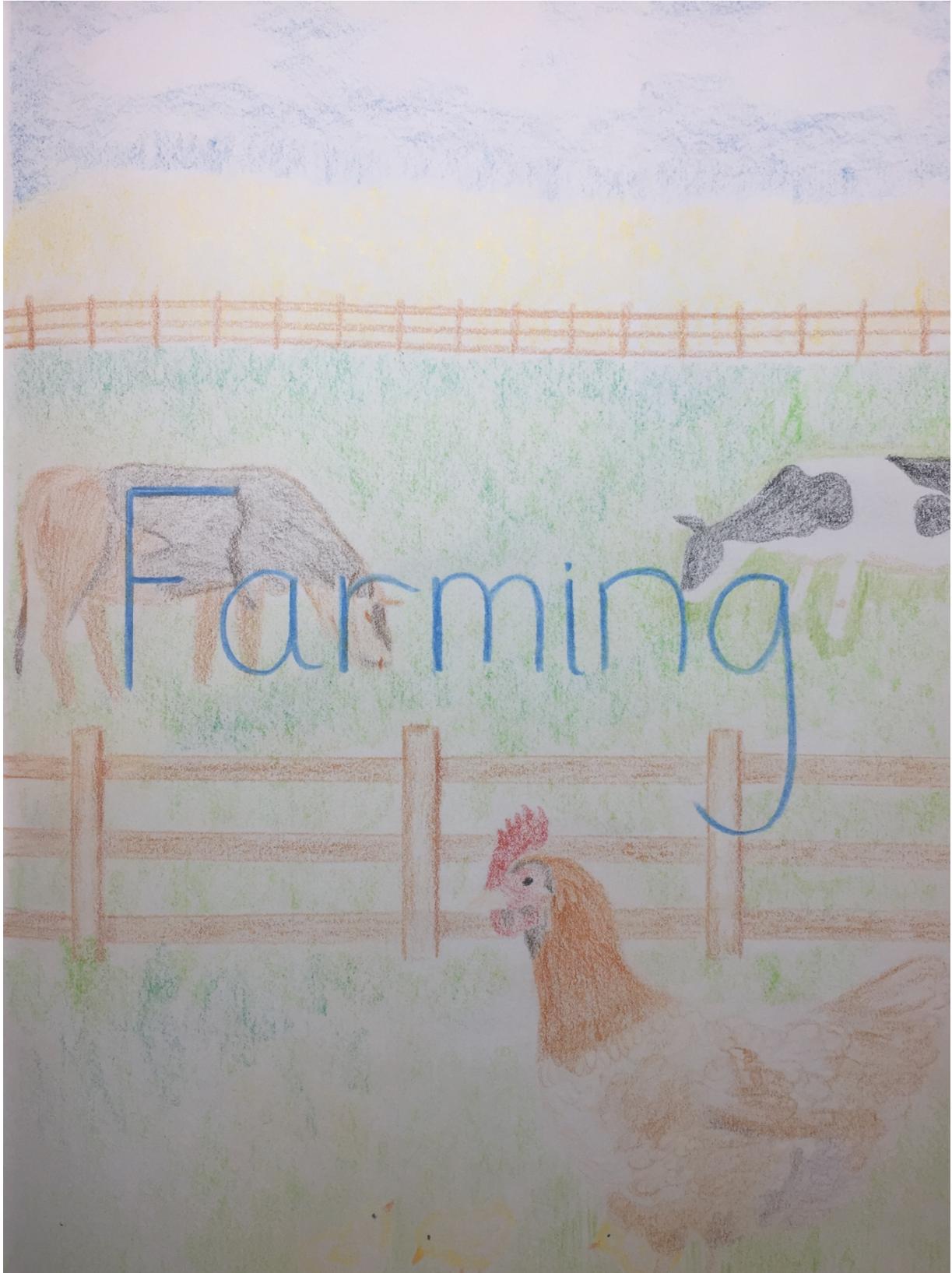


## Farming Main Lesson

Monday 5<sup>th</sup> October

### Title page

Create the title page of your new main lesson in your orange main lesson book. Write the title "Farming" and draw animals or plants you would find on a farm.

