

THE MINK

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Once a mink tried on a sable coat.

“Stunning! Stunnnnnning!” The furrier exclaimed. “Simply you!”

The mink turned around and around in front of the store mirror to get a better view of itself. Yes, the sable was stunning. There was no other word for it.

Pressing the soft, soft fur of the collar to its cheeks, the mink relished the image of luxury and style there in the glass before it. Who could resist the thrill of walking down the avenue wrapped in elegance like this?

The mink had heard the arguments against buying sable coats, to be sure, but quite frankly it had grown rather bored of them. What was wrong with indulging in a few creature comforts every once in a while? A line should be drawn somewhere, the mink supposed. But pigskin jackets or calfskin or sheepskin ones, alligator shoes, kid gloves, snakeskin watchbands, chinchilla or sable coats, how could you look your best without them? The fact that these animals' hides were in such demand was their problem, when you thought about it with a cool head, not the mink's.

“That's the top of this year's line. Ab-so-lute-ly the top!” the furrier murmured admiringly. “You won't find anything to equal it, I assure you.”

The mink buried its face in the soft fur again for a long time before returning its gaze slowly to the mirror and asking, “You wouldn't happen to have anything in human, by chance?”