

The Tragic Tale of Two Terrified Cows  
By Liliane H.

\* I'm sorry for all the Grade A puns \*

Belindo the Cow woke up alone in the middle of the pasture to the sound of frightened mooing. His ears perked up as he recognized the sound of his friend, Moorty. The moos were loud and scared, and came from the woods. Belindo froze in shock, utterly terrified. Dare he go and see what was happening? Yes, he thought to himself. If not to settle the fearful churning in his gut, then to make sure his friends life wasn't at steak like he feared.

The rusty-hinged gate slowly creaked open. The lock had already been broken by Moorty, his lock picking skills well known around the farm. Belindo peered into the dark woods that was before him, the trees downcast and terrifying in the darkness. A shiver crept up his spine as he made his way into the woods, following the screams.

Belindo blindly stumbled through the darkness. How long had he been looking? It felt like hours. Moorty had stopped screaming for now, and Belindo had no idea where he could be. Then he heard the sounds of tree branches cracking, and hurried hoof steps on the ground. He turned around sharply to see a screaming black and white shape moove towards him at breakneck speed. He stumbled out of the way just as the blur sped past him, crashing headfirst into a tree. His eyes widened. He knew that panicked run....

The large shape, camouflaged by the trees shadows, slowly got up. Belindo took a tentative step forward. "Moorty? Is that you?" The black and white cow looked at the white and black cow. Moorty looked up, eyes brightening in relief at seeing his buddy. "BELINDO! YOU HAVE TO HELP ME!" He screamed with the force of a crowing rooster. "From what!?" Moorty glanced behind Belindo, and a look of pure horror began to write itself on his face. "T-that..." Belindo turned around just as a small, menacing shape pulled away from the trees....

A single moth flapped around harmlessly. It flew near Belindo's face, and with a single movement, it landed swiftly on his nose. He screamed, and began to run at full speed away from the trees, Moorty following soon after.

The moth continued to flit around, as harmless as a budderfly.