motion. That would be a good name for a song.

Author's note: There is actually a song like that.

Copy the link below to hear the song and paste in you browser. Just listen as long as you want to get the idea I was trying to convey.

[\(120\) Johnny Tillotson - Poetry In Motion - YouTube](#)

Not Tony, but close



Not Francine, but close

What better French girl to represent Francine than Bridget Bardot



To Be continued:

Francine
(Chapter 3)

I am always describing woman from my perspective as a man and don't give enough script to the male anatomy. So here is commentary for the other side.

One of the things my wrestling team gave me was bulked up muscles and a rock hard six pack mid-section. I had described myself as no Brad Pitt, but another year of maturing had formed my body into what some of the other female students referred to as a hunk. Even my jaw line had firmed up and with my raven black hair, people viewed me as a good match for Francine's exceptional looks.

The school year was quickly approaching completion. The only big event left on the schedule was the senior prom. There was no doubt about who I wanted to take, but I had not asked her yet. What am I waiting for? Waiting for someone else to ask her first? That was not going to happen. I spotted her down near our locker area. As I approached, Brad stepped around the corner. Hey princess! Glad you are here. I have something to ask you. She said, I am not interested in anything you have to say. Brad was not used to being rejected. She started to move away and he grabbed her arm. Listen you bitch, who do you think you are anyway? Every girl in the school was hoping I would ask them to the prom. And I picked you. Why not show some appreciation? She tried to break his grip, but he was too strong. It seems like the girl doesn't want your advances. Get lost moron, this is none of your business. I am making it my business. He let go of her arm and turned toward me. I knew what was coming. I side stepped his punch and spun his body around using his own momentum. I dropped him down on the pavement and bent his arm into an arm bar. This is one of the most painful moves in martial arts and usually results in a tap out. Brad was moaning like a sissy. Let me go. Let me go he cried. So I did. He got up, but I knew this was not over. You caught me off guard with that Kung Fu shit, but that will not happen again. He rushed toward me and just as easily as last time, I dropped him to the ground. He hit with a resounding thud on the pavement. This time I pummeled him in the face just like in a real martial arts match. He was covering up as much as he could, but not before I had bloodied his lip and nose. A couple of teachers arrived and broke us up. What happened here? Francine spoke up. Brad here was not happy that I had already accepted a date to the prom with Tony here. He seemed to lose his cool.

The teachers looked around at the crowd and saw heads bob up and down in

ascent. I think Brad lost some serious face that day. Even his football buddies were snickering. Well you are both suspended for 3 days for fighting. Report to the principal's office now. Brad, still little dizzy from the pounding I gave him, started whining, but I have a game on Friday. As we were escorted to the principal's office Brad said, this is not over. It's over for you moron. If I ever see you harassing Francine again, I will not let you off with just a bloody nose. I think for the first time in Brad's life he was afraid. While the adrenaline spike started to wear off, it dawned on me that I had gotten Francine to agree to go to the prom with me without even me asking her. No suspension could dampen my euphoria.

The night of the Prom

This was probably the first time in many young guys lives that they actually dressed up. There is a good reason a tuxedo is the dress of choice for men. We all want to look like James Bond and hope we will end up the night with the most attractive heroine. I have to admit. When I looked in the mirror at myself, I felt transformed.

That was nothing compared to the view I saw as Francine came down the stairs from the upper rooms. No vision more perfect has ever graced any man's view. It was as if God had allowed an angel to descend down from heaven above. I was left almost speechless until Francine commented. Wow, don't you look damper? I barely uttered the words, you look so gorgeous. We both fumbled trying to attach the wrist corsage and rose lapel pin.

To be continued:

Next Chapter
Schools out, summer is here

Francine
(*The Summer of Love*)
(Chapter 4)

Author's note:

Writing this story reminds me of how far my early development in attraction to girls differed from that of Tony's. I was really shy and naive. My first attraction to girls came as early as 4th grade when I used to carry Charlene's books to class. Later, at the age of 16, I actually escorted her to a high school dance. While at the dance, I accidentally dropped a plastic cup of Coca Cola on the floor and it splashed all over her nylon stockings. I offered to wipe it off, but she declined and headed off to the restroom. Not my most smooth move. We had to have my Dad drive us to the school and when the dance ended, I stupidly told her that it wasn't that far to walk back to my house. After all, I did it daily. I did not do it while wearing high heels though. That was a real date killer and the end of my relationship with her. It didn't matter. Instead of finishing my high school senior year there, we moved to Orange County and I was once again the new kid in class.

