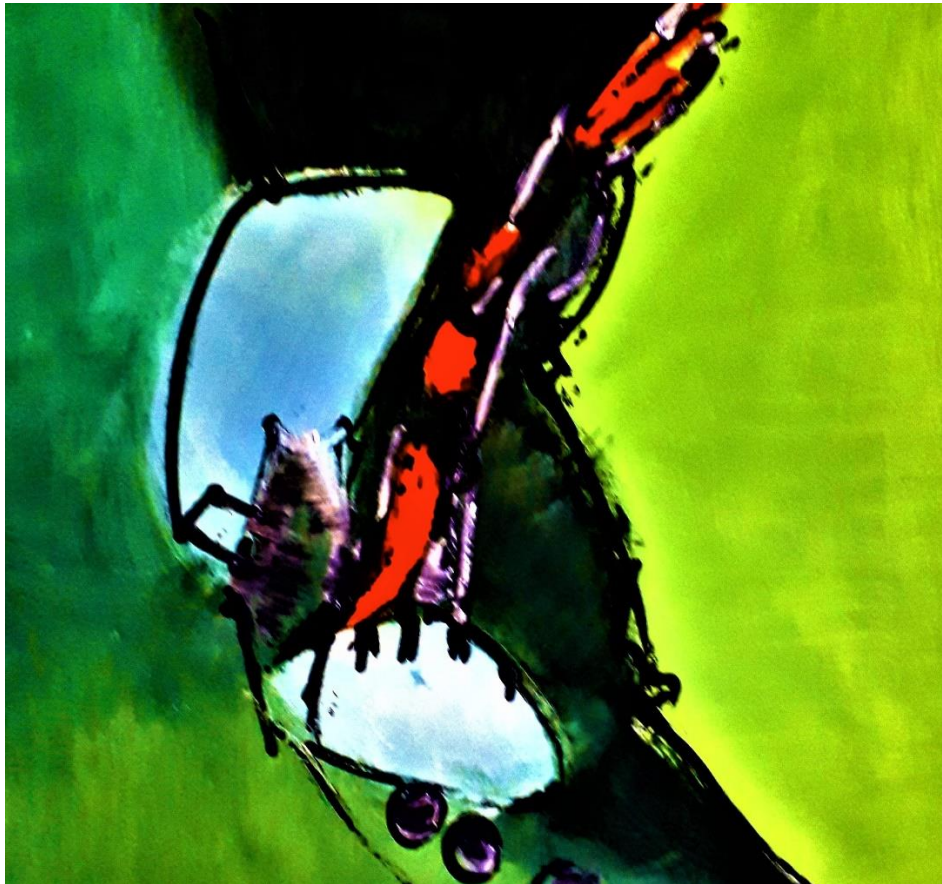


JUNE 2021

FREE



It was always great craic watching the cattle in spring leaving the stable for the first time. There was already great pushing and shoving going on beforehand, still inside, and if only one cow would have tried to break through the ranking order, fighting would have started.

The wild chase across the yard looked like a 'stampede' out of a Western. And eventually, out on the pasture, the milk producers, normally all composed, elegantly stiff and level-headed, capered around as normally only calves would. A short gallop followed by yanking around the back side, legs up in the air, change of direction and gallop again. The dignified, mellow mother cows rolled themselves in the tall grass like pigs, and the younger ones tried on fighting like real Ehringer cows.

About an hour later all of them stand in the deep grass and stuff themselves. Forage is all what matters now, freedom turned into normality, joie de vivre found in guzzling up. They lie down into the grass with a full rumen, staring stupidly ahead and thinking perhaps of: 'Nothing...'. A languorous belch starts the ruminating. The times of bondage are over, they get used to it...

For us, too, time inside the stables is over.

Quickly you adopt to the new (old) freedom.

Everything is like it used to be, except the coffee brew tastes better without a muzzle.

Questions about meaning and purpose, benefit or loss, are out the window.
Ruminating is useless, we have a good stomach.
We will survive the next penned-up as well.

One pandemic wave will follow the next. Post-Corona will probably turn seamlessly into
climate paranoia, and instead of lockdowns we might get
a global farting ban.