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## The Revenge of the Cows

by Sandra Banks

Rebellion meant a look in the eyes, an inflection of the voice. At most, an occasional whisper. We did not get on with the pigs and we were frightened of them. “Stupid”, “Weirdos” was the usual greeting as we passed them. They delighted in teasing us and destroying our tranquillity. One day they would get us was their message.

We were a peaceful family and we looked after each other. When a mother wanted to leave her baby and look for some special herbs in another field she knew her sister or mother would keep an eye on them. We kept ourselves clean and our breath was as sweet as new mown hay. We could not understand how the pigs could fight so among themselves and be so dirty.

We did of course discuss the situation among ourselves but it was one of the youngsters who quietly showed us what to do. “They can’t even open the gates”, said little Maisy, waving her golden tail (we were all Jerseys). A plan of action was suggested, debated quietly with our heads to the grass and finally adopted unanimously. The beauty of it was that it was a slow burner. By the time the wicked pigs realised what was happening, it would be too late.

The pigs had a large field, but seldom left it. The same went for the sheep who were usually kept well away from the farm buildings but we roamed from our fields to the milking parlour and back again. We were a real family with two bulls and a number of youngsters feeding with us. We knew how to open the gates and close them and we knew the gates were the same all over the farm. We would wait until it was dark and then do it.

Stupid just because we eat grass and do not want to change the world! The pigs would see. As the light failed, the big bull banged on our food trough with his horns as a signal. When we were together we opened the gates to the pigs' field and the bulls went around overturning all the feed troughs, protected by the rest of us. The angry pigs were powerless to stop us and we then went back to our field, closing the gates behind us. The pigs fought more than usual as they tried to get to the food on the ground.

You've guessed it! We did it night after night. The pigs' fighting got worse as they got thinner and thinner. Finally, they were taken away in lorries! The humans had decided the land was not suitable for pigs and they would increase the cow population. Wonderful!