

Annemarie van Haeringen

The Thousand Flowers of Dior





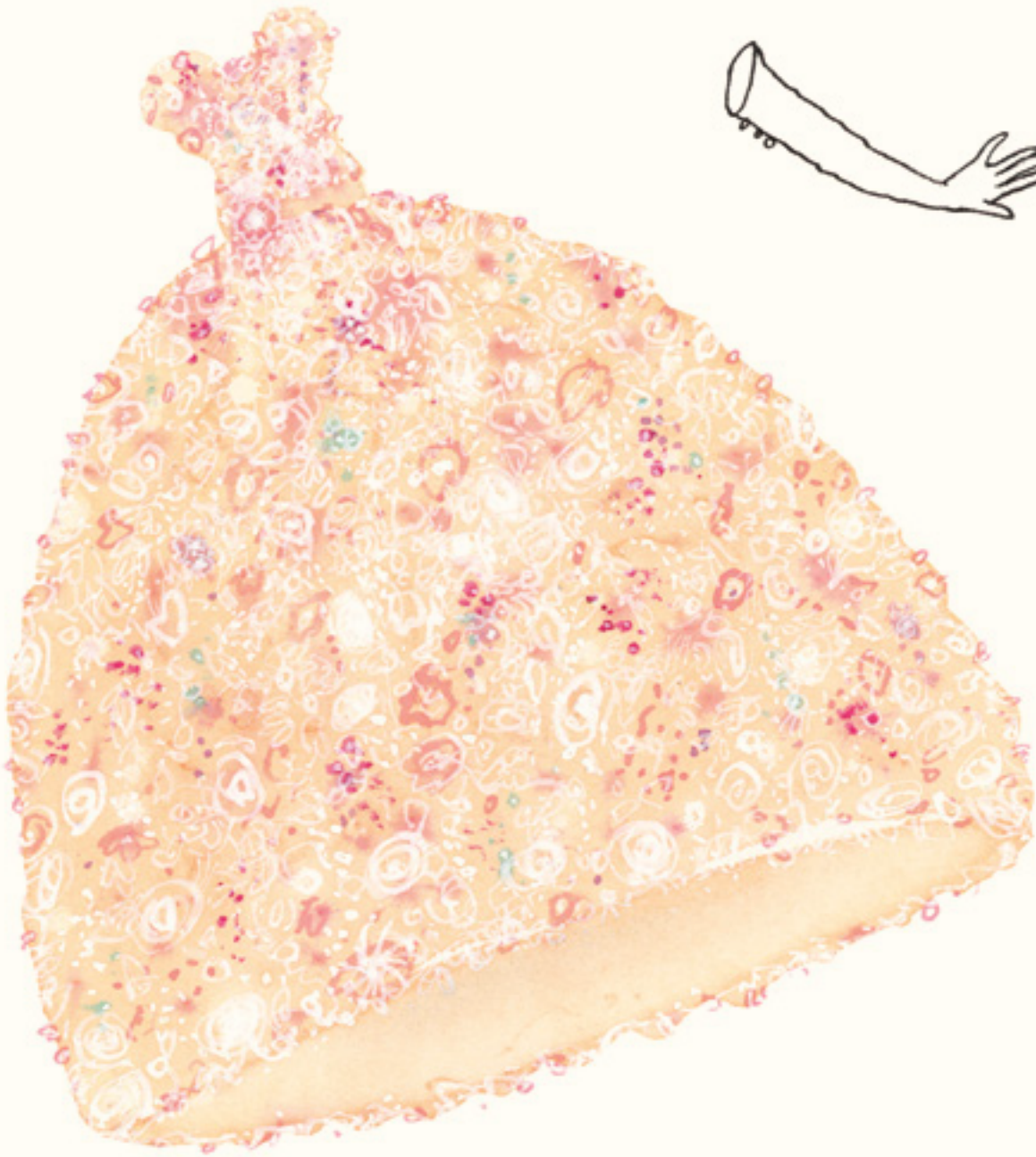
'I am the flowery dress, *the* flowery dress.

You may call me *miss Dior*.

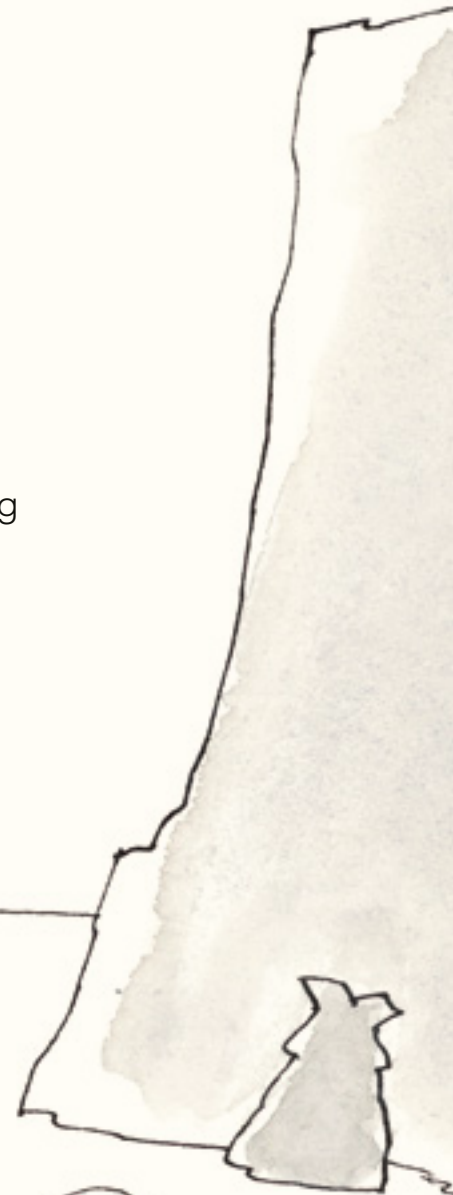
Don't I look beautiful with my *mille fleurs*, my thousand flowers?

Would you like to know how I got my name?'





'Once upon a time,' said the dress, 'there was a boy.
He lived in Granville, in a beautiful house on a cliff overlooking
the sea. The house had pale pink walls and lay in a bed of
pearly grey gravel.'







'The boy had a family, and so do I. I'm from a family of
couture dresses, no hand-me-downs here,' boasted the dress.

'He had a father, a mother, two brothers, and two sisters,
and he was number two in the line.

Of course, I don't need to tell you that I have always been
number one – and I still am.' The dress rustled with pleasure.