

# **THE CATTLE SOCIETY**

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***Dedicated to Rishi***

**&**

*All those lovely people who,*

*make this world a beautiful place.*

The fiction is an author's genuine attempt to express herself to you by humorous, unique and a different style of writing. The aim is to come closer to the reader's mind and develop a shared meaning. Since, communication is a two-way process, your feedbacks and evaluation will be appreciated and really have great relevance. We would love to hear from you, e-mail -@ [nick.birhare@gmail.com](mailto:nick.birhare@gmail.com) .

Happy reading 😊 😊

## **The Cattle Society –**

You might have read many stories -romantic, tragic, humor, philosophical but I wish to take you in my world , a world which you probably never gave importance because your science taught you, animals have no intellect of their own. The idea that the cow next door can think ; your street cattle too have a personal life involving psychology, sociology , philosophy sounds like a joke of the millennium in a Homo sapiens's dominated world.

Okay....!!!! Considering my story as the silliest allegory of your life, I will introduce myself. Normally, it's the same way how we introduce ourselves in the cattle society. Welcome to the cow world.....!!!!!!

Mooooooooooooo.....

Hiii...I am Radha, your species call me cow , I am a sahiwal, an Indian breed cattle with the potential of yielding 5 liters of milk / day when I will reach puberty and mate with a good deoni breed bull I can beget a breed that can be sold at a very higher rates ,That's how Verma ji, the owner of our farm introduces me. We all are found of our owner Mr.Verma , who loves us, provides us food, shelter and care, we have learnt his ways of communicating and interacting. The verma ji farm is a cattle society in the midst of beautiful Malwa , a plateau region in the country of asia , humans call it incredible India, but I am still confused where do we actually reside ....Is it India ? Or

Hindustan ? Or Bharat...?? Yet the alluring, prepossessing cultural and natural diversity and the indigenous essence of our village Talawali are sufficient enough to captivate your attention.

Anyways, let's leave it; we are not dealing with your complicated human society, Instead you are embraced in a very simple sweet world of mine – guileless, natural, and embellished with the serenity of country side.

Verma ji is the 2<sup>nd</sup> richest man of our village , having 10 acres of land , 210 cattle including cows, buffalos , sheep , goats and of course 2 sexy horses. Yaaa...even in the cow's world horses seems attractive to the female gender. Although I never imagined that my prince charming will come on a white horse but I often dream that my dream bull will come escorted by at least two horses. Though we are born with horns but imagination gives us wings.

We have a head count of 48 cows and 12 bulls to be specific, a little crowded but it's a peaceful place .buffalos are our maternal aunts (mosi ji ) and sheep are our paternal aunts (bhua ji) and goats ,they are divine.

Goat means God.

We worship goats; some goats are born to be worshipped by other cattle. They are holy, spiritual and gift from heaven, while the rest of the goats are preachers. There is a special school for goats, where the religious education is imparted to them and later these goats become preachers of our society. At present,

we have three ammaji (goat mothers) who are nothing but our god. We all are devoted to our goat mothers. Just as Christian have lord prayer, Hindus have mantras we cattle have our own goat-hymn.

“Goat is mother, goat is father;

Goat is my divine. I pray to goat-mothers; almighty,

They protect me all the time.”

Our morning begins with the same prayer and our night ends by paying homage in the similar manner. So, by now you have understood the structure of cattle society. It's not as complicated as yours, we believe in brotherhood and unity and hence we all are a family. The Verma Family.

### **The origin -**

Human society is complicated.

You see my notion that human society is complicated is adamant. Thoughts leads to formation of attitude and ideology so you must be wondering that from where Radha Verma ( I wn't appreciate if u call me a white cow.. I too have an individual identity) has learnt this concept about human society. Allow me to introduce you to my personal favorite, the daughter of our owner, verma ji – priyanka verma, she is not an ordinary herdsman, I mean woman. Most of the girls of her age in our village are married, busy in their families and children. Priyanka is still single , village people call her educated because she did her graduation from a nearby town and some people

say this is the reason why she is unmarried as they think she is very smart and a cunning educated girl who can dominate any village guy by the charm of her wit and wisdom. Okay....come back, come back...this is my story, the story of a cow .... We are not here to analysis priyanka's character critically. So she is our owner's daughter and she loves to spend her time with us, particularly me. She often speaks to me ....strange...!!!!

