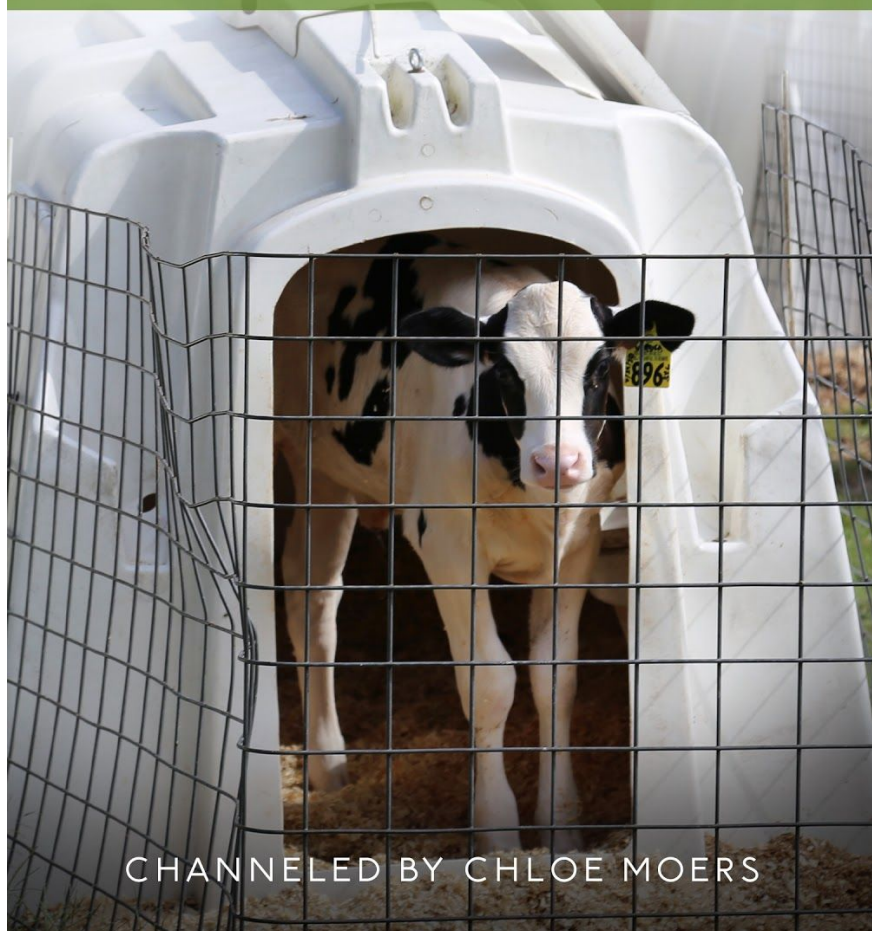


DIARY OF A DAIRY CALF:

MY FIRST 100 DAYS



CHANNELED BY CHLOE MOERS



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Love is a calf born on a large dairy farm in Indiana, USA, in the spring of 2020.

Have you ever wondered what a cow is thinking and how she experiences life or any animal for that matter? Would you like to find out? Join us on a diary of Love the calf's first 100 days of life and how she experienced them. Discover how she lives and allow your heart, mind, and soul to sprout with empathy, understanding, and curiosity.

Day 1

I'm feeling a bit scared. I just woke up, and this has been my first hour in the world. I love my mama so much. She makes me so happy. I don't know what I would do without her. She makes my heart feel so big. She makes my love explode outwards. She makes me feel safe, protected, and secure.

There are a lot of loud noises around me. There are large machines. They don't feel right, and I want to be away from them. My mama is protecting me from them. I can almost fit completely underneath her, which makes me happy. I want to be with her forever. I am hungry now, so I will go back to eating.

Day 2

I have been separated from my mom. I do not know where she is, and this scares me. I want to find her. Loud noise is scary to me. I always feel hungry. I am given food. I see others like me. I want to leave. I wish to be somewhere else. I wish to be anywhere but here. I want to be able to see and be with my mama again. I feel so sad. I am constantly shaking. Why am I here? I need help, and I want help. A person is coming towards me, and they are giving me a bottle of milk. It tastes like my mama's milk, but it is not. I try to tell him that I do not belong here, but he just walks away and says nothing. I feel miserable. I start crying, but nothing changes. I will just go to sleep. Hopefully, when I wake up, I will be with my mama again.

Channelers note: While connecting with this beautiful calf, she felt very disconnected from humans and me as well. She felt deep despair and loneliness, like nothing I have ever felt before. I am naming her Love as this is what she needs and deserves. She is a love being.

Day 3

I feel drained and tired today. I was shaking all night and almost all day. I feel scared. I was able to be around adults today. I was looking for my mama all the time. I couldn't find her, smell her or hear her, so I had to give up. I am beginning to accept that there is a chance I may never see her again, and so I am willing to move on...I think. It is hard to accept, but I feel that I must. It scares me, but I know I have to.

Today, I decided I'd try to connect with other babies around me. They seem scared too, so it is hard, but some are calm. I moo and get the attention of the calm ones to make friends. The issue is that I am almost always separated from them. I want to feel

their touch if I can't feel my mama's touch. I was able to touch my nose to one of them. This felt nice and gave me my first sense of relief since I was suckling on my mama. The scene of being stolen from my mama keeps flashing in my head, but I am trying not to focus on it. I have to be strong. I try to focus on the grass and on the friend I made. I hope we get to run around in the grass one day. This is what I'll try to think about and focus on from now on. I want to tell the people that they are really making me sad and afraid, but I can't. I hope one day they realize how

they are hurting me and others. I really don't like them. I am going to drink my bottle of milk now.

Channelers note: Today, Love felt stronger emotionally. She still felt heartbroken, but it really helped her to make a friend. I am going to name her friend Tulip. They are both females. It is getting increasingly harder for me not to try to get her out of this situation. I feel like a bystander.

Day 4

Today, I am finally comfortable walking! I no longer feel clumsy. I feel balanced and more ready for the day than ever. I have been focusing on the friend I made more than anything else. She is my main joy in life, and I do not know what I would do without her. I am happy that I have her and that I am safe and can easily walk while balancing correctly!

I am starting to forget what my mama's face looked like, but I will never forget her smell. I just love her too much. I still love her more than anyone else in

my life. I am extra happy today because I am allowed to go out in the grass for a little bit of time. I know this because I see other calves doing it. While I am happy, I am also feeling alarmed because some are being dragged out of their kennels instead of led out. I wonder why this is happening.

I am happy to feel the grass, but at the same time, I don't like seeing the scenes around me. I was kicked but not too hard. I don't feel too much of an ache. I have been separated from my friend. I am still on the grass, but I cannot eat it. It smells good and is the only thing comforting me right now.

I don't know where I am going. I have been moved to sleep and spend my days somewhere else. It's pretty uncomfortable, just like before. I will try to sleep.

Day 5

My food tastes different today. Even though I cannot tell what's different in it, I do enjoy it. It is not what I expected to consume, but I am okay with the idea of consuming it. I don't have too much I wish to share today. I am starting to feel a bit nauseous, and because of this, I need to lay down and rest. I have room to lay down, although it is a bit tight. Hopefully, I will wake up feeling better. I do not feel happy today, just a bit confused and disorientated.

Day 6

I woke up today still feeling nauseous. I think it is the new milk. I can't stand up too much. A person noticed, but they do not know what is wrong with me. I feel pretty hopeless, and I just want to tell them how I am feeling. The person left, and when they came back, they had another person who smelled less, beside them. The person looked at me and touched me a bit. I hated being touched, but I felt too weak to do anything about it, and I was scared that I would be kicked again. After touching me and doing a few unknown things, both people left. I fell asleep pretty quickly again, and when I woke up, I saw the less smelly one again. He opened my mouth and put something in it. It made me even more tired. When I woke up again, I felt exhausted but no longer nauseous. I was somewhere else again, and I do not know where.

I think I see my friend! She is right there! I smell her. I can't reach her but knowing she is there makes me feel warm. I am going to go back to sleep now. I am not grateful to the humans for what they did. I feel better, yes, but I am so lonely and lost.

Day 7

I feel quiet and content today. I don't have many opinions about anything, really. I don't exactly feel comfortable, but I also do not feel uncomfortable. I feel stable. There is a message I want to share with humans today, with all humans. That is, every day is different for us the same way it is different for you. Every day we feel different, interact differently, and are different. We do not stay the same from one minute to the next, just like humans or other species.

I think people forget this. The people here just expect me to be the same every day, and when I feel different or sick, they either do not care and brush it off, or they "treat" it. I don't want to be treated as if I don't have feelings anymore. I don't know why they are forcing me to be away from my friend and my mama. I do not know what they want to do with me. I just wish for it to be over now and soon, even if it hurts. It has to be better than this.

I feel content and quiet today, but I am also thinking more than usual. I hope someone pays attention and hears my thoughts soon. I also do not have any physical pain today, which I suppose is good. I did enjoy sleeping so much. I really don't want

to eat so much, but they force me to. I don't know why they do this, but they seem to not trust me in taking care of my own body, which is quite upsetting.

Day 8

I feel joy for the first time in a while today! I feel life is good. It hasn't always been good for me, but I feel life is still worth it. I experienced some freedom! Some real freedom! I was in a field with grass, with real land. I could smell grass! It was amazing. So far, it is the best day of my life. I even made a friend! She gave me her name (very different from a human name), and we played! It was great. Unfortunately, I wasn't there for very long, just a few hours...I think. It is okay.

I accept that I am not in the field anymore. Instead, I am in my odd, dome cage contraption once again. The difference is that I can still remember how the grass smelled, and I can still feel the sensation of my hooves. I am grateful for this day, and I hope that I will have the chance to live there for all my days, not constricted by humans and their controlling gaze.

Day 9

I woke up to the smell of smoke today. The stench was strong, and I did not like it. It smelled terrible. It was the worst thing I have ever smelled. I looked around rapidly but was too disoriented. My eyes hurt, but it was not from the smoke. It was because of the smell. It smelled like something was very wrong.

