

The Milee & Bindiya Way

Caring for land, animals, and each other



The Milee & Bindiya Way



Concept and Words
Sarah Hyder Iqbal

Illustration
Dibyush Jena

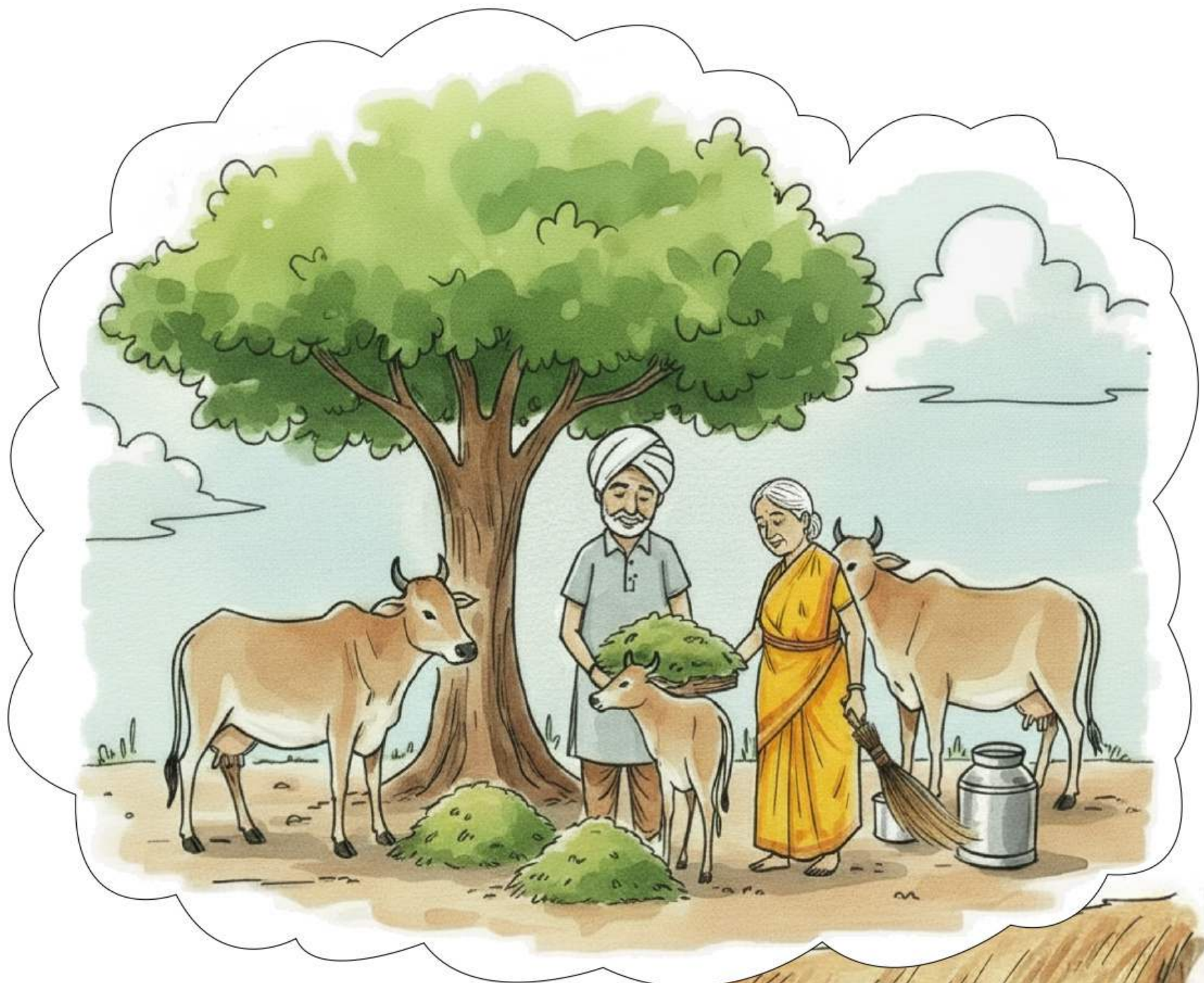
In the small town of Noamra, where mornings smelled of warm milk and woodsmoke, lived Milee, a sharp-eyed girl with a quiet curiosity, who loved cows more than anything. Her family were dairy farmers, like her grandparents and their parents before them.

Every dawn, just as the temple bell rang and her mother put the pot on for chai, Milee ran excitedly to the cowshed, humming softly

“pyari Bindiya re...”

Her favourite was Bindiya, a gentle brown cow with big patient eyes and a tiny dark spot on her forehead.

