

To Kill A Mockingbird

"Come closer," said Mrs. Dubose. "Come to the side of the bed." We moved our chairs forward. This was the nearest I had ever been to her, and the thing I wanted most to do was move my chair back again.

She was horrible. Her face was the color of a dirty pillowcase, and the corners of her mouth glistened with wet, which inched like a glacier down the deep grooves enclosing her chin. Old-age liver spots dotted her cheeks, and her pale eyes had black pinpoint pupils. Her hands were knobby, and the cuticles were grown up over her finger nails. Her bottom plate was not in, and her upper lip protruded. From time to time she would draw her nether lip to her upper plate and carry her chin with it. This made the wet move faster.

Excerpt from *To Kill A Mockingbird* by Harper Lee (1960)