





When I was 6 years old I started doing needlework. This meant that I made new things out of old junk. One day I sewed a crocodile out of the old green underpants of my brother. Everywhere I went, I carried my crocodile with me.

When it became winter and I decided to sew a fur coat for my little crocodile. In my mother's closet I found a piece of mink fur. In the fur I cut out two holes for the front legs and sewed two buttons on it so the coat could be closed.

When my brother saw my new creation, he was very frightened and started to shout that this piece of fur was meant for the collar of my mother's new coat.

The fur collar.



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Well, I thought that I had to turn my little fur coat into a collar. So I took my mother's new coat and sewed my crocodile coat - together with the crocodile still in it - as a new collar on my mother's coat.



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Stripservice. A book on porcelain. "The Fur Collar". Back of the plate.