Sometimes she thinks the other girls of village don't understand her and so she lacks friends in her life but then she says, she is happy because she has many cultured friends in the virtual world of social networks. She loves facebook and Mark Zuckerberg. She is very active on fb as she relishes writing her thoughts, sharing her emotions, expressing feelings on her wall. All in all she is a typical youngster who enjoys staying online.

Two things make her happy, one is facebook and the other is her loving-loyal pet-

“RADHA”.....tada....!!!

So, I am her favorite cow and she is my favorite human. Relationships are always mutual, it's like a clap. You can't clap with one hand because if you will try, it will be a slap not a clap...!!

One day, while other cows were grazing, I was sitting next to priyanka under a mango tree. She suddenly looked at me and said, “you know radha , human society is complicated” ...!!!

The intensity with which she looks at me and says everything seems as if she feels that I understand the meaning of every word she utters. I am just an active-silent listener of her life, who provides respect to her thoughts by listening. We are friends, the best friends who understand, respect and appreciate each other.

In a very serious mood, she began again, “human society is complicated radha....! Countries, economies, cultures, religions, caste, communities, gender biases, generation gap, miscommunication, cold war, ego clashes, politics. ....omg....!!! It seems so negative to me.”

Look at you radha... you are so lucky , you are all same, all cows, all equal, happy , simple grazing and cherishing the beauty of nature and the divinity of mother Earth. Human society is terrible; it’s so complicated (pause).....!

Just soooo complicated..... !!!

while I being a mere ruminant mammal, munching my food coming back to my mouth from my stomach , all I could interpret from the emotional outburst of my witty best friend was “ human society is complicated” and from that day this was the line which I used twice in a day to impress my peers from the cow society.

Priyanka verma-

“Human society is complicated” – status updated.

Every status she updated got a good number of likes but they made a huge impact on my mind, my attitude and my life. This was the reason why I loved her company, when others were busy in grazing and feeding on the countryside fields I remained busy listening priyanka and deeply engrossed in understanding her and her complicated world.

### **Meeting Shuvayu -**

It was a misty day, priyanka call such days as romantic, a day celebrated by lovers and couples. It intoxicated everything with its enchanting charm and flourished positivity everywhere just like a Shakespeare's poetry. For me it was "hurry-up girl" day...!!!! I was late for the pasture, the herd along with priyanka and sexy horsiiies has already moved ahead, I was behind. Running hard in those muddy swampy areas, I heard a voice.

Hey...white beauty, watch out..!!!

If you will keep running with the same pace you may hurt yourself.

Surprised and bewildered me, looked behind and saw a boy ... I mean a bull in your language. He was a tall, white, robust, well-built deoni breed bull. His eyes were as black as mine but they were more glittering and far deeper than what I had ever seen. It was a lot like- love at first sight. It does happen at least in the animal world.

In his masculine tone he said, "I am sorry to interrupt you Mam, but I was wondering if I could be of any use to you."

I was still staring at him, softly I said, “ I didn’t get you”.

Bull- I am moving to pastures and I suppose you too, will you mind if I accompany you. Can I have the pleasure of travelling with you white beauty?

Radha (blushing from the bottom of her heart) – why not?

The journey of laughter, fun, giggles, smiles, understanding, flirting begins. What could be travelled in 10 minutes took an hour because we were not interested in travelling but accompanying. Nobody was interested in the destination but the journey - the ultimate route to reach a state of unity, adulation and bonding.

For the first time I experienced what priyanka once talked about - The Shakespearean Love.

True love is marriage of minds.

This has all happened in a journey of 3 hours; I met him for the first time and met in a way as if I know him since ages. Something more than a friendship, something as twinkling as a star, something as soothing as music, something as divine as God. Trust me love has the might of turning a cow’s story into a fairy tale.

