

# COW GIRL

by Ken Bradbury



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**The Cow Girl**  
by Ken Bradbury

# The Cow Girl

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Don't take me wrong and please don't quote me on this. I mean, I wouldn't want him to find out and then I'd be in real trouble ... but if you've got a minute, then I've got a secret for you. Promise you'll keep it quiet? Do you promise? You've got that look on your face. Ok ... here's the secret: My Dad is trying to ruin my Life!

I'm not kidding! He hatched the plot the day I was born. Really! This is not just a speech! This is the honest-to-gosh truth! And how is he doing this? 'My father is trying to establish that me being a farm girl surpasses all other human endeavors.'

OK, for those of you who don't know anything about farming, let me set a few things straight. We don't ride to school on a mule, we don't sleep with the chickens, and (*sarcastically*) even some of us have indoor plumbing.

My dad was born on a farm, his dad was born on a farm, *his* dad was a farmer, and his ... well listen ... Do you remember how one of Adam and Eve's boys decided to "till the soil?" We have an old picture of him at one of our family's reunions.

My dad always dreamed of having a boy to farm along side him. Before I was born, he'd purchased a set of toy tractors, a toy tool set, and painted my baby room blue with Angus cows all over the ceiling. Then I was born. He asked the doctor, "Are you sure?" But dad isn't one to give up. He figured, "Heck, I'll just slap a pair of overalls on her until she's twenty years old and maybe she'll just become a boy from the chemicals in the work boots."

But here I am ... a semi-normal eighth-grade girl with all the hopes and dreams of any girl. ... stuck with a dad who wonders why I don't have an urge to go out and wrestle steers.

My friends will sit around in our last hour class on Friday afternoon and say to each other, "What are you doing this weekend, Jenny?"



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*COW GIRL*

*by Ken Bradbury.*

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