

## *The Trader's Night.*

*As the trader's go up the reek at night,  
A little hope shimmers like a light,  
It's a time to sell goods to all  
In there very little but cosy stall,  
They keep the donkey beside them steady by putting their hand on the food,  
They keep looking forward lifting their mood,  
When they look up at the night sky,  
They notice how time flies,  
When they finally get to the right spot,  
They unload their food,drinks and cooking pots,  
Then once they are done they make their their way up to the peak,  
As they proudly stand for they are one of the traders on the reek.*



*By Ellen Dyar  
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