



Munch Saves A Village

Once upon a Munch time there was a cow called Munch who could eat more grass than the other cows. She would go down to the fields and crunch and chew all day.

Munch wasn't much to look at, being dull white with black spots and brown patches, but her eyes were soft and friendly. But Munch had a problem. She did not have much milk each time she went into the milking shed with the rest of the herd, and the farmer would shake his head when he saw how little she gave. The other cows felt far superior to Munch, as they gave gallons of lovely creamy milk every day.

Munch tried to make friends, but the other cows just walked away, making jokes about her looks and her small amounts of milk. The only friend she had was the sheep dog, Jess, who was also black and white. After helping the farmer move animals, Jess would come to Munch, and they walked round the field, or down to the river. Munch liked the river as it babbled and chuckled its way through the fields, passing through the village. She and Jess would wade in and enjoy the cool water round their legs.

"Why can't I make gallons of milk like the others?" said Munch, one day, slowly chewing a mouthful of grass. **"The other cows laugh at me, and tell me I'm no use to the farmer. I've even heard them say that he will get rid of me."**

Jess saw a large tear roll down her cheek, and walked up to her and licked her face. **"I'm still your friend, Munch, and always will be."**

Late one afternoon, Munch was on her own in a field, and shook her head as drops of rain fell. The sky was dark and the wind screamed as it became stronger, and the rain poured down. Munch ran as she heard a crash of thunder, and pushed her way through an open gate and just ran, not knowing where she was going.

She reached a wood and pushed through the trees hearing a roaring sound that became louder and louder. Then she reached the river. It was boiling with the extra water pouring down from the nearby hills, and Munch could see the river spreading over its banks. Something told her there was danger for the village and she must warn them.

Into the village ran Munch, mooing loudly to attract attention, but the villagers were cross that a cow should be running up and down the main street making so much noise. They tried to make her leave, and some hit her with sticks, but Munch would not go. Mooing loudly, she ran up and down the village, from one end to the other and back again.

When a few men came up to her, she looked at them then ran back up the road, and they followed. One man went back for his car and the others jumped in to get shelter from the rain.

Munch led them out of the village towards the woods, but they did not have to go so far, as they could see the river bursting its banks. The foaming water was carrying branches from trees, and hurtling towards the village.

"Get back quickly," shouted one man. **"We must warn the villagers to get to high ground."**

Munch followed them and watched the villagers quickly leave their homes, and use cars and tractors to move to the church which was on higher ground. The river was now flowing into the streets.



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They stayed out of danger all night and came back in the morning when the storm had gone, and the river was quietly babbling its way again.

“That cow saved us,” said the villagers the next day, and they all came to pat Munch, and tell her what a special cow she was.

Her owner gave her the best stall in the cowshed, and brushed her coat every day. He wasn’t worried anymore about how little milk she gave because she had become a celebrity.

Television, radio, and the newspapers came to take pictures of her and get the story. Munch was famous.

“You might not look much, and you don’t give much milk,” said Jess, **“but what you did that day, saving the village, was far more important.”**

Munch said nothing as she was far too busy doing what she liked best: munching lovely green grass.