My first real crush, at the age of 12, was on a girl name Marilyn Charm. She had no interest in me though. When I graduated from eight grade Catholic school, I didn't know how I was going to live without seeing her again. During the summer, I found out where she lived. My Mom sensed my attraction to her and told me I should bring her some flowers. I know that I did not buy any, but have a memory of knocking on her door to give her some. Then I probably made the most immature statement a girl of 15 ever heard. Can you come out and play?

I did have some good memories from that period. During the summer, my friend had an aunt who live on Balboa Island. He invited me to spend a week at the house there. My fondest memory was strolling along the walkway next to those million dollar mansions on one side and Balboa harbor on the other. We both were eyeing the attractive girls that went by in their cute swimsuits. Listening to KFWB and KRLA on my Taiwan transistor radio. Hoping to hook up with any one of these girls, but not knowing what to do if we ever did.

After summer, I was headed off to 9th grade public school at Henry Clay Jr. High. It was there that I was reunited with Charlene. Well, not exactly. She had turned into a real beauty and I was still the shy guy. It seemed every time I turned around I was starting a new school.

Back to Francine:

After graduation, Francine and I spent the entire summer together. I was sure we were never going to part. It was a magical time. Picnics with friends, cokes at the burger joint, and of course the beach. We had discussed where we were going to go to college. I had already figured out that I needed to go to community college first. Financially, that was my best option. My parents were middle class, but not rich. I keep asking Francine if she had decided on where to go to college. She always just said, my Dad will decide. He hasn't chosen yet. I sure hope that you will be close enough to me that we can see each other often. That is my wish too.

As the end of summer approached, I noticed a subtle change in her. A kind of melancholy. I just shrugged it off as just another thing I didn't understand about woman. The list was getting longer with no clearing in sight. We had had our romantic encounters at the drive-in, parked at a scenic spot over looking the ocean, and camped out in remote locations high in the hills where no one ventured that time of night. We never followed through with the actual act although the desire was always there. God certainly knew what was needed to insure the propagation of the human race.

It was an early evening when we drove to our favorite beach. It was a wide stretch of sand with plenty of private area. We had brought a blanket to cover the sand. I had never ventured beyond heavy petting. We started our normal embracing, but there was something more primitive was going on here. The heat was so much more intense than ever before. It was as if a different person had taken over my soul. If she had resisted, I would surely have stopped. Instead, she was encouraging me to go on. It was over before I knew it. Of course all the pent up emotions of two young lovers finally broke free. The second time was much slower and more sensual. This is what love should be like.

Author's note: Tab Hunter sang a song in the 50's that would be appropriate at this point. It reached #1 on the pop charts. Here is a link to the song. Listen as long as you like to get the idea I was trying to convey.

[*Tab Hunter* - Young love \(youtube.com\)](#)

We just lay there for the longest time. Neither wanting to move or talk. Then the thought came to me. I hope you don't get pregnant. She calmed my worry by telling me that her mom had already prepared her for this moment. Knowing that our passion could not be contained forever, she had protected her daughter. That was a good thing, I sure wasn't prepared. My parents never even gave me the father-son talk. I learned what I could from friends, books, and magazines. There was no sex education in school at that time. Finally, she said, I need you to take me home. My father will start to wonder where I am. So we drove back in silence. I was not sure if I had done something wrong or that this was just a continuation of the melancholy mood I had noticed earlier.

I awoke the next morning after sleeping rather late. The first thing I did was call her home. Can I speak to Francine? Sorry, Francine is not here. She left early for the airport. Didn't she tell you that she starts her college at the Sorbonne University in Paris in a few days?

Stunned, and sounding like a Zombie, I asked for her contact information. Later, when I finally got a chance to talk to her, she explained that her father had just decided recently to send her there. She hadn't known how to tell me.

So what is to become of the romance?

Will Tony descend into deep depression, become suicidal, turn to drugs.

None of those things happened.

Can he ever be reunited with his first love? Not sure.

Should I end the story here? Maybe not.

To be continued:
Life without Francine
Francine
(Chapter 5)

Tony followed through with his plans. First community college and then UCLA where he majored in political science and French. Not surprising why he selected French is it? He tried to keep in touch with Francine, but the

contacts became less and less. He had had other relationships, but none that stuck. It was hard to find someone to take her place in his heart. He figured someone as fine as Francine would have many suitors. He was dreading the day when he would hear the news that she was getting married. That day never came.

