

## MOON SHOT

### *Shooting The Bull*

A fat complacent bull swaggered amidst his herd. Although fat, he did not lack in vigor and in movements peculiar to bulls in their prime. The bull, seldom kindly by nature, puffed and snorted, and abused the atmosphere with his personal brand of effrontery. Pleasures of all sorts were at his command, and he partook of them with a bold indifference. A ton of sinewy, supple, muscle power with the mobility of a centipede and very well assured of these assets and their obvious effect; he could be all presupposition, defying any that thought he shouldn't be this way.

He did not pretend to be anything more than he was. His indifference to all else besides himself and his pleasures was his most overbearing attribute. Purposes and directions in this life did not trouble his mien, and he dispensed with philosophy as freely and as often as his bowels would move him; the said philosophy could be measured thereby.

Naturally he was envied. His fields, the most verdant and plentiful, were desired by all other herds. On occasions, with no apparent reason, he would allow other herds to glean some of his excess, and upon other occasions, again with no apparent reason, would butt the gleaners or would-be gleaners way from these excesses.

He would engage in disputes with other herds, taking sides as suited his whim, and would plunge all of his ripping power through the very belly of the upstart and doomed-before-he-started victim. His creeds were very arbitrary; he tried all, and would alter them to suit himself, eventually abandoning each. One could feel that his creed was that of Bulldom, and Bulldom was invested in his sheer strength, and indifference to a higher Bulldom, which expired as he breathed.

He was aware that other bulls lived, fearing them not; he did not feel the need to challenge and kill other bulls, excepting those occasions when he would become embulled in the disputes of others. However he was beginning to feel the brunt of challenges more and more, and with such suddenness that would find him provoked into an awareness, begging him from his complacent stupor. But confident of himself in all directions, simply through the habit of always being confident, he would either kill the responsible provoker or would practice the art of wounding, maiming and crippling such a hapless one.

He would proudly allow bulls from other herds to view and study all the magic that constituted his power and sovereign;

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on each occasion he would put on a grand show of strength and plentifulness, trying to pretend that we was not overproud. Despite the restraint, his mere existence alone excited in the visitor an envy so acute as to promote in that visitor a feeling 'this fellow of a bull is by far the most pompous and indifferent of all, and perhaps the most greedy'. But the powerless visitor, a scrawny old ambassadorial bull, would preserve these thoughts unto himself, and would silently peer his eyes at all that was to be seen; he would flatter here and there, accept this gift and that, and would depart with many schemes unknown even to his own herd concerning the wresting from this fat complacent bull, his reign over Bulldom.

There then arose a fable, that in another land also existed a bull as strong, if not stronger than he. Quite naturally, our fathead of a bull ignored such stories, being biased toward himself from habit. But the stories were growing in frequency, consistency, and magnitude; and indeed the exploits of the fabled bull were equal to his own, and had perhaps had begun to exceed them. Not to say the least, he began to feel the the stir of doubt and was prompted to examine himself and the strength of his herd; after many perusals deciding a lusty bellow or two would shout down his doubts and any unrest that ensued from them. However, the stories grew with a sureness that caused those within the herd to feel shame for him, and themselves as well, because he would not challenge the new virile and murderous bull. Could it be he believed the stories knowing them to be true? It was true that he believed them; his only concern was that nothing should encroach upon his freedom to partake of the pleasures to which he had grown accustomed. Though his complacency was disturbed he did continue in his accustomed manner, but with more caution. And indeed his caution was perceived, and all those within his herd grew fearful and banded together into dissenting groups. Out of his caution arose greater efforts to bolster what strength he possessed which he achieved merely by fiat. But it was only strength that he bolstered, for this is all he knew; he continued the swaggerer he had always been.

Bulldom everywhere became rife with the confusion of dissenting factions, all wanting to become master of the herds. Too many would-be masters were beginning to appear, and though masters they would-be they were nonetheless gored through and down to their very death, and many more were crippled into a sheer state of regretfulness. More and more, and uglier and uglier, did become the wanton ripping of bellies. The new, virile and murderous bull reveled in this ripping, instigating as much of

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it as he could, for master he would become; or so he predicted, none possessing the wherewithall to challenge such presumption. His followers, too, dissented and threatened him with annihilation lest he cease his vile and murderous ways. For all of this unruly carnage serves no purpose in the greater scheme for the good of all bulls in greater Bulldom. Harbored in the heart of every bull a feeling remained that concern should be voiced for very Bulldom itself. Symposia were arranged until they had reached numbers that were proving futile even to count as they produced less and less in the greater good for all bulls.

With bulls torn and shredded, muddied and swollen, horns broken, tails bent, and many of these lying dead, and many others not looking like bulls at all, it became obvious, after this state of affairs was disseminated throughout Bulldom, that something had to be done to remedy such dire circumstance. Some thought the new bull was too ruthless in his methods, and too avaricious in the garnering of pasture, seemingly wanting it all; the same bulls felt that the older bull, though indifferent to the greater good of all, at least did not openly wish to possess more pasture than was already his. However these observations arranged themselves, the new bull was relentless in his aim until he had gained something of what he desired; whether encouraged or forced to see the light, he seemed after a while to abate his attempts, and begin to partake of some of the amenities.

Fortuitously incident with this latter development, a great feat had been achieved, a feat that bulls for centuries have been trying to achieve without avail. It so happened that bulls have, for centuries, observed the the flight of birds and have noticed bright lights in the sky; and after much cogitatin upon th matter they had become convinced that other bulls existed somewhere in other Bulldoms. Birds gave the lie to gravity, and that strange forces were at work which could enable life to rise up out of the dirt, sand and verdure into the nothingness that encompassed and surrounded it. Now, alas, with the feat of flight at last achieved, much of the bad blood that had existed between bulls was channeled into the endeavor of becoming like birds. A method was developed, known only to bulls in the specialist positions amongst bulls, and to those bulls exclusively, and not shared amongst other creatures, to become birdborne, a method that would exceed limits of which the birds had never dreamed.

Bulls, throughout the entire realm became infused with a fever that even the bitterest rivalry between them had not been able to arouse; they might afterall become birdborne; the prospect of greener pastures drove them into a mad frenzy. One bull could

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not be kept from remarking," I've never heard of, not seen, bulls in the concerted state they are now in".

Many bull-heart-breaking attempts were made to rise with the ease of the bird into the utter nothingness; but bullheadedness, when applied by so many bulls, won the day. At first an orbit about Bulldom was all that could be achieved, and then several orbits. A hush fell over the greater part of Bulldom; the great effort was being studied and planned. Soon, all felt, a bull will be sent into outer space.

Since bulls themselves were so heavy, it was decided that its lighter counterpart, the cow, would be chosen to take the plunge into utter nothingness. So it was, the cow jumped over the moon.