

# Traders on the Reek

1977 was the year I went up to the church on the hill, donkeys going up with me and the tea. In my heart thinking about selling my goods to the walkers in their feet and the people going round and round the statue up to the church in their bare feet. I was hoping that they were getting hungry for some tea and biscuits so I could feed my donkeys for the week.

Later on, I was looking forward to my dinner when a man broke his leg on the way down. With my last sandwich sold, that was me for the day.

On the long way home I was wondering if all the money was a good amount to feed my sheep. When I got home the dog was happy to see me and my wife eager to count my earnings.



By Clíona Morrison  
4th Class  
Killeen N.S.

