



The Giant Cow

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Action/Adventure, Animals, Magic

In a small village of Hindustan, there lived a big and beautiful cow named Durga. The family which owned the cow was poor but good one. It was a family of three– the father, the mother and their three years old little girl, Annapurna. Durga gave everyday ten liters milk; five in the morning and five in the evening. The father adds one liter water, each in the morning and evening and sell it to the richest families in the village.

Along with Durga, there were many such cows in the village, owned by different farmers and laborers. But no cow gave as much milk as Durga. So all their owners added double the quantity of water to milk, that made it very insipid.

For being not alike other cows, Durga soon became very famous in the village. Every other farmer felt jealous for Durga and her owner's family.

The richest families of the village always prefer the milk of Durga only and pay double the price compared to any other cow's milk. Because, this milk was the tastiest milk ever they drank.

For the goodness, the father stopped mixing up water in the milk, and sold the pure milk to the richest families of the village.

But with time, all the cows in the village became old. So the beautiful Durga. The father had to squeeze the Durga's breasts for more time than earlier. Now she was only giving half the quantity of the milk as before. The richest families in the village were displeased.

Some more years had passed. All the cows of her age had already stopped producing milk. Now Durga was only giving one liter milk per a day; half-a-liter in the morning and half-a-liter in the evening.

As all the village cows were became old, they were soon being replaced by the newer ones or by their own calves, if they were females. And the old cows would be sold for beef.

"Papa!" said the little Annapurna, who was eight years old now. "I listened my friend Ashok say that their cow

will be sold for beef tomorrow, as she has stopped giving milk.”

The father, who had been trying to squeeze milk for more than a hour from the breasts of Durga which didn't even fill a half-a-liter bowl, had glanced at the little girl behind him, over his shoulders.

“Are we going to sell Durga too for beef,” cried poor Annapurna.

“We are poor, darling,” said the mother, who came out of the kitchen listening to her little daughter's agony. “If we don't sell our Durga, we cannot afford enough money for the new cow. And the calf of our Durga is not yet a milk-producer.”

“But for money....” screamed the little girl. “If we sell... They Kill Durga and cut it into pieces and roast it's beef and place amid the breads and pizzas and then chew it with their monster jaws....”

“But what one can do with the old cow, dear” muttered the father. “After all, even if we want to keep her with us, the rich people in this village will not accept. They have a rule that if any cow in the village hasn't producing milk more than liter per day have to be sold to beef-makers.”

“We are too poor,” added the mother, “to fight the rich.”

To-night the little girl wouldn't sleep. She would be weeping and thinking about their old Durga and how to save her from the devil.

She greeted 'good night' to the father and the mother and calmly stepped into her room and closed the door behind her. Walked in the tiny room from one corner to the other, now folding hands firmly, now pressing the little bony fingers one another, to feel herself confident.

Now she decided to free Durga and let her go into the forests on the other side, down the hill.

“Though, wild animals wander here and there, now and then, dead as food under the paws of a brave lion is better than chewed midst the coward's jaws as beef,” thought the little girl. “Good for Durga, for it dead chased by the king of the forest.”

Quietly, she opened her bedroom door and walked through the living room to the front door. But it had already been unbolted. “Mom forgot to bolt it,” she thought and paced deliberately out towards the shed holding up at the bends of her long skirt which was sweeping the floor, and gently tweaked the door behind her.

But when reached the shed, she discovered her father and mother over there. Now all the three met fortuitously, without knowing the other would be coming there. All of them came but individually with same intention to free Durga and led her down the hill, into the forest.

The lanky, tall square-faced father smiled at the other two round-faced, opposite gender humans; who were standing wishy-washy right ahead of him. They smiled back, broadly.

“We shall....” cried the three voices simultaneously. They laughed gladly.

“Let her go....” anew the voices sobbed hastily. Afresh they laughed happily.

First the little girl kissed Durga on her forehead, followed the father and mother. Then the father untied the rope which had been coiled around her neck. Now Durga was free, but she hardly moved a bit. The night wasn't still. It was whispering with the wind. Now grunting and growling with the night-insects. Now kissing the half-moon.

The cow was too old to walk into the forest down the hill, which must be few miles distant. But it had to go, for a better death. After all, it didn't move for not being old or all the stuff, but she couldn't leave her family. And the family didn't mean that only her calf sharing her shed, but the three humans in the house, who had been looking after them for years and years.

After a prolonged waiting, they led the cow towards the forest. It wasn't too dark as the half-moon was glowing glitteriest than ever it did. Indeed shimmering as double-moon. The cow gone at a distance and halted for a moment but didn't turn. Again progressed the walk. Now it's quiet far enough to reach. It had entered into the bushy trees at the ridge of the forest. Now it was disappeared.

The family didn't cry. They were happy for their beautiful Durga wouldn't be chewed by the dirty jaws and false teeth.

The father did not buy another cow in the market, in the next day. He didn't have enough money. They only had the calf of Durga left in the shed. Annapurna named her as Laxmi. She loved the calf very much as she did to Durga.

Few years had passed. Now the little girl was twelve. And Laxmi became a cow. It delivered another calf and started giving milk.

“My eye sight getting bad these days,” cried the father to his wife. “I think I need a check-up.” The little girl listened his father's say and chuckled.

“What happened, dear,” said the mother, who was also chuckling looking at the little girl.

“Laxmi....” said he but didn't say anything.

“Yes?” inquired the mother, who stopped washing and turned at her husband. “What happened to Laxmi?”

“Nothing,” said he. “I just imagined.”

“What did you imagine?”

“Nothing. Nothing.”

The next day morning, accustomed to his routine, the father went into the shed to squeeze milk from Laxmi. But the moment he looked at Laxmi, he jumped and screamed. Now yelled and ran inside the house.

“Lax.. Lax... Laxmi....” mumble he. “Laxmi...”

“What happened, dear,” said the mother as coolly as the other day. The little girl chuckled again.

“Laxmi has grown two feet in two days,” cried the father. The mother dropped the saucer of the coffee cup and wide opened her which were already too big. The little girl stopped reading the book and stared at his father in shock, and her mouth wide opened.

“What?” both of them yelled simultaneously.

“True,” said the father, who was still in the astonishment. “Yesterday, when I saw her, I thought I was imagining an my eyes gone wrong. But what I have seen today was amazing. Our Laxmi has grown two feet in two days. Now she is seven feet in height.”

All the three ran towards the cow shed to see the miracle. When they saw their seven feet Laxmi in the shed, who was eating grass leisurely, they had almost fainted.

“Lax... Lax... Laxmiiii....” yelled the mother. So the little girl. She wend and kissed the cow, but only at her legs.

The breasts of the cow had also expanded like a balloon. It had given twenty five liters milk in one day.

Days had passed. The cow had been growing more and more, and its breasts were swelling wider and wider.

Within one month, Laxmi had became like a big hill with her breasts covering half of the village. Now she was giving thousands of liters of milk.

The father employed a hundred servants for only squeezing out the milk and transporting in all around the state. And another hundred to take care of the giant cow.

Soon Laxmi became famous all around the globe. Many milk industries had reached the father to buy it for millions, but he rejected all smoothly.

Half of the milk produced by Laxmi had been serving for the poor children in the country for free, and stopped the deaths of poor starving kids.

The family was quiet happy with their giant cow. They became very rich in one year, but they were as humble and helpful to the poor as before.

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