

JEAN

Here she comes, ambling along the Main Street of the village. She shouts to everyone she passes and always stops the young mothers with their babies and toddlers in their prams. "HALLO", she says in a voice that sounds like a foghorn. Her teeth are on show as she smiles to the child. ("My God", grumbles the old man passing by, "she's sportin' her school colours again, the green and yellie knashers!")

"Stope you kiddin me oan, Tam Broon", Jean answers, shaking her fist.

She carries on, dragging her filthy trolley bag behind her, that's filled with twigs to light her fire when she gets home.

Her coat is one that someone gave her twenty years before and is now totally threadbare. On her hands she has fingerless gloves, baring black nails and twisted fingers.

On her knees she has two gents hankies tied at the back, soaked in liniment to take away her pain. Her feet are covered with navy knitted ankle socks and plimsolls that are worn and holed.

Dirty grey and white hair sticks up at all angles, with a large forehead and wide set piercing blue eyes.

She treks daily into the village from her home two miles away.

The children chant as she passes them: "Jean, Jean, she's nae queen, she's the scariest wummin we've ever seen".

But Jean just laughs and goes on her way, happy in her own world.

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