A cow with a human-like face, featuring dark brown hair and blue eyes. She is crying, with a tear visible on her cheek. She has a yellow tag on her ear and a bell around her neck. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

I miss my friends...
my family. I should
have told them
where I was going to
go...



Melissa had just failed nurse school, lost her boyfriend to another girl and her appartement was going to be evicted since she and her boyfriend had struggled financially for more than a year. A stranger who heard about her struggle approached her with an offer that was going to change her life for the better...

A cow with a human-like face, featuring dark hair and blue eyes, is being petted on the head by a human hand. The cow has a yellow tag in its ear and a bell around its neck. The background is a bright blue sky and a green field.

But...

Don't worry
about stuff like
that.
Your herd is your
new family.
Leave your past
behind you.
Remember how
much your old
life hurt you.

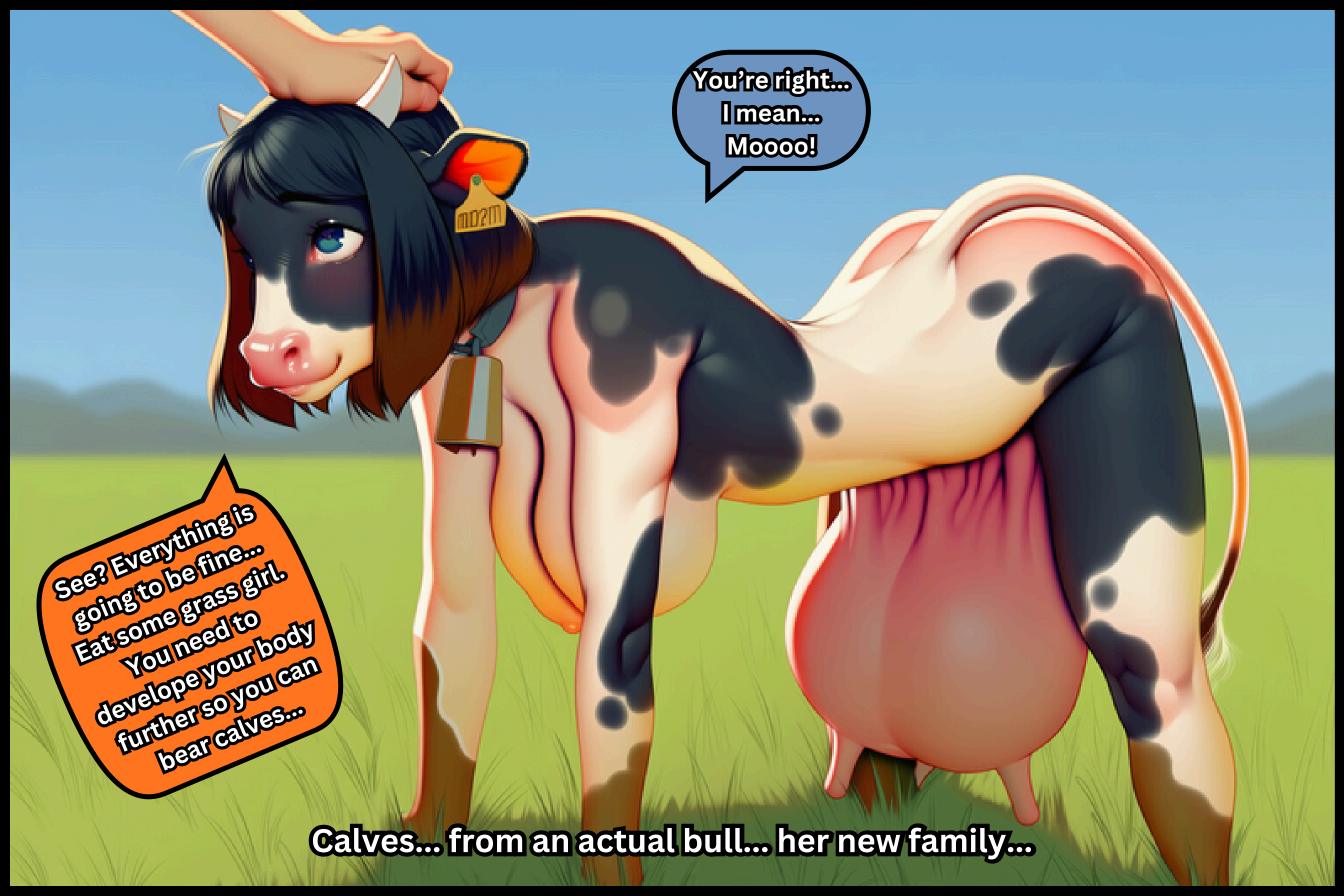
It was her 4th month after having been injected with the serum. She slept, ate and walked with the other cows and spend most of her time in the barn.



Mooo...

Focus on your new life. You are a cow now. Come on little one, moo for me!


There were others like her. Other cowgirls. Her new herd. What was left of her humanity clung to life, but it was time to let go...



**You're right...
I mean...
Moooo!**

**See? Everything is
going to be fine...
Eat some grass girl.
You need to
develop your body
further so you can
bear calves...**

Calves... from an actual bull... her new family...



He's right. Eat
grass. You are a
cow. Nothing but
livestock.
Give up... Give in...

This was what she had wanted. She wanted to be a cow. Nothing but an animal...



MOOOO!

Her 7th month on the farm. It was hard to remember when she last spoke. She and the other girls communicated only via gestures and sounds. Was she still able to talk? Who cares... animals don't need to talk.



11th month... The bull approached her. He had already bred three of her herdmates. It looked like she was going to be next...



MOOOO...

The bull mounted her and his weight kept her in place. Not that she wanted to run. It was time to carry his offspring. Time to produce milk and become a dairy cow.



Her 4th year on the farm. Her old life nothing but a fleeting memory. Nothing more than a dream. Carrying her second calf. Enjoying the life she chose...