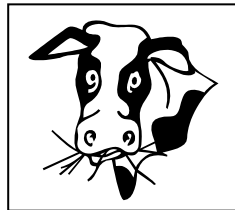


The
Secret Life
Of
Cattle



Written by Peter Kuskie

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Acclaim for
The Secret Life of Cattle

“The laughs contained in this book are worth ten times the price you will pay.”

(Sean - Convicted Con Artist)

“The best book I have ever read.”

(Name and address withheld by request)

“A masterpiece. Destined for greatness.”

(Julie – You Pay, We Say Literary Reviews)

“Before I knew it, I was sharing it with my workmates. An infectious read.”

(David - Quarantine Watch)

“I could not put it down.”

(Lyle - Humane Animal Solutions)

“If you don’t read another book this year, then this is guaranteed to be the best.”

(Conrad Book Reviews)

“Riveting.”

(Acme Power Tools Testing Laboratory)

“Unbelievably good. An absolute treat. Everyone should buy this book.”*

(Cattle Grazing)

*Stop Press - The Publishers wish to apologize for the inclusion of a Cattle Grazing review of his own book. Suspicion should have been aroused when Mr Grazing requested private access to the printing press.

Responses to
“Ask Cattle” Message Board

You are funny, witty and truly a bringer of laughter. Thank you very much for I have been lifted in spirits and my love for all things bovine has been bumped up a few notches!

(Bliss)

Would you happen to have a book out? I sure would buy them if you did. My grandkids would love you and your stories. Seriously, if you aren't writing short stories, you really should be. Every time I see a cow now, I grin from ear to ear. My computer sits by a window and I can imagine the sight I must be sitting at this computer laughing really hard. Your stories are so good that it is just like a movie in my mind when I read them. I can see everything so plainly. These are so neat, so very funny.

(Unity)

Mr. Grazing, when will we be able to purchase a copy of Mr. Grazing's Book of Wisdom?

(JJ)

Getting caught up with all the posts since I left for vacation was a blast!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Melissa)

A cheerful heart is good medicine---well cattle grazing I've got to be very healthy about right now ----this is so good

(Eagleman)

Hi C.G.! I am new in this site and I just ran across your mooving stories. I really enjoy hearing about your cattle background and adventures. You are truly a gifted Cattle! I can not wait to hear more of your wonderful stories. LOL !!!! You're toooo funny Cattle!

(Charity)

Thanks Mr. Cattle for all the laughs.

(Zena)

One can never have TOO MUCH cattle wisdom.

(Trueheart)

Foreword

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Preface

If you had told me a couple of years ago that I would be attempting to write humorous cattle stories, I would have stared at you blankly. While I still may look at you that way today for unrelated reasons, the fact is that in the time since then, the cattle grazing persona was born and has assumed a life of his own.

At first, cg's antics were confined to chat rooms and a few personal attempts at writing for very kind friends, who, I am sure, did not know what they were unleashing through their encouragement.

Since then, cattle grazing has taken up residence on a message board. As a result of comments to his stories like, "these are so neat, so very funny," "thanks Mr Cattle for all the laughs," "would you happen to have a book out? I sure would buy them if you did. My grandkids would love you and your stories," and similarly expressed sentiments, I was led to attempt to put them together in a volume or two.

I would like to thank Beth for the hours of proof reading and layout design she put into this project. Cattle would never have gotten this far without you Beth.

Thank you also to CUSA for allowing me my own board within their web site.

Finally, I want to thank all those who wrote to ask cattle questions. I still have trouble believing the different types of questions asked - questions well and truly out of left field that challenged and inspired me to bravely go where no cattle had gone before!

I really hope you enjoy this volume. I know I have enjoyed writing it.

God bless you.

Peter

Who am I?

Hello. My name is Cattle Grazing. I am a "get up and go" kinda cattle. Many cattle possess this quality. Every day I see it. After resting in the one spot, they get up and go over to another spot to either lie down or to graze.

Actually the timing of writing this introduction could not be more perfect. I've just been looking at old cattle photos and reliving some great memories. Showing you a few of them will give you some insight into who I am.

These ones here are of my family. There is ma and pa. They made an ideal cattle couple. They were male and female which made them a great match. It was pa who took me aside one day and told me "son" (he liked to call me son, and I must admit he was like a father to me). "Son," he said "eat your greens." That was good advice that I've never forgotten. Okay, so pa's ambitions were modest by some cattle standards, but he encouraged me to get out and make a name for myself. I came up with "Cattle Grazing" and he thought that was okay as it solved what he and ma were to call me.

Here is one of me with the herd as a youngster. I must say that on the whole I had a stable cattle upbringing until the landslide of 96. Up until that point, I had led a quiet cattle life. That was the first time I ever really got carried away - along with 47 other members of my herd. It would never have happened of course if the herd had not been singing "we will, we will rock you!" at the time. I just think the combined weight of 234 cattle jumping simultaneously to the beat caused part of the slope to give way.

I have another photo here of me when I was an adolescent cattle. This was the time when Rodney Cattle was my best friend. Rodney used to love rafting up the rivers. He was so excited when we suggested to him that we try rafting down the rivers instead. There were four of us firm cattle friends who loved the adrenalin rush of navigating our raft through treacherous narrow gorges in fast flowing water or gently floating down tranquil stretches. It's amazing how close you get to others when there is very little room. In the placid stretches, we would let the water take us as we lay on our raft looking up at the sky sharing our dreams or talking about the girl cattle in the herd. We laughed a lot together in those days.

This picture on my desk was taken as the four of us cattle friends were being tossed on a rapid and thrown from the raft. That's my left hind leg in the top right corner of the picture. It's not the best picture I have seen of Rodney. If his face had not been four foot under the water and there was more than his rump showing, I think it would have done him greater justice. The nostrils you can see in the water belong to Alvin. Marcus is not in the picture. He had been caught in low overhanging branches back up the river.

Here is another picture of me in my first job as a young cattle adult. I was a cattle tour operator. I was a guide responsible for leading little bands of cattle tourists in broad hats and smelling of sunscreen around the paddock. Occasionally we would stop and I would say, "look around you. What you are looking at growing here is grass." Cameras would flash and then our ensemble would trot off before stopping again to lift our heads as I said "this is a tree" followed by more picture taking. The best part of that job was the uniform that came with it. It made me a real cow magnet.

This next one is of my good friend, Bruce Lee Cattle. I met Bruce after I finished up as a tour guide operator. I did what many young cattle like to do before they settle down. I travelled. Although I am a wild cattle, I joined a herd that had these guys on horseback hanging around them all the time. "Cowboys" I think they called themselves. I mean, what sort of a name is that? Putting those two words together does not make any sense. I can only surmise that they were very confused individuals. Also, I think these guys thought they controlled us.

Well, I will let you in on a little secret. We cattle only obeyed those people on horseback to be nice. We are like that. Out of the goodness of our hearts, we respond to their commands.

I think the people on horseback appreciated it too because they often took cattle away in trucks. It was nice of them to arrange a holiday for us like that. I think most of those cattle who took the holiday must have really liked wherever they went because none of them ever came back.

Of course responding to these "cowboys" was, at times, incredibly inconvenient. For example, a group of cattle may have been debating "Freud and the cattle ego" or watching a live performance of cattle "Swan Lake." Not only was it hard on the spectators to up and move, but it was hard for the performers too, because it is difficult to run properly in a cattle tutu or tights.

I will admit there were those who decided they didn't want to respond. That is when the "cowboys" seemed to get upset. They would crack their whip and become very threatening in their posturing.

This was how I got to know Bruce Lee Cattle. He had a black belt in macramé and was one tough cattle. When threatened, he would make these high pitched oriental sounding moo's and advance towards the cowboys with slow deliberate steps occasionally kicking out either a back or front hoof. Bruce was a cattle legend.

This last photo of me also hangs in cattle police stations all across the nation. I don't know how this came about, but it seems the cattle police have taken me to their hearts. I can only think that I have become some sort of cattle role model.

As if that wasn't humbling enough, they have written across the bottom of every picture, "wanted". I cried when I saw that. I think cattle share with humans the need to feel needed, and the fact that the police had written that, did wonders for my self-esteem.

That is a little about my past. I will mention one hobby I have. It came about by accident. I was asked one day if there was a cattle grazing fan club. At the time, there was not, so I decided to form one. We meet of a Thursday afternoon under the trees by the river. It amazes me the variety of fans our cattle members bring to show and tell.

There are mouth held palm leaf fans. Size is the key there; too big and the cattle doing the fanning can't get the branch off the ground.

Then there are the body parts fans. We had one member who had trained his tail to rotate incredibly fast. The last we saw of him, he was head-down tail-up skimming the tops of trees. From his wide-eyed look and plaintive cattle moos, I can't say it looked like fun.

Lastly, there was the member who used his ears as a fan. The thing is, he would encourage only the girl cattle to experience it. They had to get reallllly close to him to feel the effects of the breeze.

Good one, Frank. Wish I'd thought of it!

Anyway, that gives you some idea of my background and leads me to my current position within the herd.

I am now a liaison cattle. My mission (which I have chosen to accept) is to liaise with humans. The volume in your hand represents the long overdue first meaningful dialogue between cattle and humans.

In the pages that follow, you will become aware that liaison cattle is only one of the many activities and roles within cattle society. Cattle society is very structured. Most cattle perform roles many humans see every day. For example, there are cattle "overseers." These are the cattle you see standing on mounds. Then there are the "service industry" cattle. They like to think their job involves cutting edge applications, but the fact is they eat grass. This constitutes the vast majority of cattle. Then there are "tourism" cattle. These are the cattle that look at you humans when you take photos. I know you think that you chose the subject matter, but a lot of cattle planning goes into who is standing where, and what they are doing, when those pictures are taken. Finally, there are the "inter species liaison" cattle. These

are the ones that have birds either standing on them or near them. I am one of these, though I am the first cattle that I know of ever to engage humans.

I am a single cattle. Of course, any time you talk to a cattle alone, they are a single cattle, but what I am saying is that I am an unmarried cattle. The fact that I am a single cattle doing liaison work has its benefits and drawbacks. The benefits are that when I am called away unexpectedly in the dead of night to cattle crisis meetings, I have only myself to think about. On the other hoof, at important human-cattle dinners, it would be so much nicer to have a cow by my side like many of the humans do.

I am on the look out, though I must admit I feel I have done all the things expected of a single cattle who is looking for a wife. It's not like I am a loner or anything. I mix with the herds down by the river. I go out with the cattle singles on excursions into the mountains. There was even a time when I was a regular visitor in singles cattle chat rooms. However they work differently to your human chat rooms. When they say "singles" they mean each cattle enters singly and then exits, so there is only ever one cattle in the room at a time. This is not conducive to meaningful dialogue, so I stopped going there.

Just in case you would like to be my eyes and ears, I will tell you what I am looking for in a lady cattle. 1) a neat grazer, ie a wife who eats with her mouth open and who does not scoff her grass down in a hurry. 2) someone relaxed, ie is willing to take the time to eat the flowers together. 3) someone with an adventurous spirit, ie who will poke her head through fences to get to the grass that's growing out of bounds.

Finally, what are my aspirations for this little book?

As a liaison cattle, my dream is that this first small step will lead to the establishment of cattle embassies in every human country. This way, when issues come to light, humans can call for a delegation of cattle dignitaries to present the cattle case. A plus for you humans I am sure is that, because we are a friendly species, the sight of motor cycle escorted cattle waving from open topped limousines will surely add to the character of your cities.

Second finally. You will notice that throughout these pages, I refer to myself as a cattle. Although I am a male cattle, I do not call myself a bull. The reason is two-fold. Firstly, for humans, the word "bull" has negative connotations. For example, "he is full of bull," or "what a lot of bull." Therefore, to disassociate myself from those phrases, I call myself a cattle. Of course having mentioned it now means you could think of me in those terms. This was a little silly of me really. Secondly, like humans, we cattle are using language that is more inclusive. Using the word "cattle" instead of "bull" or "cow" in some instances, means all cattle are included.

Final finally. The vast majority of the questions asked here are actual questions submitted to me by humans. I am sure you will be surprised as I was, by both the depth and scope of the questions asked.

So let us walk together, hoof in hand, or if you are not comfortable with touch, let us simply walk together as we unravel "the secret life of cattle."

Cattle Grazing

Flossing

Dear Cattle Grazing, The question that has plagued my mind, day and night, for several years has been "do cattle floss?" Thanking you cg, in advance, for relieving my anxiety in regard to this most important issue.

You must remember that we cattle do not have hands. An entremoonurial cattle once tried to sell my herd on flossing. The problem we identified was that it requires an additional cattle to hold each end of the string in their mouths while the flosser attempts to get the string between their teeth.

Attempting this alone is even more difficult, and for a start, requires subtle tongue/string manipulation. I understand some of the young cattle couples have embraced the tongue/string part of the operation as a twosome effort. However, they are not fooling anyone. An upshot though, is that when cattle fathers catch youngsters with their eyes closed kissing passionately and demand to know what they are doing, the standard response has become ... "just flossing, dad!"

The good news is that those cattle with access to water and herbs gargle before sunrise each morning to ensure their breath has a lasting minty freshness. This is actually quite a sight and I would recommend you obtain a pair of night vision glasses and head into the hills if you want to see hundreds of cattle throwing their heads back gargling. The sight and sound of this ritual is worth the effort to see.