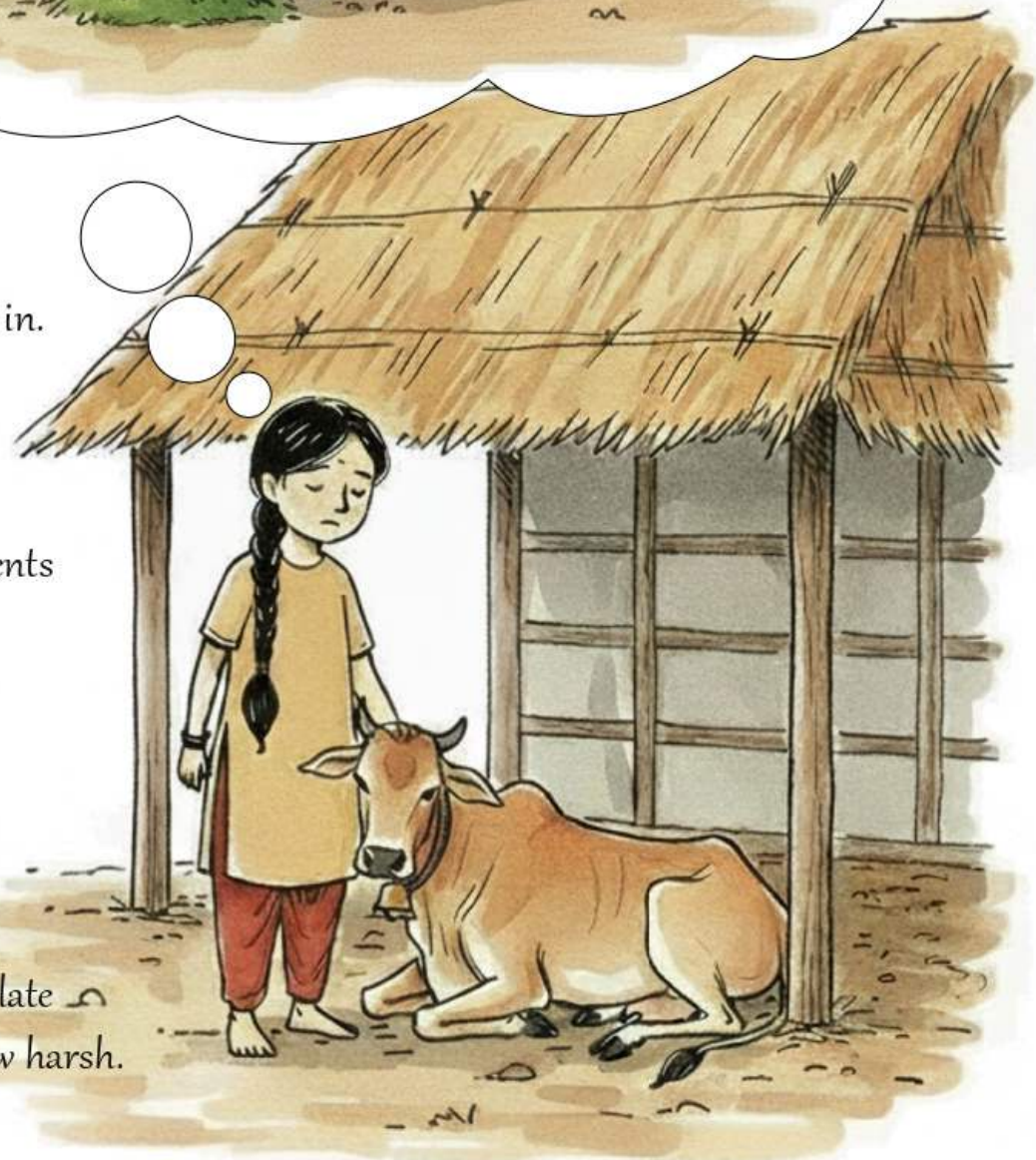




Life in Noamra moved with the cows.
 Milking at sunrise.
 Cleaning the shed before the heat sets in.
 Evenings spent watching
 the herd grow quiet,