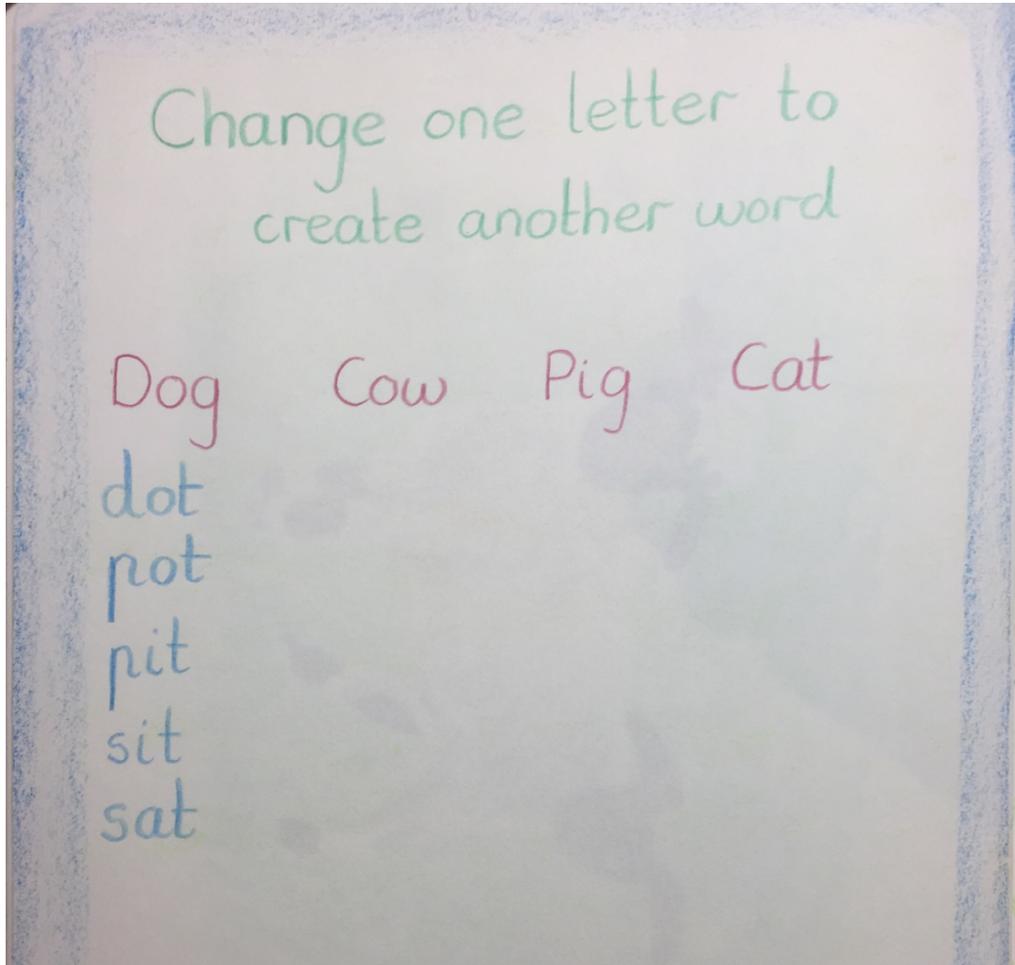


### Word game:

In your English practice book, transform the given words as many times as you can by changing one letter. For example:

Dog > dot > pot > pit > sit > set

Transform the following words: cow, pig and cat



### Story: Milking Lola

It was the school holidays and Timothy's parents decided that he could spend some time with his cousin Ella at her farm in the country. Tim as everyone called him, had been asking if he could visit his aunt and uncle's farm for a long time. Not so long ago, he had helped his father spread manure in the garden from bags that had been bought from a nearby hardware store. Tim didn't stop complaining about the stench until his father finally cried out, "well it's cow poo, what do you expect?" Tim was horrified, why on earth had they paid good money for bags of dung? It was not long after that, that Tim's parents decided that perhaps it would be best for Tim to spend some time on a farm.

Tim's aunt and uncle, Claire and Ram owned a huge 60-acre mixed farm. It had been a long time since Tim had last been to the farm, but he had never stayed for more than a day. This time, Tim was staying for two whole weeks and he was incredibly excited. His cousin Ella greeted him at the gate and together they ran to the farm house. Tim's aunt and uncle welcomed him warmly and showed him to his room. Once he was settled in Tim joined the family for dinner. Claire and Ram told him that he would help his cousin Ella with all her jobs on the farm and that meant he would be rising before the sun every morning. Tim didn't mind, he was excited to have real farm jobs to do, he had never done that before.

When Ella woke Tim the next morning, it was still dark and Tim did not feel as excited about starting a day on the farm as he had at dinner the night before. He was still half asleep as he stumbled after Ella towards a large shed. Inside, Claire, Ram and some farm workers were already beginning to fill troughs with hay and cows were positioning themselves as though they knew exactly what they were doing. "Good morning Tim" called Claire, "you can help Ella fill the troughs with hay and then she'll show you how to milk a cow." Tim was wide awake now, he gently petted a brown cow's head as it began to eat the hay he placed in its trough. The cow's large dreamy eyes remained focused on the fresh hay, the cow did not seem to mind at all that it had a new visitor. Ella called Tim over to a white cow with brown patches, "this is Lola, she is such a gentle cow, she won't mind if you're not quite sure how to milk her yet" said Ella. She greased her hands, sat down on a little stool and placed a bucket under Lola's udders. "It's not hard, just pull and squeeze" explained Ella as she began milking Lola with a teat in each hand. Warm frothy milk slowly began to fill the bucket. "Here, take over" offered Ella. Tim was a little nervous, but he didn't want to disappoint Ella. As he pulled down on the teat, he almost squealed with excitement when milk squirted into the bucket. It wasn't so hard after all. Tim gently rested his forehead against Lola's warm, soft belly. Milking was a wonderful way to start the morning.