I saw these gray and black clouds to the left of me, and from them, I heard a horrible sound. I heard another cow, but she was screaming. She was terrified, and I could tell this. A few hours later, I saw her. She was dead, and she didn't look like one of us anymore. She was being taken somewhere else and was moved right in front of me for just a few moments.

I grieve for her as I do for my mama. I will never forget her. I hate humans for what they have done. I hate them for what they have done to me, my mama, and this dead cow. I don't want to be here. I want to leave. I feel like going to sleep and never waking up. If I go to sleep, then it needs to be somewhere else, anywhere but here. This is just too painful. This is a life I can't have. It doesn't feel real. It

feels wrong. It feels so wrong. I make as much noise as possible, hoping that it will do something, hoping

that it will make a difference, but no one comes to my rescue. Eventually, I passed out from exhaustion, and that night I did not eat. I refuse to, for her, for all of us.

Channelers note: I feel Love maturing fast. This experience took a huge toll on her, and it is becoming increasingly difficult for her to be herself and not grow up too quickly.

Day 10

I have decided that I wish to live in the mountains. I have learned about them as I saw them in my dreams. They look absolutely beautiful, and I feel very connected to them. I have no idea how good I would be at surviving there alone, so I wish to be guided on this journey.

So far, I have spent my day daydreaming. It has been nice. I have not really been bothered by anyone. I still drink my milk, and I'm still outdoors in a kennel-like cage. Sometimes the air smells horrible, and other days it feels fresh. Today the air feels fresh and crisp. I haven't had many issues from it and haven't felt the need to cough. This, I am thankful for. The people will often let our feces build up quite a bit, which causes a strong smell. I wish to be in the mountains and walk away from my feces instead of being in the same space as it is, always.

I don't understand why I have to be so close to it and be confined when there is so much free space in front of me. There are even fields. Why am I not allowed to be a part of the fields? I want to smell fresh air always and live life on my own terms, not anyone else's.

Besides this daydreaming and mostly clean smell of today, not much else has happened. Luckily, I am being left alone. I miss my friend more than my mama now. For the first time in a while, I feel hope that things will be okay. One day, when I am let out in the fields, and the humans trust that I will stay with the herd, I will leave. I will never have babies. I don't wish to bring them into this world. I didn't want to be born into this world. I will only have them if I can be in the mountains, with no humans in sight. They are my biggest fear. Having someone do to my child what was done to me is my worst fear.

Day 13

I'm scared. I'm scared of what my future is. I'm scared because I don't know where my mama is. She could be dead. She could be alive. I do not know, and no one cares enough to tell me. I'm scared because I don't know where I will be in a year. I'm scared because I'm not that big, but the world seems so big. I'm scared because I feel trapped, and I don't know if I will ever escape. I'm scared because no one is here for me. I'm scared because I feel so trapped and alone. I'm scared because I haven't seen my friend for several days and I don't know where she is or if she is even alive. I'm scared because I had to become someone bigger than I am too soon. I'm scared because I don't want this to be my life. I'm scared because I'm helpless.

Day 17

Today, I feel different than any other day before. I have newfound confidence, a new found love that I never felt before. I feel a part of the world more. I feel euphoric. It is a hard feeling to explain, and in some ways, I do not know if I have the right to feel it. My rights are nonexistent, so why should I have the right to feel happy? This is a thought I am having right now. I feel like breaking and giving up, but at the same time, I have never felt so strong and so me.

I feel ready for tomorrow and the next day and the next after that, even if some of my days are painful. They still feel worth it. I think I can make a change here.

Connecting to this human right now to interpret my feelings and connections to the world currently gives me hope. It makes me think that I have a purpose being here that is bigger than just being exploited. I hope so. I really hope so. I hope connecting to her daily changes something for me and others like me. I am feeling a roller coaster of emotions. I feel so sad, and I feel so much hope at the same time. The past few days, things haven't been the same. I have tried to isolate myself more. I

don't feel curious about the world anymore. I just want to be in my head. I can be someone there.

Day 18

Today, I feel heavier than any other day. I feel as though I am weighed down. I was injected with something later in the day yesterday. I do not know what it was, but it hurt, and I couldn't fight back. Thankfully, they did it pretty quickly, but it also put me on edge. There were two men and one woman. The woman injected me. The men surrounded me to make sure I couldn't move. They tried their best to hold me in place too. I think the whole process was unnecessary.

If they had just told me what they were going to do and said that I didn't have a choice, then I wouldn't have resisted. I would have felt more comfortable if just the woman was there. I hated having the hands of the men on me. It made me feel so powerless and uncomfortable. I hope it does not happen again.

A few hours after the injection was when I started to feel very heavy and somewhat weak. I do not know what they injected me with, but I feel a bit worried, not too worried though. I just hope that I will be able to finish my mission here before I die. No matter how depressed or unhappy I get or how trapped I feel, I am still not ready to die. I need to live. I don't really want to live, but I need to live.

Today my surroundings are about the same. There is nothing special about them, really. I feel that

I will not be kept in this small shelter and cage for too much longer. I think I will be somewhere else as I am getting big, fast. I am too big for here. I can't wait to leave finally, to be away from this place. I don't even care how long it takes. I am tired of smelling manure all the time, of being trapped and not having a say in my life. I miss grass. I want to smell the sun, feel the rain, and create a family independently. I dream of this. I am feeling too heavy to keep being awake. I am going to sleep. I need to be alive tomorrow, and so I hope that the injection won't kill me.

Day 19

Today has been an especially sunny day, which has made me feel happy. I like feeling warm. It feels like the sun's rays hug and cherish my face and body even if I cannot touch the grass for grounding. The sun holds me in a way that I have never been held before, and I love that. I love feeling embraced with no purpose but to give. This is how my day started, with beautiful sun rays and embrace. There was no sound of a human voice or any overwhelming machine, just me and the yellow embrace.

Later today, I experienced more discomfort. Of course the sun wouldn't be my only experience of the day. Today I was kicked because I did not want my inner nose to be yanked. In some ways, it is hard to believe that this is the reason why I was kicked. A human came to my kennel, opened it, and instead of just letting me get out on my own, he pulled me by my nose, which I resisted, and then I was kicked. Honestly, it hurt, but then I was numb to the memory right after. It wasn't as bad as other things I went through, and I don't want to feel depressed today.

The human aggressively maneuvered me to another area. It was an indoor area (a storage shed)

where tons of other calves were. When he closed the door, it was pretty dim in there. I was no longer

exposed to the non-judgmental and accepting sun. There were a few windows, but none of the rays were able to reach me. It felt too crowded there. Even though I was surrounded by so many of my species, I still didn't feel less lonely. If anything, I felt lonelier. Everyone felt down. They all felt depressed, tired, and vacant. I honestly wasn't in the mood to find a friend I would be separated from once again. I am tired of feeling loss. There was grain inside too, but I am still only interested in milk.

I stayed there all day. In the end, I was pushed out once again, but this time I was sent to a new place to sleep with others. This change is okay.

Day 20

I woke up today from something different than usual. A calf was chewing on my tail. At first, I was a little confused as I have never been touched like this before. I ended up feeling a bit of joy from this experience, as she meant no harm. I brought my face close to hers, and we made a bond. I didn't want to bond with someone again for fear of losing them, but I need this. I miss this. I need love and connection, and I just couldn't resist doing this.

When we bonded, I sent her a message, and I let her know that we will be okay. I felt this strongly, and I wanted her to feel it too. She felt it as I saw her relax. Now we are in this together. Even if we are separated, I will still care for her. I cannot explain why. Emotions don't always have to be explained. Today, I have not been separated from her. We are staying together, and we shall sleep together. She is a bit older than I am and is eating grain. I don't want grain yet.

Day 21

I have some dreams and ambitions I wish to share. One day, I want to travel. I want to leave this place and go somewhere far, far away. I want to go somewhere where the fields look completely different and where I will not be kept in captivity and enslavement. I wish to be free and far away. Once I leave, I don't want to be reminded of this place ever again. I want to be able to learn something new and be happy doing it. I don't mind being around people as long as they are kind and don't take anything more from me. I wish to be in harmony with them. I will give my love and support if they give theirs.

So far, I have a message that I want to share with others. The message I have is that it's okay to be where you are as long as you have dreams, goals, ambitions, and hope. Hope will guide you as long as you keep moving forward and don't give up. Hope is keeping me alive right now, and resilience is with me. If you are ever in a bad situation, find what keeps you going. That's what I'm doing. I'm going to rest now. Have a good evening to anyone listening.

Day 22

The meadow is beautiful. There is tall grass, flowers everywhere, and lots of trees on the sides. There is a water hole in the middle, with cool, blue water for me to drink. My mom is eating some grass while my friends and I are running around. It is so much fun. I feel so alive. I feel so connected, and for once, I feel safe. Then, I wake up.

I am still in this shed-like space. I am still where I cannot believe I live, but here I am. I drink a little water while waiting for my milk to arrive. I feel uncomfortable but okay, and settled today. My dream was amazing, and although it was hard to wake up from and hard to realize that I am where I do not want to be, I am still grateful for the experience as it has given me some hope and motivation. I feel I have more energy than usual, and I feel more connected than I remember feeling the previous day. I don't have much planned for the day as it is always planned for me. That's the life I live.

My new friend and I spend lots of time together. She gets very nervous, and when she does, she suckles on one of my ears or tail. I accept this because I know she means well, and it makes her feel

more relaxed. I don't like seeing her stressed or anxious. She is kind and caring and will even offer her

treats to me. I greatly appreciate it, even if I do not eat them. She makes me feel less lonely.

Day 23

Today was a good day and a happy one! I was able to feel grass again. This experience was incredible. The grass felt so soft, warm, and embracing. My friend came with me as well. We were all let out into a pasture today. We had a few hours to roam around, and it was amazing. I feel that part of my dream came true! When I was led back inside by the end of it, I wasn't sad as I knew that if I could be on grass once then, I will be on it again.