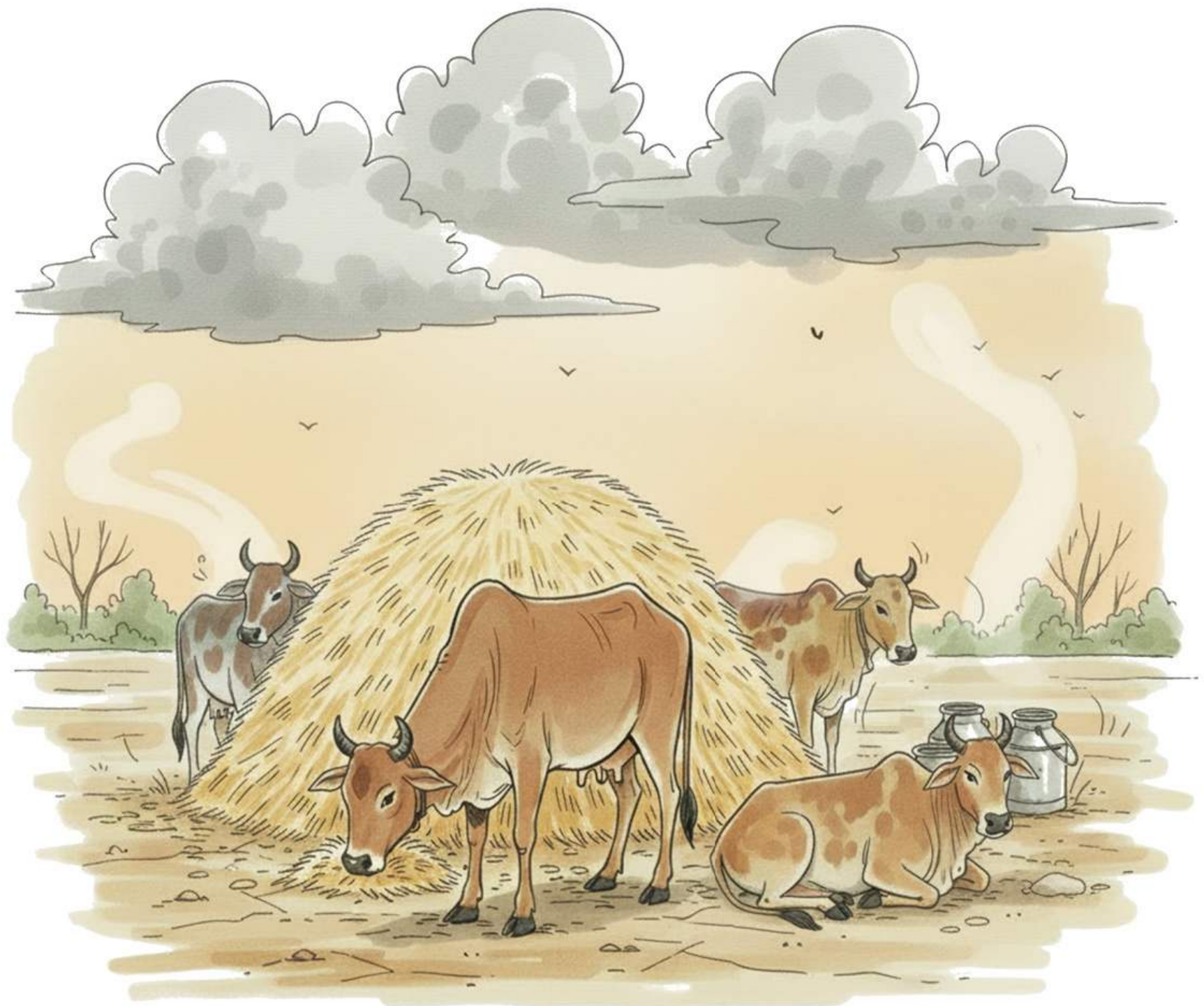
Milee remembered how her grandparents
 cared for their cows.
 They noticed small changes.
 A slower step.
 A missed meal.
 Any unusual marks on their udders.

They cleaned more when the rain was late
 and rested animals when the heat grew harsh.



But that summer felt different.
The hot days were lasting longer.
The monsoon arrived late.
The cows began coughing and the milk cans filled more slowly.
Bindiya stopped nudging Milee for extra fodder
Her bell stayed quiet.

Milee's father grew worried.
"Maybe they are down with an infection," he said, thinking of past years.



Milee wondered what her grandparents would have done.

But times had changed.

The climate was changing too.

Two square meals depended on quick solutions, or so most believed.