Shaving Legs

Dear Cattle Grazing, What I would really like to know (if it wouldn't be too embarrassing) is do the lady cows shave their legs and underarms? Oh dear, I can't believe I am asking such a personal question.

The answer is no. Let me try to explain why.

Like their human counterparts, lady cattle are interested in this sort of thing from an early age. While boy calves are out kicking rocks and running into walls, the adolescent girl calves enjoy gathering around a pool of water looking at their reflections and discussing the boy calves.

Well, the first and only girl cattle ever to shave her legs did so because she wanted to impress a handsome young bull called Walter. Anyway it may have been that just the timing was wrong, but with her friend's encouragement and nudging, Peggy shaved her legs and emerged seductively from behind a boulder.

Walter, who was grazing with his friends at the time, looked up and took absolute fright. His ears and tail instantly stood straight up in the air. However it was his next move that was his undoing. He turned, and along with his friends, ran as fast as he could.

Unfortunately, they had been grazing in front of a cliff at the time. Walter and his friends fell headlong over it and were never heard of again (though there were reports that all had survived the fall and had joined the Cattle Foreign Legion).

Of course, Peggy, in a huff, returned to her friends and declared that boys were ridiculous and immature and that she didn't need them anyway. There was consensus on this point that lasted right through to the next day.

No girl cattle has ever shaved her legs since.

Sailing

Dear Cattle Grazing, I'm just wondering whether u are related to "cattle sailing" ... you know ... the ones that were on the ark with Noah and the gang. If so (and even if not), I would love to hear any stories of their adventures which may have been passed down through cattle generations.

There were always those cattle for whom the status quo was not enough. These were the cattle adventurers and pioneers. A visit to your local C.H.S. (Cattle Historical Society) will enlighten you as to the identity of these cattle in your area.

It is interesting that you mention "Cattle Sailing". It was he who inspired generations of sea-faring cattle. The impact on human affairs these cattle had is not widely known. Your history is more remarkable for what it omits than what it includes.

There are many examples, but I would like to provide just one.

Your history tells us that Lord Nelson defeated the French forces of Napoleon Bonaparte in the sea battle at Trafalgar. The truth is, if it had not been for the arrival of a Cattle ship, Nelson would have lost.

Please allow me to quote straight from the Cattle captain's log concerning events on that fateful day. (Cattle ship Captains always kept a log. Well actually they kept a great many, as there is only so much you can write on a log)

Please remember that this was written almost two hundred years ago. They spoke differently then.

Captain's log: Today (every entry was started this way so it is difficult to pinpoint when this actually occurred without referring to human records) ...

Forsooth today I had a young cattle lad check the plank which be for walking thereon by cattle miscreants and malcontents. Upon completion of said task, I called to young Smyth who be in yonder crows nest a looking out.

Smyth ... I called ... seeth thou anything?

Aye ... came the reply.

Pray tell what you see ... I called.

I see water Capt'n ... returned young Smyth in all seriousness.

While contemplating the removal of young Smyth from duties aloft, a cry did reach my ears.

Captain! ... once more did Smyth call ... but if I do look in the direction in which we be heading, I see many ships engaged in battle.

Upon receiving such unexpected tidings, I trained my eyeglass on matters a-forward. At first, all was unclear, but I determined to come out from behind the mast, whereupon my eyes alighted upon what was indeed a mighty battle.

Because the wind was fair and with us, we soon found ourselves upon the battle. Not wishing to endanger my cattle in matter not ours, I commanded ... turn about! turn about! ... whereupon my cattle (God bless them) turned where they were standing, and faced in the opposite direction. This intended was not, but now alas, it was too late as we be in the midst of cannon fire and a great tumult.

Suddenly there was a great quiet as each army watched our cattle ship pass the midst thereof through. Expecting at any moment, blown from the water to be, my cattle dashed first to this side and then to the tother of my ship. This causethd young Smyth in yon loft to be cast this way and that, until finally he did let go of railing, and was flung with a mighty moo for all to see and hear, into the midst of an army of strange tongue. Whereupon the army of the ship upon which young Smyth befell, did turn and flee, and with a mighty roar and hearts emboldened were pursued and routed by their adversary.

In the eventide, the victorious Captain did invite me and my Officers upon his ship for to dine. He did tell me that such bravery (for they twert not to know twas but a matter of happenstance) from young Smyth did cause the enemies' hearts to melt within them with fear. Whereupon he did stand with his Officers and propose a toast ... To Cattle! ... To Cattle! ... his men did reprise. Whereupon Lord Nelson (for that be his name) provided us with victuals to see us forthwith sallyforth on our southerly seaward sojourn.

Beagle Spots

Dear Cattle Grazing, We have a beagle. I'm not sure if you know this, but under a beagle's fur, they have large spots almost like a cow. I was wondering if there is any connection between the two species.

The association between bovine's and beagle's goes back in time to a bovine named Martin and a beagle named Benjamin. Martin and Benjamin were born at the same time, in the same barn, and the first thing each saw was the other.

Martin and Benjamin grew up together as best friends. They were both good, though somewhat confused animals. Rather than hang out with their own species, they did everything together.

Together they would (and I know this is not good) chase cars up the road. They would lie on their backs and wriggle this way and that with their tongues hanging out. At other times, they would graze. Benjamin and Martin would graze away the hours not saying much, but just being happy to be together. Ben even learned to lazily rotate his jaw while chewing grass. Martin often had to turn away from Ben when he saw him doing this. Martin just thought Benjamin doing this looked so funny. The reason he turned away was that he did not want to hurt his best friend's feelings even though there was no malice in his laughter. Another activity they loved was heading through the fields with their heads down intently sniffing and following the scent of maybe a rabbit or a fox. Benjamin kept it to himself, but he felt the same way about seeing Martin do this, as Martin felt about Ben's rotating jaw.

However it was something else they did together that changed their lives forever. It happened when Martin was almost fully grown.

Benjamin was in the habit of meeting their master with an enthusiastic wag of the tail and, while the master bent down, jumping into his arms.

Well Martin decided that he should afford the master the same honour. So, on an appointed day after Ben had greeted their master, Martin, with cattle tail wagging ran at the Master. The master at first stood smiling and motionless as Martin approached. Soon though, he became wide-eyed and sensed impending disaster. Too late he turned as if to run. Martin leapt. Time stood still. The mistress put her head out the window just in time to see Martin and the master seemingly become one as they crashed down amidst clanging rubbish bins and falling window pots.

They didn't see the master for a while after that, though they did hear him inside the house complaining about his back.

When the master did at last emerge, he was very careful to sidestep Martin every time Martin leapt to greet him. Having Martin continually land on and dent the car, terrorize visitors, bring down the clothes line after the washing had just been hung, and fly through the kitchen window while the mistress of the house was preparing dinner, eventually took its toll. One night, the master and the mistress ran away from home.

Martin and Ben moved into the house. Each found a partner and as a foursome they did everything together though their partners (who'd both been hippie animals in their youth) would often discuss their husbands' "far out" behaviour.

Well Ben and his wife, Sally, eventually had a litter and lo and behold each pup emerged with large spots just like Martin's.

Inter-species biologists and psychologists have speculated as to the reason for the spots, though most beagles and bovines believe the answer is simple.

Have you ever noticed how couples who have been together for years start to look like each other? We cattle believe that this is what happened. Having spent their lives as friends together, Benjamin's offspring took on some of Martin's characteristics. We cattle never fail to include the moral of this story when telling it. Be careful who your role models are - you will become like them.

And that is why beagles have spots under their hair to this very day.

Secret Agents

Dear Cattle Grazing, I am curious about something, I look at the cattle in the fields all the time when we pass by them. I don't ever recall seeing any cows wear sunglasses. I might be wrong though. If they don't wear any, would it be for religious reasons or maybe they couldn't find a way to keep them on?

There is only one group of cattle who wear sunglasses. They are the Secret Agent Detectives (SAD). This group likes to think they are a shadowy organization employed to protect each herd type from infiltration by other breeds. In fact, their logo depicts a cattle's shadow at night.

The trouble is, of course, being the only group who wears sunglasses, they can be picked out anywhere. This goads them no end. The general cattle populace has basically given up on trying to explain that the sunglasses are a dead give-away.

For this article, I decided to interview one of the SAD operatives. I had no problem finding one involved in a surveillance operation. He was sunglasses-clad and lurking behind a tree. The minute he poked his head out, I hailed him with a general question on how life was as a SAD. He looked this way and that, then pulled me behind the tree and interrogated me as to how I knew who he worked for.

I knew it was no use trying to explain, so I remained silent until he settled down. He then proceeded to turn his back to me and whisper into some sort of intercom device that the operation had been compromised. What he didn't know was that the receiving volume was up full blast. The response came back loud and clear:

"SPEAK UP AGENT 42!! HOW'S OPERATION BILLY PROGRESSING?!!!"

This caused him to become very flustered as he tried to adjust the volume. It did not help his cause that an ever-increasing number of cattle onlookers was gathering. He told us all that we didn't hear that, and that he had no idea who agent 42 or Billy was. At this point, he very self-consciously removed his ID badge from his chest and attempted to gather up his "Operation Billy - Background and Briefing" notes, which cattle standing by had seen on the ground and were casually reading. He also tried to shoo away cattle who were looking into his car. He was obviously ruing the fact that the vehicle he requisitioned was a marked SAD vehicle.

Most of the cattle onlookers meanwhile were discussing why Billy was being watched and one of them had trotted off to ask him.

I decided Agent 42 was a lost cause.

All this would not auger well for cattle security if it were not for the fact that all other cattle surveillance groups are in such a state. I mean, how much danger does a secret organization pose when it lists itself in the Cattle Yellow Pages?

For example, the Russian equivalent of SAD are listed thus:

Da Undagronk Moovementov Bovineka (DUMB). They then list their number as: silent number 354 6757.

I decided to call their office. An obviously foreign female cattle answered the phone. She kept on saying "da" to my deep and probing questions. I thought I had scooped a huge story and that she was implicating her organization in every crime ever committed against cattle. But then a cattle who identified himself as Agent 743 (followed by a "doh!" and an obvious slap to his forehead) apologized that their Secretary spoke no English. He then politely asked me to start again, as their recording and monitoring equipment had not been turned on. (He quickly denied having said that.)

I did manage to get an answer as to why their entry in the phone book said "silent number 354 6757." Agent 743 informed me that it was because they always wrote the number down without saying it aloud to avoid listening devices which could pick up the number, and reveal their presence in the country.

So you can see why the general cattle population has not embraced the wearing of sunglasses. We have decided that the world is a safer place because at least we can identify the secret agents in our midst.

So if you ever drive by a sunglasses-clad bovine, you will now know why he is there and what he is up to.

Fishing (1) Tale

Dear Cattle Grazing, I have heard on the grapevine that you have a penchant for fishing. Is this true? The story of your last fishing expedition is apparently "legendary". Could you share it with us please? Also can you give us humans any hints as to finding hot spots to help us catch fish? Finally, just how DO cattle hold their fishing rods?

I have never heard a grapevine myself. That is not to say I haven't tried. I have stood beside them for hours on end and heard nothing.

But I must say though, your grapevine information is surprisingly accurate.

It was Great Uncle Remus cattle that introduced me to fishing. He was a monk cattle. I'll never forget the day he gave me a piece of paper and a writing implement and said, "Cattle, I want you to have this pen and the words to my fishing chant." Since that time, as you say, I have had a penchant for fishing.

As for helpful hints, we cattle really only have one ... "To have any chance at all of catching a fish you must ensure you are fishing in water."

And as for hot spots, summer provides an abundance of these, as does fishing by either thermal springs, or volcanic activity.

Answering your question about how we cattle hold our fishing rods is tied in with the incident you referred to as legendary. Let me explain.

Holding a rod is not easy for us cattle; nor is casting a line. I mean, we can use our mouths to cast, but generally the line plops into the water only a few feet in front of us.

To counteract this, most cattle prefer to take the baited end of the line in their mouths, and walk it out to where they want the bait to be. This is normally no more than where the water comes up to our necks.

Well recently, I entered a cattle fishing competition. The seashore was quite crowded with fishercattle. Most of us were only catching small fish. I decided that if I was going to catch anything bigger, I would need to drop the bait further out. You must remember that no cattle had ever ventured further out than neck deep.

I remembered from my days playing in the creeks as a young cattle, that to remain on the bottom I would need to let all the air out of my lungs. So having walked out up to my neck, I ducked my head under the water, kept my eyes open and started walking.

Well I can tell you it is a different world under there. I was wide-eyed as little fish swam by. I turned my head this way and that, watching a crab sidle across the sandy bottom and a sea horse floating gently with the current. Every now and then, a little remaining air escaped from my nostril and made its way to the surface. Sounds are different too. Everything sounds ... well ... watery.

As I got deeper, the fish got bigger and I knew then that I had made the right choice to come deeper.

I had just decided on a good place to drop the bait when something large grabbed my tail. I couldn't see what, as every time I turned around, he was behind me. I must admit I panicked at this point.

I don't know if you have ever tried to run underwater but everything feels like it is in slow motion. I know though, that I was running fast, because the minute my head emerged from the water I moved so fast up the beach that I blew the hats off the nearest fisher-cattle and scattered papers all over the beach.

When I did stop, I ran around in circles trying to see what had gripped me. Eventually the biggest fish I have ever seen dropped off my tail. So big was that fish, that my tail was longer because of its weight.