I love how the grass looks. I fell in love with it. So much love today. I don't feel love from the people, but I feel it from some outside force connected to the grass and my tail nibbling friend. It was a sunny day with a few clouds, but the clouds never interfered with my warmth; instead, they just gave occasional shade. Unfortunately, the pasture did have a fence as we are still held prisoner here, but it was open enough for me to roam and explore each blade of grass under my hooves. So far, this has been the best day. I shall pray for more of these days to come and to dream with Clementine.

Channelers note: Clementine is Love's friend who suckles on her.

Day 24

My energy feels high, and I feel strong waking up today. For the first time since I met her, Clementine didn't suckle on me anywhere. She seems to feel a lot calmer since we had time outdoors yesterday. I feel grateful to be alive, although I know there will be hard times. I just have to forgive the people who locked me up and took my mama away. I have to forgive them for feeling content and at peace, even though I will never be okay with their actions. There's a difference between agreeing with someone's actions and forgiving them. I think I can find that balance. If I think of them as just being ignorant, then that helps because otherwise, I think of them as being cruel.

Today, I don't have many goals yet. I think my only goal is to go outside and maybe try out a bite of grass this time. I saw others doing it. I don't like the idea of seeing the grass disappear from my sight as it's so beautiful, but there is so much of it, so maybe that's okay. This is something I must think about more. The doors are opening now, so Clementine and I can go out once again and explore. Wish me luck and a good time.

Day 25

Today was a nice day. We got to go outside and soak in the sun. The air was a little chilly but was still comfortable and bearable. I didn't feel hungry, so I didn't eat today. I just don't feel it's right to eat right now. Something seems to be pulling me not to, even though I am not experiencing any nausea or pain. There is nothing else I wish to share for the day.

Day 26

After not eating yesterday, I feel lighter and freer. I have more energy, even though I didn't have anything to eat or drink. I only had a sip of milk. I am starting to feel hungry, though. I think it is getting time for me to consume something. I like feeling this sort of freedom and contentment and feeling lighter and more energized, but at this point, I am too hungry.

Clementine seems sad too. She looks down and mopey. I want to cheer her up. I wish I could let us out to explore the outdoors together, but sadly this is not allowed. The outdoors has a fence and are only accessible once in a while when the humans permit it. This is sad and difficult for me, but I usually accept it. Right now, I don't accept it as it could be the thing to cheer her up. I want to enjoy my time with her and try new things. I am tired of having my muscles being unused and of sleeping so much. I hope tomorrow is better.

Day 27

I see purple flowers blossoming! How beautiful! They are not so close to me, but they are close enough where I can admire their beauty. Just seeing them makes me feel happy and connected. One day, I want to smell them and eat them. I think that they would taste delicious, why wouldn't they with those colors?

Clementine seems a little down today, and I do not know why. Instead of waking up to her nibbling my tail, I see her slouching in the corner. This saddens me, and so I decided to approach her. She stays quiet and rests her head against mine. We stay like this for a few moments before she shares what is going on with her. She has a feeling that she will be sent to the slaughter. She said it's because of a mass that she has on her bum. Her face feels extra warm against mine, and we slouch upon one another.

She shared with me that a few humans came and poked around her while I was asleep and when they found the mass, they wrote down a note and tagged her with something. I can't stand the thought of her leaving me. I love her too much. She is the only friend I have left. I cannot let her be taken away. I vow

to protect and hide her from anyone who may come to harm her, which begins with getting rid of the tag.

Unfortunately, tags don't easily come off. No amount of mouth and tongue would budge it.

A wave of depression surrounds both of us as we huddle in the corner to make us seem as small as possible. We don't want tomorrow to come. Instead, we want to go back to yesterday, but for now, we are here, and here is sad. I feel too on edge and afraid to sleep this night, so I watch over my sleeping Clementine. She looks beautiful, and I love her. Let's see what tomorrow will bring.

Day 28

I am walking along a stream. So much grass, my eyes feel so open. My mind feels so engaged. Every color is so strong and beautiful. I feel so big, strong, and beautiful. I feel happy. I feel content, and I feel me. The stream is so clear and cool while the air is warm. There is a sun with a few clouds.

My mind wanders to what will come next at the end of the glistening stream. My heart is open. My soul feels inspired. I feel like the real me for the first time. This is me. This is me. I cannot help but feel so much love and connection. I see the end of the stream. It's beautiful. It's a large pool of water that I feel ready to glide into. I take one step in front of the other until my body is submerged in the clear, greenish-blue water. I feel pulled to go deeper and deeper. Finally, I am at the bottom. Fish are swarming me. I don't feel the need to breathe. I feel content. I feel good, but then my eyes open. The air feels a bit cooler than usual. My mind feels a bit foggy. The space I live in seems different. Everything is blurry. My friend is blurry too. I feel my legs wobble a bit, and I feel them fall out from under me a little more moment by moment. I feel my eyes close, and I feel

so sleepy, just so sleepy. I have never felt this tired before.

Day 29

I'm awake now. Yesterday was odd. My dreams were incredible, but I felt so tired. I feel back to normal now—whatever normal may be. I hope today will be a good day, and maybe even a part of my dream will come true. I won't build my hopes up too much anyway. I don't want to feel disappointed again.

I feel pretty energetic. The air is soft and warm, maybe a little too warm, but I'm okay. My friend is hovering next to me, but I moved a little way away as her body temperature made me feel hot. Now, I'm just looking around. My mind feels more blank than usual. I feel content in a way that I've never understood before.

I want to run, but in some ways, I wish to lay in a pool of ice instead. I've never felt ice. I imagine it feels good. I've seen humans drink water with ice. I don't want that. I just want to soak in the ice itself. I wonder if that is possible. I think today will be one of those days where I am staring upright at the ceiling and looking at each crevice, stain, and spot while thinking about the present moment and the way I am feeling. It just feels like one of those days, and I'm okay with this. I'm okay with today, and I'm okay with

where I am in my current situation, no matter how uncomfortable I may feel at times.

Day 30

Beauty was on my mind when I woke up. There is so much beauty in this world that I am forced to be separated from, but even though humans push me away from experiencing all the beauties in life, I still experience the simple ones. I still experience the beauty of having a friend, even if she may be passing soon. I still experience beauty in my dreams and my heart. I still see parts of the outside world. I still have motivation. I still see kindness here and there, and I find kindness the most beautiful out of all other things.

If I were someone else, I would choose to be Kind. Kindness is love. I always want to feel love and feel loved. I want to be love and radiate that outwards. This is important to me. I feel important to me too.

My day so far is not bad. I feel fine. I feel scared about my friend. I think today will be my last day with her. I vow never to forget her if I end up losing her, and I will continue to protect her until the end. Always. I think people believe that we don't remember what happens in our lives, but this is false. I remember everything. I remember how I have felt every day and what I have experienced. I remember

just like others remember. I am happy to be alive today, and alive tomorrow.

Day 31

She's gone. It happened when I was asleep. By the time I woke up, she had disappeared. I cannot even tell you the pain I feel. It hurts more than anything else. I feel so much suffering. I want to die. How could they do this to her? How could they? I want to scream, shout, and fight. I want to make it so that they can no longer hurt me or her or anyone like this. I am so tired of us being hurt in the process of humans stealing our lives, our milk, and our freedom. Why was I born here? Am I just alive to die and have a painful death years before I am ready? Is that my only purpose?

I feel hatred. I feel emotions I have never felt before. I don't even know if I want them to end or not. It makes so much sense that they are here. I couldn't even say goodbye. It hurts so much not to get to say goodbye. How could they do this? I hate it. I hate it. I hate it so bad. I want to hurt them. I want them to feel what I feel so that they will never hurt us again so that they will leave us alone and let us live our lives. I want to be able to live my own life. Please. Someone hear me. Someone listen. Someone care. Just for once, please. Someone stop this. I am done.

Day 32

Today, both my chest and my head are hurting really bad. I miss Clementine, and I miss my mama. I miss the grass. I miss the moment I was born. I don't want to have food. I don't want to stand up. I am going to just lay here for today and maybe tomorrow and maybe the next day. Who knows? I feel so tired. I don't feel physically tired. It is something much deeper than that. It is like my core has given up. It is like my heart and my mind has collapsed. I feel no joy or inspiration or hope. I just feel grief, suffering, and loss. I feel like a prisoner. I'm a prisoner here, and at this point, I just want to collapse into the earth and never arise.

Day 33

Today, my eyes and head feel hot and very heavy, but I am okay. I am trying my best not to think about yesterday or tomorrow or any part of the future or past. I am just trying to focus on being here in the present moment. This is all I can do, and I feel content doing it. I feel lonely. I feel distant. My body is moving, but my mind is in a fog. I honestly rather be floating in fog than being here because if I were floating in fog, then at least I wouldn't be forced to be in this warehouse.

There isn't much I wish to share today, except for the fact that I am trying not to think too much. For today, I am only feeling, and I accept that. Let's see what night and tomorrow brings.

Day 34

My eyes are closed, and I feel a warm tingle on my tail. I know I am asleep and so I just allow myself to accept the dream as it is happening. I embrace the tingling on my tail as all the past days are floating away. I am here, and here is now. I feel blissful. I wish I could stay in this dream state forever. That's all I really want. That would feel so nice. I expect that the tingling will stop soon, but it doesn't. I feel it stronger than ever, and now I am pretty sure I heard something drop in my awake world, so I start to open my eyes, and to my surprise, Clementine has been nibbling on my tail!

She is back, oh she is back! I am so unbelievably happy. I feel so much hope, so much love, so much gratitude, and so much energy. I start hopping, and I rub up against her! I just want to run with her. She has a white thing on her bum, but besides that, she looks as beautiful as ever! I am so happy to have her in my life. Yippee!

Today is the best day. She is here. She is back, and I thought she was dead! That day was wonderful, and I felt too happy to eat. We just spent it together. I will never leave her side again. I want to continue

feeling the nibble on my tail. The nibble could never get annoying! Today is the best day.