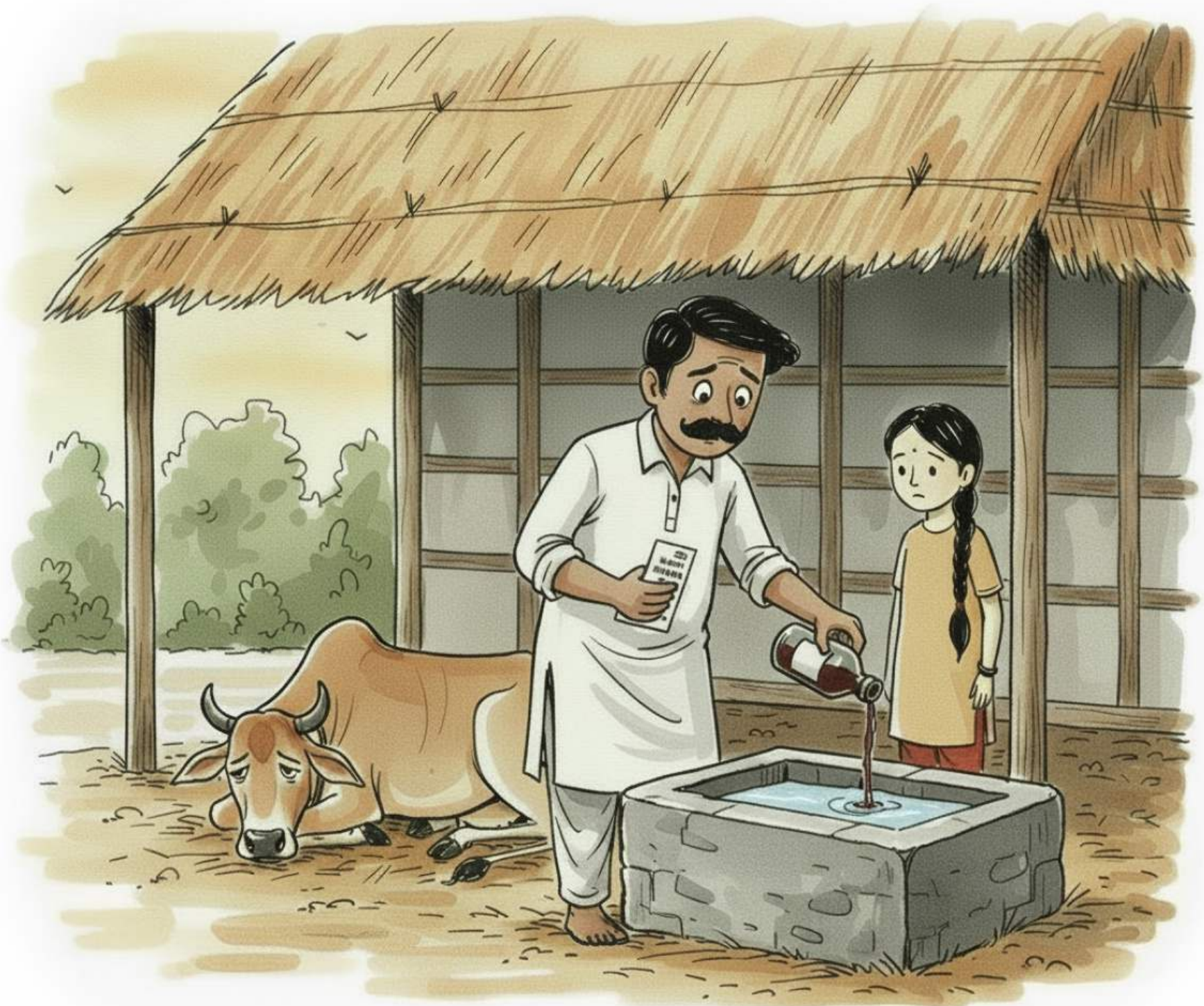
So on the advice of a neighbour, Milee's father gave the cows medicines from his shop, without consulting with a veterinarian.

It was quicker.

It felt practical.

But days passed and the cows did not improve.

Milee watched Bindiya lie still, her heart heavy with worry.



One rainy morning, as water streamed off thatched roofs, Doctor Aftab, the village veterinarian, arrived on his trusty motorcycle.

He examined each cow carefully, asking questions, taking notes.

“You should have checked with me before giving those antibiotic medicines” he said gently to Milee’s father. He then collected samples and sent them to a lab for testing.

When the results came back, he sighed.

“These cows have mastitis, and the infection isn’t responding to the antibiotics you’re giving.”

Milee stood close to Bindiya, thinking, “Ma...this...this what?”



That afternoon at school, Milee's class had special visitors.

A group of students from the nearby veterinary college had come to talk about AMR.

"We're visiting schools like yours to raise awareness," one of them said,

"because bacterial infections that don't respond to antibiotic medicines are increasing everywhere.

That's what we mean by AMR or Antimicrobial Resistance"

"When antibiotics are used again and again," another added, "some bacterial germs learn how to survive and stop responding to the medicine."

"It's like when you are scolded again and again by your parents.

