

## **Farmer Brown and the Cow**

by Shen Ge

Farmer Brown woke up feeling mighty fine. It was a bright sunny day outside. The cows were mooing, chickens were crowing, and the birds were chirping. There isn't a day better than hearing nature's calls, he thought as he got up from his simple wooden bed. He didn't brush his teeth or comb his hair since milking the cows gotta be more important than personal hygiene.

The eggs and bacon on the table were still warm when he got to the small table. Guess his wife thought of him this morning before she left for town with her friends to do the kind of shopping that only females like. Might as well eat the food or else they be going back to the chicken and pigs as their feed, he thought. Farmer Brown chewed his food deliberately and slowly. It'll be nice to have a glass of milk but there ain't any milk around until he goes and milks the cows.

That's right. He gotta milk the cows. He gobbled up the rest of his food and walked the twenty steps or so to the outdoor pens where the cows were kept. They seemed awfully quiet today though they knew what was gonna happen. Farmer Brown thought it a bit strange but thought nothing more of it.

After he milked the cows, he fetched his shotgun. There were still a few cows left but those are the old fat ones that's eating up more grass than making milk. They gotta go and maybe their bodies can fetch at least a fair price for their meat. His gun was just itching to do the trick.

The sun was shining and the birds were chirping. The cows weren't going to go anywhere and neither would he. Farmer Brown decided he's just gonna sit down and appreciate the fine scenery for a bit to catch his breath. He found some shade under an oak tree near the biggest fat cow. He put his head down and breathed deep to regain his breathe. He looked up a minute later and saw the big cow. She was the first to go. Her name was Bessie and she used to be a prize milk cow. Now she's just a lazy old bum who doesn't make any milk but instead spends a lot of her time eating grass and fooling around with the younger cows doing things only cows would do.

He looked at Bessie. Bessie looked at him. Bessie opened her mouth. Farmer Brown prepared for a long awful moooo.

"Hi, I'm Bessie. Please don't kill me," the cow said in perfect English instead.

For a long moment that seemed to last half a day, Farmer Brown just looked at Bessie and stared. The cow asked, "Did you hear me?"

"You can talk?" he finally spluttered out.

"Yup," Bessie said. Then she whipped her tail gesturing the other cows around, "I can cow-moo-nicate and so can the rest of them."

All of the cows started talking at once. "Don't kill me!" "I'm a good cow!" "I make good milk."

"I get it! Quiet the hell down!" Farmer Brown shouted for them to calm down. "Why didn't y'll just talk before?"

"Well, we didn't know if it was the right time," Bessie said. "We figured out since you guys eat us so you probably don't want to know that we know you raise us to eat us. I mean you guys love eating us and some of us like to be eaten but I know I don't like to be eaten and none of these guys too. So we got a huge debate which turned into a little war and finally we all decided we're gonna choose today to tell all the humans we meet that we can talk."

"So you basically telling me you talking to me ain't special," Farmer Brown said.

"That's right. Every other human in the world with a cow is hearing a cow telling them the same thing right now," Bessie said.

"Well, thank the Lord Jesus!" Farmer Brown said. "I never figured a cow to be the Messiah or me go loony in the head. So what's gonna happen now? I ain't gonna turn into none of those wacko vegetarian types."

"We're hoping you folks will treat us like human beings and not eat us. We're not asking you to be vegetarians. You can still eat pigs, sheep, fish, chicken, and anything else. Hell, all of us love Chick fil A for helping us state our cause."

"So we don't eat you. What you gonna do then?"

"I don't know. We'll see. One step at a time for us cow-folks. You guys can consider us the newest immigrants to your country so we'll work our way up."

"I'm just wondering what I'm gonna do with you lot. I mean what are you gonna do if you're not on a farm making milk?"

"Oh, we're stil gonna make milk. You just gotta pay us now. Don't worry. We'll make more milk than before so it'll be worth your money."

"We're gonna talk about this when my wife comes back. She'll want to hear this."

"Alright, no rush. We cows got all the time in the world now that you guys know about us."

10 Years Later...

Cows are becoming more like humans. They have learned to walk on two legs and take on increasingly human roles. However, they're still discriminated against. Each cow despite having four legs is considered half a human when it comes to voting in most democratic countries. Most of them are also not allowed jobs in high security areas.

20 Years Later...

The half-human cow rule is abolished. One cow vote is now equal to one human vote. Cows quickly dominate the human votes. A cow president is soon elected.

30 Years Later...

Cows become the leaders of most nations in the world that formerly ate cows or worshiped cows. These include the United States, all the Western European countries and many developing nations, including India, Argentina, and Kenya. The only powerful countries where cows don't take over are China, Russia, and Japan.

The cow-controlled nations of the world quickly overturn all the anti-cow rules and just as quickly enact the same rules on the humans. Humans are now discriminated and segregated. In some of the countries, they're even enslaved as cow servants and laborers.

35 Years Later...

A few years later, the cow nations of the world unite and declare war against the human nations. The Cow War as the humans call it (or the Human War as the cows call it) begins. The war doesn't ever seem to end.

35 Years Earlier...

Farmer Brown shook his head. He was still lying down on the grass and appeared to have fallen into a little nap. He looked up and saw Bessie. She was staring at him. That was either the craziest but most realistic dream he ever had or it was a God-given vision. Without a pause, he took his gun and aimed it right at Bessie's head. She started to open her mouth.

He fired off a single shot. She fell over dead without a word or moo.