

PHOTOTYPESETTING & LITHOGRAPHIC ORIGINATION

BOOKSET

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137 Rhodes St. P.O. Box 1994, Bulawayo

The eldest daughter, who was sixteen or seventeen at the time, was very musical. In the evenings she used to close the door of the parlour and play the piano alone to herself in the gloaming. Occasionally after one of these sessions she would emerge looking puzzled and uneasy to say that she was sure that the room was haunted. She used to get the feeling that someone or something was in the room usually agitated, claiming that she had as it hung round the piano stool. No one was imaginatively inclined, and at an age with glowing colours. One hot afternoon and locked the door feeling as many didn't get away from it all for five. She lay down on the sofa, put up her feet, closed her eyes and tried to relax. After a few moments she heard a rustle from the direction of the piano. Reluctantly she opened her eyes, to see the head of a snake peeping over the beautiful green snake to the lid. It looked like polished jade and it had golden eyes.

With grace the snake slid the piano till it came to it. It lifted its head, nosed its way and presently Mrs. Bain heard the soft the mystery of the water in the violets somehow, that snakes are forever being world. They, too, have their fair share of by other creatures. Nor are they immune species of tick that feeds on snakes and once watched a snake being killed by a presumably to steal eggs or chicks, but was surrounded by a circle of murderous hens. No and struck out, there was always one hen each strike the snake has a moment of once more, and the hens were quick to seize this advantage. They finally succeeded in pecking it to death. I once had a white leghorn called Pollen who could devour a snake whole.

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She paid much attention to her stories, for she when a girl likes to tint her everyday life Mrs. Bain retired to the parlour herself, mothers have before and since, that if she minutes, something was going to snap. feet, closed her eyes and tried to relax. from the direction of the piano. Reluctant head of a snake peeping over the move, she lay absolutely still beautiful green snake to the lid. It looked like polished jade and it had golden eyes. With grace the snake slid the piano till it came to it. It lifted its head, nosed its way and presently Mrs. Bain heard the soft the mystery of the water in the violets somehow, that snakes are forever being world. They, too, have their fair share of by other creatures. Nor are they immune species of tick that feeds on snakes and once watched a snake being killed by a presumably to steal eggs or chicks, but was surrounded by a circle of murderous hens. No and struck out, there was always one hen each strike the snake has a moment of once more, and the hens were quick to seize this advantage. They finally succeeded in pecking it to death. I once had a white leghorn called Pollen who could devour a snake whole.

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