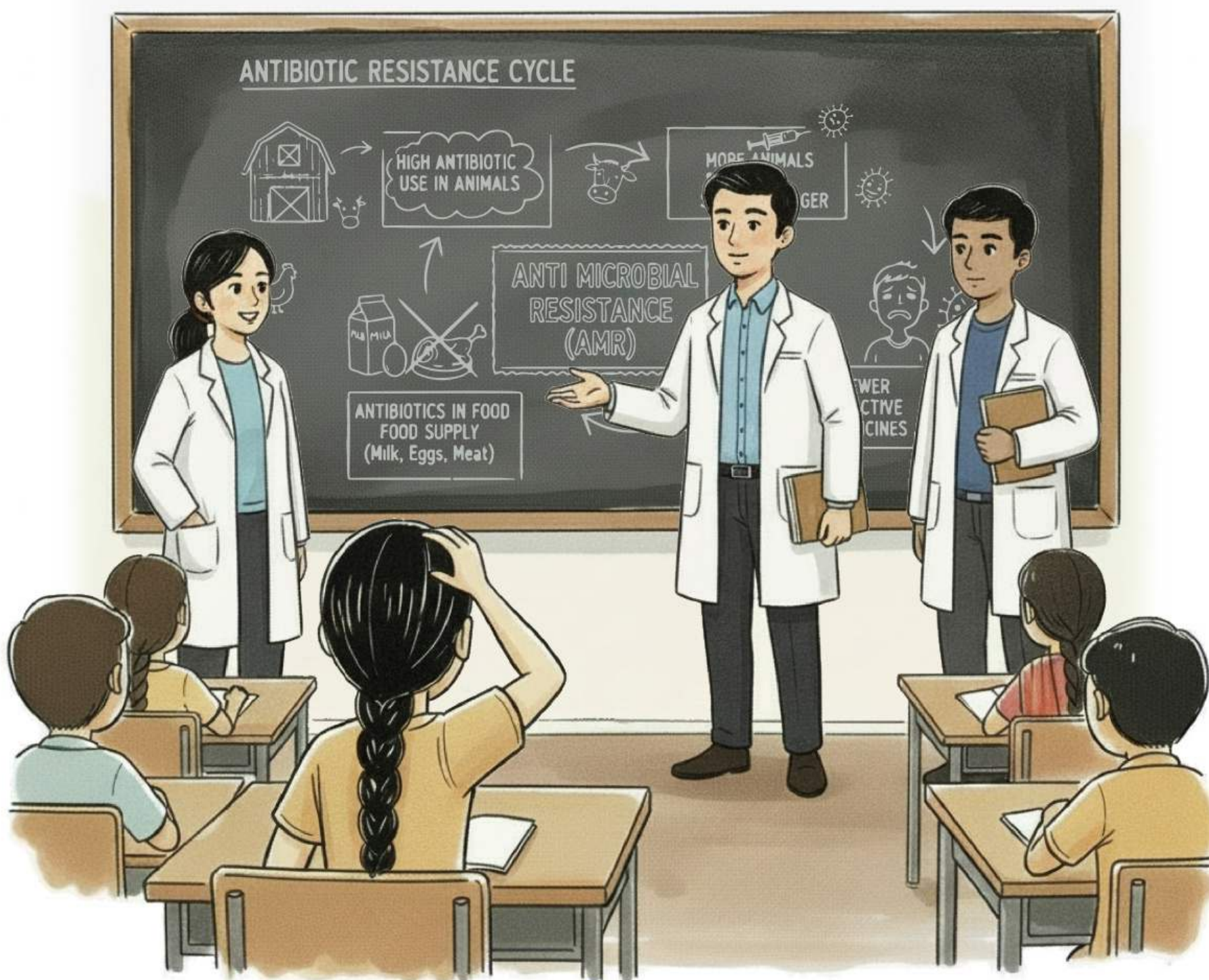
You don't stop being naughty, you just learn to do it quietly or differently. Isn't it?" The class laughed.

They continued, "In farms and homes," "many antibiotics are used without proper advice.

And this is making infections harder to treat because of AMR."

Milee's eyes widened. "That's what Doctor Aftab said about our cows!"

The problem at home had a name.