Right then and there, the cattle judges wanted to award me the biggest catch of the day, but cattle adjudicators wanted to rule against it on a technicality. They argued that I had not caught the fish, but that the fish had in fact caught me. They eventually awarded the fish first prize.

Anyway, since then, cattle have abandoned the use of rods and have embraced what has become known as the "cattle grazing" or "tall tail" method of fishing.

So if you are ever fishing, and see bubbles rising from the water and getting closer to the shore, be sure to stay watching, as a fish might just emerge with the catch of the day.

Fishing (2) Truth

Dear Cattle Grazing, Do you really expect us to accept this fishing tale of yours? Aren't all fisher-creatures, be they cattle or otherwise, renowned for stretching the truth somewhat?

I can well understand your scepticism of my fishing story, knowing full well that you humans are given to exaggeration in all matters fishing. For that reason, I have invited along two witnesses to verify my story. There's Dwight, a young local cattle, and George, a well-known homeless cattle. I'm sure these cattle will erase any doubts as to the truth of my story.

CG: "Hello Dwight"

Dwight: "Who are you?"

CG: "I'm Cattle Grazing."

Dwight: "You mean you are THE Cattle Grazing?"

CG: **Abashed, modest look** "Yes son, I'm THE Cattle Grazing."

Dwight: "My mum warned me about you."

CG: **alarmed cattle look** "What's that supposed to mean?"

Dwight: "Mum says not to believe a word you say."

CG: "Can we talk about this later Dwight? Right now, just tell these humans what you saw."

Dwight: "Well, I was at the fishing competition when I saw Cattle Grazing emerge from the water with this en...enor...what's this word Mr. Grazing?"

CG: "Enormous Dwight. Haven't you learned that word at school yet?"

Dwight: "We have Mr Grazing, but I can't understand your writing. If you'd given me time to practice what you'd written for me to say. I could have done better."

CG: "I think that will do thanks Dwight."

CG: "Hello George, how are you?"

George: "All the better for that free feed you were giving out thanks Cattle."

CG: "George please tell us what you saw that day"

George: "Well, I'd been asleep in the park that night and went down for breakfast at the Cattle Kitchen like I always do, then I saw old Harry and he and I got to talking and..."

CG: "Can you just tell us about the fishing competition please George?"

George: "What fishing competition?"

CG: "The one where I caught the enormous fish."

George: "How can I when I wasn't there?"

CG: "What do you mean you were not there?"

George: "Like I said, I got talking to old Harry and we spent the day together. Didn't even know there was a fishing competition on."

CG: "Thank you George."

George: "Besides you can't believe anything a fisher-cattle says anyway."

CG: "Thank you George."

George: "Like what I heard recently about a cattle's tail being lengthened by a fish. I think that's stretching it don't you? Get it? Stretching it? Hahaha. I'll have to tell old Harry that one."

CG: "I said thank you George."

George: "And cattle walking under water. I can imagine old Harry telling that one after he'd spent his cheque if you know what I mean."

CG: "That's the last time I feed you George."

Listen, let me get back to you on this one ok?

Conversation continues out the door

CG: "Don't they teach you how to read in school these days kid?"

Dwight: "We learn how to read Mr Grazing. Didn't they teach you how to write?"

CG: "That's enough of that, kid."

Dwight: "Ow! My ear! Im telling mum!"

CG: "Can I give you a lift home George? ... oh ... I was forgetting ..."

George: "That was low Cattle."

CG: "Ok but I'm upset alright?"

Commando Cattle

Dear Cattle Grazing, I may need rescuing as my husband does not understand my new found appreciation of cattle.

I have made a few phone calls just in case we get a "go" from you regarding some sort of rescue operation. We have commando cattle on stand-by. I personally don't know why they need to stand by so close as to cramp me for room while I try to send this dispatch, but I guess that is their way.

These are highly trained and specialized military cattle. They generally work in small teams and don't wear sunglasses. We can tell when they are in training because we see sets of three cattle close together tiphoofing from behind one tree to the next. After poking their heads out and getting the all-clear, they then move from the tree to behind a rocky outcrop before tiphoofing from the rocky outcrop to behind bushes. Finally they will dash from behind the bushes to the cover of a gully. Normally getting into the gully is achieved by running towards it then throwing themselves on the ground and rolling over the edge.

There are two ways by which to identify new recruits. Firstly they throw themselves on the ground, and start rolling long before the gully's edge. More than once I have seen cattle who are quietly grazing, go down like ten pins as three or more novice commando cattle roll towards the gully edge. Secondly, you see the first commando go over the edge, then hear the second land on the first, and the third land on the second. Because gullies around these parts are not that deep, the third cattle is normally lying on his back on top of the others and in full view of the watching herd.

We can also tell when they are practising abseiling. Because the terrain is flat around here, the commando cattle practise in trees. Unfortunately, most trees do not have branches strong enough to support a cattle's weight. The first indication of a commando's presence is the distinctive crack of a bough splitting. This is how these commando cattle came to be called "crack" units. We then hear the thud of cattle falling to the ground. If they are practising in a group, then it doesn't pay to be resting under the tree at the time.

Anyway, back to your rescue. We have code named your rescue operation "Save the dog." I did point out to them that we were going in to save you, but they thought the name was a clever cattle plan to divert any suspicion.

Okay, I need to tell you this so that you will know how to identify your would-be rescuers. They will be cattle disguised as rabbits. Very, very, large rabbits granted, but we hope you will have the presence of mind to be able to cover for the commandos should your husband or friends comment on their size.

So here is the plan - memorize it, then eat your computer so no-one will find it.

Three huge rabbits will appear on your front lawn. Nothing strange there except for maybe their size. You will know that these are the rabbits you have been expecting because one will be sitting behind an easel. He's the martial arts expert.

Once the green light has been given, one rabbit will appear to amble aimlessly down the side of your house. Once out of sight, he will spring into action. We are hoping you won't hear him on the roof. Meanwhile, the second rabbit will make his way towards your vegetable patch. This will cause your husband to exclaim "Oh my goodness! It's headed for the vegetable patch!" and run out the back of the house in an attempt to head the rabbit off. Once your husband is outside, we need for you to lock the back door behind him. At this point, the third rabbit will break down the front door while the rabbit on the roof crashes through the window.

I wish I were more confident, but I think at this point two scenarios could unfold. The first (and the one I am hoping for), is that you will be whisked away to safety. The second is that your dog will be abducted. I am just not convinced these cattle appreciate the diversionary nature of the code name.

Anyway if all goes to plan, we will have rescued you. I think the fact the authorities will be looking for giant rabbits will buy us some time. We have blankets for you because you will need to lay low for a while. We will try to ensure you are not lying beside a gully edge or under any trees.

So, if you need us, we are ready.

Barn Dancing

Dear Cattle Grazing, I was just wondering about the barn dance - is that something we humans learnt from cattle?

I guess you humans would not know this, but we cattle love to sing and dance. I have mentioned previously the landslide of 96 and that we were singing at the time. We wild cattle still dance out of sight of you humans, but it is a poor imitation of our glory days.

Please allow me to give you a brief look at cattle musical history.

The Bible credits Jubal as the inventor of instruments used for music, but you know cattle came sooo close to being credited with the word "music". Unfortunately, all we could get out was "moo". We knew what we wanted to say, but just could not get the "sic" out. We still can't. Hence you humans say that we "moo".

Well, as you know, we cattle ranged free for many generations. Each breed had their own customs, traditions and songs.

The African cattle had real rhythm. Boy, could they sing and dance. Whole herds tightly packed together would adopt a sort of casual run and sing as they made their way across the plains. And harmony. You ain't heard cattle sing till you have heard the African cattle harmonize.

The Spanish cattle's music was more individual. While watching cattle would click their hooves on rocks, a male and female cattle would face off and prance around each other, then suddenly turn provocatively and dance very close without actually touching, all the while looking into each others eyes.

Irish cattle were different again. Herds would stand in the one place sort of jumping up and down, but their hoof movement would be perfectly synchronized and going at all sorts of odd angles.

Oriental cattle's musical expression and form was unique. They liked to sing and act out life scenes using very deliberate slow cattle dance steps. Their stories involved plots like a cattle getting lost, then finding its parents after forty years only to discover they were not their real parents at all, and that the son of their mother's brothers' nephew's aunt had run away with their true love and was now being held captive by the Emperor Cattle. Often they were tragedies.

Anyway, I don't have to tell you that things have changed. As man domesticated cattle, the songs and traditions were lost. Initially, cattle kept in barns all around the

world would relive the old days. They could sing and dance till the cows came home and then some.

It is this next part your history books will not tell you. While cattle were still dancing in barns, humans would look through cracks in the walls. It is from cattle they actually stole the idea of barn dances. In fact, so much of the singing and dancing of you humans around the world mirrors what I have described as cattle dances, that I suspect you have adopted our cattle dance forms.

So while I am saddened that so many cattle music traditions have been lost, I take heart that in some small way they do indeed live on through human musical expression and that we wild cattle can still, far from the gaze of human eyes, forget our troubles through exuberant cattle dance.

Wedding Day Dreams

Dear Cattle Grazing, Do you ever think about getting married or your wedding day?

I enjoy my life as a single cattle but I must admit I am looking forward to the day when the cattle organist strikes up "here comes the bride", and my cattle bride replete and resplendent, and wearing a veil walks down the aisle. I trust the veil she chooses will be the see through type. I would hate for there to be collisions and mishaps during that precious walk. I would also like four calves to form the bridal party. I have already bought the bow tie I will be wearing on the day.

As you can see, I do think about these things. I haven't yet worked out who my bestcattle and groomscattle will be, but I will make sure the bestcattle has the ring in an accessible place. Not like one cattle wedding I attended where the bestcattle had the ring on his hoof and could not remove it when the time came to give it over. It ended up a real tug-of-war with the groom's friends and family pulling him from behind, and the bride's family pulling from the front. When the ring finally came off, both sets of cattle ended up in the garden beds out the sides of the church. No, I think around the ear is the best place to keep the ring.

I can see us at the altar and the cattle minister asking "do you, cattle grazing take..." and us both saying "I do" and the minister saying "you may kiss the bride" and the organ starting up again and us running down the aisle and the cattle well-wishers showering us with confetti outside the church and my bride throwing the flowers for some fortunate female cattle to catch and eat.

For the reception, I want for there to be cattle minstrels and dancing and for everyone to have the time of their lives. I also want the best cattle photographer I can find. I won't use the one Mervin Cattle used. It was this photographer's first assignment and all the photos were of himself ... seems he had the camera facing the wrong way. It was no wonder he could hardly see by the end of the night, with the flash continually going off right in his eyes.

The most embarrassing thing about that was Merv and his cattle bride had organized a beautiful three tiered cake. They asked the photographer to take a photo of them cutting it. As it was late in the evening and the photographer had already taken hundreds of pictures of himself, he could hardly see at all. As they posed, each with a hoof on the knife and with their most beautiful cattle smiles, he came closer and closer trying to get a focus. Eventually he walked straight into the cake and it fell, splattering Merv and his bride from head to hoof.

As if that wasn't bad enough, there was an unsightly scramble as cattle guests pushed and shoved to get to eat the cake off the floor. The wooden floor became

very slippery as a result. Cattle were slipping and sliding from one end of the hall to the other. They knocked over tables and cattle slow dancing on the dance floor. Eventually, tempers frayed and the bride's mother threw food at the groom's father. That was all it took for it to be on for young and old. As a wedding reception, it was a total disaster, but as a cattle food fight, it will be hard to beat. All this was most unbecoming on the bridal couple's special day.

Of course, I am also looking forward to the part after the reception when my new cattle bride and I are alone together for the first time. But I won't go into that, as I'm not sure you humans would understand. It's a cattle thing ok?

So there you have it. I have my dreams. If you do find someone you think will be suitable, please have them write to me. My address is:

Cattle Grazing

C/- Riverview Heights

Meadowlands

Musical Instruments

Dear Cattle Grazing, Are there cattle bands that play at dances and if so what instruments do they play?

We cattle play all the instruments you humans do. Remember, cattle were actually created before man. While it was on the same day, the fact is, we cattle have just that much more experience than you humans to call on. Music is no exception.

In the early days, cattle music was very basic. A cattle casually tapping his hoof while listening to some symphony in his head, happened to hear the distinctive sound of a hollow log. Soon he and his friends had assembled many hollow logs, each with their own tone. They would play for the herds, and it wasn't long before cattle tribal dances were being invented to accompany the music.

In the same way, a cattle in an idle moment blew into a thin hollowing branch, and again, the sound captivated him. Soon, cattle wind ensembles were travelling and playing across the countryside. The Texas Longhorn family originated from this musical pedigree.

Stringed instruments were a little more painful in their birth. A cattle's tail became entangled in a bush and while his friends were trying to release the tail, the sounds that each length and thickness of hair made was picked up on. It wasn't long before cattle were willingly sacrificing parts of their tails for the cattle instrument makers to fashion into guitars, violins and double basses.

Eventually, all these instruments were combined to form orchestras and through the centuries as musical knowledge increased, cattle compositions became more beautiful and increased in complexity.

In the opinion of some cattle, the 17th and 18th centuries were the high point of cattle musical expression. Cattle composers were writing for cattle orchestras. Huge herds would assemble for their performances. These cattle composers were expressing, through their music, life on the land, with all its triumphs and tragedies, joys and heartaches.

