

Summer has Come to the Gaur Bison

The early morning dew glittered fresh on the grass, but large brown patches of earth could be seen everywhere. The matriarch turned to look at the rising sun. Yes, the sun had crossed the third hill. Summer had come. She looked at her consort. The bull looked at the sun, and then up over the mountain slope towards the forest.

The time had come to move high into the forest. Food would be there, but they must be close packed, guarding the calves from the leopards. The tiger was there too, but that was karma.

The matriarch bellowed an order and moved heavily up the mountain slope. The herd moved in closer. Four guard bulls took up stations at the points of the compass. The calves were in the centre. The great bison herd, black like the ancient Gondwana rock beneath, flowed uphill into the deep green forest.