

*Auld Yeld Ewe*  
**Derek Alan Meins**

When the hawns were buggert, that was it. Aww withered and crippled from the sheep dip.  
Big crookit claws. Useless. Kaput.

*Services no longer required. End of contractual arrangements. Tenancy revoked.*

*i.e. We've had what we want from you, so now kindly bugger off.*

Off tae the cul-de-sac. Culled, ye could say. Like an auld yeld ewe. Past yer best.

*No longer productive, no longer an asset.*

Sent off tae the twae up twae doon peddle-dash box. Metal handrails by front door and up  
the stair. A wee tiny kitchen. Room in the garden for a kennel, a wee tattie patch and little  
mair. At the end of a wee street, in a wee estate where all the boxes look the same, in a  
wee toon that is not

*hame.*

Nae mair walkin' the hills.  
Nae mair tendin' the sheep.  
Nae mair nights in the bothy wi' the pals.

Just to sit there in the box, by the fire. Watchin' nothin' go by the windae an' nothin' on the  
telly. Mither skittling about the place in her pinny. Dustin', Hooverin', tidyin'. Making  
endless wee triangle pieces and pots o' tea. But the hawns, the hale body to be fair,  
buggert.  
Just buggert.

So, the chair by the fire is the only thing.

But the bread can have nae salt in.  
The tea can have nae sugar.  
And the peels... the peels... the endless swallowin' o' the peels...

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A guid thing about being at the end o' the cul-de-sac, mind you,  
The playin' field.

Big enough for three footbaw pitches. Just at the end o' the garden path. Grand for  
hobblin' oot tae wi' the stick an' the dug.

*Awa!*  
*Wheest!*  
*Sit... Sit*  
*Come by!*

Sitting along the far end o' the field, eyes fixed. Guid dug.

***Fiction***

Section Editor:  
Clare Fisher

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Hannah Votour

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A bunch o' wee bastards messin' aboot ahind the goalposts. Whoopin' an' a whistlin', tryin' tae distract her. That'll no happen, nae chance. When a dug's been wi ye as many years as thon, up a hill in aww weathers, night and day, she'll no listen tae aybdy but yersell. Nae chance.

Wee bastards. Hale lives ahead a' thum an' just pissin' aboot. Needin' a hidin'.

*Come by!*

It's gettin' on. Away back tae the box. Mither'll be fixin the tea.

Another day done.

*Aww, fither, I thought ye'd gotten lost?*

Naw, mither. Aa wus just takin' the dug a walk.

*Well, yer tea's aboot fit fer the bin. Wash yer hawns an get yersel through tae the table.*

Aye...

wash the hawns.

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