

THE CATTLE SOCIETY

BY – NICKY BaBa

(Nick.birhare@gmail.com)

Dedicated to Rishi

&

All those lovely people who,

make this world a beautiful place.

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

Happy reading 😊 😊

The Cattle Society –

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

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

Mooooooooooooo.....

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

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

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

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

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

Goat means God.

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

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

“Goat is mother, goat is father;

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

They protect me all the time.”

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

The origin -

Human society is complicated.

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

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

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

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

“RADHA”.....tada....!!!

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

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

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

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

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

Just soooo complicated..... !!!

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

Priyanka verma-

“Human society is complicated” – status updated.

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

Meeting Shuvayu -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

True love is marriage of minds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sita (goat) – so, is it loved?

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

sharma's Farm, I replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shama – what..? No goat worshipping.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nandu – I know you are hurt.

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

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

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

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

A dead end.

MOVING AHEAD –

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

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

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

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

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

Mohammad mirza –

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

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

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

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

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

THE TRUTH REVEALED -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

