

Ian O'Doherty: Fancy some moo-ditation?

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These are stressful times -- in fact, it seems the only people who aren't moaning about having to take a 10pc pay cut are those who have been forced to take a 100pc cut after they've lost their job.

So it's no surprise that stressed executives and assorted high flyers need to go on retreats and do meditation more than ever before.

After all, what better way to strategise your next foray into the dog-eat-dog world of corporate high finance than to kick back for a while and let all your worries just drift away in a relaxing spa?

A farmer in Holland has come up with a rather innovative meditation opportunity for stressed Dutch workers -- he lets them meditate with his cows.

The customer pays a mere £800 -- this column could translate into euro, but really, we simply couldn't be that bothered -- to the farmer and for that extremely modest and reasonable fee, they get to spend a few hours in the stalls chilling with the cows.

There is, however, one slight problem.

Cows aren't exactly renowned for their impeccable toilet manners and some customers have complained about some rather unpleasant and extremely up-close encounters with smelly cow poopy and wee wee.

It's actually a brilliant business strategy -- you walk into a hostile board meeting, reeking of cow shite and covered in suspicious stains and immediately your opponents across the table think: "Oh no, he's reeking of cow shite and covered in suspicious stains. That means he's just been off meditating and we'll never get the better of him now. Damn you, cows."