

# Why cows and bulls are unreliable for me



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

It happened when I was just eight years old. My family and I were on Christmas vacations year but we were not sure about what place to visit. My parents suggested visiting some relatives in a farm placed between the mountains. Instead of that, my three sisters and I wanted to go somewhere more exciting, for instance some towns on the pacific coast which commonly are celebrating several festivals at the end of the year.

Finally, my parents decided that we would visit our relatives. After two hours of trip we arrived to a little village, it was pretty cold and looked like it would rain in any moment; in fact, the road to get our relatives farm was full of mud, so we had to get there by foot because our car was not capable of cross this type of way. I thought it would be the most boring vacations of our lives.

Finally, when we got the farm we decided to walk along the fields, I cannot deny I began feeling a little more excited because of the beauty of the place, the nature and the animals, by the way, as we were walking I saw a lot of cows, bulls and calves in a fenced ground, so I decided to wander off my family to have a look. When I got into the fenced field I saw a white calf which I wanted to caress, but when I walked up the calf I felt that someone or something huge was behind me.

When I turned back to see I realized that It was a giant bull running up to me, so I felt quite scared and began to run around the field, I shouted many times 'Somebody help me please! ' but my family and relatives were already far away that place. I was desperate and exhausted, I could not run anymore and the bull was very close to me. I don't know how but when I got close to

the border of the field I tried to jump off the fence. I almost achieve the other side but my jacket got entangled in one of the wires of the fence, so I was hanging for a moment.

Suddenly, somebody grabbed me from one of my legs; he was the butler of the farm. Some minutes later, the butler and I joined to my family again, but unfortunately when my parents found out about what was happened (thanks to the butler) they punished me. Nevertheless, my sisters and relatives were laughing their heads off. Since then, every time I see a cow or a bull even if it is beautiful, I always run off. I cannot imagine me in the same situation again.