Day 35

All the joy from yesterday has faded away for the most part, but I'm okay with that because I know that elevated emotions don't last forever. No emotions truly last forever. I've noticed a pattern the past few days, and that is how my emotions change. Things change. Life changes constantly.

I never thought of living like this until now. I don't know if it's a good realization, but it does make me feel more content, so I think it could be good.

Today, we were let out again and got to experience grass. If I had to describe my experience in one word, it would be "beautiful." As the doors opened, so did my mind and heart. They feel so strong and powerful. I tried to run out with Clementine. Unfortunately, there were too many of us, so I was forced to wait. I tried to nudge my way in to get out sooner, but I was shoved back in response. I decided not to feel sad about this, though. Once the shoving and fighting to get out was done, I could finally experience the freedom, and it was incredible.

The grass looked greener than ever before, and the sky looked so beautiful! This time, there were more lumps of white and grey in the sky. Clementine

and I got to run around, which was great. I chased after her as she wasn't very good at chasing after me. She's better at leading too because I'd always almost bump into someone, and of course, that wouldn't turn out great.

After we played until we got tired, we walked around slowly and periodically stood still and looked at the sky. As time went on, the sky started to get darker. With that, the green in the grass seemed denser, a different shade even. I couldn't tell what was happening. Then there was a loud boom! The boom scared Clementine more than me. I knew it was just nature. I'm a lot more afraid of people than nature, as nature has never hurt me.

Soon after the boom, water fell from the sky! I couldn't believe it! It was so amazing that I just had to roll around! I rolled and rolled and rolled, but then everything changed. People came and forced us all back inside. I can't believe it. It's beautiful out. They seemed extra rushed and unhappy. They shoved us and even slapped us.

My bum got slapped. I wanted to bite the man, but I was being swarmed by other calves to get back inside, so I couldn't. Clementine seemed relieved to be back inside, but I myself wasn't. I was ready to explore and be a part of the water. Now, all I can do is

hear the drops hit the ceiling and look at the water jugs inside. Hopefully, one day I will be able to roll around in the water outside for as long as I please.

Day 36

Today feels like it will just be a day of relaxation. I do not want to do too much. The air feels cool, which is nice. Sometimes it can get so hot that I can't breathe. Not being able to breathe makes it hard to feel motivated or happy. It honestly makes me want just to dig a hole and lay in it for hours until it gets cooler. If it doesn't get cooler, then I just want to lay in a dirt hole that keeps me away from the heat.

I think the heat comes from how many calves are here, the sun, and this building. The walls always seem to feel hot to me. Clementine just sleeps through this, but I have a hard time achieving that level of relaxation. I usually just pace and try to roll on the floor if I have enough room, which I barely do. The other calves don't like it when I knock their feet from rolling to get warm. Then, we all feel warm and have pain. It just doesn't work. So anyway, for today, I shall just try to sleep and relax, and I'll see what tomorrow brings.

Day 37

Luckily, today is much cooler! I am so happy about that. Yesterday, I didn't sleep much, but I did get to roll a little without getting too much in the way.

Today I don't have plans. There is no point in making plans when I can't make decisions about my own life. I'm hoping that we can go outside again. I don't understand why people don't let us out more often. It's pretty uncomfortable for me, and I am unhappy with it. It's not like they are forced to stay outside if they don't want to. I have a feeling that it will be another inside day.

A few hours after I woke up, there was quite a bit of commotion. There were more people inside than usual. Usually, they come in to give milk, food, and water and clean up after us, but they come in few numbers. (Usually, those humans are somewhat nice and sometimes pet us or give treats, but occasionally there is an aggressive one that hits us, kicks us even, and puts his anger out on us.)

Right now, there are a lot more people than usual. I look at Clementine, and she seems just as confused as me. Then we notice something. There

are fewer calves now. They are taking them. They already took ten. They took three more. I wonder where they are going. They stop at eighteen. They close the doors and leave. I don't have any extra space complaints, but I am getting worried about the calves.

Where did the men take them? I hope they will come back soon. You never know what they might go through or if this is the end for them. I hope and ask nature to protect them.

Day 38

I am happy that I am not alone in this world. I would be so sad if I were. I would feel depressed. I would feel the way I felt when Clementine was taken from me. Because I felt what it was like to lose Clementine, I feel happier than ever now. Today feels special. I don't know what feels special about it yet, but I just feel so grateful for life. I feel so much here. I feel like I can be myself, and even though my body is not free, my mind and emotions are.

Luckily, Clementine and I got to go outside today. I loved it, and so did she. Today, it did not rain. Instead, the sun was bright, yet it wasn't too hot. We did manage to get the occasional shade from floating clouds.

Tonight, I went to bed feeling happy and fulfilled. Clementine fell asleep relaxed and content.

Day 39

I wake up today, and things feel different. I don't know what it is, but I definitely want to find out. When I woke up, I felt lighter. It was bright from the morning sun.

I always stay close to a window towards the back to experience the sunlight, but this brightness was different. This light was different. This light felt more real than all the others. It is hard to explain why. I felt the light, but not from a temperature sensation. I felt it as if it was reaching out to touch me. The situation was bizarre, but it did not scare me. If anything, it made me feel more curious and excited than ever. I turned around to let Clementine know. It was strange that I didn't wake up and feel her touching me too, but the light distracted me. When I turned around, she was no longer there.

I remembered that last night she went to a different part of our living space for a drink. I fell asleep during this time as I was so tired. Maybe she fell asleep too. I am going to look for her. I looked everywhere. I even annoyed other cows just to find her. She isn't here. She disappeared. She is gone. A wave of depression and anxiousness has now

replaced the feelings of curiosity and light that I had before. The people must have taken her. They must have. I will wait for her. I trust that she will return. For now, I shall wait and hope.

Day 40

Today feels cold. The air is hot, maybe a bit too warm, but the day feels cold. It feels chilly. It feels like the kind of day where I would cuddle up to Clementine and relax, but the thing is that Clementine is no longer here and so I cannot do that. I can't just cuddle up to her and relax.

Yesterday, this fact would have made me feel sad, but today it just makes me feel numb. I no longer feel much or feel anything at all. I will live this day, even though I feel like I am dreaming. I feel as though I am in a fog, or maybe I am the fog. This is all I have to say.

Day 41

Nothing happened today, really. I just slept the entire day. I refused to eat or drink or do much of anything. Today has been a day of deep sleep and trying to forget about my life.

Day 42

I feel different. I feel more alive than yesterday or the day before. I feel free in a sort of way. I can't understand why. Just a few hours ago, I felt numb and a bit hopeless. Now, I just feel so much love. Three people let us out into the field, and something amazing happened. The sun was beating so hard, so I went to a shady area at the very farthest end. When I was there, I looked over the fence. I smelled something familiar. I felt a pull towards the other side of the fence, even though I couldn't reach it.

There I saw Clementine, grazing in the field next to mine with bigger cows. She is a bit older than I am, so now she looks like she belongs more with those who are older. I moo towards her to try to get her attention. It takes a few minutes but finally, she hears, and she runs towards me. We can't reach, but we try our very hardest to rub noses. I love her so much! I missed her, and here she is.

I am upset to be separated, but I feel so grateful and happy that she is safe and well. It is so important to me that she is okay. We spent a few hours just being around each other, even though we

could not touch. The experience was incredible, and it made me feel hope again. It made me feel again, and my feelings were nice ones. That night I felt more at peace. Even though I can't always be with Clementine, I have faith that I will spend time with her once again. I didn't even fight being brought back inside from the field today.

Day 43

The sky. The sky is so big and beautiful. The sky makes me think of my Mama and Clementine. The sky makes me think of endless possibilities, but the sky also makes me think of death. It makes me think of the suffering I have gone through. It has made me think of those who have died at the hands of humans. It makes me think of where I play a role in all this.

I think my role is not to give up. It is to endure this difficult life without breaking down. It is to try to save others and not to bring children into this world. It is to be more mature than I am ready. My role is to stay strong even on the hard days and to try not to be killed. My role is not to make a scene in front of humans. It is to be hidden and average but to remain individual. Right now, my role is to look up at the sky and wait for Clementine to return. It is not to cry out that she no longer sleeps with me every night.

Day 44

Today, I wanted to scream. I saw a calf being killed. He looked to be a few hours old. When I was in the field, thinking about eating grass, I saw a human pass by dragging a very tiny calf behind him. Another human was trying to lift the calf's hind legs to make it easier. They dragged him to a point where I could barely make out the shape of the calf, but I saw them all hold still. I could make out an object they were carrying, and that is when the screaming started. He screamed and screamed and screamed. He cried. Then he was silent and completely limp. I saw the humans drag him until his body was behind a barn.

That's when I lost it. I rammed myself into the fence. That's all I remembered. I woke up being kicked by a person. It was evening, and so it was time to go back inside. My head hurts. I was half-dragged back inside. I tried to bite the hand of the man, but I was struck in response. I have to stay strong. I can't die yet. I can't just sit and watch someone be murdered either.

Day 45

I feel defeated. I feel broken and lost. Today I tried to sleep as much as possible. I would rather be asleep than awake.

The humans did not even care. They showed no empathy. They saw us watching, and they kept going. They kept killing the baby as he was screaming. How could they? How dare they? I am trying not to feel hatred, but it is just so hard not to. I feel so much pain and sorrow.

The doors are opening to let us out to the field once again. I refuse to move. I refuse to let them win. I don't know how to fight them and how to beat them, so, for now, I shall just protest. I shall lay and not rise. They will have to pick me up and force me to be outside. They ended up pulling me and tugging me and kicking me. I didn't scream or cry or react. I just laid there until finally they just disappeared. Here I lay. Here I shall continue to lay. We need mercy. We need kindness, and we need empathy.

Day 46

I ask the universe why. Why do we have to go through this? Is the world like this, or is it just this horrible place? Why me and why my kind? I miss Clementine. If she were here, I would feel so much more secure. I would have a friend. All I need right now is a friend. I need to be safe, and I need to make others safe too.

We can no longer live in fear. It is unacceptable.

