

Not a Disaster After All

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"Argh!" I sputtered as mud splashed up behind the galloping cow, splattering my tired, grubby face. Crusty, dried milk stuck to my front, hay clung to my back, and bruises throbbed on my toes from sharp hooves. I had a lot to learn. I gritted my teeth, and ran, full tilt across the paddock, chasing the troublesome creature.

If only my past self could see me now...

Just last month, I contentedly sank into bed with my headphones on, thinking about school, friends and shopping, when, "Posy!" Mum called. "Come down here!"

I groaned, trudging downstairs.

"Your Dad's brother, Uncle Bill, died and has left a farm," she said upon my entrance.

Obviously, I was confused. "What?"

"We're the only family that wants it."

"But I don't want it!" I exclaimed.

A farm. Mud. Animals. No Wi-Fi. No shopping malls. No friends. This was going to be a disaster.

The car trip was long—muddy roads, cows everywhere, and an ancient farmhouse.

The next morning, a rooster crowed outside my window. Then came the chores —chickens flapping and squawking, calves stomping on my feet, and mud everywhere.

"How am I going to survive?" I muttered.

Days later, something changed.

A cow bolted. I ran after it. Mud splattered my face, and I ached, but eventually I cut it off.

I skidded to a stop, panting. My new clothes were ruined; and I smelled worse than the calves. Struggling with the gate, I shot one glance back, then started towards the farmhouse, realising I had caught a cow, run like a cross-country champion, fought with calves and chickens, and had a tiring day. Then a sense of achievement flooded me. Maybe I was cut out for this farming life.

And maybe—just maybe—this wasn't going to be a disaster after all.