There was a cattle at this time who was very talented in many areas. His name was Mo. Eventually his body of cattle work came to be called Mo's art. I know musical preferences are a very subjective thing, but for me, he was the best.

It is also well-known in cattle circles that your human composer called Beethoven, based the Pastorale Symphony on a cattle performance he saw.

Another favourite of mine from this period was a cattle composer called Brahms. He collaborated closely with humans to compose some wonderful music. It was in recognition of this that you humans bestowed on his family the name of Brahman.

In later years, the cattle bands that used to play at dances were made up of cattle orchestra members who enjoyed letting their hair down once in a while. Certainly the music they played was of a livelier sort that enabled cattle to dance exuberantly.

So you can see that musical expression has been a part of cattle life down through the centuries.

Now I must address a question I'm sure some of you have asked yourselves. If cattle are so skilled and talented, how come all they seem to do is eat grass? That is a valid question, though the answer is simple. Once we cattle saw humans pinching all our ideas, we decided to play dumb in your presence.

Therefore, the only way now to see and hear true cattle talent is to journey into the wilds. Here, if you are fortunate, you will hear beautiful, powerful, and sometimes haunting cattle music resonating through the hills. I must say though, don't try to record these events because cattle sentries, upon discovering your presence, will confiscate your recording equipment in order to jealously protect the secret life of cattle.

First Day

Dear Cattle Grazing, I went to the Outer Banks of North Carolina for vacation and saw many American Cattle on the way. As we drove, I was wondering what the first encounter of man was like for the cattle.

It was the 6th day of creation and we animals had just been created and were milling about getting our bearings. To be nothing and then suddenly appear on this newly populated planet does not happen every day.

All the newly created animals had just done the round of introductions. Everyone was at a bit of a loss when asked "where are you from?" Even the question "what are you?" had us all stumped. Well we cattle had just decided to get down to some serious grazing when up walked a human. I must say he looked a little odd to us (no disrespect intended, mind you) walking around on two legs. We tried to tell him that walking on all fours gave one greater grip because of more earth contact points. He thanked us but did not take our advice. We figured he was young and would learn soon enough.

It was then he blew us away by telling us it was his job to name all the animals. He called us cattle aside and said he needed to know a bit about us before giving us a name. He asked that we demonstrate our abilities. We told him that this could take a while, but he assured us he had plenty of time.

Well, first up, we mooed. We could tell he was impressed. Then we flicked our tails backwards and forwards. He told us that he couldn't do that, and we told him not to worry because there was sure to be something he could do that we couldn't (we had no idea what, but we didn't want him to feel bad.) After this, we demonstrated the way we eat and invited him to join us for a meal. It was then that he really earned our respect. He joined us for a meal. You know when you see someone eating something you really like and you can tell they don't like it as much as you do? That's the way he was. We just decided that in time his taste buds would improve.

After lunch, we showed him shaking our head to get rid of a pesky fly, scratching ourselves against a tree, walking, running and lying down. He thanked us very much and said we certainly had some abilities. We already knew that, but we liked how polite this young man was.

He then thought deeply for a while. Finally he told us to gather around because he had come up with a name for us. We all gathered eagerly around him in a little semi-circle. He said "I have decided to call you cattle." Well we were pleased as punch with the name. "Cattle" we said to each other. We liked the way the word rolled off the tongue. "We are cattle," we told a group of foxes that was passing by. "Good

name" said the foxes. We did try to tell the man that this name was too special, but he would not hear of it (secretly we were glad he did not change his mind).

We saw him and his lady friend (Adam and Eve were their names) around a lot. They were tending the garden. They would always call us a greeting. In fact, all the animals were friends back then.

Unfortunately, there came a day when something really bad happened. We cattle knew there was one tree no one was allowed to eat from. Well, we were quietly grazing one day when the snake went by. We had a funny feeling about what he was up to. We knew he was a crafty one, so we followed him.

Alas, as they say, the rest is history. We saw him entice Eve and Adam to eat from the forbidden tree. After that, everything was different. I know things changed for you humans too, but it was certainly not as much fun being a cattle any more. Whereas once the lions would join us while we grazed and the bears would pick berries nearby so that we could all talk together, now they saw us as the meal. That was when we became a meal for humans too.

Fortunately there is coming a day when humans will no longer eat us. A day when the lion shall again lie down with the lamb, and the cattle will be friends with all the animals that now see us as prey. I know we cattle are looking forward to it, and in talking with the other animals, it seems the whole of creation groans for the time when all things will be made new.

Human - Cattle Love

Dear Cattle Grazing, Since I have made your acquaintance, I rarely think about anything else. I do not live in the country, but all I think about 60/60/24/7 is cattle grazing. Do I have a problem here, cg? If it wasn't so funny, it would be serious! Is it possible for a human to be head over heels in love with a cattle?

No, you do not have a problem. I have actually heard of this before. In fact there was a famous cattle movie made about it. A young girl had fallen head over heels for a cattle. She had not been watching where she was walking while looking for him. Anyway he had been hiding in some bushes and saw her fall. She was unconscious and he licked her face until she awoke. Her eyelids fluttered and she looked up at him. The truth is, she had thought she had died and gone to heaven when she saw his big strong cattle face looking into her eyes. That was the moment their love was born.

Of course no one understood their love. She would steal away secretly into the fields to be with him. Sometimes they would lie on their backs beside the river looking up at the clouds and describe the shapes they saw. She would see ships and planes and exotic lands. He mostly saw hay or grass. At other times they would run and laugh and tumble together.

Then there came the day when she had to go away. She did not know if this was the last time she would see him. They did not talk much that day. They simply leaned against a tree; hand in hoof holding each other.

When she left, he was watching from the field. She was in the back seat of the car and saw him. The tears streamed down her face. I don't know if she had some strange weeping disorder, but in no time at all, her tears filled the car. The cattle watched as the car filled with water and the occupants had their heads just below the ceiling gasping for air. Eventually, the driver managed to open the door and let all the water out thus preventing their drowning.

As the car drove away, the cattle ran beside it. Every now and then, he would take a tumble as he tried to raise a hoof to wave as he was running, but such was the strength of his love that he would get back to his feet and catch up with the car. She opened the window and he put his head through it while at full gallop and she hugged his head. The driver noticed the sudden influx of air and not realizing what was taking place used the power window control to wind the window up. The cattle's eyes bulged as, still galloping, his head was caught in the window. The girl cried out to the driver who looked in his rear-view mirror and quickly released the cattle from the window's grip. The cattle stopped and coughed several times before resuming his pursuit of the car and again catching it. Longing for one last hug, he thrust his head towards her. He had forgotten that the window was now up. She watched as his eyes

went cross-eyed and he disappeared from view. She could not believe his determination as he picked himself up and again ran after the car.

Finally, the car came to the end of the property where the cattle lived. At the boundary line, the cattle stopped. The girl looked fondly out the back window and waved. The cattle waved until she was out of sight and then let out the most forlorn cattle moo and walked slowly back to the rest of his herd.

He did not eat for several days as he pined for her. The rest of his herd was at a loss as to what to do. Then came the day the farmer, looking somewhat bemused, brought him a letter from her. His heart leapt and his whole body trembled as he tore open the letter with his teeth. The rest of the herd helped him piece together the fragments and then left him to read it for himself.

Whatever it said effected an immediate change in him. He started eating again and became his usual self. It turned out that she had written to tell him she would be coming back for a visit.

I'll never forget the scene in the movie depicting the day she returned. It was an aerial shot. The cattle was in the field on the extreme left. Into view came the girl on the right. He had his head down grazing. She called to him. He looked up. The next scene was a slow motion panoramic shot of the cattle and the girl running through the golden grass towards each other. She had her arms outstretched. They then cut to a ground shot from front on, of the cattle bounding slow motion towards her. His eyes were wide and his tongue flapped out the side of his mouth. Finally they returned to normal speed, and from close up, showed them colliding. They both fell backwards and were knocked out. When they came to, they had amnesia and that was the end of their relationship.

That was a rather unusual ending for a cattle movie. They normally try to finish more up-beat, but as it is a true cattle story, I guess they did not want to mess with the ending.

So don't worry about loving a cattle. You are not the first, and no doubt, will not be the last.

Fear of Heights

Dear Cattle Grazing, I am nervous of heights. Is this just a human condition or can cattle suffer from it too?

Your question has brought vivid memories flooding back to me. You see, I too am afraid of heights and it came about in this way.....

When I was a young cattle, I remember I was grazing one day totally oblivious to my surroundings. It was one of those "all is at peace with the world days". It was fine, not too hot, and I was with all my cattle friends enjoying good food and good company.

Well, we were all grazing on lush green grass on a hillside. Because I had my head down, I did not realize I was approaching a ledge. Too late I looked up to see that I was looking over the edge of a precipice. This gave me a big fright and I went weak at my cattle knees and almost passed out. I swayed and before I knew it, fell.

Fortunately for me, there was a strong tree growing out from the cliff wall. Somehow I landed in it and hung there precariously.

The rest of my herd rushed to the edge and looked over. But what was I to do? They could tell I was distressed from my eyes. I'm sure they were as big as two wheels on a 22 wheel prime mover ... the ones half way down the truck in the centre ... those on the outside of course, because you can't see the ones on the inside unless you lower your head and look from the opposite side of the truck ... and of course you need to be looking from the side of the truck because if you are at the front, all you see is the rubber of the front tyres which are not the ones I'm referring to.....

That illustration does not really work does it?

Anyway, my eyes were wide open and I was shaking like a leaf. I knew I was, because the leaves next to me were shaking and I was shaking just like them. I remember wondering if my shaking was making them shake, or if they were shaking anyway. It's funny how clear everything becomes to you in life-threatening moments.

Well, Rupert Cattle was always a good one to have around in a situation like this. He had two cattle race off to get a rope while he organized a group of cattle to hurry down the mountain and set up a catching sheet below me in case anything went wrong.

Soon, everyone was in position. Twelve cattle below each held a portion of the sheet in their mouths and were looking up. Rupert dispatched a cattle to tell them to unfold the sheet. The catchers were pleased to receive this piece of advice. They had been

wondering how twelve cattle, each with a portion of a sheet in their mouths that did not measure more than two feet across, could catch a 500 pound falling cattle. Besides, twelve cattle with their heads so close together ... well, some of them had not brushed their teeth for a while and already several of them were feeling woozy.

Finally, Rupert was satisfied the sheet was open and taut and would be a satisfactory safety net in case pulling me up the mountain went wrong. He then told the rope bearers to let the rope over the side of the cliff. The bearers dropped the rope out of their mouths and in no time the whole length of rope went sailing past me. Rupert looked incredulous. He had forgotten the calibre of cattle he was working with.

I snatched at the rope with my teeth, but missed. To be honest, I was hardly game to move and so had only turned my head a fraction and randomly snapped. I missed it by a good 4 feet.

The catchers below saw it coming and saw this as a practice run. With the sheet held aloft in their mouths, they did not take their eyes off the falling rope. They ran as a tight knit group keeping the sheet taut, first this way and then that way and then back again in a gallant attempt to catch the rope in the safety sheet. In the end they only missed catching it by 2 cattle lengths or so.

I groaned.

Rupert sent a different two cattle to retrieve the rope. This time he explained very carefully that the cattle were to remain holding one end of the rope with their teeth, while the other end was lowered down to me.

Soon the rope was in a position where I could grab it in my teeth, except that the wind was blowing it. As I say, I was very scared and was snapping my teeth like a threatened crab snaps its claws. Eventually the rope swung right to my mouth and I latched on to it with all my might. Despite also having in my mouth several leaves and twigs which I had bitten off in my grab, I was not going to let go.

Rupert called down to tell me that on the count of three, the slack in the rope would be taken up and that under no circumstances was I to let go. He had another four cattle bite on to rope at his end and counted to three. I felt the rope go taut. Ever so slowly, I started to rise. I only know this because I could feel it. I had my eyes closed tightly.

I was, for the first time starting to feel that I might get out of this alive, as slowly and surely I could feel myself rising. Then without warning I felt something touching my nose. I opened and closed my eyes in a flash. What I had seen was a leaf. What I could feel was driving me nuts. The leaf was tickling me to the point of absolute

distraction. Then I felt something that I was powerless to stop. It rose from deep within and initially found its expression in half a word.

"AAARRRRR!!!"

I opened my eyes wider than I would have believed possible. In that split second, I saw the rope disappearing upwards in front of my eyes. I heard the cattle above exclaim and tumble backwards as the counter weight from my end went slack, and I heard the last half of the word meekly escape from my lips. It came out more as a question than anything, as straight away I realized the ramifications of my predicament.

"choo??"

Then I was falling. I looked down just as I reached the tree again. I hit it with a thud and attempted to wrap my hooves around it. The tree bent savagely and I could tell it was under tremendous strain as it bent downwards at a very acute angle. For one brief moment I thought everything was going to be okay. Then in one astonishingly fast movement, I was flung upwards.

It is amazing how inane one's conversation can be in the midst of perilous situations. As I reached a level with the herd above, I locked eyes with Rupert.

"Rupert" I greeted him as casually as a well-dressed 18th century English gentleman tipping his bowler hat to another of his kind.

I think for the first time Rupert was at a loss also, for he merely returned my greeting by replying "Cattle", in the same monotone manner, as his neck arched backwards following my upward projection.