The luck that he had experienced during that last year of high school was still present. He had gotten a job at the State Department. After his internship and a couple years experience, he was assigned to his first foreign post. Due to his proficiency in French, they assigned him to the Paris office.

It was not difficult to find Francine's address. In reality, a state department post in any foreign country was just a cover up for a spy program. Investigative resources were abundant.

I waited several months before I got up the nerve to track her down.

With trepidation, I approached her building. I had not even notified her of my arrival. A surprise visit might be disastrous. As I got to her apartment #, the front door flew open and a guy came stumbling out along with a suitcase full of his clothes. There was Francine at the top of the stairs just as stunning as when I first saw her. Get out you moron and don't ever come back, she yelled at the guy. He started to go back up the stairs. Hey, didn't you hear the lady? He turned toward me and decided I would be the target to take out his frustration on. Wrong choice. I had continued my wrestling program in college and added boxing to my repertoire.

Repertoire was borrowed from **French répertoire, from Late Latin repertorium "an inventory."**

I had gotten in the habit of investigating where words came from. This was truly a French derivative.

I asked the guy, which do you want? A bloody nose or a broken arm. I asked this in perfect French. He suddenly decided maybe this was not such a good idea. He just turned and walked away down the street.

If Francine was surprised to see me, she hid it well. You are just in time. I need a new boyfriend she exclaimed as she grabbed my hand and dragged me up the stairs toward the bedroom. In my mind, she was a testament to the “Bohemian” lifestyle attributed to modern French women. No complains on my part.

That was how we reconnected. She did not hide her surprise though when she heard me speak to her former boyfriend in near perfect French. This was definitely a plus for our relationship. Paris is called “The City of Love”. I was indeed in love again and no better place than here. Nothing is more romantic than love words spoken in French.

I had taken the next day off. Not knowing how I would be received. I had high hopes though. I had lots of questions for Francine. Now that we had a night of “reconnecting”, I wanted to know everything about her. What better place to talk than experiencing one of Paris's delightful coffee shops. Check out these places.



Love reunited



So we both caught up on each other's life while drinking coffee along with French pastries.



Francine had majored in Chemistry at the Sorbonne. She was a partner in a perfume shop. Besides selling the latest scents, they were developing their own brand in the back room of the shop. I told her about my job at the embassy. I was a liaison for dignitaries that visited Paris. I arraigned for their hotels, taxis, restaurant reservations, and night life excursions. Francine knew all the best local eateries and I knew about all the best nightclubs and bars. We made a good couple. Experts in several different areas. I started

bringing her with me on some of the outings. My friends at the office asked me where they could find a beauty such as she. I told them there was no equivalent. I did say that I would ask if she had any girlfriends interested in meeting some handsome Americans. This connection made me very popular among my coworkers.

When Francine's girlfriends found out that she could hook them up with successful American guys who spoke fluent French, there were many interested. When my coworkers heard I could hook them up with attractive French ladies, the list on both sides was so long, we could have opened up a dating service. This resulted in two couples who met because of our introductions and became our best friends.

If I saw this French girl outside this restaurant, I would definitely go in to try their cuisine.

Here are some of the restaurants our friends joined us at



Author's note:

My wife Lili wants me to take her to Europe. If I took her to this restaurant, there would be a 70% chance she would ask if they had Chinese food. I took her to Ruth's Chris Steak House once. The most tender steaks anywhere. You could cut one with a butter knife. She ordered Salmon.

To continue:

Our favorite restaurant with the best view



I moved into her apartment. I still had my own place provided by the state department, but Francine said it was too spartan. I agreed, her place had all the charm that a talented French girl could muster.

I wanted to make her my wife. I did all the proper things a guy should do. Flowers, a ring, a romantic evening at our favorite restaurant. Everything was perfect, except she said no. Why do we need a piece of paper to bind us together? If we find we are no longer compatible, we can just walk away with out any complications. I've heard this explanation somewhere before, but I forget where. This left me somewhat insecure. As time went by, I lost that feeling and we were as happy as any couple could be. Sure we had our fights. What couple didn't? We always made up and our relationship became stronger.