I was so happy but now it was time to go back to the farm. With a hope in heart to meet the bull charming tomorrow princess cow said good bye...mooooooooooooooooo....!!!!



As soon as I stepped in our farm, I found a chaos surrounding me, this is something termed as peer pressure in human world.

Gauri {cream jersey cow, close friend of mine} – where the hell you have been, I was looking for you all around?

Trying to console her I replied, relax...! Don't shout, I was there in the herbage.

Shama {black deoni cow} – herbage... really? We didn't notice you.

A dark brown sahiwal breed bull, who is actually my brother nandu confronted- ladies ... do not interrupt I am good at reading her, she is blushing...aaaahhhhhh....

A loud sound of moooooooooooooo..... could be heard from every corner of the acreage. Frankly speaking, these guys are my life and they understand it even before I say it. That's how we define our friendship.

I tried to cool down the quench of exhaustive investigation carried out by my buddies and said, "stop it guys.... parents will notice. Relax.... I just met a bull."

Two shocked buffalos and one surprised goat joined the conversation but don't bother they are a part of this trustworthy friend circle.

Kali (buffalo 1) - what.... impossible....!

Sita (Goat) – Everything is possible. Impossible itself says I M POSSIBLE.

Kalu (Buffalo 2) – you two...philosophy scholars...keep shut and you miss. Cow world queen, will you please elaborate.

Everyone (together) – yesss.....elaaaboorate....!!!!!!

I began giving clarifications and answered, “I was late and while I was running for pasture to catch you guys I met shuvayu and I am glad that I met him.”

Bholi (sheep, the final member of the friend circle joined) – shuvayu....oh hoo ...nice name.

Sita (goat) – so, is it loved?

Bholi (sheep) - the bull belongs to which breed, which farm?

sharma's Farm, I replied.

Kalu- damn it...!! This is fatal. I am sorry to hurt you radha but you will never meet him again, this guy is not a person you can rely on.

Everyone was shocked and confused. The ambience of flirtatious curiosity suddenly transformed to serious inquisitiveness.

Gauri {adamantly} - kalu.. You don't even know the guy, we haven't seen him yet, and how the hell you can be so judgmental. It's not your love story.

Kali - gauri , we need to believe kalu because our father has told us this harsh reality many times since childhood, cattle of Sharma farm are not reliable , they are not like us , we don't match.

Nandu – Guys, you are making it complicated, please be specific and clear, cut the puzzling discussions. What's the matter?

Kalu – Sharma and Verma farms are two different worlds. We have different norms and rules. Sharma farm supports hens. A society of four-leg and two-leg animals is derogatory place as per the verma farm rule book .They rear pigs, pigs are prohibited in verma's farm.

Sita (goat) - once I heard my mom talking to my dad, a cow of our farm was killed by the cows of Sharma farm.

Kali – she was slaughtered. It was a brutal murder.

I had tears in my eyes. I was speechless. My friends intended to say that the guy with whom I was hankering madly is an heir of murderers.

Kalu – the cow was murdered because she fell in love with a Sharma bull and other sharmas killed her as they were not ready to accept someone coming from verma's farm.

Gauri – Verma's are prohibited in sharma's farm.

Kali- Yes dear....! The most absurd part of sharma's farm is they don't worship goats.

Shama – what..? No goat worshipping.

Bholi - They are atheist people, let's kill them.

Shama - c'mon bholi...! You can't kill anybody just because they are not devotees of goat mothers but the problem is how our girl will survive in a society where mother goat is not worshipped.

Kali- They treats goat like all other members of cattle society. Goats are a part and parcel of Sharma's farm. Goats like all other members of family live a simple life. The divinity of goats is completely rejected and our god is disrespected.

With a heavy heart I said, "No more discussions! I am going to the cow-shed."

In a state of consternation having no idea of how to respond and react, in search of solace I came to the water reservoir. It was dark, stars were shining and my heart was sinking in the dilemmas of love, trust and faith. The traumatic realities of past blurred my future, the future which I desired to share with shuvayu- collapsed.