Today is a day of grief. I feel grief, and in some ways, I feel I am grief. It is hard to explain, but this is what I am going through. A few other calves and cows saw what happened too, but most of them just heard the horrible screaming. Some seemed to be affected by the experience a lot more than others, but every cow reacted somehow.

We have become more quiet and reluctant to follow the humans when they lead us outside, reluctant to let them touch us. We seem to be feeling fear, more than anything else, although many of us have become more tired and silent through grief.

We are connecting as a community to try to find strength in our sorrow. Tomorrow will be a

different day. I don't know yet if it will be a pleasant one, but I look forward to tomorrow. Not much happened today. We were mostly just inside all day. A few of us were transferred somewhere else and haven't come back yet. I do have a feeling that they are safe. They are the biggest and oldest of us, so I think they have just outgrown our "home."

We stand united. One day, we'll be united in a way that saves our lives and the lives of others. I just know it. I feel it. I trust it, and I believe in it.

Day 47

I am happy that today turned out the way it did because today I got to see Clementine. I shared everything that has happened, and I could tell that not only could she understand, she also felt some of the suffering I was going through.

Friendship is a beautiful gift, and I am so happy and grateful that I could share it with someone. To help comfort me, she licked my nose. This is all she could reach of me from the fence. She licked just one long lick, which was enough for some of my grief to fall away. I felt I could let go of so much at that moment.

We stayed next to each other for hours, just connecting. Our bond was stronger than ever. I feel it is my responsibility to protect and cherish her, and she feels the same way about me. She is the only one in this world besides my mama, who has ever made me feel special. Knowing this makes me feel grateful and melancholic.

I had a dream last night. I dreamt I could fly. I had wings, and my body was so tiny. I was all black, with deep blue dots lining my body. My wings were

large and see-through with lacey black coloring. I flew out of the place I lived and flew over to Clementine,

where I landed on her head. As soon as I landed on her, she turned into a small pink, red, and orange winged creature who was also my size. She glimmered in the moonlight more than I did. It looked as if she was dotted with tons of miniature stars. We flew so far up until we could no longer see the plantation that we live on. We landed on a large, white cloud. We fell asleep while resting our wings on this beautiful slow-moving mass of air and water. Then, I woke up.

Day 48

I'm freezing. My body will not stop shaking. Every shiver seems to make me feel colder. With every shiver, it gets harder and more frequent. I don't know what is going on with me, but I am scared, terrified even. I kept shaking from waking until midafternoon before I collapsed. I fell on the floor so hard that I felt a bomb go off in my hip. That is the best way to explain it. I felt a heavy pain, and then my vision went dark.

Day 49

I am awake. I discover I am in an unfamiliar place. The lights seem bright. It looks like I am in a shed with hay to lay on. There is a strong smell of manure. I look around. My vision is hazy. . Everything looks blurry, and colors are blending all around me. I can't tell the difference between any of the warm and cool colors. It all looks grey and mix-matched. There is no human in sight—just me and my hay in this shed.

I try to stand up, but all that came of it was me crying out from the pain of trying. I look at my hind legs, and one looks so swollen. My hip feels like it was ripped off of me. I have never been in such horrible physical pain, but it was nothing like what I endured emotionally throughout my short life. I cry and allow myself to lay down as comfortable as I can in defeat.

I keep crying out until finally, a human arrives. He looks different from all the other humans. I feel something different from him. Compassion. He approaches me calmly and starts to rub my head with his hand. At first, I try to face the other direction, but something in me tells me to trust him, and so I do. I let

him touch me. His touch is soft and gentle. It reminds me of Clementine. Oh, how much I miss her. I hope

she is okay, and I hope she doesn't think I was killed. I will be okay for her. The man stopped touching my head and instead went to my hip. He touches it, and it hurts so bad that I try to kick him to get him to stop, using my other leg. Instead of kicking me back harder, he goes into a brownish bag and pulls out a white object. He goes to my face, and then he sticks the bottle object in my mouth. I assume it is milk, so I am willing to drink it as I am very thirsty. Unfortunately, it tastes disgusting, and I try to spit it out, but I cannot. Within a few moments, I feel my vision starts to go black again, and I say a mental goodbye to the only kind human I have met.

Day 50

Again, I am awake. I look around. I feel better. I feel sleepy, though. I am in the same place I was before, but this time my vision is normal, and I have a white wrap on my hip. I still cannot move my hip without searing pain, but at least when I don't move it, I seem to be numb.

I just lay and wait. There is no use crying or trying to move again. A long time seems to pass before anyone comes. The man from yesterday comes in with one of the abusive humans. I recognize him as he has come into our space to kick and throw us around before. He even forced us to move by jabbing us with a pointed, metal object. I hear them talking to each other, and both seem to pretend that I am not in the shed with them. They seem to be arguing too. I feel that the abuser wants me to be slaughtered and that the kind one in white doesn't. I don't know if I am right, but I have this feeling. The only word I make out is "antibiotics." They both seem to be saying it a lot. At the end of their argumentative conversation, both of them just leave. I am alone once again, and all I can do here is sleep my life away.

Day 51

I'm in a lot of pain again, but in some ways, I feel happy. I don't know how to explain it. It's like I have relief. I don't like being separated from Clementine, but it feels good to be in a different environment. I haven't been pushed around.

For the most part, I have been ignored, except by the man who tends to me, but today he has not come to look at me or touch me. I feel that I will not see him for a while or anyone really, except to receive food and the bad tasting thing they are giving me now. I know that if I am like this for too long, then I will probably be killed. My mama suffered at the hands of a human, and so has the majority of us. They use us.

I have concluded that we are like objects to them. They use us, and then we are discarded. I refuse to be another commodity. I will heal quickly, even if it means being healed a little incorrectly. I will do it to survive before a weapon ends my life. I believe in myself.

Day 52

White light. This is all I see. I feel it too. I feel the light as if I am the light. I don't feel the weight of my body. I don't feel my injury. I don't feel pain. I don't feel any suffering. I don't feel freedom or joy either. I just feel and see the light—nobody's insight.

I am in this light for what feels like days until finally, my eyes are open. It's night time already. It seems as though I slept for the entire day without waking. There is no food in front of me and no point in staying up being as hungry as I feel. I was more comfortable being in the white space anyway. It's time to go back to sleep. Goodnight.

Day 53

I was somewhat able to sit up today. It was painful and slow, but I managed. I don't think I'm broken. I have a feeling that everything will be okay in a few weeks. I used the day to contemplate my entire existence. If the only reason I am here is to be used by humans, what is the point of life for me?

The only answer I could come up with is that the point of me being here and being conscious is to make a change and to stop this meaningless pain. To do something about it, and that is why I am willing to connect to the writer who is writing this every day. She explained to me why she is doing this, and I know it could make an impact. I know it could help others. Even if it doesn't help my life directly, it gives me a purpose to never give up.

A question I asked myself is, "Why me? Why did I become a cow and not something else, someone else?" I have a hard time answering this question because I honestly don't know, and I don't know if I even want to know. I am not happy to be me, but I feel I am supposed to be here in this position. I feel happy that I could be chosen instead of someone who would completely break inside. I feel I am strong enough to

get through this without completely losing it or giving in.

Hopefully, next time I won't be a cow again. I really hope this is the only time. If there had been times I was a cow before, I hope for this to be the last time. The final question that really stood out to me was, "Why do the humans do this?" I only know why to a certain extent. I don't know why they use us and why they kill us, but I know why they take our mother's milk. They seem to drink it. I have seen it before. I recognize the smell and its look, and I have seen humans drinking it from a cup. It's confusing to me. I don't know why they drink it. I know why I drink it. My mama gives it to me to become big and strong, but I also know that I won't drink this milk when I'm older.

Why do humans drink it when they are big? I don't understand, and I don't understand why it has to be from my mama or other calves mamas. These questions have been on my mind, and I have spent a lot of time today trying to solve them. The way I think is primarily through images and feelings, but sometimes certain sounds come up as well. It all depends on how I'm feeling.

Day 54

A wave of nausea has overtaken me. I have to lie down. My mind is spinning. I feel fear, nausea, and regret. I don't even know what I'm regretting, but I feel it. I don't know what to do, so I just lay there and feel what is happening. It hurts. My head hurts. My body feels numb. It also feels like it's vibrating and spinning. I can't take it anymore. No one is here to help me. I call out, and no one comes. My vision starts to fade.

Day 55

I'm awake. I feel so much better now. I think someone was here when I was passed out. My feces have been picked up, and the wrap on my hip and leg has been removed. I wonder why it has been removed. I try to stand, but I can't, so I just continue to lay there. I still feel dizzy. It's not nearly as horrible as before though. I feel more balanced and set. I am thankful for this. I wonder what happened. I really don't know, neither do I understand. I don't know what else to do today either.

The most fun thing I can do now is sleep to dream or think of life's questions, but I already did that yesterday so today I shall go to sleep.

As my vision starts to fade, I see a bright white light in the distance. There is black everywhere else, but in the distance, there is a shimmering tiny light. I try to walk towards it. After walking for several minutes, it still doesn't appear to be closer. I try running, but it's as if I am glued to the ground. Nothing changes. At the moment, I give up.

The bright light becomes huge and is right in front of me. I look into it, and as I am looking, I seem

to be pulled into it. The light gets too bright, and I cannot see. When I open my eyes once again, I am in a field. My mama is in the field, and so is Clementine. I wonder what is going on, and my Mama comes close to me. I am the size I was when I was taken from her. I go underneath her for some milk but she fades away. Now there is just Clementine and I. Instead of trying to touch her. I just look at her. She shows me an image of the man in white pointing to a truck, and then I see a moving image of myself being dragged into it by one of the mean men. There's a look of sadness in her eyes, and then she fades away. I am in blackness again, and I stay this way.

Day 56

I am awake once again. Today I feel calm and sad at the same time. My body limits me. I just want to be able to walk again. I definitely have less pain now and can stand. When standing, I feel pain in my hip and soreness in my leg. Besides this, I am okay. My leg feels too jiggy to stand for long properly.

I think tomorrow I will be ready to attempt to walk, but I know it won't be easy. Today will just be a day to train my balance.