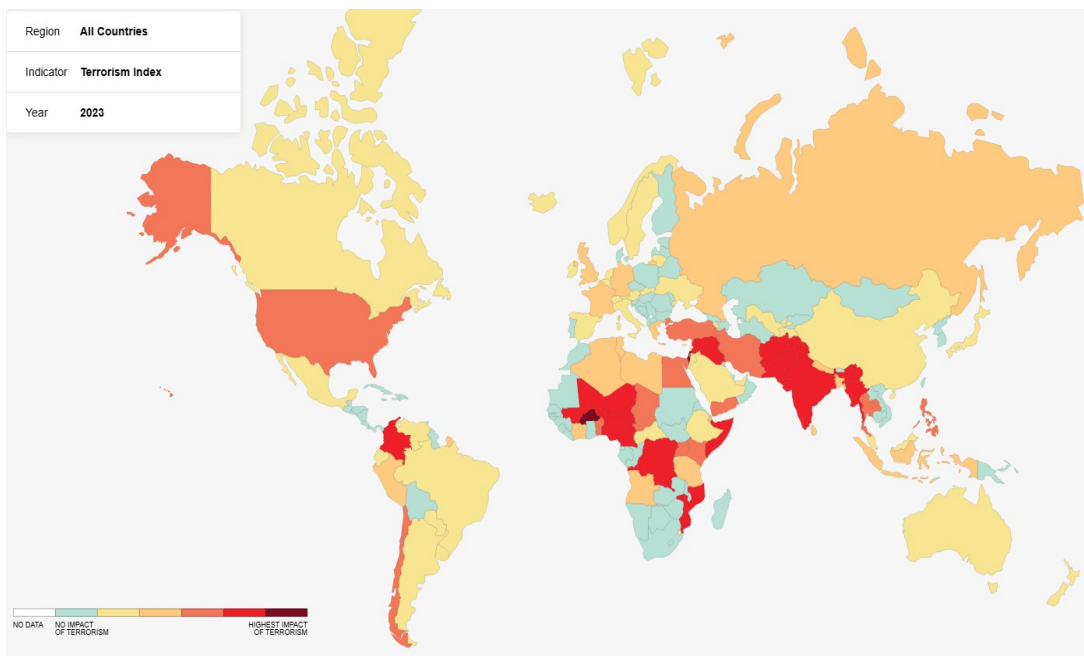
Our life continued like this for the next five years. The best five years of my life. One day Francine said to me, let's get married. Why the sudden change? I think as parents, our child should have a legitimate father and mother. This was my dream come true. I was looking forward to continue my idyllic life. It was not to be.

To be continued:
(The French State of Unrest)

Francine
(Prelude to Final Chapter)

Terrorists attacks in Paris in 2015 killed over 100 people and injured almost 500. It took four years for the authorities to complete their investigation. An Islamic terrorist cell, that had been operating out of Paris, was to blame. Suicide vests, bombs, and drive-by shootings were the most common methods. (Not fiction)

Here is a map (2021) showing levels of terrorism in each country. You will notice that Australia and China have low levels compared to their size. Both countries limit the number of Muslims allowed to enter and stay. President Trump had banned visas from countries that hate our guts. The left called it racism. I called it common sense. I am not against religious freedom. It is just that some religions like Islam, harbor ill intentions toward those who don't follow them. Muslim do not assimilate. They bring the same ideology to their new country that crippled the country they left. It was the same thing in the early Christian movement. The Crusades murdered many non-followers. Religion and politics are the most common factors in starting wars. Need for natural resources is next. Japan invaded China because they needed land and labor. Russia invaded Ukraine for politics and natural resources. Hamas bombed Israel because of century old hatred of Jews.



Notice that tiny country in Africa with the highest terrorism level. Israel is #2.

An ongoing war and [civil conflict](#) between the [Government of Burkina Faso](#) and [Islamic](#) rebels began in August 2015 and has led to the displacement of over 2 million people and the deaths of at least 10,000 civilians and combatants. I never heard of this place. The fighting is a result of poor economic conditions, bad weather conditions inhibiting food production, and the failure of the government to find a solution. The Islamists find it easy to recruit and brainwash local youths telling them that they can achieve greater glory following Allah. Waging a jihadist war against a government that doesn't follow Islam.

France had been lax in controlling the influx of Muslim immigrants. Now they are experiencing the results. Efforts to address the issue have come under pressure. France banned the wearing of the hijab in schools and sports. In addition, no woman can wear a hijab if it covers her entire face. Internationalists condemn the practice as racist.