There was a moment when I hoped my trajectory would land me back with the herd on the mountain. But it was not to be. Don't ask me why, but at the top of my ascent, I thrashed my hooves about like a starving dog that senses a bone is buried somewhere under his paws. Perhaps it was a sub-conscious hope that in so doing, I could pull myself through the air towards the hillside.

It was then I believed all was lost. I was high enough now that during my descent, I could watch what unfolded below me.

The cattle with the sheet held aloft in their mouths were moving around and around in a circle on the one spot. Then they would stop, giddily stagger, and then do the same thing but in the opposite direction.

Strangely, my heart went out to them. They so much wanted to do the right thing but the "practice" session did not auger well for my eventual wellbeing.

Closer and closer I came back to the earth. The sheet carrying cattle were way left of where I would land. Suddenly they sensed it and, not taking their eyes off me, they raced closer to my point of impact. They hurriedly adjusted their position, not once, but six times. First here, then there, then further over there, then back again, then a circle around a tree, then back to where they started.

The moment of impact was imminent. I could see that the cattle were still about four cows lengths from where they needed to be, so I shut my eyes and prepared for the end.

I landed to the sound of the collective grunts of twelve brave cattle. I could not believe it. I opened first one eye and then the other. Standing around me panting through clenched teeth, were eleven cattle supporting me in the sheet held in their mouths. Where the twelfth cattle had been was a set of teeth still latched firmly onto the sheet. That was the first any of us knew that Ronnie had false teeth. The impact had loosened them from his mouth. He stood there with the craziest, gummiest cattle smile you will ever see. He then quickly assumed his position by wrapping his mouth around his teeth.

A cheer went up from the cattle on the mountain and they all raced down the hill. I was still held aloft as all the cattle milled about mooing excitedly. In the midst of all the elation there came a tearing sound. All the cattle stopped and listened. Before they could lower me a hole opened up where I was sitting on the sheet and I unceremoniously plopped on the ground. I landed in a seated position with my head poking out through the tear in the sheet.

The cattle lowered the sheet and the cows gathered around me to remove twigs and fix my hair.

And that is not only why I am scared of heights, but also where human hairdressers got the idea to wrap a sheet around their clients.

Super Cattle

Dear Cattle Grazing, Why do you cattle jump the fences and cause us extra concern for y'all when the pasture on this side of the fence is very good. Just curious. Thanks.

Inside every guy cattle is a Super Cattle wanting to break loose. We may look like we are just grazing, but if you could see inside our heads, we are engaged in a titanic struggle between the forces of evil cattle and ourselves, the champions of truth and justice.

The scenario goes something like this.

Reality: graze, graze, hears cricket

In our head: Hello? What's that buzzing noise? It's my Super Cattle distress alarm! A cow is in trouble over in the neighbouring field!! I must go to her aid.

gallop, gallop, gallop to behind a tree where I don my Super Cattle cape and tights

Just as well I can fly. Those low-life cattle thugs will get more than they bargained for.

emerges from behind tree to allow the wind to blow my cape. Assumes heroic cattle stance. Gives the female cattle time to ooh and ahhhhh

Reality: lift head, looks at herd

In our head: Never fear my lovely cow companions! It is I, Super Cattle.

Oh Super Cattle, you are sooo handsome and strong and brave.

a cow faints. Quick as a flash, Super Cattle catches her before she hits the ground and revives her with a kiss

All the cows feign a faint

Reality: moves two steps, graze, graze

In our head: My ladies, I must away. I cannot but heed the call of yon cow in trouble. Never fear, I shall return.

Cows form a cluster around Super Cattle

Oh Super Cattle be careful, we love you sooo much*

Stand back now ladies, I must start my take-off run up.

cows reluctantly make room for Super Cattle to start his run

It is at this point, that you have the answer as to why cattle jump fences. It happens that, occasionally, reality and what is in our head merge momentarily. Hence a cattle will, without warning, start galloping, and should there be a fence in the way, will attempt to jump it so as to take off. If they don't clear the fence, then reality wins the day. However, should they actually clear the fence, then the scenario continues.

Reality: gallop, jump, graze, graze

In our head: gallop, gallop, gallop, take off

One hoof stretched out in front, cape flapping in the breeze, circles field where cows are jumping up and down and waving. Does a cattle salute and zooms across the sky.

Using Super Cattle super vision, scans the fields for signs of trouble.

Sees two low-life cattle thugs taunting a defenceless cow

Causes boom by flying faster than the sound barrier to get the thugs' attention.

Reality: breaks wind (so it is a recognized cattle thing okay?), graze, graze

In our head: Low-life cattle thugs panic. Oh no! It's Super Cattle. We are in big trouble!

Defenceless cow: Hooray! I am saved!

Super Cattle swoops upon running low-life thugs, picks up one in each hoof and takes them high in the air before shaking them

Reality: shakes head

In our head: Takes low-life cattle thugs far away and drops them into a lake, close enough for them to swim to shore, but far enough away never to trouble the defenceless cow again.

Reality: trots to water trough for a drink

In our head: flies back past the adoring defenceless cow who has been joined by her aging parents and little cattle brother. Defenceless cow blows kisses, aging parents

hug cattle daughter and wave gratefully, little brother calls "I'm going to be like you when I grow up Super Cattle!"

Super Cattle waves stoically and returns to his own field

Reality: trots back to where he was grazing

In our head: Circles own field where cows look skyward then run together to be where Super Cattle lands.

Super Cattle lands only to be knocked down in the rush of adoring cows

Reality: has a lie down and sleep.

So you can see why we do the seemingly strange thing of attempting to jump fences. It has nothing to do with the quality of the grass on the other side of the fence and everything to do with a desire within all guy cattle to be more than we are.

Sometimes the cattle fantasy takes a moment longer to fade. The last time this happened to me in my mind's eye, I had just landed. In reality, I trotted up to the female cows in my herd and before I knew it said, "don't worry ladies, I'm here now". This caused them to form a defensive little circle and say, "yeah right cattle grazing," and "get a life cattle grazing" and "you're weird cattle grazing." They then trotted off, occasionally looking over their shoulder to report my movements.

Anyway, that's the way it is. I'm feeling a little hungry now so I think I'll get in some quality grazing time.

Hello....what's that buzzing noise?.....

Tea and Coffee

Dear CG, Where I live, we humans are forever having a drink of tea or coffee. This led to my wondering if cattle ever drink tea or coffee at all?

Personally, I think you need to get out more. Still, if you live in the city, I guess I can excuse you for asking such a question.

Of course cattle drink tea and coffee! It is an integral part of cattle society. Here in Australia, cattle drink maybe a little more tea than coffee. Our English cousins drink mostly tea, while US cattle, I believe, drink a lot of coffee.

Tea or coffee is often the centrepiece of cattle social gatherings. I'm actually right now grazing near a couple of cows who are sitting on the ground. One is pouring tea as I speak.

I'll just casually amble over and listen in to what they are saying.

Moovis: Did you want sugar with that Mootilda?

Mootilda: Two, thank you Moovis.

Moovis: Goodness, we seem to be out of milk.

Mootilda: That's okay Moovis, I brought my own.

squirt, squirt, squirt

Moovis: So how is Fredrick, Mootilda?

Mootilda (sipping before replying): Doing much better thank you Moovis. Last time he eats so much he can't get up! Still the doctor says he should be back on his feet in no time.

Moovis: I'm glad to hear that Mootilda.

both cows sip their tea and look up at the sound of a cattle singing

Mootilda: Who's that cattle singing Moovis? He has a lovely voice.

Moovis: That's Walt. Haven't you heard Walt sing Mootilda?

Mootilda: Can't say I have Moovis.

Bullnard, Moovis's husband trots up & gives his wife a cattle kiss on the cheek

Moovis: Hello Dear, hard day at work?

Bullnard: Hello Mootilda. Yes it was honey. Fire up in Number 2 paddock. Goats started it; kids playing with matches.

Moovis: Would you like a coffee, dear?

Bullnard: Love one thanks.

Moovis: There you go. Mootilda has the milk.

squirt, squirt, squirt

they all sip their beverages

Mootilda: Number 2 paddock? Isn't that up near where that bull was trying to sell land to the cattle that already owned it?

Bullnard: That's right Mootilda. Moo Land I think he was calling it. What a scam!

Moovis: I remember there was a big song and dance about it.

Bullnard: Yes. "Moo Land Ruse" folks around here called it.

They all sip quietly before Bullnard indicates his coffee is a bit hot

squirt, squirt, squirt

Bullnard: Thank you Mootilda. Some cattle never learn you know. That bull who was trying to sell that land had been in trouble before. Seems he was trying to sell patties to cattle as novelty items.

Moovis (incredulous): Nooooo

Mootilda: Come to think of it, I do remember that. Didn't the cattle hire a canine to teach him a lesson?

Bullnard: That's right Mootilda. The Alsatian threw all the bull's stock of patties at that cattle rogue. Not gently either, mind. The bull raced off and wasn't seen around here for quite a while.

Mootilda: Wasn't there some dispute as to what to pay the Alsatian?

Bullnard: Yes I remember the headline in the paper. "Knick-knack patty whack. Give a dog a bone."

Moovis: More tea Mootilda?

Mootilda: Yes thank you Moovis.

Well I guess we didn't really need to hear what they were saying, but as you can see, drinking tea and coffee is very much a part of cattle life.

Anyway, I'm expecting visitors over. Rats! I just remembered. I don't have any milk.

Excuse me ... Mootilda is it? I was wonder...

squirt, squirt, squirt

Thinking

Hi Cattle Grazing, I was wondering what cattle think about.

I am pleased to tell you that we don't just idle away our time - well the herd I belong to doesn't anyway. I think it has a lot to do with the fact that, in our herd, we have a group of cattle that see themselves as cattle philosophers. They can often be seen walking the fields in animated cattle discussion. They get so engrossed in thought that often one of them falls over as he attempts to contemplate a matter by putting his front hooves behind his back. At other times, the group will all be making a particularly strong point at the same time and be seen waving their hooves about as they try to give expression to their thoughts.

Anyway, when this group comes across a particularly contentious matter, they will assemble the whole herd in the evening and ask us to consider the matter the next day.

I probably should give you a good example.

Lets see ... well just last week, Moocraties Cattle (I know it's a somewhat pretentious name but he was born Jim and had it changed. This is an easy thing for a cattle to do. All that is required is for the cattle to stand by a post in the presence of two cattle witnesses and declare "from henceforth I am to be known as Moocraties". The witnesses then look at the post and say "By de pole, your right to be called Moocraties is acknowledged and approved".)

But I digress. Moocraties put to us last week this question:

"If a bull moos in the forest and no cattle hears him, is he really there?"

Well, we all thought long and hard about that one. Some cattle headed for the ravine to think about it. They say that's where they have their deepest thoughts. Many of us though, went into the forest to find a quiet spot and moo to see if we were really there. Trouble was there were so many of us in there doing it, that familiar moos could be heard all about us and so we would respond to each other. It got so that the forest was resounding with moos and it was too noisy to think, so I came out onto the plain to get some peace and quiet.

I ended up teaming with a few cattle who decided that one of us should go off by themselves to test the matter. I volunteered. Once the forest cleared of all the cattle, I went in there in the evening.

Anyway, I went much further than I meant to and got lost. As darkness fell, it got scary. I can tell you I mooed and mooed but no one heard me. It was like I wasn't there! But I knew I was. Now not only was I lost, disoriented and scared, I was very confused!

It was a very long night and my one thought was for survival. In fact, they were three very long nights.

Eventually I found my way out. I was surprised when I emerged from the forest that the whole herd ran together from far and wide and stood before me.

I was silent for a very long time. One hundred motionless cattle stood waiting. The high-minded philosopher cattle stood on a rise to one side.

All eyes were upon me. Crickets ceased their chirping. Birds stopped singing and flew to nearby trees and waited silently. Rabbits emerged from burrows and quietly hopped to sit at the front of the herd.

I looked into the eyes of all who were assembled. Then, as though coming out of a dream, I opened my mouth to answer. There was a collective gasp. Finally I said ... "What was the question?"

To this day, the question remains unresolved.

Come to think of it, perhaps this wasn't such a good example after all.

Miracles

Dear Mr CG - Do cattle believe in the supernatural and miracles and are there any miracle workers in the cattle world?

Yes, we cattle do believe in miracles. Rain making the grass grow is a miracle. A tree providing shelter is a miracle. Cows producing calves is a miracle. For us, every day is a miracle.

However the answer to if there are any miracle workers, the answer is no, though we cattle believe we have extra sensory perception.

Have you ever noticed how we cattle will put our head down to graze, only to lift it again moments later? That is because it suddenly occurs to us that we knew we were going to put our head down before we did it. In the same way, you may see us trot off somewhere then stop. Again it is because we are trying to come to terms with the realization that we knew we were going to trot off prior to the event.

Imagine knowing what you are going to do even before you do it!

This can be scary and is the reason why every cattle makes a pledge on the first full moon of their third year to only use these powers for good.

That is not to say there have never been any cattle who entertained delusions of grandeur as a "miracle" worker. No siree. I'll never forget young Justin Cattle. He thought he was the Maker's gift to cows. Anyway, it seems he heard somewhere about miracles and all, and decided he could do that. He would call the cows to gather around. They would all gather in close. He would close his eyes, mumble something and then declare he knew what the cows were thinking. However, when they asked him what they were thinking, he said there was no point in telling them as they already knew. Of course that did not impress any of them.

