



Gustavo Homsi

From Brazil, passionate child for aero models attends Military High School, car mechanical engineering at FEI and civil engineering at FEB.

He works building banks, houses, sugar mills and dams.

Gustavo makes many trips to Europe, Scandinavia, USA, Canada and South Cone. He visits most of the museums, cathedrals, monuments and important cultural events in these countries.

In Ilhabela, he designs and executes thirty works, dream houses and hotels, many published in the Architecture and Construction Magazine, Abril Editions. He falls in love with diving, boats, fishing and cooking.

He moves to Miami, continues with the projects in Brazil and studies English at FIU.

After inheriting a farm, he's back to school, post-graduate, specialist in Ruminant Production at ESALQ-USP. He dedicates to genetic improvement of Quarter Horse, and Nelore cattle. He has a Japanese restaurant and writes a page, Loves & Flavors, about behavior and food, at a city newspaper.

Currently, the author develops many projects in the arts and literature.



CowBoi

novel by GUSTAVO HOMSI

Translated from the Portuguese

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to

TULANA

...The Lady of Dreams...

Freedom

Field day

Another day

The kick

Life must go on

The Ball

A day of freedom

The Harvest

Cowboi's day

The Holiday

Freedom

- Eagle 4, please reply, this is Sao Paulo.
- Go ahead, Sao Paulo, this is Eagle 4.
- Routine check, can you tell me the mission code?
- 358.
- Ok, understood, thank you. How are you guys?
- All quiet, soon we'll have visual contact with the prison in Riolandia, our "passengers" are doing well, collaborative, I think we'll finish the mission on time.
- Oh boy, here is so boring, I wish I was there.
- Well, we can't complain, weather is great, I've just flown over the city where I was born, I wish you had our view, it rained and the fields are green. We're flying over the Freedom Ranch, looks like a garden. The woods, the river dams, the cattle, all white, what a beautiful thing to see!

– Wow!

– You know, I spent some time in Colorado USA, training. Of course it's also nice, but not the same, the cattle stays in barns. The cows aren't white, they are brown, they came from England. Not from India, like here. But the meat! Oh boy, there, beef is so tender and juicy.

– Stop, I am drooling!

– Look! A pickup leaves the farmhouse going to the village making dust rollers on the dirty road. What a crazy driving! So early in the morning... Something serious must have happened.

Field day

Juliano was half asleep on the horse's back. Oh boy, this is boring. In the next months, at the beginning and the end of each day, raining, shining, holiday, holy day, he will be there, circulating among the cows. Doing what? Checking who is ready for insemination.

It was not complicated, after years there, cowboys know each cow, they put nicknames on them. The hard part is finding someone responsible and disciplined to get the job done.

Juliano was born on the farm. His father was the earlier administrator, some college, agricultural technician, replaced his father since his death. Our days, he is the right-hand man for Juvencio, the owner.

Slow morning today, few cows show estrus. One or two have already been inseminated, but are in heat again, this is bad, a sign that they don't get pregnant in the first

attempt. But okay, the beginnings are all the same, kind of slow.

– Jurandir – shouts to his partner – Do you see? One teaser [term used to describe animals prepared to find the cows who are at fertile period without inseminate them] is over the cow, that one with the broken horn, go and get her number.

The man spurs the horse and goes away galloping. Juliano hears the sound of an engine far away; it's the school bus arriving at the farm. They have been waiting for them, one of the New Genova High School classes. Every year they come to visit the farm.

– Jurandir, gather the cattle, time is over; and we don't have anything else to do here today, let's go.

– Good morning, teacher Manuela, we talked by phone, isn't it? Good morning, everyone! Welcome to the Freedom Ranch. My name is Mariana. I'm a specialist in ruminant production and responsible for the breeding

area in this ranch. This class seems livelier than last year guys! Is it right?

– Yeeeeeee! – the teens answer.

– Well, it's always a pleasure to welcome you here. Basically what we do here is using the principles of genetics to give a helping hand to Mother Nature, hurrying natural selection and twisting it a bit to our side. Let's start the visit by the lab.

– Who is in this photo? – Mariana queries the teens.

– Debbie! – a joker answers.

– Joohhhnnn! – teacher Manuela warns – We'll talk.

– A nice cow – Mirian, the cheerleader, answers.

– Okay – Mariana agrees – this is our goal, to get cows like that, small neck, big and round butts! Who knows why? Except you, John! Nobody? Simple, the best meat is on the back. Tenderness! Someone here likes eating tough meat?

– Nooooo!

– We also don't want a really big cow, they eat too much. There are many other features that we seek, such as earliness, femininity, maternal aptitude and the ability to transfer these qualities to future generations. So! When a cow is small, we use the sperm of a bull...? – Mariana asks, pointing to the biggest bull on a poster with several males.

– ...a big bull!!!!

– Good, nice class. I think you got the spirit, any questions?

