

Ollie

We went to watch the unloading. Groups of tall men in caps, stood around in huddles their blue overalls tucked into dirty wellingtons, smoking, drinking coffee and talking about the weather, crop prices, feed and stock; an iron blue fog hanging in the cold air round their heads.

Two men in white coats went either side of the lorry and pulled out the clips and let them dangle on their little chains. That's how you tell they work at the market, if they have white coats. They pulled back the levers and lowered the ramp together, letting it drop the last bit. There was a flash of orange spark and a loud clang as the metal rim hit the concrete and it bounced up a little before settling.

Adam

The lad likes coming to the market. This is quite a good one; cattle, sheep, sometimes pigs and occasionally even the small stuff, chickens and rabbits. It's the cattle he likes best. We stood and that usele
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Hibbert
out,
except Jackson was too heavy handed as usual, the sadistic little runt. Don't know what he's trying to prove or what kind of a kick he gets out of hitting them. Someone should take that stick off him and beat him with it; see if he likes it.

Ollie

The bigger man walked up the ramp and pulled open the gates. He tied his to the first of the matt silver fences and swung the other to the little man who tied it on his side. He was on the right hand side. I know that because last year my friend Jayden Revell thought it would be funny to creep up behind me and trip me up. I think it would have been a funny thing to do, if I hadn't broken my arm. Everyone kept saying how I'd