**Cows**

By Sadie De La Mare

I always loved animals, big and small. On my way home from school I generally stopped to have a chat with the cows who lived in the field next door.

Some people are terrified of the beasts, but I never understood why. To me they were curious but quiet and gentle allowing me to scratch their foreheads and pat their necks. My, they were good listeners. always ready to hear me out when I told them about my troubles or shared something new that I had learnt.

They were so much better than writing in a diary!

I loved those cows young and old. I cried when one disappeared from the herd and rejoiced when a new calf appeared next to its mother.

I could never understand why it was acceptable for the cows to be in that field in the cold and the rain when I had a warm and comfortable house to shelter in. It just didn’t seem fair that my friends had to stay outdoors.

On one particularly rainy day my mother was visiting the next-door neighbour. I saw my opportunity and I took it. There were only two heifers in the field when I went to look but they were a sorry sight. Blinking away the rain, which was soaking their lovely brown and white coats, they looked miserable. What to do – I couldn’t leave them standing there in the rain, not when there was a nice warm fire in the house! I took them by their ropes and led them out of the field and into our garden and from there into the house through the back door into the kitchen where they could dry off by the Aga.

I thought this was an excellent way to help my friends and I was very pleased with the arrangement. Unfortunately, my mother didn’t see it in quite the same way.

When she came home and found two heifers in her kitchen, she did not react in the welcoming way that I had expected!

She made such a commotion telling them to shoo, shoo! As if the cows understood Guernesiais or English! All that happened was that she succeeded in frightening the cows, the table was overturned and chairs tipped over, crockery was broken and pans trodden on, there was mayhem in the kitchen, if only she had been as quiet and gentle as them! All would have been well.

She was so frightened to see cows in her kitchen that she had to go and ask our neighbour to come and remove the beasts.

Once the room had been restored to its normal state I was made to clean the kitchen from top to bottom. It took me days to clean it to mothers satisfaction. Perhaps it hadn’t been such a good idea after all.

After this we acquired a cat!