An Autobiography of a Snake Oh how I envy all those who can walk on their feet. Here I am sliding on my stomach all the time. Yes, I am a snake who is fed up being one. I have to crawl on my stomach and that too in a curved way which gives me a grave back ache. I shall now cite out my story to give you a detailed account. Moving in such a way makes my life miserable. I get tired and there is no way out except to see a good physiotherapist for the back ache. I think that my ancestors must have done something really terrible for their later generations are suffering. People think that I live a grand life as I can go anywhere without any sound, but this is fun only when you are young. When I was young, I was an elegant golden toned snake.

I loved to scare people and I would just crawl out with utter silence to frighten someone. People used to throw sticks at me, but being a fast runner, I always escaped unhurt. I used to play in the garden with my friends and have a grand time. My parents had taught me and my siblings the way to hide behind bushes and arid vegetation and to hunt the cruel, lily-livered and devious mongooses. I was too swift at catching these pusillanimous creatures, but as the time went by I have lost my expertise and now there are no uncommon circumstances when I go to sleep with a groaning stomach. My parents have become silent forever. Yes, they have left this world.

I was too proud to get married so now I am all alone, waiting for death to arrive as early as possible. There were three major turning points in my life. Would you like to listen? The first turning point occurred when I was at a young age of fourteen. Can you guess? My parents were lost by me. Yes, I was really sad, dejected and pensive. My father was a splendid and a ravishing grey shaded and metallic scaled snake. He used to hunt creatures and bring food for us. He lost this world after crossing the age of thirty-two. My mother was a bright-yellow with dazzling silver scales on her body.

She never acted sluggish and was a great manager of her time. Peradventure, she could not bear my father’s death. She was highly resented and left this world at an early age of twenty-eight. My heart shriveled after their death. I also had two brothers and a sister. All died due to diseases or were hunted by mongooses or rats. Neither I remember, nor do I want to recall it. Only I and my cousin are alive from my family. The second turning point occurred when the terror of mongooses had reached great heights and our jungle was being ruled by them. Since (‘sith’ in Old English) their leader was a enormous and a fat mongoose, the atmosphere was filled with tension and apprehension. The snakes had to fight with mongooses. For snakes were greater in population, they could easily bag victory over the mongooses. Finally, the day came.

The unimaginable snake army with seven thousand snakes clashed with the enormous mongoose army with four thousand of them. The snakes were outrageous and the mongooses were impatient and recklessness struck them. After two long days of fight, our truthfulness and earnestness had bore sweet fruits. The snakes had crushed the mongooses and were victorious. We had liberated thousands of snakes from mongooses, but we lost two thousand out of seven thousand fighting for us. Heretofore, my friends were fighting with me in unison, but the third turning point had changed my life a lot more than I had ever imagined. My friends left me alone in the jungle and fled to another jungle with their family which was too far. The story goes back when the snakes had achieved victory over the mongooses and my friends did not like other snakes praising me as I was their leader. They all hit me hard at night while I was asleep and went away to the new jungle. I moved (‘tithered’ in Old English) to my place with a deep wound in my heart. I never married and lived my life all alone. Now, mongooses chase me like a pack of hounds because I am old and do not have enough stoutheartedness. Living with no one makes my life boring whereas I wait for the time when my body would achieve eternal rest