The man in white came along with those who hurt and pushed us around. This time both of them noticed me instead of ignoring me. The man in white had a look of joy on his face when he saw me standing, while the other man looked angry. I don't think he wanted me to succeed. The man dressed in white put his hand on my head, which was very odd, and then he moved it back and forth. Surprisingly, I liked it.

They talked for a while. The other man's voice started to rise, which caused the man in white to frown. They both left together and forgot to say goodbye to me once again. It is time to go back to

wobbling upright without falling. After that it's food, daydream, fall asleep, and dream as usual.

Day 57

Today seems like it will be a good day. I am awake and ready to attempt walking. If I succeed, I have nowhere to walk to as my living space is quite small. Still, walking is a start.

After a strain, I am finally up. I am no longer wobbly after all the practice from yesterday. Instead, I feel strong and somewhat flimsy, but I am trying to be sturdy. I have high hopes for this. I start to try to walk. It is difficult and really hurts my hip, and so I let that leg sort of drag on the floor, and then I start to use my other 3 to move. It hurts, but it is working! It sure is slow though. It is probably 10 times slower than what I would have hoped, but it is something! If I go faster, then I risk either falling or causing pain to my hip.

A wave of joy comes over me and for the first time in a while, I feel like I accomplished something. I am actually proud of myself. I practiced this for a few hours before carefully lying back down and shutting my eyes, allowing my fantasies and dreams to overtake me once again.

Day 58

My eyes are closed and my mind is open. I have a feeling that all is well. I accept the feeling. Now, all I feel is acceptance. Life is happy at this moment. My eyes open. It is no longer light, like the space I felt I was in. Instead, I am still in this dimly lit space. There are no lamps and no windows. There is a door that allows some light to come through, enough for me to eat at least.

Nothing happens today—so much of nothing that I am left hungry. No one has brought me anything to consume today. I think they forgot about me.

Today, the only thing I did was practice standing and sort of walking, mostly limping and dragging my weight around. Today I do feel much better at it. My leg feels a bit tight though. My hip is stiff. I don't feel that much pain like before, just stiffness. I wonder what this is. I don't really know, but I just let the thought go. There really is no point dwelling on it. I will just feel worried, and where would that get me? It is time for sleep once again.

Day 59

I have a feeling that tomorrow I will no longer be here. I believe that I will be placed somewhere else. I don't know if I will ever see Clementine again. I don't know if I will be returned to the same place or somewhere different. All I know is that things will not be the same.

Today I asked myself a question. I asked myself, "What do I want? What do I really want?" I wish the answer to this could be simple. It is far from that. I want to be in a beautiful field with my mama and Clementine. At the same time, I don't truly want that because even if I were to live a life of peace, so many other babies, mamas and others wouldn't get to and so I don't think it is worth living in peace if I can do something to help others.

So, I don't think I would be happy being so far away from all this suffering. I would just feel guilt. What I want is for everyone to be free and for everyone to live happily without human interference. I also want humans to understand what we go through. I don't want revenge. I want empathy. I want them just to experience some of my pain and the pain of others so that they will never do something like this ever

again. I want freedom, justice, love, and empathy. It is not about me. It is about everyone.

When my mama birthed me, she did not care about the pain she was going through. She just cared about me being safe, clean, and staying with her. She cared for me to be fed above her own self. I wish to care and give that much to all of those who need it. That's what was on my mind today.

Day 60

I was right about leaving. Today, one of the cruel men came to where I have been sleeping, eating, and surviving. He put a tight, itchy rope around my neck and started pulling. I tried to get up, but it was difficult as he was using a lot of force. I gathered my strength and limped to follow him. He wasn't very patient, so my hip was hurting from the extra strain. He brought me a long way. He tugged hard whenever he thought I was going too slowly. This made me choke. At least he did not kick my leg. That would have been too painful to handle. We went along for a little distance.

The outdoors no longer looked familiar to me. We were somewhere new. The air smelled different. It felt different, and I did not recognize the barns. The sun was so bright. I hadn't experienced the sun in what felt like forever. I forgot how beautiful and mesmerizing the grass looked with the sun shining upon it. I stared for a bit too long and tripped on something, which made the man angry. He grunted loudly, roughly pulling me along once again. I guess I am a prisoner to him, nothing more than a commodity.

Finally, he led me to this new barn. It seemed more broken than the others. It has a huge outdoor

space but not too much indoor room as if it had been destroyed, or maybe it is just old. He opens the gate and lets me in.

Immediately, unfamiliar faces show up, sniffing, and surrounding me. We were of different sizes, shapes, and ages, all of us. The only thing we have in common is our gender and species. The man leaves me here. I am happy to be with my own kind, at least, even if I know none of them. I don't feel like socializing too much, so I go into a corner I find in the indoor area. Before I can lay down, another cow shows up and pushes me aside. I think the inside is taken. There seem to be no spots, so I lay outside, exposed to the sun. Although the sun is beautiful, it is also quite hot. It takes me a lot longer than usual, but I eventually fall asleep.

Day 61

I woke up a bit earlier than usual to an uncomfortable feeling. Wetness. I am in wetness and wet dirt. I am dirty. I actually am okay with the idea of being “dirty,” but I prefer to do it to cool off and have fun and not by myself either. I rather have it with Clementine.

I am very wet. I look around to see if anyone else is wet, but they do not appear to be. I wonder why that is. I look closer, and I see that the water bucket is empty. It seems to have spilled all over the dirt, which has now built upon me. I don't like this. The sun hasn't even fully risen yet. It is cold, and now I am wet and shivering. I decided I'd try to explore inside once again to see if maybe I can dry off. I go inside but am instantly mooded at. It is too crowded, and no one wants me there, so I go back outside and try to stand instead of lying down. At this point, my hip is really hurting me, and I just want to lie down. Finally, I just give back into sleep and physical pain. I no longer care about the mess, and so I lie down.

Day 62

Today, I am up once again, and I exist. I have this overwhelming feeling that I didn't exist yesterday. It is very odd, and I can't explain it. I don't feel that yesterday or tomorrow could be real. It's almost like living in a dream. My head feels foggy. The cows around me seem to notice that I don't feel well. Instead of shoving me around or keeping me out of their space, they are a bit more gentle and kind. One cow even offers her indoor spot to me to lay down, making it clear that it's just for today. I think this is coming from being sleep deprived. When I do sleep, it's not nearly as comfortable, and it feels like I am still alert and aware, but it's been harder just to let myself sleep outside with no cover.

I appreciate the kindness of the cow who gave me her spot. I nudge her gently to say thank you, but instead of nudging me back, she just moves without looking at me. I think she's acting kind because she knows I need it, not because she likes me. I hope I can make a new friend. I miss Clementine.

Day 63

I feel so much more energized today! I feel like myself again, although, in some ways I do not know who that is. I feel pretty happy that I'm feeling better.

My favorite part of today is that the sun is out, but it somehow doesn't feel too hot. It feels like I am bathing in light, like the dream I had a while ago.

Every few hours, I do experience flashbacks. I see Clementine, my mom, the man in white who assisted me. I see my friend before Clementine. I see the death I witnessed. That one is always the hardest to experience. It takes me back and makes me consider where I am currently and where I wish to be in the future. Tonight, a sphere in the sky shines bright. Everything feels alive. I cannot sleep as I do not have a comfortable place to. I do not wish to feel the mud on my body again without being able to rinse it off. It is not as muddy as before, but it has remained damp.

The sphere calls to me. It looks beautiful. I never noticed it before. I never even knew it existed. It is beautiful, and it reminds me of the sun. I guess there are 2 suns. One for warmth and one for sleep.

This sun makes me feel calm instead of happy and energized. I honestly don't mind the fact that I am

awake tonight. I don't feel alone. At least I am connected to someone.

Day 64

In the morning, I breathe a sigh of relief because I am not alone, and I can also sleep. We are guided outside, beyond our small enclosure, and into a bigger one with grass. I laid down with my head in the shade, and my body exposed to the elements. My mind went blank. By the time I woke up, we were being herded back inside.

I am jolted awake by a kick. I looked up to see an unfamiliar face. The man kicked me again, this time, harder. It takes me longer to stand with my hip injury, but I try my best to do so. He shoves me a bit, and I almost lose my balance, but I regain it. I see all the cows being herded back inside, where I have been the past few days, but I am pressured to go in another direction. I am led into a bigger barn with smaller cows and calves. I do not know why this is, but I accept my fate. Even with the early evening light, my back stings hot from the all-day sun.

In the new barn, things feel calmer. I think I will prefer it here. Things feel easier. The doors are shut behind me, and I am left with very little light. Several calves walk up and sniff me. I even touch noses with one. It feels good to be with those who are friendly,

even if they are cautious. I think I made a new friend. I follow her, but she kicks up. I think she doesn't trust

me yet. I find a place to rest at a distance close to her but not too close, just so that we can see each other. We stare at each other for an hour before she drifts off to sleep. I think she is starting to trust me more.

Day 65

My breath seems faint to me, as though it is in the distance. I wonder, how did I get here? How did I get to this point? I would not call this point happy. I would call it stable. I believe that one day I will be free, free from suffering, free from pain, free from separation. I believe that one day I will be surrounded solely by those who love me and those who I love, that my life shall never be frightening, that I won't have to run away from my circumstances or worry about the following day. I pray that I will not have to risk my life. I pray that my life shall never be taken from me.

One day, I wish to die on my own terms, no one else's. I do not always know how to explain myself. All my thoughts, feelings, where I am, and who I am are being translated. I don't fully understand how this is working, but I feel it happening. I feel a part of me being separated from my body, and I feel my mind being translated in a new way.

Daily, I feel so much but think very little. Now, these feelings seem to have meaning beyond my comprehension, and I feel that it will be beyond the comprehension of many as well. I just want to be able

to love freely and be a part of something more than this. I spent today just focusing on my goals and dreams.

Day 66

Today was silent. No one mooed very much. No human came around except for one who had come to supply us with food in the morning.