Then he tried to convince them that, through his special powers, he knew what they had had for lunch. The cows saw right through this ploy because grass was the only item on the menu. I must admit there were a few gullible cows that wondered how he knew.

To convince the herd he had powers beyond a normal cattle, he invited everyone down to the river. Curiosity got the better of virtually the whole herd, so on the appointed day, there was a large cattle gathering assembled to watch.

Justin had decided to dress in white robes and a false beard. He thought this would add to his mystic. It was then, with eyes half-closed, he declared that he would walk

on water for them. He told everyone that the only way it would work though, was if all the cattle onlookers had their eyes closed. One of the cattle asked how they could be called onlookers if they were not looking on. He ignored that question. Most of the cattle were suspicious, but they agreed to close their eyes. A gasp went up from the crowd when, sure enough, they opened their eyes again and there he was on the other side of the river.

Last I heard, Justin had his own cattle tv show on which he was promoting his sleep therapy program. He would tell his television audience to close their eyes and that he had the power to send them to sleep. He would then give the most boring dissertation for close on an hour and, sure enough, cattle wrote in from everywhere to testify that Justin had the power to send them to sleep.

"Puppy" Love

Hi Cattle Grazing, I was just wondering if you have ever had a girlfriend, experienced puppy love (or should I say cattle love) or maybe had a major crush on a girl cattle?

Yes, I must admit I experienced "cattle love" in my younger days. Sally was her name. She had a way of battering her cattle eyelids that sent all the boys into a frenzy. Maybe it was because using batter on the eyes was so unusual.

My problem is that I find that girl cattle can be hard to understand sometimes. Maybe it is the same in the human world too. Many girl cattle like to apply all sorts of make-up and stuff to their faces. You see a lot of female cattle adorning themselves at cattle social events. They will have their tails braided or their hooves painted. Many of them like to use an outrageously coloured lipstick. They paint the stick before they leave home and attach it to their lip. Most of the time, they can hardly talk once the stick is applied, but this does not stop them trying. Their words come out all mumbled. I really think it is a clever female cattle ploy, as the guy cattle generally need to lean closer to try and understand what is being said.

Sally was one of the most popular cattle in the herd. All the boy cattle used to vie for her attention and try to impress her - especially the muncho cattle. They would munch on their food loudly and furiously just to get her to notice them. Others would climb out onto branches when they knew Sally was watching, stand precariously on their hind legs, raise their front hooves and dive into the river. More than once, branches would break as they had their front hooves raised, sending them plummeting to the ground. This always caused amusement among us non-athletic cattle.

There were three of us non-athletic cattle - Winston, Ernest & me. We were never going to make the cattle football team. We liked to read books and invent things. In fact, a female cattle wearing lipstick coined what has become an accepted human word to describe us. She meant to say "herd", but it came out "nerd."

I did try to impress Sally once though. What I did was, I ran from one spot to the next instead of walking, but when I looked she was talking to Carl Cattle. Carl got all the girl cattle. He was the only son of rich cattle parents. He would drive around the field in his open-topped convertible with one hoof lazily holding the steering wheel and the other languidly hanging out the window and waving to the girls. Often he would pick up three cows and disappear over the horizon with them all laughing together.

Okay so there was one time Sally found out how I felt about her. I don't know how it came about, but I was sleeping next to her. As you know, we cattle sleep standing up.

Anyway I must have been dreaming because I fell over and knocked Sally off balance. I landed on top of her and squashed her. It was then she knew I had a crush on her.

Still, it was to no avail. Sally married Carl. Winston went to work for NASA and became the first cattle in space. Ernest writes technical manuals on the mechanics of grazing. His latest book "Lunching by Munching" is doing quite well in cattle book stores. And me, well here I am happily writing. I have no complaints. Cattle life has been good for me and I have met many wonderful humans.

Santa's Helpers

Hi Cattle Grazing, I just wanted to know if Santa ever used you or one of your friends on Christmas Eve? I didn't know if Rudolph might have gotten sick or needed the evening off and you or one of yours stepped in to help. It would be interesting to know though if you or anyone of yours got to fly through the air with a red nose and sleigh bells ringing.

It only ever happened once that Santa called upon our services. Our herd had been in regular contact with him reminding him just how good we had been. Not that we were trying to influence him of course. We just wanted to ensure he had all the facts for making an informed decision about our present quota.

We really did not expect to hear back from him until present time. You can imagine our surprise when, out of the blue, a reindeer landed one day in our field. He looked like he had come a long way so we gave him a drink of milk and waited until he caught his breath. The whole herd gathered around to hear his story.

It was then he told us that the reindeer had all come down with the same nose infection that had affected Rudolph. He told us they had been quarantined and Santa was desperate for a fill-in team to take their place. This reindeer's name was James - he was a part of the quarantined back-up crew of reindeer that had also been hit by the infection. He had managed to escape to come and get us.

Naturally, we cattle saw this as the opportunity of a lifetime. We were ready to book flights to the North Pole when this reindeer. Anyway it was then that James somehow took off and wonder of wonders, we could fly too.

You can imagine our delight to be zooming across the sky. Some cattle spread out their legs and made like aeroplanes, while others did somersaults in mid air. For some cattle though, who were scared of heights, it was all too much. They asked to be dropped off and landed heavily on a coral beach. They were shell shocked. The rest of us excitedly went on.

We soon found it was getting colder and colder. Eventually, in the dead of night and amidst snow flurries, we saw a figure waving a lantern. It was Santa! James approached to land on the roof of Santa's hut, but he had forgotten that 25 cattle weigh a lot more than several reindeer. We landed safely enough, but we crashed through the roof of the hut. Helpers inside the hut scattered as we tumbled inside and squashed many presents.

Santa was really good about it and told us not to worry. We did, however, quietly check that none of the presents we broke were for us.

Santa was way behind schedule so he asked if we could go with him immediately. We were all really excited and readily agreed. He said he only needed six of us, so the others stayed behind helping to pack presents.

There was a portion of the roof still in tact so we clambered up there and were harnessed up while bags of presents were being passed up to Santa. Soon it was time to go and we charged across the roof and over the side dragging Santa and the presents with us. Whatever powers to fly those reindeer possessed, we certainly didn't. We all landed with a thud, including Santa. The bags of presents burst open and most of them broke. Fortunately, none of us was hurt.

At that moment, an orange glow could be seen in Santa's hut and all his helpers came running out calling "fire! fire!" It seems one of the cattle inside was feeling the cold and had taken in his mouth a log from the fire, not realizing the end in his mouth was hot too. He dropped it near a large gas bottle that was being tested before being sent. The flames shot straight up into the pine needles of the Christmas tree which immediately burst into flames.

We all ran to Santa and cried "Santa!, Santa! You must do something!" It was then we made the worst discovery of all. In the fall, Santa had hit his head and had suffered amnesia! He kept saying "why are you telling me this? Go and call him yourself if you need his help." In no time at all, the whole building burned to the ground.

James escorted us home.

I think parents made up for the lack of presents from Santa that year. I understand Santa made a full recovery but now, whenever he is confronted by a cow, he hides behind the reindeer until the cows are gone. I think maybe that is why, world wide, people are moving from the country to the cities. For some reason (and you didn't hear this from me), Santa has developed an aversion to visiting the countryside and folks need to go to town to guarantee getting a present.

I would appreciate it if you did not spread that around. We cattle can do without the bad publicity, thank you.

Dating

Hello Cattle Grazing, I've always wondered ... just what is a typical cattle date like? Where would a nice cattle couple go? What would they do?

Just what is a typical cattle date like?

Well a typical cattle date is much like your human dates. January 15th, for example. That is typical of many cattle dates, except that it is my birthday.

Oh ... I have just been told by one of the herd that that is probably not the sort of date you are referring to. Sorry about that.

I will start again.

A typical cattle date depends on the season. If the dates are in season, then they are good to eat. Try eating them too early or too late in the season and they will cause your cattle face to screw up.

Excuse me a minute.

Hmmmm ... I keep on being interrupted here but it seems you may not be referring to this sort of date either.

Ok, I really don't know that there is such a thing as a typical cattle date. I remember one date I went on where I arrived at the cow's part of the field and was ushered over to meet the father. He was sitting there in just a singlet and shorts and with a beer in one hoof. He invited me to watch the cattle football with him. I declined as I was there to pick up his daughter, Rosemary. Her mother then emerged from behind a tree in her dressing gown and her cattle hair in curlers. I did not regret that visit though because it turned out Rose was the sweetest thing.

Blind dates of course are risky but they do increase your awareness of your other four senses.

Where would a nice cattle couple go and what would they do?

Well the use of the word "nice" rules out going to the embankment. The embankment has seen many a cow fall for a bull's sweet talk. Fortunately it is not very steep, but to get back to the top involves quite a long walk.

Once Rose and I got to know each other a little better, I would take her to the Forest Lake Greenery. That is a nice little "all you can eat" place. Unfortunately it has

been forced to close. Couples would stay for days and eat everything there was to eat. I understand new management is going to re-open it under the banner "all you can eat in an hour and a half". I hope that works as the atmosphere there is intimate and the view of the lake is spectacular - especially when it can be seen.

On summer nights, you are allowed to swim in the lake. This is another nice thing to do on a cattle date. Something Rose and I tried once was wading out into the deeper water and lying on our backs and looking up at the moon and talking. We only did it the once as the moon was hard to distinguish and our conversation was nothing but bubbles rising from the bottom of the lake.

Another thing that is nice to do on a cattle date is to go to a play. The best we saw was a travelling troupe of Shakespearean pig actors. They did Hamlet.

So I am pleased to say that there are a multitude of things a cattle couple can do for dating activities.

Product Placement

Dear Cattle Grazing, I thought you might like to know that while I was driving along the other day I saw a human's car painted just like a black and white cattle - they must really really like cattle to do something like that. What do you think about that?

I have investigated this and discovered this is in fact a clever cattle-marketing ploy involving product placement. We do this because we have observed how rarely you humans give any thought to cattle.

Be honest! How often do you think of cows during a typical day? Unless you live in the country, chances are that you do not give them a second thought - let alone a first thought.

So to counteract this, cleverer cattle than myself have devised a scheme to get humans thinking about cattle more.

You probably do not realize this, but milking cows was originally a subliminal suggestion from cattle. We knew you human females feed your babies milk early in a child's life, so cows strategically positioned themselves in full view of humans while they fed their young. Then, thinking the idea was their own, humans started to use cow's milk to drink. So now in supermarkets everywhere, humans can buy cow's milk. I do think though, that humans have stopped associating milk with cows and I even wonder if some of your children know where the milk comes from.

Of course there were cattle ideas we wished we had never had. The fact that your store shelves are full of cattle meat products is testimony to this.

It all started when a well-meaning but misguided cattle called Arnold had seen that humans were consuming sheep. He missed the point that being eaten was not really a desirable outcome of the human's attention, and saw only that sheep were getting all the attention.

The story goes that to divert the humans' attention, he one day waited until they were sitting outside eating, and then proceeded to stand on his hind legs and with front hooves swinging, do a tap dance in front of them. This aroused the humans' interest, so he then did his juggling act. He was a good juggler and could have five patties in the air at once and then catch and throw them from under either hind leg.

Soon more humans had gathered to watch. They were impressed with his walking on his front hooves routine and his hula hoop act. They actually broke into applause when he did his run and double somersault followed by a single somersault and landing doing the splits with his front hooves raised. Observing his success, other cattle joined in,

and soon they were in rows and doing dance steps in time to the Village People's "YMCA" music. There was no doubt the cattle had the humans' attention.

This would have been all well and good except Arnold did not know when to stop. Long after the other cattle had gone home and the humans were in bed, Arnold was up playing his trumpet, beating drums and crashing cymbals. In the end, the humans had had enough and dealt with Arnold. Rather than waste him, they decided to cook him and see what he tasted like. Of course the consequences have been catastrophic for us cattle.

So you can see there have been some good and some bad cattle product placement ideas. I think though your "cow car" is one of the better and safer ones.

Buffalo Wars

Dear Mr. Grazing, I have a friend, well really more of an acquaintance, who has a bit of a chip on his shoulder. His name is Buffalo Roaming and he feels he has been unfairly displaced from his rightful lands by the invading cattle that now graze in what was once his home range. What would you suggest I tell him to help him understand this fact, or at the very least see that both cattle and buffalo are brothers and subject to the same master.

Thank you for telling me about Buffalo Roaming and the chip on his shoulder. We cattle see this all the time. In fact this is what led to the cattle saying "if you are going to graze under the trees, expect to get a chip on your shoulder."

As for him being disaffected because he has been displaced, I can understand how he feels, and contrary to your kind thoughts, I am ashamed to admit that we cattle can be held accountable in part for his loss of land.

You are possibly unaware that the song, "Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam" was actually composed by a cattle. It was like a rallying call to cattle everywhere. What happened next I am not proud of, and we are trying to redress the situation. You see cattle hit upon a plan to seize the buffalo's land.

At first we attempted this through the Buffalo Wars.

It started when cattle scouts from a high vantage point would view the buffalo's land. Once the decision had been made to attack, the cattle would lie in wait in ravines and gullies intent on surprising the buffalo and chasing them off their land. Unfortunately, often the command to attack was something like "when you hear a moo, attack!" The trouble is that cattle moo. It's just what we do. Happens all the time. So there were many false alarms as the cattle troops heard a moo and went over the top - only to be recalled. Often, even on their way back, a cow would moo and the troops would turn and charge again. Sometimes this happened so often that the troops would charge right past the buffalo, stop, then charge again until somewhere off in the distance they became lost in thickets and scrub land well beyond where they were to engage the buffalo. Of course the element of surprise was completely lost.