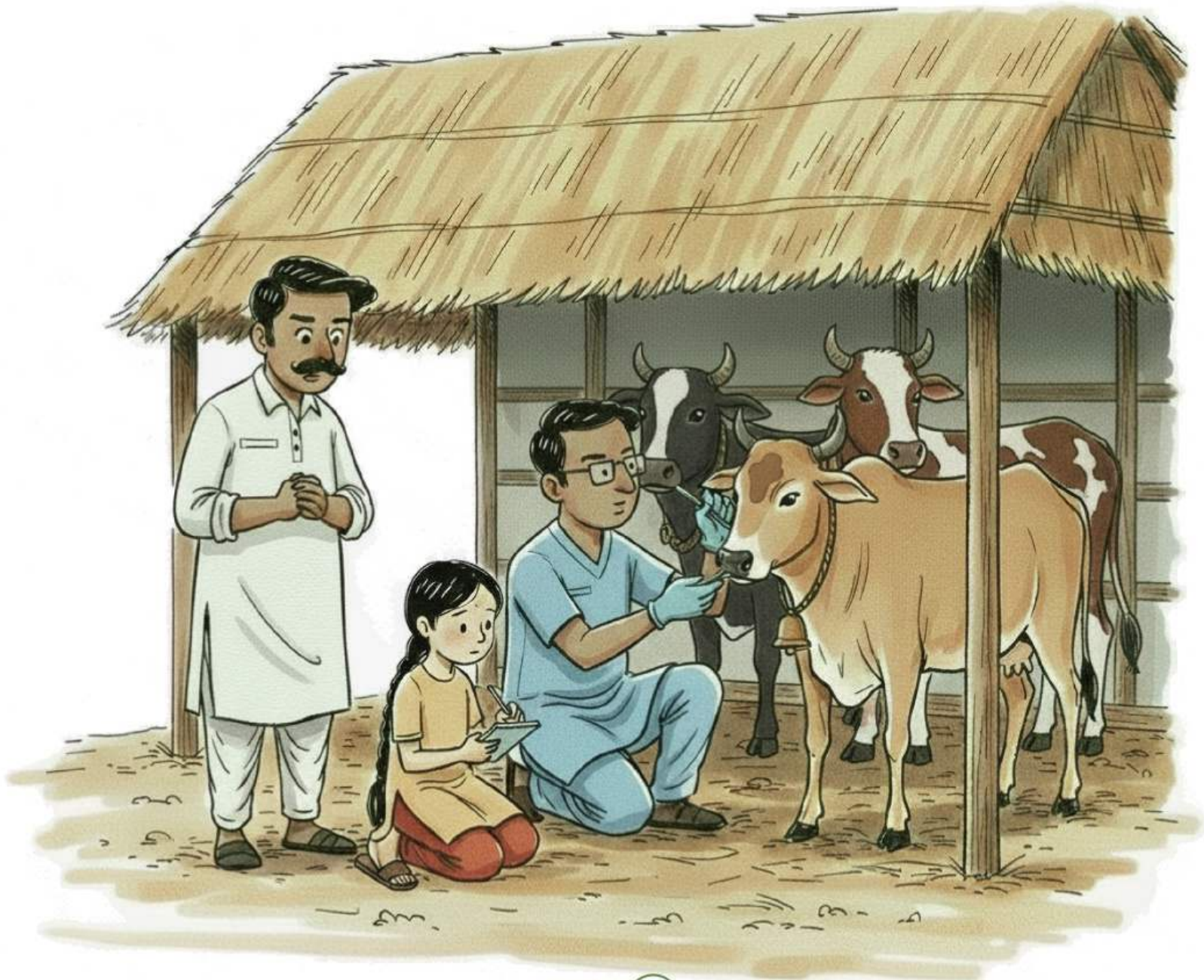
The next day, Milee walked to the cowshed with her father, her school notebook tucked under her arm. Doctor Aftab was already there, gloves on, tools ready. He didn't rush. He checked each cow with care.

"My teachers taught me to look first," he said to Milee,
"and treat only when needed. You see, antibiotics don't fix every disease."

Milee nodded "They work only on diseases caused by bacterial germs."

Doctor Aftab smiled. "That's right. Bindiya's illness is caused by bacterial germs, but some germs don't respond to certain antibiotics anymore. So I will have to give stronger medicine now, which might have side effects."

"That's why the old saying 'prevention is better than cure' " he explained. "Keeping things clean, feeding animals nutritious food, and vaccinating on time makes a big difference. The same goes for humans too. That way, we don't have to rely so much on medicines like antibiotics."



Together, Milee and his father planned small changes.
They cleaned the shed and cows' udders every day and filled the troughs with fresh water.
Fodder was kept dry, away from damp corners.

When a cow fell sick, they made space, even when space was limited.
They treated the cows carefully, following Doctor Aftab's advice.