Gauri along with Nandu came and sat down next to me. We all were quiet, busy staring the vastness of sky and the vivid beauty of celestials.

Nandu – I know you are hurt.

Gauri, in a determined tone said, "But we want you to follow your heart."

Radha- I don't know, my heart has stopped saying anything. It is silent.

The entire night went the same way in the arms of quiet wilderness, the spirits of silence and malady surrounded our souls. While my friends slept I was engaged pondering, why this has happened to me. Since childhood I have one god, mother goat and for the first time in my life I found the guy of my dreams. To adore him means to deny and disrespect my god. A life without praying to goat-mother almighty is a curse. How dare I to leave my lord for the sake of my beloved. How can I be so selfish?

The whole night I had tears in my eyes and deep down my heart; questions challenging my faith on one side and feelings on the other. When they were awake it was dawn. It was the first rising sun of my life which brought no hopes.

A dead end.

### **MOVING AHEAD –**

I denied to go to the pasture today, I was depressed and in need of some personal moments to recollect myself. I tried many times to ignore the thoughts about shuvayu. The more I try to forget, the more I remember. I engaged myself in daily farm-house activities. I tried to keep myself busy.

They say once you are hit by the cupid's love arrow, it's impossible to forget your love. Infatuation, fondness is not a

part of my story, my inner voice said , shuvayu is my soul mate. Some strange things were happening to me. Hallucinations....!

I heard the bells of a bull ringing. Someone calling me to the pasture. Lost in the memories of yesterday, a nostalgic day, making me sad and happy both at the same time.

Enough... I can't take this anymore. I ran to the backyard of our farm and there I found my most intellectual friend priyanka. Priyanka saw me and started to pamper me as if she knows that I need her support. It gave me some relief and courage to deal with my emotions. We sat down under the neem tree of our backyard and from her hi-tech gadget; priyanka read a facebook post of her friend from Dubai

Mohammad mirza –

Either I hide in hell or heaven, If I am wrong my god will punish me; If I am right my lord will protect me.

Philosophy and a broken heart is a terrible combination. Priyanka was not religious but spiritual. She started to talk with me having no idea of what all was happening to her pet, she began.

Radha, don't you agree with these lines .... They are so correct. When we believe god is omnipresent and omnipotent then committing any wrong deed at any place on earth is wrong. God is so great and yet so kind. The biggest asset of our life is having a faith in the omnipresence of our god. Isn't it?

The thought provoked me to question the beliefs of the cattle society of my farm. If goat is god, than how can they not be omnipresent and omnipotent? if I am a goat-worshipper than my mother goat will protect me every time and everywhere. When all cattle are same, will she deny accepting me because I am not a member of verma farm but belonging to Sharma farm? Is she so biased?

I was baffled by my own thoughts and ideas, the notion about praying, equality, uniformity and brotherhood suddenly began to change abruptly. The day ended turning my mind into a place where enigmatic battles of right and wrong beliefs were taking place. No matter how hard I tried to keep myself calm, my mind was restless and my heart was lost in search of truth.

#### THE TRUTH REVEALED -

Sometimes it takes a sheer incident to transform your personality. A curious, blissful, positive me is now a sincere, mature cow. I learnt to remain quiet, isolated and lost in a world which I could never found. After a period of one month, I saw him again.

It was shuvayu, I can never forget his fragrance, the assertiveness of his tone, the courtesy in his behavior, the honesty of those deep eyes, the sound of his red cow- bells. My heart beat increased, it was beating so fast as if it wants to pounce on him. A sense of guilt, forced me to move ahead. I was afraid and had no courage to face the most confident bull of my life.

Shuvayu – hey...wait. Are you trying to avoid me? What has gone so wrong radha? Each day I waited for you, I need an answer, you can't break this bond so ruthlessly.

I controlled my sentiments and replied, "It's neither me nor you who are wrong. It's the circumstances."

Shuvayu – I have no clue, what are you talking about. Which Circumstances?