As Tim became more confident, he started looking around the cowshed. There were so many cows, it was difficult for him to count them all from the low stool that he was seated on. So many people we required to milk the cows. "Why don't you use machines to milk the cows?" asked Tim and the moment he said it, he thought to himself that he was glad they didn't use machines or he wouldn't be milking Lola and he wasn't sure that Lola would like to be milked by a machine. Ella confirmed his thoughts, "well, using machines is certainly a cheaper way to produce milk as there aren't so many workers to pay, but we love our cows dearly and we think that they are happier this way."

"What about those other calves in the pen outside?" inquired Tim. "They are waiting for their share" replied Ella, "in the beginning, the mother cow only gives milk to her calf, but when it is old enough, we separate the calf from the mother so that it doesn't drink too much milk. The mother is milked with all the other cows and the baby calf gets its milk in a bucket. Not long after, it starts to learn how to eat grass like the grown-up cows."

At the other end of the cowshed was a black and white cow wondering around aimlessly and making quite a lot of noise. "Why isn't that cow being milked?" asked Tim, "oh, that's Tilda, she can be a bit moody sometimes and when she is, we don't milk her. She would never hurt us, but she certainly won't hesitate to kick the bucket of milk, so there's not much point."

Just then, Lola's tail lifted and before Tim could work out what was about to happen and move from his little stool, a great big mass of brown splatted to the ground. A familiar smell filled the air. Tim was polite enough to keep his mouth shut, but there was no helping the expression on his face and hand that flew to cover his nose. Tim heard a deep chuckle and looked up to see his uncle Ram's eyes twinkling with amusement. "You know, when I was a young boy, whenever I got a cut, my mother would cover the cut with cow dung!" Tim gaped at his uncle with his mouth wide open, wondering whether he was more shocked or horrified. "Well of course we cannot do that now. But in the old days in India and up until I was a boy at least, cow dung and urine were used as a treatment. These days the air, the water and the soil are not so pure and if you tried doing it now, you'd end up with an infection. Cow dung is still used for many things in Indian villages even today though. The cow dung is shaped into patties, dried in the sun and then used in the construction of little huts and it is also burned as fuel in fires. My mother would even mix some of the dried cow dung with water and spray it around the outside of the house to repel insects. In India, the cow is a sacred animal and treated great respect. The cow is revered like a mother, for they are gentle and everything they give benefits us." Tim looked back down at the fresh deposit of cow dung with a lot more respect and now thought that perhaps his parents weren't so foolish to have spent money on bags of it after all. As though to

confirm his thoughts, Tim's uncle continued, "after you have finished milking the cows, you and Ella will help us collect the cow dung in the shed so that it can be added to the compost heap.

Despite his new-found respect for cows, Tim wasn't sure that he would enjoy shovelling cow dung as much as he enjoyed milking. But when Tim and Ella had a wheelbarrow and a shovel each and Tim saw the glint in Ella's eyes, he knew that they were about to have a race. Tim's feet started moving even before Ella had a chance to explain that they would see who could fill their wheelbarrow first, he understood right away and he was off. Each time they found a heap of cow dung, they cried out "Found one!". There was much running around and laughing and when there was no more cow dung to be found they met at the barn entrance. Tim's pile was just a little higher than Ella's and for a moment he was worried that she would be upset that she had lost. But Ella laughed the moment she realised and said that there was hope for him yet, even though he was from the city, maybe Tim would manage as a farm worker after all.

After breakfast, they visited the part of the farm where butter and cheese were made. They saw the huge machine for separating the cream from the milk. Some of the cream went to another machine to be churned into butter while the rest was put into small cardboard tubs and sealed for sale at shops. They had huge fridges to store all the milk, butter and cream.

They also saw the cheese rooms and spoke to Mary who was in charge of the cheese-making. "Every cheese has a special recipe. Some have herbs added. With others it is the temperature they are processed at. Here, have a taste." And she broke off a small piece from one of the cheeses for each of them. Now, try this one, you'll see it is quite different," said Mary. "Delicious!" said Tim. "I'd love to make cheese." "It takes a long time to learn to do it properly." Mary said: "One can't afford to make mistakes. If it doesn't taste right, you can't sell it." "Now off with you two", giggled Mary, after Tim and Ella had sampled all the different cheeses, "before you eat so much cheese that you have no room left for lunch!"