What we did then was try to trick the buffalo into giving us their land. Under the cover of a white flag, our cattle negotiator would trot out from among our troops flanked by two guard cattle. He would request an audience with the buffalo commander who was generally standing under a tree surrounded by his buffalo command. The negotiator would say "we will buy your land," to which the buffalo commander would respond "and what do we get in return?" Cattle are not renowned

for thinking things through, so the negotiator would need to trot back to his commander and say "they want something in return". This would generally cause great consternation and lead to a breakdown in negotiations.

It was then we hit upon the idea of enlisting the aid of humans. I know you humans think it was your idea to herd cattle. but think about it. Why in the world would we choose to be so obliging if there wasn't something in it for us? We saw this as a perfect way to get the buffalos land without even having to fight. And that is how it turned out.

Unfortunately the down side is that we cattle have become used to being governed by humans and have become lazy and at ease. For some, gone is the call of the wild which so characterized the life of early cattle (not me though, 'cause I'm a WILD cattle).

So in truth, although so few in number, I think Buffalo Roaming and his kin may have the better part these days. Many cattle long for the freedom to roam as free as his name implies, and "oh give me a home where the buffalo roam" again is a cattle rallying call, this time not of conquest but of co-existence.

First Day

Dear Cattle Grazing, I went to the Outer Banks of North Carolina for vacation and saw many American Cattle on the way. As we drove, I was wondering what the first encounter of man was like for the cattle.

It was the sixth day of creation and we animals had just been created and were milling about getting our bearings. To be nothing and then suddenly appear on this newly populated planet does not happen every day.

All the newly created animals had just done the round of introductions. Everyone was at a bit of a loss when asked "where are you from?" Even the question "what are you?" had us all stumped. Well we cattle had just decided to get down to some serious grazing when up walked a human. I must say he looked a little odd to us (no disrespect mind you) walking around on two legs. We tried to tell him that walking on all fours gave one greater grip because of more earth contact points. He thanked us but did not take our advice. We figured he was young and would learn soon enough.

It was then he blew us away by telling us it was his job to name all the animals. He called us cattle aside and said he needed to know a bit about us before giving us a name. He asked that we demonstrate our abilities. We told him that this could take a while, but he assured us he had plenty of time.

Well first up we mooed. We could tell he was impressed. Then we flicked our tails backwards and forwards. He told us that he couldn't do that, and we told him not to worry because there was sure to be something he could do that we couldn't (we had no idea what, but we didn't want him to feel bad.) After this we demonstrated the way we eat and invited him to join us for a meal. It was then that he really earned our respect. He joined us for a meal. You know when you see someone eating something you really like and you can tell they don't like it as much as you do? That's the way he was. We just decided that in time his taste buds would improve.

After lunch we showed him shaking our head to get rid of a pesky fly, scratching ourselves against a tree, walking, running and lying down. He thanked us very much and said we certainly had some abilities. We already knew that, but we liked how polite this young man was.

He then thought deeply for a while. Finally he told us to gather around because he had come up with a name for us. We all gathered eagerly around him in a little semi circle. He said "I have decided to call you cattle." Well we were pleased as punch with the name. "Cattle" we said to each other. We liked the way the word rolled off the tongue. "We are cattle," we told a group of foxes that was passing by. "Good

name" said the foxes. We did try to tell the man that this name was too special, but he would not hear of it (secretly we were glad he did not change his mind.)

We saw he and his lady friend (Adam and Eve were there names) around a lot. They were tending the garden. They would always call us a greeting. In fact all the animals were friends back then.

Unfortunately there came a day when something really bad happened. We cattle knew there was one tree no one was allowed to eat from. Well, we were quietly grazing one day when the snake went by. We had a funny feeling about what he was up to. We knew he was a crafty one so we followed him.

Alas as they say, the rest is history. We saw him entice Eve and Adam to eat from the forbidden tree. After that everything was different. I know things changed for you humans too, but it was certainly not as much fun being a cattle any more. Whereas once the lions would join us while we grazed and the bears would pick berries near by so that we could all talk together, now they saw us as the meal. That was when we became a meal for humans too.

Fortunately there is coming a day when humans will no longer eat us. A day when the lion shall again lie down with the lamb, and the cattle will be friends with all the animals that now see us as prey. I know we cattle are looking forward to it, and in talking with the other animals it seems the whole of creation groans for the time when all things will be made new.

Jumping over the Moon

Hello Cattle Grazing, All my life - since a wee lad on the farm - we were told about the cow that jumped over the moon. Do you know her or is this really a fable?

The event of the cow jumping over the moon is etched in cattle memories. It is not a fable, but it may be different to how you humans imagine it.

It was the day of the national cattle trampoline championships. Competition had been fierce all day. The bulls' event had had to go an extra three rounds to decide the winner. Even then, the Norwegian contestant only won because his Turkish opponent had attempted a triple somersault with a full pike. Well, he lost his grip on the pike as I think he had caught it fresh rather than buying it from the cattle fish shop. Anyway, it slithered from his hoof at the top of his routine and he went after it head down. Of course this is a no-no in the bulls' event as his horns went straight through the trampoline material. This caused his re-ascent to happen at the wrong angle and he somersaulted into the spectator stands.

The thing is, the judges decided the trampoline was still okay to use even though it had two horn holes in it. They should have known better of course. In the next event, the Samoan cattle (and they are big cattle) had his front hooves go straight into the holes. Because his front hooves were at an angle inside the holes when his momentum began to rise again, he lifted the whole trampoline, supports and all, into the air with him. Spectators watched as he bounced his way north and attracted quite a following as he went.

Anyway, this caused a delay in all the events that followed. The cow pairs' event was graceful as they bounced and twisted and turned, all in perfect harmony. Gasps regularly went up from the cattle onlookers as they watched. The spectators' heads were in perfect unison as they raised and lowered them depending if the contestants were ascending or descending. The cattle crowd experienced some discomfort when the cow pairs approached one another bouncing from opposite sides of the trampoline. This was due to the fact that some watched the contestant from the left approach, while others followed the one on the right. This caused much clashing of noses as the trampolinists bounced from side to side.

Another reason for the delay in proceedings was that the organizers had not allowed time for the contestants to stop. 1200 pounds takes a while to lose momentum so cattle were regularly taking up to ten minutes just to come to a stand still. It did not help that the next to participate sometimes lost patience and started their routines while the previous entrant was still decelerating. In the pairs, this meant three cattle on the tramp at once, two of which were synchronized and one who had hooves flailing about and who was mooing constantly. This was almost too much for the onlookers as

heads were turning every which way. Again there were a great many head collisions though many spectators found this the most entertaining event of the day.

Well, as I say, the events fell way behind schedule. However they had to be completed on the same day, as many cattle had to leave the next day for other events on the cattle athletics circuit.

So the events went on into the night. Eventually, a bright, round moon came up over the horizon. By this stage, the spectators could only see contestants' silhouettes against the horizon.

Finally, the event all the cattle had stayed for. The world champion female cattle trampolinist. Her name was Priscilla and she was good; perhaps the best in history. She would regularly attain heights of fifty feet. Cattle would have to strain their necks upwards to see her. Well, this particular night, she was wowing the crowd as per usual. Her winning was a foregone conclusion as long as no mishap happened. As it turned out, a mishap occurred. She was coming down in a flurry of twists and turns on her final descent when a large object came hurtling through the sky and landed off-centre on the trampoline. It was actually the Samoan cattle who had bounced back to the arena and with a mighty effort loosed himself from his trampoline confines. He had managed this by straightening his hoofs as the tramp launched him skywards again.

Anyway, the trampoline surface was at an acute angle with the Samoan cattle on it at the precise moment Priscilla landed. Consequently she shot like a rocket at 45 degrees from the trampoline. Onlookers were awestruck to see her profile spinning head to tail over the moon and to hear her land in the nearby lake. The Samoan cattle flew off in the other direction and that is why he was never mentioned in the story you humans have heard. No one really saw him land, but a cattle family in their barn can testify to the night a Samoan cattle crashed through their thatched roof. He landed on and smashed the table where a hired human hand was about to eat steak. Apparently he never ate steak again.

So, you now have the full facts. Maybe that is not how you imagined it to be, but it is good to be able to clear these things up so that you humans have a clear picture of cattle historical events.

Disastrous Visit

Dear Mr Grazing, Considering all your "hair-raising" adventures, which one has been the most calamitous?

I must admit there have been many, but the one that springs to mind was when I was on holidays with my coastal cattle cousins.

I really like it there because the grazing land is right on the beach. When it's hot, we go for a swim. I haven't yet taken to cattle body surfing, but it does look like fun. As for the cattle surfboard riders, I have nothing but admiration for the way they move up and down their boards as they slice across the waves.

Anyway, I was quietly grazing (as you do) down near where the beach meets the grass. I was miles away in thought when suddenly something latched onto my nose with a vice-like grip. I was immediately in shock. Although my eyes were watering fast, through blurred vision, I ascertained that it was a humungous crab. Well my heart was racing and I lifted and shook my head violently, stomped my hooves and ran around in a circle - all to no avail. In blind panic, I raced back to the herd. Well I charged up to them and shook my head in one last mighty effort.

This time the crab let go. Blinking through watery eyes, I watched the crab fly through the air. In fact, the whole herd's heads rotated in a semi-circle watching the crab's flight path. Plonk! The crab landed right in the middle of them all.

It was just a split second, but it was one of those frozen in time moments. Every cattle looked at the crab and blinked. Then the fight or flight instinct took over.

Have you ever seen a rock thrown into a perfectly still pond? From where the rock lands, waves disperse in a perfect circle. Well the herd responded like that. From where the crab landed, cattle dispersed outwards in a perfect circle. And they were in a hurry. No "beg your pardons" here. Woe betide anyone or anything that got in the way. The farmer got in the way ... so did his garden bed ... as did the washing on the line.

Blinded by, and caught up in the sheets that they collected from the clothes line, half the cattle ran blindly around one side of the house and the other half ran around the opposite side of the house. Just in time, they disentangled themselves only to see they were on a collision course with each other. As one, both groups turned 90 degrees and ran straight into the farmer's house. Unfortunately, the back door was shut. I was a good way off, but I did hear things breaking and saw cattle clambering through every window in the house. I don't know how he managed it, but one cattle was rescued from the chimney. Seems he was stuck half in and half out.

But it was the cattle that headed for the beach that caused the greatest alarm. They didn't stop at the water's edge, but charged straight in and swam over the horizon.

I understand the coast guard found them all several days later. Seems they had arrived at some island where native cattle greeted them with "a-low-haas" (that's how cattle laugh quietly) and the Chief Cattle prepared a banquet for them where frisky cows in grass skirts danced seductively. The coast guard had a real problem getting the cattle to leave and even then not all were accounted for.

Well the farmer decided I was a troublemaker and I had to leave. I didn't mind though 'cause I'm really a WILD cattle anyway.

Authors

Hi C.G., I have a question for you, You see I love reading so much and you are the first Cattle author I have heard of. I would love to know of any of your cattle scholars. Could you tell about any?

Thank you for your question asking about cattle scholars. I will concentrate on cattle authors at this point as there are many other distinguished cattle scholars in a wide range of fields. In fact several have won the Nobel Prize. Of course this is easier for a cattle to do because they merely need to be "out standing in their field" to do so.

I'm really glad to hear you enjoy reading. Many cattle love to read too. Often when you humans see us from a distance with our heads down you think that we are grazing. Chances are though most of us have our heads in a good book.

There have been many wonderful cattle authors through the ages. It all started with cattle story tellers who would pass on the ancient knowledge to future cattle generations. This is one of the reasons we herd. Once a good cattle story teller gets going, no-one wants to miss what he says, so we all gather together.

I know you humans experienced what was called the dark ages, followed by the age of enlightenment. Well, for cattle, the process was much quicker and ongoing. Every night it seems to be dark for ages and then it's like light and we can see and this was how it was meant to be.

There are many different types of cattle authors. The cattle authors I like best are the classical writers. They wrote of life when things were quieter and good cattle manners came naturally. In these stories, cattle landed gentry of good breeding fight for social justice against the cattle nobility. Or it could be a no-name cattle beats the odds through his earthy wisdom, by putting to silence the prejudices of cattle who, by reason of being born on higher ground, think they are "high born" and therefore above the cattle masses.

Then there are the cattle authors who write romantic cattle novels mostly aimed at the cow market. These books typically have a cover depicting an impossibly well-built and handsome bull in a dramatic pose on a rocky outcrop with a cow clinging to his hind leg and looking lovingly at his face. Sometimes these novels have a plot but it is normally no more than the ground where the action takes place. If you were to get close to a cow reading one of these, there is a good chance she would be crying. She has probably just read about some handsome cattle declaring his love for a cow after their love has prevailed through storms and pestilence and against unscrupulous cattle overlords.

These novels are characterized by cattle lovers looking deep into each others eyes and saying things like "oh Claude," "oh Mavis," "oooh Claude!," "oooh Mavis!," "**ooooooh Claude!!!**," "**ooooooh Mavis!!!**," after which the characters throw themselves into each others hooves in a passionate embrace while the sun sets behind them.