I can't trust a bull from Sharma farm. You are not reliable because you are an atheist. I retorted bluntly.

Shuvayu- Trust can't be won in a day. Miscommunication happens but it doesn't mean that we leave people without giving them a chance to explain. Let's clarify, don't keep your feelings to yourself.

Sharda (a friend of shuvayu, suddenly jumps into the conversation) – what on earth made u say that we are atheist? How dare you question our integrity?

Shuvayu – sharda ...calm down. It is nothing but a misunderstanding, every problem on earth has a solution if we have the patience of discussing and listening to each other's point of view.

The calm and sensible shuvayu wanted to have a meeting where my friends and his buddies were invited to clarify the long lasting confusions about the other farm. Shuvayu requested me to convince my friends to attend the meeting, he advised me to listen to the inner voice of my heart and find



solutions for those questions which I am trying to repress again and again.

In the evening, I held a discussion with my friends in the backyard of our farm and requested them to attend the meeting.

Kali- Love has turned you mad. You want to collaborate with our enemies. He is fooling you and you are getting trapped.

Nandu - The bull is asking for a meeting, even the culprits get a chance to express their point of view than why not shuvayu ?

Gauri – he is right kali.... We must give them a chance to explain; after all they too are cattle like us.

Kalu – I am not coming with you. I don't believe in engaging in sheer stupidities leading to disrespect of my own family.

Kali – look radha..! You are inviting danger; these sharma farm cattle will harm you. I warn you, not to trust that stranger and have faith in my father and his stories.

Sham- I won't let my friend go all alone. I will accompany her. She needs us. Our presence will help her to take to take a wiser decision.

Kali – Good..! Go ahead. I am out of this nonsense.

The next noon, I, gauri, nandu, shama, bholi and sita began our journey for the pasture to meet shuvayu and his troop. Kali joined us, a sense of happiness and smiles spread on every face.

This was a test of our friendship and we won the game of mutual trust and understanding. Realizing the beauty and potential of friendship we moved ahead in a positive direction in search of truth.

Everyone saw shuvayu for the first time; shuvayu greeted us with great generosity and thanked everyone for giving him the opportunity to explain.

Shuvayu - Certain doubts and confusion can't be cleared without having an experience. You have never seen the Sharma farm, I want you all my friends to come with us to our farm and make judgments about my family using your own eyes and ears.

Kali (arrogantly) – You want to take us to your farm so that you can slaughter us.

Shambhu (a friend of shuvayu) – we are not butchers. Cattle don't kill cattle.

Sharda (shuvayu's sister) – we belong to a farm where two-leg and four-leg fauna live together happily. We respect two-leg animals, which are different from us and it is illogical to blame that we will kill you; you are more close to us than two-leg species because you resemble us. We intend to make peace not war.

Everyone was quite impressed with what sharda said. We decided to move for Sharma farm.

The Sharma farm was indeed very much similar to Verma farm. Everyone welcomed us. The two-leg animals were happy to see

us; they all welcomed us with affection as if we were a part of the family. We were amazed to see their friendliness and affection for us. It was beyond our expectations and imagination.

The grandfather of shuvayu – “gajju kaka”, told us the mysterious story of the cow that was assumed to be slaughtered. It was an accident, Sharma’s farm is wide area, and the south end of the farm is close to the national highway. There are fences to protect cattle from any environmental hazard as they are safe inside the Sharma farm.

Long ago a verma cow became a friend of a Sharma cow, they met each other regularly, once she got too late for her home, in the midst of finding a shortcut path for the verma farm ; she tried to cross the fences from the south end. Some of the cattle helped her. With the help of these cattle she was able to cross the fences successfully but a careless move lead to a harsh accident, she was brutally crushed beneath a truck, a human rash driver crushed the cow in the darkness of night and she died on the spot. The tragic tale of the cow was never heard in the verma farm, they merely believed that Sharma farm cattle murdered their family member. Since then nobody ever trusted each other. Since then a never ending cold war began.

After a long silence, bholi had a question

You don’t worship goats, we are different, and you are atheist.

