

Mocha and the Moon



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MOCHA AND THE MOON

Mocha was a dairy cow who lived on an ordinary farm. But she was no ordinary cow.

She was always wondering about things. Her mind never stopped. Why did the chickens lay those oddly-shaped things they called eggs, she would wonder. Why did she eat grass instead of the steaks and hamburgers that Farmer Dan and his wife ate for dinner? Why was she white with black spots instead of, say, purple with green triangles? Not that she would want to eat anything but grass or be any other colour than what she was but the thoughts did cross her mind.

The other cows never wondered such things. They would stand in the pasture, day after day, chewing on their grass, or “cud” as they called it, only commenting on whether it was too dry or too moist or, on rare occasions, just right. They would let Farmer Dan and his family lead them away to be milked, never bothering to question whether or not they might, in fact, need the milk for themselves and shouldn’t perhaps give it up so readily. Mocha used to wonder about that too but realized that, somehow, there was always more milk inside of her so she didn’t worry about it to any great extent.

One sunny summer day, a tabby cat wearing a brown cowboy hat and brown cowboy boots was wandering down the road, whistling a rather pleasant tune, and stopped at the farm, thirsty and looking for some something to drink. The other cows paid the cat no mind. They just stood there, chewing their cud as usual. That’s all they thought of to do.

One particular cow, Moomoo – named by Farmer Dan’s young son who liked the funny sound cows made – even thought it rude that this cat would dare to interrupt her meal with his request.

But Mocha, wonderer that she was, was curious as to what this visitor was doing on the farm. She walked over to the cat and smiled.

“Hi, there! My name’s Mocha. What brings you to the farm today?” she asked in a most genteel, welcoming manner.

The cat took off his hat and bowed.

“Why, hello, Miss Mocha. My name is Jeb. I’ve been walking down this road for so long and I was hoping one of you fine ladies would allow me a drink of milk to tide me over until I get to the next town.”

Mocha was impressed and intrigued, seeing as she never had anywhere to go.

“That’s certainly a long walk, Mister Jeb. Why are you going all that way?”

Jeb held up a funny-shaped case he was holding in his right hand.

“I’m a musician. I play this here fiddle like nobody’s business and I’m supposed to be performing at a square dancing competition tomorrow night.”

Mocha was so delighted her tail swished back and forth. “Well, isn’t that just fascinating? I just love music! I hear Farmer Dan playing it on his record player all the time.” She was more than happy to offer a drink to this friendly stranger. “Sure, I’ll let you have some milk if you tell me about the music you play.”

“Well, that would be right kind of you, Mocha.” Jeb was very appreciative.

Mocha nodded her head in the direction of the barn. “The stool and bucket are over there, by the barn door.”

So, Mocha and Jeb walked over to the barn. Jeb set the bucket down underneath Mocha and took a seat on the stool beside her. As Jeb gently pulled on Mocha's udders to get the milk into the bucket, Mocha had so many questions. Where did Jeb come from? What was it like there?

"I've never heard of a cat playing the fiddle before." she began. "Do all the cats play where you are from? How did you come to do it?"

Jeb thought for a moment. "Farmer Jess plays the fiddle all the time. She's real good at it, too, she is. Well, when I heard it for the first time, I thought it was right purty and I wanted to try it myself and, well, I guess nobody told me I couldn't do it, so I did it."

"Wow! You just thought of it and it happened?"

"Well, I had to practice of course. It took a lot of practicing to become as fabulous as I am."

"Oh, I'm sure you are too!" Mocha, struck with awe, agreed.

"Well, thank you," Jeb said blushing, then continued, "but, I guess you're right that, if I hadn't thought of it first, it wouldn't have happened at all, right?"

Mocha and Jeb chatted for a long time – about music, where he had been on his travels. Every so often, Jeb would take a sip of milk from the bucket, which was beginning to fill up, and purr with satisfaction.

"Mocha, I do believe this is the best milk I've ever tasted." he declared.

Mocha was very pleased. "Have as much as you want. I don't know how but there's always more in there somewhere."