



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

Grandma's Beaver A Tale of Fur, Fire, and Forbidden Whispers \$1,000,000

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present the crown jewel of our family legacy: Great Grandma's Beaver. For decades, it has been stroked, admired, whispered about in hushed tones at cocktail parties, and... most importantly - kept impeccably groomed.

Truth be told, Grandma represented the Furriers as a salesgirl, back in rural Moosejaw, Saskatchewan. She sold Beavers and other fine furs as part of her quest to hook a husband. It worked. She landed a Mc from the Canadian Pacific Railroad... and the rest, as they say, is a blur of train whistles and pias drunken history.

This isn't just fur. This is heritage. Generations have marveled at Grandma's Beaver: its luxurious texture, its surprising warmth, its ability to stop conversation mid-sip when unveiled in public. Some say it could light up a room. Others claim it ruined marriages. All agree—it was unforgettable.

Features (if you can handle them): 100% authentic vintage beaver fur: thick, lush, and soft to the touch. Perfectly preserved—because Grandma knew how to take care of her Beaver. A patina of mystery, intrigue, and the faint aroma of White Shoulders perfume and Cold Duck champagne.

Condition: Excellent. You'll never meet another Beaver this well-kept.

Why own it?

Because life is short, darling, and you deserve the scandalous thrill of being able to lean in and whisper, "I've got Grandma's Beaver at home."

Asking: \$1,000,000 (though, truly, Grandma's Beaver is priceless).

What people were saying:

"I'll never forget the first time I laid hands on Grandma's Beaver. Life-changing."

"It was so warm, so soft... I still think about it."

"Not everyone can handle Grandma's Beaver. But those Mc's that did... never let go."