All the cattle began to murmur. Noise and rumors in the air could be inhaled from the meadow, where we were standing.

Wait a second...!! Why we need to worship goats, they are cattle like us. We worship god. A cow from the crowd exclaimed loudly.

Sita – God is goat and goat is god. This is our belief; it is the ideology of our farm.

Everyone started to laugh on us, with an exception of gajju kaka and shuvayu.

Gajju kaka – Children... who told you this? We all cattle are same, we all are equal and we all are a family then how can we worship a few among ourselves. Of course we do respect each other, we support one another and stand together, but by praising a few; we can't differentiate our society. This will create two groups - superior and inferior.

A mature goat from Sharma farm said – The idea of becoming god must have originated from a wicked mind who wants to exploit the innocence and discriminate you on the grounds of your origin.

I could not understand a word; they were saying that our goat mothers are fraudster and devoting ourselves to goats is nothing but a superstition.

They were challenging our belief system and we had nothing to say in our defense.

Sharda – let's not bully them, they have no idea of what's going on with them. Give them some time to think and analysis.

Gajju kaka – I just want you guys to test your beliefs, experiment and experience before you trust. Just go out and explore and find your answers. It is your journey, your quest.

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While walking back to our farm, we had a dual state of mind. At one point we were happy to find out that cattle of Sharma farm are not our foes but friends, on the other hand there were a mysterious hidden tricksters who lived with us in our own farm having the intention of creating discrimination. Strange is the journey of life, we perceive enemies as friends and friends as enemies when we deny to question and accept everything that is taught to us.

Sita – Now, when we know the truth; it is our responsibility to tell everyone and remove the barriers of misconceptions and superstitions.

Bholi – who will believe us? We don't have any proof, how can you catch the devil when you don't even have a clue, which one is the devil?

Shama – we can find out the devil by investigating. All we need is a team. Remember together everyone can achieve miracles.

### **SEARCH FOR THE MASTER MIND –**

The next afternoon, we were sitting under the mango tree, completely involved in deep thoughts of how to find the mastermind, the one who came with the policy of divide and rule in our family. I heard priyanka laughing; she was surfing

using her smart phone. She was reading the article of a famous criminal psychologist, Dr. Brown.

Chewing my food balls when I gazed at her, she again started to laugh and said to me.

Radha.... If you want to understand a criminal, think like a criminal...lol..!!! Ha ha ha ... if I want to understand you my dear cow I need to be a cow or at least think and feel like a cow. This is how this great psychologist defines behavior- Behavior is an outcome of its consequences.

Well... I don't know much about android, kitkat, kernels or i-phones but I do agree that smart phones really spread smartness. Dr. Brown's psychology gave me an idea for finding the culprits.

In the evening, in the backyard area of our farm we organized a meeting. I had something for all.

Guys, we know that mastermind is none other than a goat. Diamonds cut diamonds; we need to train our goat to catch the mastermind goat. To understand the culprit we need to think like a culprit.

Every eye was looking at sita with hopes and expectations.

Sita in a strange tone, hailed, "What? Don't look at me this way. You are scaring me."

Nandu – Who is the wolf in lamb's clothing?

Shama – it's simple, the one who is getting the maximum benefit by promoting such old wives' tale.

Sita – so the devil is none other than the three goat mothers.

Kali- yes, probably we all are thinking in the right direction.

Radha – In order to make the goat mothers accept their conspiracy, sita needs to win their faith and make them admit their malicious intentions.

The plan was all ready, sita would be joining the special religious school, get close to goat mothers and compile them to accept that they are not gods.

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It took a period of two months for sita to win the trust and faith of mother goats. Using her prudence she was now a part of loyal circle of goat mothers. The next morning was going to be a great event of her life, she will be taking a vow and become a part of royal preachers' society.

The ceremony of goatinization.

It was a feast like morning, everyone was happy, they were going to attend a holy ceremony but sita's parents were upset, they would be losing their only daughter; she has chosen the path of sainthood, leaving these two old goats lonely.

