

Taken from 'A Story of Me And You'

by A.J. Grace-Smith

No one commented on her altered appearance, although Will in Accounts said he quite liked her hair like that, so she assumed that no one could see the snakes. But she still felt self-conscious, exposed. She had to remember not to talk to them when she was among people. And they were so very curious, about everything; always tasting the air with their delicate tongues, and their emerald eyes so very knowing. They liked it when she had coffee. They liked television. They liked cats, and children, and daffodils. They liked sunlight dancing through leaves, and woodsmoke, and the sharp citric spurt when she peeled an especially juicy orange. They liked most things, in fact, which she found strangely cheering. She learned to look upon her existence with appreciative eyes again. And they didn't need feeding, for which she was grateful; she didn't much fancy having to find mice for them.

