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 plano 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 with her, and once she burst out more than that someone or something was in the room distinctly felt something stirring her long skirt usually agitated, claiming that she had as it hung round the piano stool. No one paid much attention to her stones, for she when a girl likes to tint her everyday life 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 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. Reluc-After a few moments she heard a rustle head of a snake peeping over the move, she lay absolutely still beautiful green snake tantly she opened her eyes, to see the piano top. Too surprised to iful green snake to the lid. It looked while a long and very eased itself up on like polished iade and it SERVICE light had golden With graceeyes. ful aplomb confidently along the snake slid the bowl of violets. Here the piano till it came to it lifted its head, nosed its way between the leaves and flowers, sound of the snake drinking. So at last and presently Mrs. Bain heard the soft was explained! It strikes me as unjust. the mystery of the water in the violets represented as the villains of the animal somehow, that snakes are forever being hardship and are preyed on mercilessly world. They, too, have their fair share of to parasites — there is a particular by other creatures. Nor are they immune snakes alone. My brother-in-law, Lloyd, flock of hens. It had entered the fowl-run species of tick that feeds on snakes and ence watched a snake being killed by a spotted by one of the bright-eyed ladies and in no time at all the snake was matter how desperately the snake whirled behind it, ready to stab it with her beak. After presumably to steal eggs or chicks, but was who cackled out a warning to her sisters surrounded by a circle of murderous hens. No and struck out, there was always one hen each strike the snake has a moment of helplessness while it gathers its coils together once more, and the hens were quick to seize this advantage. They finally succeeded in pecking it to death. I once had a white leghom called Pollen who could devoure a snake whole.

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