Islamic law dictates that a woman must wear a hijab if she is in the company of a man other than her husband.

Francine
(Final Chapter)

Francine had been three months pregnant when we agreed to meet at our favorite coffee shop for lunch. She had arrived before me and had gotten a table. I took a taxi from the Embassy, not wanting to end up with two cars after eating. As the taxi approached the cafe, I noticed something a little strange. Some guy, about a block from the cafe walking on the opposite side of the street, was wearing a heavy coat. This would not have been alarming in the dead of winter, but this was early spring. The weather had been pleasant all week. We had had lots of training involving terrorist activities and I had a premonition about this. I quickly paid off the cab driver giving him a much too large of a tip. I was in a hurry. The guy had crossed the street and was very close to the cafe. I yelled, hey you! He looked up at me and before I could do anything else, he exploded. The charge was strong enough that the patrons on the edge of the cafe boundary were killed instantly. Francine had gotten a table closer to the entrance in a shaded part of the alcove. She had been blown off of her chair and landed in the street. I rushed to her. She was still conscience, but dazed. I carried her away from the blast area and asked if she was all right. She shook her head up and down. Later in the hospital we found out that she had lost the baby. A miscarriage. Not only that, but they told us it was unlikely she could conceive again.

This was devastating news to both of us. I didn't know how we were going to survive this. After three months of mourning, we both talked about it. We can't just give up on life. Life goes on. We need to regain our former happiness. But how? We both tried, but it seems we were just going through the motions. God had given me the most treasured thing in my life. Francine. The spark that had attracted her to me so long ago was gone. God takes away, then he gives back again.

Author's note:

I have always said life is all about contrasts. You can't really feel the joy unless you have experienced the sorrow. A cold beer tastes better after you have hiked for an hour in the hot sun then found a tavern. Much different

than just drinking in your recliner back home.

Six months after the bombing incident in the Paris cafe, Francine got pregnant again. The doctors had said the chance was slim, so we hadn't had high hopes. Still, no reason not to try. Once it had been confirmed that the fetus was healthy and progressing, I once again saw the appearance of that smile I had so dearly missed. This time there was not going to be any chance of things going wrong. Even though the morning coffee in the cafe routine was a cherished time for us, we avoided it. Late night rendezvous (another very French word) with our friends took its place.

Months later, I was the proud papa of a beautiful baby girl. If I we had had a son, Francine wanted to name him Tony Jr. That would not have been my choice. We named her Antoinette. Close enough to Tony, but much more beautiful French name.

Once again, I was leading the life I had hoped for. Not many guys marry their high school sweetheart and end up spending their whole life together. I was one of the lucky ones.

The End

Epilogue:

Our life returned to normal. For me, normal was exceptional. I still was totally enamored by my first love. She still took my breath away in public and private. As a side item, I heard that Brad went on to college as a football star and hurt his knee in his first game. He disappeared from sight. I read later that he had died of a drug overdose at the age of 23. This did not fill me with joy. It saddened me to think someone who graduated from the same school as I did never took advantage of his education.

Francine applied her education in chemistry to the perfume trade. This is not a common profession. I imagine some of the wine and beer developers hire chemist to perfect their brews. Here is a list of jobs available to chemistry majors.

Job Title	Projected Job Growth	Median Weekly Salary	Median Annual Salary
Chemists	4.81%	\$1,527.46	\$79,428
Chemical Technicians	3.75%	\$942.40	\$49,005
Environmental Science and Protection Technicians, Including Health	5.88%	\$910.94	\$47,369
Chemistry Teachers, Postsecondary	4.79%	\$1,520.42	\$79,062
Natural Sciences Managers	4.94%	\$2,652.00	\$137,904
Forensic Science Technicians	6.43%	\$1,189.87	\$61,873
Data Scientists	17.32%	\$1,929.79	\$103,349
Materials Scientists	1.27%	\$1,924.81	\$100,090
Chemical Engineers	4.06%	\$2,029.17	\$105,517

I continued my career at the Embassy and joined with the French police in their counter terrorism organization.

Francine continued selling her expensive perfumes in her store. Her and her partner came up with their own designer brand called “Francine”. It sells for \$400 Euros.

I don't know how she did it. She had created a fragrance that was just like her. One with a light scent, as it should be, leaving a man with the illusion that an angel had crossed his path. This was truly the essence of Francine.

Of course my story is fiction, but the perfume is real. Available from Amazon.

Francine



The Final End