Everyone seemed more tired than usual. The day is chilly. I haven't been outside today, but inside is less hot than usual. From this information I can figure out that outside must be chillier than usual.

I would love to be outside right now. I imagine that there is fog present outside and that the cool air would tickle my skin. I miss going outside. It has been a few days. I can't imagine never going outside. Some of us here have never gone outside. One of the barns has cows in it. I hear them moo and I see people go inside with food, milk, and water, but they never open the gates for them. I have tried to ask the others that are here with me about the situation, and they haven't heard them come outside or see them come outside either.

All cows have a way of communicating with one another. It is different from humans, but it is just as strong. We are a different species than humans, but we are still mammals, just like them. We are all

animals, and we have similarities. Humans seem to be more capable physically, but also crueller than us. I

hope that most of them are not cruel. I wouldn't want that. I wonder how many of my kind go through situations like the one I am going through.

Day 67

I feel like crying. I feel tears coming. I feel my body getting heavier and my mind feeling more clustered than ever. I miss Clementine even more than my mom. I miss going outside and I miss being asleep. Being awake doesn't feel worth it. I don't feel worth it. Life doesn't feel worth it. If I could go to sleep and never wake up, I would. If only it didn't have many consequences.

I just want to go on my own terms, if it comes down to it. I rather end my own life than have someone take it from me. I am so scared of the future. I am so scared of even showing my fear. I am scared of what will happen next and of what I am supposed to do about it. Today, life feels different. It feels the way it really is—dark, lonely, and separated. I am separated from my kind, although we share this space. I am separated from them because we are all hollow versions of what we could have been. We could have been full of joy, empathy, and play. We could have helped one another when we felt down, and we could have welcomed one another, but this isn't happening.

Why? Because everyone is worried about themselves, about living another day, about trying to find some contentment even if they cannot find happiness. They don't have the time or energy to worry about others. We are lethargic. The nutrients

we are given are enough to sustain life, but not enough to make it thrive. Today is a day that feels painful but I will try not to wallow in my depression. I will try to find love, and I will try to make another friend even if we are not feeling our best. I will try my best to make the most of this, even if it is never where I wanted to be.

Day 68

In the morning, we are all able to go out into the field. I am standing in the middle, looking at the sun and contemplating my dreams of the night before, as well as what would be the best way to make a friend here.

As I am looking at the sun, I notice a beautiful cloud. It is immense and vaguely resembles me! I find it nice that I start walking and staring closer to get a better look. I walk until a Moo and a kick abruptly stops me. I look in front of me, and there is a calf around my age staring back. She looks angry. The impact made my hip start to throb as well. I try my best not to focus on that. Instead, I look at the girl in front. She doesn't understand why I am looking at her continuously and she bites down on her teeth in a menacing way. Something in me likes her. She walks away and I go back to looking up at the sky. The sky is filled with different clouds. I think the cow-shaped one was covered. At least I still have the thought in my memory.

I will try to connect with the calf later on. I want to know how she feels about her life and if she has had the same experiences as me. She has a big

heart. I can feel that, but I don't know how I know. I just know.

Day 69

Today was a good day. After I woke up, my head felt clearer than before. I felt more energized and ready for the day. I felt ready to socialize and become friends with this calf. (She will be named Cloud). I walked up to her and nudged her. She seemed annoyed, but I showed her that food had arrived. She seemed happier at that thought. I went to the food with her and even let her eat first. I think this shocked her. I don't think anyone has let her eat before them before. I mean, no one has ever let me eat before them, and so it makes sense that she's confused as I would be too.

After she takes a bite, I go and get my share. Her guard is let down, and it seems like I can make a move. Before I got the chance to, she came up to me and sniffed my face. Then, her eyes got softer and she made a low sound. She has accepted me. I sniff her back and I follow her to where she sleeps, in a different area than me. I lay with her there. We stare at each other a bit then go our separate resting ways. I feel happy that I made a new friend. Although I still miss Clementine, I think she'd be happy for me. I'm happy for me. I wonder what my mama would think.

Day 70

I smell smoke. I am awake to the smell of smoke. What is that? Where is it coming from? It bothers my nose. I don't like the smell. It doesn't affect my breathing though. I frantically look around to see the source. It's not coming from inside. I go to alert Cloud, but she is already alert and focused. She noticed it too. Some of us haven't noticed yet though. They are still sleeping. I don't know what's happening. I hear people yelling, but I can't see them from inside. I hear some terrifying sounds coming from another cow then I hear a loud splash and the terrified screams are replaced with low moos. I think there was a small fire. I think a cow was burned. I could tell it wasn't too bad because she is still making sounds. She is still alive. I don't understand what happened. We didn't end up going outside today. Instead, we are confined to the sightless indoors.

Day 71

I love today as it's beautiful. I know it's beautiful because we finally got to go outside! I was so happy to get to be outdoors with Cloud finally but she didn't seem happy about it for some reason. She even tried to stay back but was kicked by a man to go outside.

I hate how mean they are to us. I hate how they keep us trapped here. It's not fair. They're not trapped. They're free. Why can't we be free?

Anyways, Cloud ended up going outside but stayed on the edge of the fence, close to our sleep place. I tried to find out what's wrong, but when I came close she bit me. I decided to keep my distance until we went back inside.

Being outside was nice. It was uncomfortable because I had no one to play with, but that didn't take away from the beauty. I spent a lot of time looking at the sun, the clouds and the sky and then the grass. Most of the grass was dead or half-eaten, but it was still a nice experience that I appreciate.

When it was finally time to go inside, Cloud rushed in. I tried my best to follow her, although it was

tough to catch up fully. There were too many of us in the way. When I finally came close to her she seemed calmer. I tried to ask what was wrong. She hinted at it to me. It's about yesterday. It's about what we smelled and heard. I think she knows what happened and I think she doesn't want it to happen to her. I think that's why she wanted to stay inside. Maybe she thinks inside is safer? I tried to comfort her but she didn't seem to want it so I rested my head on her and we relaxed for the night.

Day 72

Where does water come from? I have only seen water come from the sky and from the humans who bring it to us, but where does it really come from? Where does the sky get it? Does the earth, my home, contain it within her?

I love water. I love the feel of it on my skin. I love seeing it more than anything and I love hearing it fall on the roof. I hear it fall right now. Right now, the water is falling in slower droplets, whereas earlier the droplets came hard and fast.

I hope that I can hear the rain throughout the day. It is soothing and makes me feel sleepy on a good day. Humans always come by less when it's raining and I can't hear their voices. This makes me feel less trapped and more free. It makes me feel like in those moments everything is okay, that everyone is okay.

I always want to be okay. I want no one else to suffer. I love life. Everyone loves life until they suffer. I think if everyone worked together then we could end the pain. We could stop inflicting it on one another. I vow never to hurt anyone. The only thing I will ever kill is the grass I will eat and even then, I shall be gentle.

Let's all be gentle with one another. If I had one wish, that's what I would wish for.

I will try to sleep while my mind is focused on the pitter-patter of the rain and the moos of the innocent, rather than focus on what we must endure.

Day 73

The air is chilly today. Cloud and I are outside. It is beautiful. There are many clouds in the air and the wind is surrounding us. Today she seems to be less sad and more sluggish. She is going through some difficult emotions but she didn't react negatively to going outside. She was completely willing to go outside. She was not willing to have fun though.

I run around her trying to initiate play, but instead of joining me, she just stares at the ground. I guess this is how it is today. I do have sympathy for her though. I hope to start something new today. I don't know what. I look over and I see that there are more humans than usual. Some are shouting; some seem to be panicking. What is happening?

Someone is injured. I hear a cow calling out. She is in pain. She is older than I am by a year or two. She sounds labored. Cloud looks up, alarmed. She noticed too, but something in her seems to show that she expected this. She has seen this before. I continue to observe what is happening. I still do not see the cow and now I do not hear her. It's been over ten minutes.

A calf still covered in her mother is dragged out. She is limp, gone. She is dragged by her foot, by two men. They won't even carry the dead infant. I don't know where she is being taken too. I continue to watch. I am silent. I feel shocked. I feel deeply saddened. How did this happen?

More time goes by, and another human comes by with a truck. The mother cow is roughly thrown on the truck. The truck contains a few other corpses. One looks older than the rest. I can't look away, but at the same time, I also cannot look at it. I am horrified. I am ashamed. Why is there so much death? Could this have been prevented? I watch the truck go away. The mother's eyes are still open.

Do human's care? Do they care or even notice that I care? Why are they so rough? Where are they taking her? What do they do with our bodies? What do they do when one of their own dies? When will I die?

Day 74

I wake up next to Cloud. She looks so peaceful sleeping there although the peace doesn't last long. I think she could feel me staring as she opened her eyes. She looked at me as I looked back at her and we just acknowledged yesterday. She has seen this before. I hope this doesn't happen to either Clementine or us. Today seems like it will be a day of contemplation. It will be a day where I don't eat.

I love everyone. I really do, and I care. Today, no one got to go outside. It was dark, but it didn't rain. Today is a day of mourning.

Day 75

I woke up being alive. I don't know what I expected, but I almost had my doubts about whether or not I would wake up. I can't really explain why, but I can explain why not.

Maybe a human could have killed us when we were asleep or maybe my drink the night before was tampered with. Maybe the humans didn't like that I fasted. Maybe they recognize that we are intelligent. We can think, feel, experience and have memory. We know what they are doing. Maybe they find this threatening? I don't know, but I know that I am alive and physically I feel great. Mentally I feel okay, just saddened by it all.

When your entire existence is governed by those who don't look like you, talk like you, understand you, who don't give you any forms of empathy, it can be hard to find hope with every passing day. I won't say that I feel hopeless, although I certainly don't feel hopeful. I just feel numb, sad, and physically well.

The numbness is mostly in my memory. I remember everything, maybe even too well, but I am

numb to the experiences themselves today. I think if I weren't, it would just be too much to handle, and it would make me do something that could get me killed. I have to survive, even if I don't always want to. Even if it doesn't always seem worth it, maybe one day, I will be understood by humans. Maybe one day, they will let me leave this place. I hope so. I really do.