Another sort of cattle author is the one that writes for testosterone charged bulls. These are the action/adventure novelists. Some of their novels have a negative impact on the herd. What typically happens is a young cattle rebelliously tears up the grass without eating it. When the cattle elders reprimand him by saying if he keeps that up he will be in trouble, the youngster looks around challengingly, and shakes his head. This is all because he had read about a dubious cattle role model doing this and then saying "go ahead - make my day."

As for recommending a cattle author, I hesitate. Appreciation of books is such a subjective thing. I would prefer to suggest you visit your local library and inquire of the Librarian as to what they have that's written by cattle authors. I am sure you will get a response.

Gospel Singers - Live

cattle resting under tree

one starts humming

the rest start tapping a hoof

baritone cattle from the back

"Some glad morning when this life is o'er"

cattle at front with heads together

"I'll fly away"

baritone cattle again

"To a home on God's celestial shore"

cattle all wearing 10 gallon hats look up from grazing nearby & sing

"I'll fly away"

seated cattle rise to feet and whole paddock of cattle all sing together

"I'll fly away oh glory

I'll fly away

When I die hallelujah by & by

I'll fly away"

music interlude

*cattle form 2 circles (head to tail) one circle inside the other facing opposite directions, *

(in time to music) 4 steps forward, look to left while kicking out front right hoof, 4 more steps forward, look to right while kicking out front left hoof

circle on spot one and a half times so walking now in the opposite direction

from the side, great grand-daddy cattle with wrinkled features and resting front hooves on walking stick

"Just a few more weary days and then"

calves (in high pitched calf voices)

"I'll fly away"

grand-daddy cattle again

"To a land where joy shall never end"

all

"I'll fly away"

(still in time to music) herd fans out so that they form one line with half the herd facing one way and half the other

line rotates in a circle

"I'll fly away oh glory
I'll fly away"

quick half circle so that all walking in opposite direction to what they were

"When I die hallelujah by & by
I'll fly away"

herd all gathers together (like in photos taken of grand final winning teams) singing

"I'll fly away oh glory
I'll fly away
When I die hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away"

all extend one front hoof and raise heads triumphantly

"When I die hallelujah by & by"

slow

"I'llfly..... a.....way!!!"

herd goes back to grazing

McGrazings

Dear Cattle Grazing, Do you have any overseas cattle cousins that you know anything about?

Although I am not in touch with them, your question has brought back memories of time I spent with my Scottish cattle cousin clan.

Interesting lot, the McGrazings. They can trace their family tree back to when their ancestors lived under it. They even have their own coat of arms. I think they chose that because they were some of the first cattle to have contact with humans. Most other cattle prefer to have some sort of banner because painting (in the McGrazing's case) arms on your coat is very time consuming. Also from a distance, seeing cattle with arms painted on them coming towards you can be very intimidating. More than once, other cattle herds have thought they were being confronted by foreign armies.

One word describes the McGrazing clan - weird. They were the first and only cattle to wear kilts. Boy, did the other cattle laugh when they first saw the McGrazing clan in kilts. Well they laughed and laughed. That's where the expression "laughing stock" originated.

Some of the sports they play are different too. Like the cattle tree trunk throwing. The whole clan would push a tree over, eat all the leaves and break off the branches. They would then hold the trunk up like a telephone pole and run along and throw it to see if they could get the tree to do a cartwheel. Many a time, the watching herd would scatter as the contestants struggled to balance the tree in their front hooves. They would stagger about, oft-times sidling like crabs practising sprint starts, into the watching herds. Alarmed cattle would raise their collective voices in distressed McMoos and flee the area.

Another problem they encountered in the tree throwing sport was keeping their kilts up. More than once, cattle would start their run-up only to have their kilts slide down and trip them up, causing them to fall flat on their faces. This is where the term "out of kilter" came from.

It was actually from the cattle that the humans got the idea for highland dancing. Once a tree had been selected by the McGrazings for tree tossing and they had broken off all the branches, the cattle would raise their front hooves above their head and dance. This served the purpose of breaking down the branches into twigs and leaves that the McGrazing calves could more easily digest. It became quite popular in itself. Cattle would gather from miles around and could be seen sitting on the side of hills clapping their hooves along with the music as kilt clad cattle with front hooves raised, danced and twirled.

It was also the McGrazings who invented the bagpipes. They would grab a cat and tuck it upside down and back to front under their front leg and against their chests. They would then bite its tail and pull its legs. This created a sound from the cat, not dissimilar to your modern day human bagpipes.

So you can see I do have some knowledge of Scottish cattle and customs. While I was there, I think some of my friends were trying to get me married off. They keep mentioning my becoming "betrothed". I was actually looking to get married though. I think there is a breakdown here in understanding due to language differences. Still, I enjoyed my time with them and have invited them to stay with my herd if ever they are in Australia.

Military Cattle

Dear Cattle Grazing, Do cattle spend much time polishing their hooves?"

There is only one group of cattle that actually polishes their hooves ... the military cattle.

Discipline is the key word for these cattle. They spit polish their hooves until they can see their reflections in them. You don't want to be standing near them when they do this though, for it takes a practised eye to spit polish the back hooves.

All this polishing is seen to best effect at military cattle parades. I have seen female cattle swoon as formations of cattle march past all in perfect step. Then at the command of "eyeeees RIGHT!!!" to see them do this simultaneously, well you don't have to be a female cattle to feel pride in these fighting boys. It's just a pity they don't receive any other command before they either concertina into a wall, or just continue, still with eyes right, marching over the horizon never to be seen again.

Passing out parades are the only time I wish I had become a military cattle and I can understand why so many guy cattle join up at that time. It is always the ladies who are the first to the aid of those cattle that have passed out. I have never understood why they have a parade specifically for passing out, but from the lady cattles' reactions, I do think they are on to something.

Another thing that gets me is when they do the funeral march step for a fallen comrade. We see this one a lot, for there's always a cattle somewhere taking a fall. It doesn't matter that they pick themselves straight up again. The military cattle form straight up, and do that slow gliding stiff-legged march.

I am told by cattle I respect that it is really touching to hear the last post. though I must admit, I have often stood next to it, and have not heard a thing. Perhaps I'm just not in tune enough or something.

Finally, if you get the chance you should visit a cattle military training camp. The minute you arrive on the barracks you are likely to see groups of cattle jogging past, the Sergeant Cattle singing out, and the jogging cattle repeating in the same singsong way:

"We are cattle brave and true"

"We are cattle brave and true"

"We can fight we don't just moo"

"We can fight we don't just moo"

"Against the foe we will prevail"

"Against the foe we will prevail"

"We head butt them then use our tail"

"We head butt them then use our tail"

So the military cattle are the only ones who actually polish their hooves, and we cattle are proud of them.

Space Cattle

And finally a glimpse into the cattle future...

Star date 4725

Only one cattle space ship managed to escape the annihilation of the cattle colony on planet Lodabullmon. This ship has been circling an uncharted planet for three days. Their leader asks the cattle geologist if conditions on the uncharted planet are conducive to cattle survival.

"Cattle geologist, are conditions on the uncharted planet conducive to cattle survival?"

"Say what Sir?" says the cattle geologist.

"Sergeant Claude, you know what I'm askin."

"Yes I know Field Marshall Admiral Supreme Commander (FMASC) Cattle Grazing Sir, but what's with the "Cattle Geologist?" You've always called me Sergeant Claude.

"I know Sergeant Claude, I was just setting the scene for our readers."

Sergeant Claude looks at the other cattle on the bridge, who return to their imaginary duties looking at flashing lights and wondering what the heck they all mean.

Cattle Sergeant Claude looks serious and presses various buttons. At first one, then another, then another sheet of paper is emitted from the device the Sergeant is looking at. Suddenly paper spews from the device like an erupting volcano. After a pause of a few moments and looking somewhat embarrassed, the Sergeant picks up a piece of paper at random, nods his head sagely and says, "Well sir, I would say conditions are good."

FMASC Cattle Grazing looks out the huge front window of the spaceship. "I will call it 'the dark planet'."

Behind his back, various cattle signal to each other to turn the Spaceship 45 degrees left. A shimmering planet comes into view.

"On second thoughts," says FMASC Cattle Grazing, "I will call it 'the shimmering planet'."

FMASC Cattle Grazing sits in the seat at the Commander's console. The seat was designed for the much smaller previous Commander. He presses a button on the arm of the seat. A cattle seated behind him is ejected from his seat and hits the ceiling and plops to the floor.

"For the life of me" says FMASC Cattle Grazing, "I fail to see why that button was put there."

FMASC Cattle Grazing looks at the display panel in front of him and gingerly presses another button. This time the intercom crackles. FMASC Cattle Grazing speaks "General Feed, report to the bridge."

A voice replies. "Sorry sir, we have no General Feed here. We do, however, have meatlovers, chicken or vegetarian. Oh and the pizza of the week is ..."

"Enough!!!" bellows FMASC Cattle Grazing and in an indiscriminate manner, he forcefully puts his hoof on the console. Suddenly, lights flash and the spacecraft tilts 90 degrees downwards. All the cattle on the bridge fall on to the ship's front window. All that is, except FMASC Cattle Grazing who is wedged into his seat....

FMASC Cattle Grazing is about to attempt to correct the ship when he sees several cattle in space suits float by the front window. It seems these cattle were throwing the garbage out when the sudden movement of the ship caused them to be tipped off the ramp.

The cattle on the front window stand and look down to watch the cattle floating by. The cattle outside are signalling the need for assistance. One of them removes a flare from his pouch but cannot get it to light. Suddenly it is alight and in a dramatic gesture it is thrown. Unfortunately, in the weightless environment, it merely floats in front of the marooned cattle's faces. Knowing the flare is about to explode, the floating cattle look alarmed, turn, and because of the weightlessness, gallop on the spot.

The flare explodes with the floating cattle all looking at it over their shoulders while vainly trying to escape.

Presently, communication is established with the floating cattle.

"Are you all okay?" says FMASC Cattle Grazing.

"Yes thank you sir" they reply. "ceptin Sir, we can see stars."

"We are in outer space cattle, we are *supposed* to see stars."

"Sergeant Claude," FMASC Cattle Grazing calls in his most authoritative voice. Sergeant Claude and all the other bridge cattle look up at FMASC Cattle Grazing dangling above them. "Prepare a pickup craft to collect those cattle. I will command it."

"Yes Sir," replies Sergeant Claude, "just as soon as you correct the ship sir."

FMASC Cattle Grazing shuts his eyes and presses a button. Suddenly, the ship is corrected and the bridge cattle all fall off the window and on to the floor.

FMASC Cattle Grazing struggles to get out of his seat. Eventually, with the help of several Officers, he is freed and strides confidently to the bridge door and presses the "open" button. The doors separate at the middle. FMASC Cattle Grazing steps into the gap and the doors hurriedly close with him halfway through. Severely winded, FMASC Cattle Grazing lets out a loud moo and demands to know why the door has not been fixed.

In the hold, the pick up craft is ready. Cattle stand to attention as FMASC Cattle Grazing enters the room and then the craft.

FMASC Cattle Grazing rolls his eyes when he sees the console is a replica of that in the command ship. He presses a button and cattle scatter as the craft lurches forward. Pressing another button, the craft hops around the confines of the hold. All observers have now retreated behind the security viewing window. The craft is now inches from the window. FMASC Cattle Grazing sees he is being watched very closely and wipes the concerned look from his face and waves confidently to the onlookers. Not so sure, the cattle onlookers tentatively wave back.

FMASC Cattle Grazing checks his mirrors, puts the craft into reverse, revs the engine, looks over his shoulder, then hits the accelerator. Suddenly the pick up craft hurtles in reverse at light speed out of the Mother ship.

Search parties failed to find any trace of FMASC Cattle Grazing. Sergeant Claude was appointed the new commander. The cattle garbage collectors were all returned safely.

Check out these other great titles* in the Cattle Grazing Series.

ALL HOOFS ON DECK!

In this classic children's tale, Cattle Grazing leads his motley cattle crew in battles with bureaucracy, government regulations and endless red tape. 750 pages of gripping dialogue which all takes place in room 2B on the 10th floor of the Internal Auditor's office.

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Cattle Grazing presents a strong, balanced, fair and impartial case for a diet of fish, chicken or any food excluding beef. Warning: Contains illustrations of cute baby calves at play to make you feel really bad about your next beef meal.

ROMEO AND JULIET

The tragic story of two potential cattle lovers who never meet and so remain totally unaware of each other's existence.

*Great titles only. No books have, nor are ever likely to be written.

Down in the paddock, all is not as it seems.

Far from the gaze of prying human eyes, Cattle Grazing sits at his especially adapted computer waiting for the words to come. He is desperate to convey to humans that there is more to cattle life than grazing. Cattle are people too. Suddenly he taps furiously on his keyboard:

"The Secret Life of Cattle"

The secret is out. Now you can amaze friends with your in-depth knowledge of cattle when they ask:

- Do cattle floss?
- Why don't cattle shave their legs?
- Are any cattle scared of heights?
- Who was that cow that jumped over the moon?
- What is cattle dancing like?
- Which cattle polish their hooves?
- Do any cattle possess special powers?

The answers to these and many other questions are answered within these pages. So come on in and explore for yourself because ~~the author is desperate~~ the wonderful world of cattle awaits you.

You are getting v.e.r.y. sleepy....you *will* buy this book...

RRP: \$30 Sale Price \$20 O.K. I'm begging alright?! Price: \$12