We all were present, the ceremony began, mantras were enchanted, prayers were made, in the midst of the ceremony

there is a custom where the goat mother ask the preacher...  
Does she have a last wish, before moving away from this  
materialistic world?

The goat mother asked the same question in the same manner  
to sita,

Goat mother 1 – Do you have any last desire, any unfulfilled  
wish or need?

Sita – Yes mother, I do.

The entire farm was shocked because for the first time in a  
goatinization ceremony they heard a goat having a wish.  
Normally goats who are to be goatinized are being trained to  
deny any such desire in front of all the other members but this  
time it was sita, mentally prepared to unveil the truth of  
deceiving goat mothers. Goat mothers were equally bewildered  
by the act of sita; to maintain their dignity and the decorum,  
goat mother 1, the supreme of all, said, “Yes my child, make a  
wish.”

Sita – O Mother...!!!! I have my full faith in your divinity. Since  
childhood I have heard stories about your might and power.  
Dear mother you are omnipotent and omnipresent. You are our  
savior.

Goat mother 2 (confidently and proudly) - we know it all child.  
We can read your every thought. Don't procrastinate and make  
a wish.



Sita – please pardon me mother for the delay. I have the desire to see you taking rebirth; I want to see your reincarnation. We cattle know that our goat mothers are born with all the powers.

O holy mother, you are boundless but it is my pure desire to see the magic with my own eyes.

Crowd was happy they will see the miracle of resurrection.

Goat mothers were under trouble. The horrible predicament was standing in front of them -sita, their loyal and faithful follower.

I exclaimed, from the crowd – yes goat mothers, we want to see reawakening of your great souls; this will enhance our faith by leaps and bounds.

Crowd started to yell, slogan- rebirth, rebirth ...goat mother's rebirth.....!!!!

Reincarnate, reincarnate ...goat mothers reincarnate.....!!!!

This was an earthquake for goat mothers. They had no idea how to tackle a crowd which believed that these hypocrites can actually kill themselves and take a birth again.

Goat mother 3 (shouted) – quiet everybody...!!! Sita , you are disrespecting your mothers, I am asking you for the last time , do you want to complete the ceremony or not.

Bholi – Goat mother, we are not interested in your tantrums ; sita has made a genuine wish, you must reincarnate and proof that you are god.

God mother 2 – This is impossible.

Bhuvan (an old bull from the crowd) – why??

God mother 1 - You are testing my patience.

A sheep (from the crowd) - Nooo... we want to experience your power.

God mother 2 – I deny to sacrifice myself.

An angry cow, from the crowd hailed – why?? When you are boundless almighty, why can't you comply with a trivial desire of your true follower?

God mother 3 (lost her control) - because we are not gods.

It was a landslide in the Cattle world of the Verma farm. The flood of truth took away the corrupt soil of superstition. Angry mob wanted to kill those greedy hypocrites who played with their innocent emotions for so many years. Me, my friends and a few strong mature bulls and buffalos protected mother goats from the outrage of the naive citizens.

Rakaa(My father) - control everybody...control yourself. Cattle don't kill cattle. We will punish them but let's not kill them.

Kancha (kalu's father) – by killing these witches, we too will become devils. Let's leave them at the mercy of God.  
Peace...everyone ....peace....!

It was a day of our victory, Truth alone Triumphs. We were glad that finally the regime of fraud witches came to an end. Hypocrites were thrown away, but kancha uncle and my father (the leaders of our herd) were upset; they were fooled by their own family members, the faith of all verma cattle was shattered. A sense of insecurity, hopelessness and doubt spreads along the domain of verma farm. It was a night of independence from superstitions and myths but a night favoring atheism.

### **THE DAWN OF HOPE -**

I could not see my family members so sad, I wanted to do something but had no idea how to raise the morale of a family who have lost their god. My angel, priyanka came with her very smart phone, entered the gaushala(cow-shed). She was about to update a status – she was uttering it loudly.....where...their ....is a will.... There is a ..... Way.

Priyanka verma-

Where there is a will, there is a way.

-Anonymous – status updated.

