

2nd Place (Schools Y7&8, 2023): Ava Rintoul McCready, Aropohue School, A Typical Morning in the Pen

Lazily I stretched, listening to the birds singing. A call startled me, breaking the peace. Peanut-Butter—an impatient calf— aimed a kick at the offender only to end up putting a dent in the pen wall.

“Annoying little calf!” he mooed crossly.

“Don’t mind her,” I said.

I got up and poked my head out, disturbing the magpies who had decided to perch on the fence post. Up tottered a small, brown calf looking hopefully at me.

“Milk?” she called.

“No!” I said, nudging her away from me.

The moment that pesky Nutella had arrived she’d been nothing but trouble to me and my friend Peanut-Butter. She was quite young, and still in the mindset of getting milk from her mother. With eyes like melted chocolate, she sure could pull one sweet face though.

Yawning, Peanut emerged from the warmth of our pen.

“Are those weird, two legged creatures here yet? I’m starving!” He was not a morning person.

“Milk?” called Nutella, nudging me. I kicked out, just missing her face. Ignoring her pitiful calls I poked my head into the meal feeder. Nothing! Me and Peanut scoffed it all last night.

Finally! Those two-legged things were here.

“Oh heck, it’s all of them!” I cried.

We ran up to them, poking our heads through the gate. Eagerly I searched for the white magic that filled my stomach with its warmth. I sighed contentedly as my mouth found the teat.

Just a typical morning in the pen!