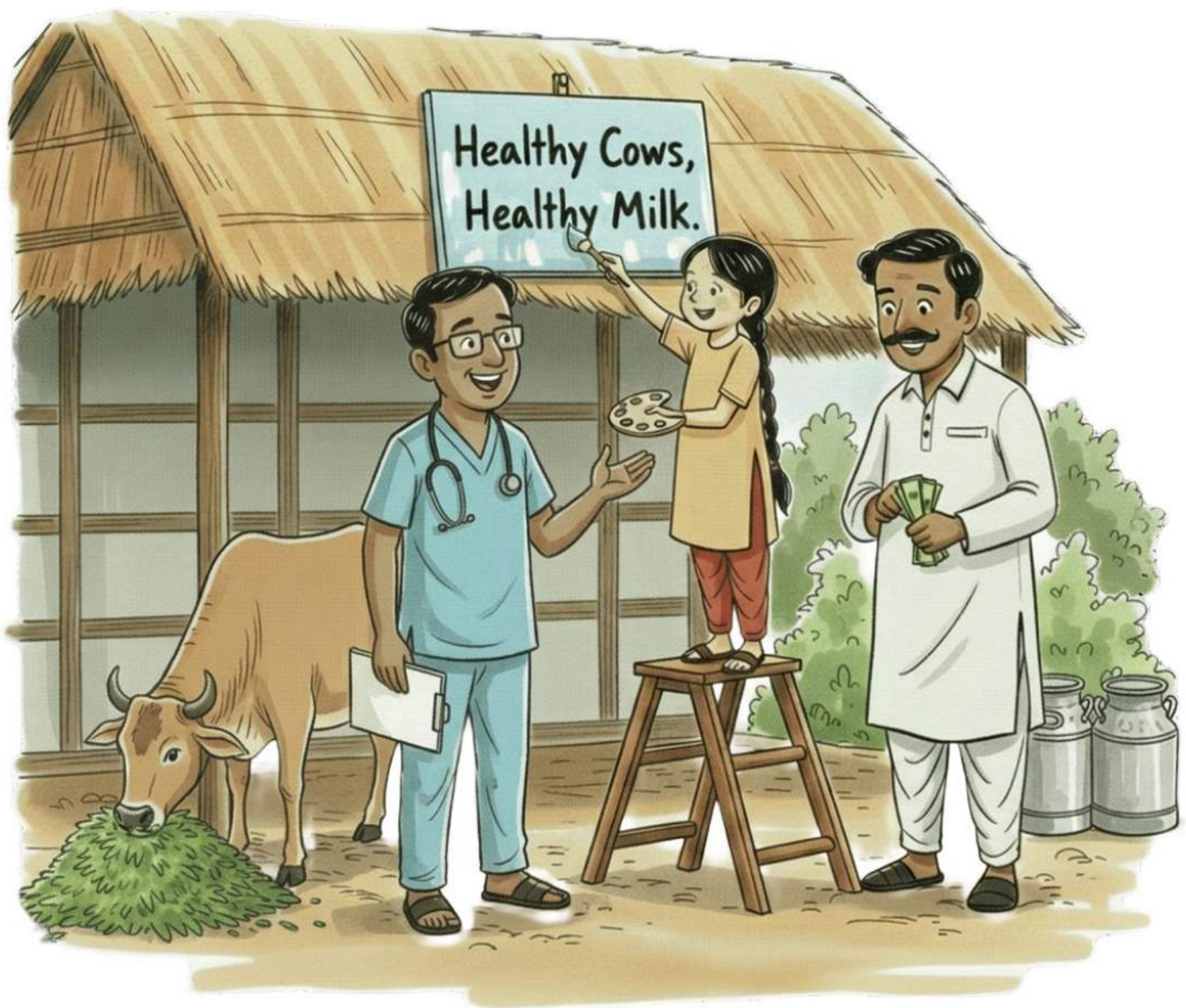
Doctor Aftab also marked dates on a calendar for regular health checks and vaccinations.
They worked slowly, step by step. It was hard work, but it felt right to Milee.



Weeks and months passed.
Flies disappeared.
The shed stayed clean.
Bindiya began eating well again.
Her bell rang loudly at feeding time.
Milk turned thick and creamy.

Milee's father was spending less money on medicines and treatment, and was even heard telling his chemist neighbour, "Surya bhai, we rely too much on medicines. I've learned the hard way that they can't replace daily care and responsibility."

When Doctor Aftab returned, he nodded with the quiet satisfaction that only a veterinarian knows on seeing healthy animals. "This is excellent progress. Keep up the good work."

