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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 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 head, and presently Mrs. Bain heard the sound of the snake drinking. So at last was explained! It strikes me as unjust represented as the villains of the animal world. They, too, have their fair share of hardship and are preyed on mercilessly by other creatures. Nor are they immune to parasites — there is a particular species of tick that feeds on snakes and once watched a snake being killed by a presumably to steel 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 behind it, ready to stab it with her beak. After 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 leghorn called Pollen who could devour a snake whole.

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