There was something awesome about everything priyanka posted on her wall. It always provided me inspiration; maybe I

should become her disciple and accept her as my god mother. Anyways, jokes apart.

I met shuvayu in the noon and told him the scenario of the farm, he came with me to our farm and requested my father and kancha uncle, to meet his grandpa, he being an old wise man can provide the best guidance in this situation of ambiguity. Since the rumor of cow slaughter was promoted by goat mothers, it lost its credibility as soon as the truth about their hypocrisy was revealed. It was easy for shuvayu to convince our elders to meet the eldest man of their farm.

We all met in the pasture of our village, one family was sad and depressed and the members of other family were providing all their support, empathy and sympathy. On the arrival of gajju kaka, the personal conversations came to an end, the entire herd was curious to hear from the wise man.

He took us to the holy banayan tree, we all followed him silently.

Gajju kaka – There was an erudite pundit (saint) who meditate under this tree, he preached to his followers a Sanskrit shloka (verse) –

Vidhya dadati vinayam;

Vinayadyati patratam ||

Patratvaddhanamapnoti ;

Dhanaddharma tatah sukham ||

It means knowledge leads to discipline, discipline leads to worthiness, worthiness is responsible for wealth and prosperity, the ethical usage of this wealth for social welfare will lead to happiness.

To conclude in simple words, knowledge is the mother of happiness. Allow your children to educate themselves, to experience and experiment their learned notions. God is always with you, if you are ethical. Honesty, Simplicity and innocence have a very unique charm of its own but do not forget to explore.

If you have seen the bad that doesn't ensure that the good doesn't exist. Don't stop searching. It is not your fault, everything happens, happens for good. Just accept and move on. Burn the bridges behind and step into a positive future – a new day.

The advice of the old man filled every heart with new hopes and aspirations. After a bad experience faith often shackles but wisdom says not to fall apart in pieces, recollect the courage and move ahead. It was the beginning of the era of friendship between the cattle of Sharma farm and the verma farm, dawn of trust, understanding, mutual respect and faith. The school at verma farm became open for all the cattle. Education became mandatory, we all were privileged to learn, gain the knowledge and increase our understanding about the world.

#####@@@@@@@@@\$\$#####

After all this mishaps and turns and twists of our farm, One fine morning, while I was regurgitating my food (don't make faces, it is a part of ruminants life.) sitting next to priyanka , who was reading a book in the farm backyard, I really felt like telling to my sophisticated friend-

It's neither the human society nor the cow society which are complicated. Actually, it is the word – society, which complicates everything around us. Society is a mixture of people catering varied thoughts, intentions and actions which bifurcates them into angels and demons. Of course, there are few neutral people who observe everything and become narrators like me, readers and listeners who have the intellectual ability to understand the depth of the narrator's thought. These narrated stories have no end; they always lead to a new beginning, in a new mind, at a new place, at a different situation. I wish if I could speak and share my thoughts with my favorite Homo sapien-the most sensible creature ever born on earth.

Priyanka looked at me, she smiled and took her phone out of her pocket, log in to her facebook account.

Priyanka verma –

Sir William Shakespeare quoted:

'Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.'

All's well that ends well....! – Status updated.

Sometimes I wonder, is she born with the ability to read my mind? Well, that's how friendship is defined in our world. You understand me before I say it to you. Alright ... lovely people, I have something special for you.

"INVITATION CARD"

*On the auspicious occasion of my daughter's wedding*

*"Radha Verma" weds "Shuvayu Sharma",*

*The grandson of gajju kaka; you are cordially invited with your family.*

*Come and bless the bride and the bridegroom on their very special day and make it, the most happening wedding of the year.*

*Please don't forget to bring some fresh grass from your country...!*

*Moooooooooooooooooooooooooooo.....!!*

*Father of the bride:*

*RSVP -*

*Rakka verma*

*kancha and kalu verma*

*Waiting for your arrival, the entire verma and Sharma cattle family and this is me yours giggling and blushing bride- Radha.*

*Mooooooooooooooooooooowwwwwwww.....!!!!!!! ☺ ☺ ☺*