– Mariana – John asks – this thing of natural selection, feminine.., also works with people?

– Sure – Mariana responds without losing her attitude – this subject is exciting, I have a theory that ...

– Mariaaaaana – Juvencio arrives, interrupting his daughter. – Folks, it's a pleasure to have you all here at Freedom Ranch, I hope you enjoy the visit.

– Mariana, my dear – the rancher continues – we are starting inseminations. If they want to come to the corral, it will be interesting and then we'll have a coffee break.

– Wowww!

Students follow Juvencio which, proudly shows the property, explaining everything.

Manuela discreetly pulls Mariana's arm and stays a bit behind the group.

– Mariana, what theory didn't your father let you explain?

– Oh, bullshit, not a big deal, you know elder people.

– Well, tell me, I'm a biology teacher, I think I can bear it.

– I've been thinking, for example, do you feel horny when someone kisses your neck?

– Wow, what a question! Sorry, I don't know, I think.. everybody... isn't it?

– Yes... And if they also bite a little?

– Jesus, Mariana! It gives me chills; yes, I guess! So, what is that?

– Well, follow me to the time of caves; men were not exactly kind and neither our foremothers. Imagine the scene, a man trying to get her laid; the only way would be to throw her face down to the floor, his feet over her feet, his hands on her hands, right?

– I don't know, I'm getting worse.

– Well, she might still give him some head-butts, then the only way is biting her neck tightly, penetrates her.

– Oh dear Lord, Mariana, Mr. Juvencio was right!

– So – Mariana continues, laughing – those women who could live with this, or even liked this, had more chances to procreate and become our great-great-great-grandmothers, we inherited it from them.

– Okay, folks – Mariana shouts, coming forward, still smiling, leaving Manuela perplexed.

– Let me introduce Juliano, the farm manager and my fiancé.

The cow ready for insemination was completely contained in the equipment with the tail tied up.

Juliano had everything ready, he slips his arm, gloved till the shoulder and lubricated, inside the cow's anus to guide the pipe he is carefully introducing into the vagina with his other hand. Quickly, he deposits the semen into the womb, removes his hand from the cow and massages her vagina.

Students were watching excited.

The cows seem also attending the class.

John, after a number of tricks, finished falling into the cow shit. General laughter, and end of the lesson. Juliano leads John to the locker room; the rest of the group goes to the house.

The students stepped up a few stairs to the big porch where Mrs. Maria Pia was waiting for them, drying her hands on the apron.

She is Juliano's mother, widow of the old foreman. Maria Pia took care of Mariana after her mom died prematurely.

– Guys, everybody washing hands – Maria Pia says. – Then come to eat. Tell me folks, Mariana talked to much? Mr. Juvencio reprimanded her?

There was a huge buffet, Brazilian cheese bread – made with arrowroot –, corn cake, cheese, milk, coffee, juice, and fruits.

The students were a little shy to begin eating, then John arrived, he hugged and kissed Maria Pia and attacked the cheese breads, the guys finally came to the table.

Juliano joins to the young group, eating and talking animatedly.

Manuela is standing against one of the poles of the porch. She holds a wedge of a colored and fragrant tangerine near her red mouth. Her other hand is holding her elbow. Her arm position enhances her perfectly rounded breasts behind the discreet neckline. Her smooth

and tanned skin contrasts with the white blouse. The morning light illuminates the strands of her long hair.

Juvencio, beside her, doesn't know what to do to please her more; he talks big about himself, stories of old times.

Mariana went to the kitchen with Maria Pia. When she is coming back, she listens to a kind of naughty laughter coming from the boys group with Juliano, who looks embarrassed.

– Mariana! – calls one of the students. – Among the teasers, all males, of course, we saw a cow, Juliano began to explain, but he complicated the story.

– Actually – answers Mariana, biting a cheese bread –, our cows, all the white ones, are Zebus, from India. They produce little milk, they are a kind of wild, and it's hard to deal with them. We like them by the ability they have to produce meat also in wild conditions, we are in Brazil. The cow you saw came here very young to grow up and to produce milk for the farm

spending. That one is Dutch, European cattle, you know.

– Ok, but, what is she doing among the teasers, Mariana?

Juvencio stopped telling stories to Manuela and got worried.

– You know – Mariana recovers – when the time to start breeding arrived, nothing. No babies and, of course, no milk. Her destiny was to be steak. When she was about to be discarded, our vet, seeing my sadness, said:

– “This cow is wealthy; she doesn’t get pregnant because she has too much testosterone. Have you ever noticed how big and angry she is? She attacks, scratching the ground, like a bull! We can give her a little bit more hormone, increase her natural masculinity and use her like a teaser”.

– My God, Mariana, a dyke cow!

– Jairrrrr! – Manuela censures.

– Almost it – Mariana continues – we prefer to call her Cowboi.

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