



I remember one of my mother's birthdays. I was about 10 years old. My father was sitting with his friend on the couch in the living room. "Anna, bring the vodka glasses from the kitchen, please, let's drink to your birthday!", shouted he.

The vodka glasses were kept deep in the wall cupboard my father had made out of a large floor dresser, - he just hung it on the wall, so it became a wall cabinet. My mother placed a stool under it, so as to have a good look inside for the vodka glasses.





I remember one of my mother's birthdays. I was about 10 years old. My father was sitting with his friend on the couch in the living room. "Anna, bring the vodka glasses from the kitchen, please, let's drink to your birthday!" he shouted. He. The vodka glasses were kept deep in the wall cupboard my father had made out of a large floor vase - he just hung it on the wall, so it became a wall cabinet. My mother placed a stool under it, so as to have a good look inside the vodka glasses. While she was looking inside the cabinet, it collapsed off the wall and its full weight fell slap bang onto the back of her head.

Page 3
Page 2
Page 1



I remember one of my mother's birthdays. I was about 10 years old. My father was sitting with his friend on the couch in the living room. Anna, being the vodka glasses from the kitchen, please, let's drink to your birthday!" shouted he.

The vodka glasses were kept deep in the wall cupboard my father had made out of a large floor dresser, - he just hung it on the wall, so it became a wall cabinet. My mother placed a stool under it, so as to have a good look inside the vodka glasses.

While she was looking inside the cabinet, it collapsed off the wall and its full weight fell straight on the couch.

The next morning Mum got out of bed with a huge black eye. She had an important meeting at work and everyone knew she had been celebrating her birthday with her husband the previous night.

Page 4
Page 3
Page 2
Page 1



I remember one of my mother's birthdays. "Anna, bring the vodka glasses from the kitchen, please, let's drink to your birthday!" My father was sitting with his friend on the couch in the living room. Anna, being the vodka glasses were kept deep in the wall cupboard my father had made out of a large floor dessee, - he just hung it on the wall, so it became a wall cabinet. My mother placed a stool under it, so as to have a good look inside for the vodka glasses.

While she was looking inside the cabinet, it collapsed off the wall and its full weight fell slap bang onto the back of her head. The next morning Mum got out of bed with a huge black eye. She had an important meeting at work and everyone knew she had been celebrating her birthday with her husband the previous night.

Page 4

Page 3

Page 2

Page 1





Stripservice. A book on porcelain. "My Mother's Birthday".

