



Sit down doll,
it's story time...
Consider this
your official
permission slip for
nonsense!

Grandma's Grooming Kit A Tale of Steel, Scents, and Suggestion - \$100

From the velvet shadows of her vanity, we present Grandma's Parisian Grooming Kit.
At first glance? Silver scissors, crystal bottles, brushes fit for a lady's toilette.
But in Grandma's hands, this wasn't hygiene—it was alchemy.

By daylight, it polished her brows, lips, and reputation. By night, it doubled as a Prohibition cocktail kit. Those crystal vials weren't just perfume; they held Canadian moonshine, bitters, and the makings of a CPR-style martini, complete with olives pilfered from the dining car.

She carried it everywhere. To dinner. On the Canadian Pacific Railroad.
Into bedrooms where contracts were signed and broken. Rumor has it she once trimmed a cuticle, mixed a drink, and ended an engagement all in one motion.

And always, tucked among the silver tools, her secret stash:
sugar packets from around the world. Cairo, Havana, Moosejaw.
Each one a story, a conquest, a memory stirred into her coffee—or her brandy.

Features (if you dare):

- Vintage Parisian grooming set, silver and scandal
- Crystal bottles that smell faintly of White Shoulders—and gin
- Scissors sharp enough for cuticles, contracts, or cutting off suitors
- Prohibition-ready martini kit, olives not included
- Hidden bonus: an international sugar collection, sweeter than sin

What people were saying:

"She never traveled without it—and neither did her secrets."

"That kit fixed her lipstick, my martini, and my marriage in one evening."

"It smelled like White Shoulders, tasted like moonshine, and cut deeper than pride."

Warning: Owning Grandma's Grooming Kit may cause spontaneous confessions, cocktail cravings, and the irresistible urge to stir scandal with a silver spoon.