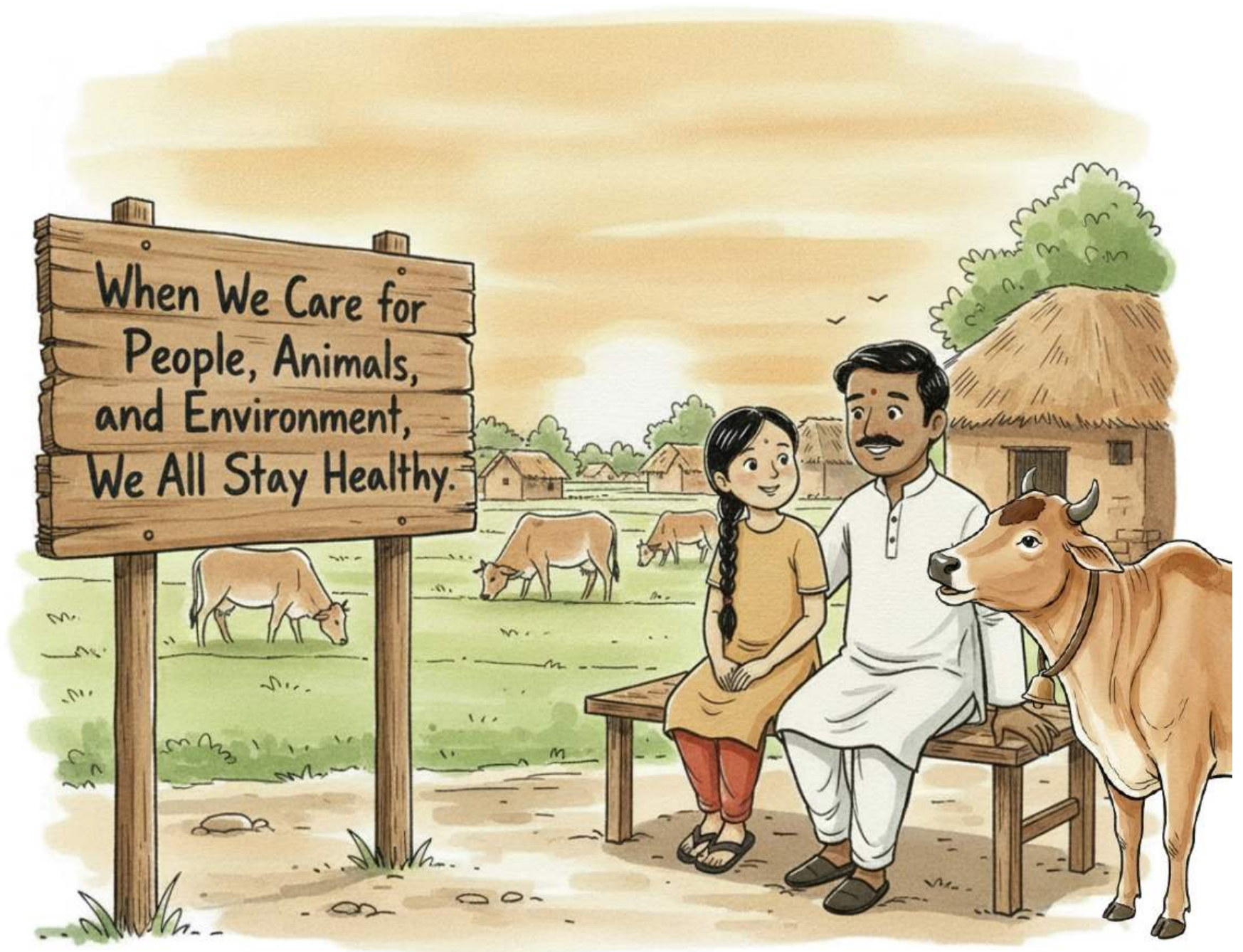


One evening, as the sun dipped behind the fields,
Milee sat with her father watching the cows graze.

After a long pause, her father said,
“No more quick fixes.”

Milee nodded.
“Care takes time,” she said quietly but confidently,
“but neglect always costs more.”

Bindiya lifted her head and let out a soft moo,
as if she agreed.





That night, in her sleep, Noamra became a big farm with magical flying cows, rivers of warm milk turning into her favourite ice cream, and cowbells ringing to the tune of her favourite songs.

By morning, her magical dream lingered, but became real in some ways. Milee was already talking to neighbours, showing them what had worked and what hadn't on their farm. Milee brought the ideas. Bindiya showed what worked.

Some listened. Some tried. And soon people were saying, "Let's do it the Milee and Bindiya way." Before long, 'The Milee and Bindiya way' wasn't just theirs anymore. It became Noamra's way of life. A way of caring for humans, animals, and the environment—together, towards a healthier future for all.



In the small town of Noamra, young Milee loves her cow Bindiya and the quiet rhythm of dairy life she has grown up with. But when changing weather and illness threaten the health of their cows, Milee begins to understand that care is more than tradition, it is about making responsible choices. Guided by learning, observation, and the right advice, Milee and her family discover how small, thoughtful actions can protect animals, people, and the world they share. Pyari Bindiya re.. is a gentle story about compassion, science, and the power of caring wisely.



CSIR - Institute of Microbial Technology



**SUPERHEROES
AGAINST SUPERBUGS**