Day 76

Cloud and I are outside in the field. There are many other calves around us. I am one of the smallest. I think this is because I choose to eat just a little less than the rest. I am not usually starving, although when I am, I eat too much. I love looking at grass and I enjoy milk, but I just don't feel like consuming anything whenever my memories get too strong.

I think humans know that I am smaller, but I don't think they notice that I consume less. Once, I saw an underweight calf and within a few weeks she was overweight. She was put on a different diet. She didn't eat with us during that time. Since then, she has been more miserable and slower. She doesn't want to play anymore. I hope that won't happen to me.

Today the field is extra beautiful. I think it is because there are water droplets covering everything. The ground is wet and very beautiful. It feels very nice to walk on. The only complaint I have about it is that there are so many grassless land patches, just brown earth. The brown earth is muddy and sticking to my hooves strangely. I think I could learn to like this

sensation if I experienced it more, but I haven't. So for now, it just feels odd.

Cloud is very quiet today, but she seems to be feeling better. She is currently leaning against me and we are standing still, looking from the grass to the clouds, to the fence, to other cows, to the humans in the distance that we can barely see. It feels like a nice day but also a day where I am thinking a lot. Mentally, I feel like I have grown a lot more today. I understand things more broadly.

Day 77

We are being transferred once again. This time it is all of us. I think it is because of the barn we are in. Currently, the ceiling is caving in a bit and whenever it rains, we also feel the rain. I like it, and I can remain partially dry so I am okay with it.

It seems like the humans aren't, so we are all moved to a smaller but not halfway broken barn. We are a bit too crowded in this one which I do not enjoy. I feel like I am being conjoined with Cloud. We have a little wiggle room, but it is a bit too warm and hard to move freely. The humans don't care. They leave us to be once again.

Cloud seems restless. She squirms and almost headbutts another calf, but I get her to stop and try to calm her down by licking her. She won't calm down. One of the bigger calves headbutts her hard. Then she stops. I think she realized that what she was doing was definitely not safe or needed. I think Cloud hates this life that we live in. I certainly don't like it, but I try to stay away from feeling hatred. When I feel hatred, I get angry, and that anger makes me want to hurt a human. I know that by doing that, I would be killed. Cloud, however, seems to be okay with feeling hatred. I think she had it worse than me before we

met. She seems to understand more. She is also at least ten days older than I am. A lot can happen in ten days. I hope that if we get our freedom one day, she can move past all this and be truly happy.

Day 78

I wonder who my dad was. I have a strong feeling that I have a dad. I don't know what exactly the process of being born was like or how my mama even had me inside her, but I have a feeling that there was a male involved in it. I have a mama which must mean that I have a dad.

I wonder how big he was, if he was happy, if he loved my mama, if he even knew her if he is alive. I wonder if I will ever even know any of this or if I will ever meet him. I think if I saw my mama again, I would recognize her. I remember her smell. I can't remember what she looks like, but I can still remember her smell. I think she would remember me too. I hope so at least. I really hope that my mama is still alive. Maybe one day we will be in the same field and we can reunite. I wonder if I was the only baby she has had or if I have siblings. I have so many questions with no answers.

Day 79

I don't know why but my milk this morning tastes horrible. I can't tell why. It tastes so bad. I won't drink it. The humans seem okay with the fact that I won't drink it. I don't really understand this. I thought they would be upset if I didn't have what they gave me.

Humans can be so confusing. Today, I have decided that I want to make a plan to escape with Cloud. I don't know where we would go. When we are being led to the field, there is a small area where we are not inside a fence or barn, but there are usually humans in the way. I think Cloud and I are strong enough to charge, use force to knock them over and run away. I try to tell my plan to Cloud. She seems uninterested. She indicates that it won't work but I don't believe her. We have to try something. We can't just be here forever. I think I can convince her. If I can't, I will try it on my own in a few days. For now, I guess I will do nothing all day since we aren't allowed to go outside today. Some days, they let us out, and some days they just don't.

Day 80

I am ready to take action. I know I was planning on waiting a few days and trying to convince Cloud, but I don't think convincing her will work. I just need to get out of here. Who knows what will happen if I don't. Maybe today is my only chance unless I just wait and hope that someone will come and free me.

I begin planning. Usually, when the humans let us out into the field, there is only a small gap of time of just a couple of seconds where I could escape, but usually we are being herded out, and I am almost always in the middle of the herd. I will have to try to figure out how to be on the edge of the herd, on the right side. I can't have any other calf or cow blocking my exit.

I need to plan this thoroughly. I think I have to wait until the beginning of the herd is let out and start merging before the end comes too soon as the humans are always most observant of the beginning and end of the herd.

It is about time to go out. The air feels a certain way. I can hear some humans approaching and the doors begin to open. I think Cloud knows that I will try

to leave. She doesn't seem to think I will be able to. She nudges me in support, but she hasn't accepted the possibility that I may not come back.

The calves start to walk forward. For some reason, it feels like everything is moving faster than usual. I go to the right. Now is my chance. I see the opening. I am going for it! I run into a human. He yells and shoves me back. Now, I am behind a cow who is bigger than me. I fight against the crowd trying to get out, but I can't. We made it inside the field, and now the gate is being shut.

Noooo! I almost had it. Cloud looks almost relieved. I think she thought that they would have hurt me more for trying to escape. She leans against me and gives me a few licks. At least I have her. I am not giving up here. In a few days I will try again. I won't do it tomorrow, as that may look suspicious to the humans. I am thinking this out. I can't make this mistake a second time.

Day 81

I woke up today feeling groggy. I don't know why, but I just want to sleep more. I think it was because of the noise last night. Last night, there were many bangs and booms right outside, although I could not tell the difference in sounds or know what they were. They definitely were not coming from any cow.

The sounds would go away for an hour or two and then come back stronger than ever. I truly didn't understand what was happening, but I tried my best to ignore it. At one point, it sounded like two walls were being forced to rub against each other. The noise is gone, but my head feels heavy.

I think I am just going to try to sleep as much as I can today. There is no point in doing too much of anything else anyway, considering we cannot go outside today. I wish that even being inside, I could see the outdoors whenever I felt like it. If I ever leave this place, I wish to have a shelter where I can easily see my outside surroundings.

That sounds amazing. I would be thrilled if I had that. It can be so confusing being inside and not

knowing what is happening everywhere else. Sometimes, I don't even know if I am safe, and I can't do anything about it. It just doesn't feel secure at all. It

feels like something is missing all the time.
Sometimes, the outside feels too exposed. I just want
an in-between. A girl can dream and hope.

Day 82

Today is the day. I am going to try and escape and leave this place for good. I am going to try really hard this time and I won't fail. I believe in myself to not fail. I truly believe that I will succeed. I am putting my heart and soul into this. I am putting all my energy into making this happen. I have been thinking and preparing for this moment all morning, and finally, the gates are opening. I can go out.

I look at Cloud, and I lick her nose. She didn't like this because I licked too much, but she was okay with it. She wished me luck. As the gates were opening, I prepared myself and went with the crowd. I stayed on the side and made sure no calf was blocking me.

Cloud mooed really loud and got the attention of the human blocking my way. At that moment, I ran. I ran as fast as I could. I made it past the human, although I could tell he was chasing after me. I heard some humans yelling. One was in front of me, about twenty feet. He started running towards me, so I turned left and ran that way. I saw a small barn to hide behind. I went behind it. I thought I wasn't seen, but soon I heard footsteps, so I ran some more. I am

having a hard time continuing. I don't know if I will make it, but I have to try even though it's hard. There

is a huge field in front of me with a fence, but the fence is not too tall. I think that because I am running, I will be able to go over it. I prepare myself. I think of my mama, of Clementine, and Cloud, and I jump.

I made it! Pain. The fence had something sharp, and it cut my underside. Not too deep but deep enough to affect me and make me want to rest. There is no one in this field. I continue running to the end of it. The humans aren't jumping over the fence. I am safe for now. I reach the other side of the fence, but this one is taller. I can't jump. I am stuck. A human with a truck spots me. He comes towards me. I have nowhere to go. I just stand there in defeat.

I feel more alone now more than I ever have before. The human comes for me. He roughly grabs me and puts a rope too tightly around my neck. It feels like it is choking me. I try not to resist. He shoves me and pulls me hard by the rope. He half lifts, half shoves me into the back of the truck. I am too heavy for him just to pick up. I feel numb, raw, broken, and lost. He brings me back to where I originated from, but instead of letting me be in the field with Cloud and the other calves, I am monitored by several men and brought back into my barn, but this time in the very back where almost no light could hit.

They put me behind a door so that I wouldn't be able to make physical contact with any calves

once they come back in. It smells horrible back here. I don't think it has been used for a long time. They leave me in my prison, and I just feel hopeless. I feel lost and broken, damaged, and forgotten. This is really my life and I can't escape it.

Day 83

I feel lost and disconnected. Nothing feels real. It feels as if I am living in a nightmare. I feel that I must have been forgotten. How else would I have gotten here and stayed here?

My memory is fading. I don't feel connected or in touch with it at all. I just feel numb, lost, forgotten, and broken. I can't even see Cloud. Where did my purpose go? Did I even have one? I am tired of sleeping. My mind feels so drained, but my body feels too rested. I feel like I need to run. I have barely been able to move my legs. They haven't let me out yet. They haven't even cleaned the place where I am staying. My feces and urine are piling up. I hope they clean it. It feels like it's intoxicating me. I need to run away from here. I regret what I did. Cloud was right. She always seems to be right.

Day 84

The humans let me out. I can be with Cloud and the others again. Cloud seems so happy to see me. She hops and wags her tail as soon as she sees me coming towards her. I still feel numb, but a little bit happier. It all just feels so surreal.

Cloud sees that I am not responding to her joy and she licks my ear. Something in me feels defeated and another part of me is angry. I also feel a tiny tad of hope as well as relief. There is so much going on. It is almost hard to take it all in and accept every part of it. A part of me just wants to sleep, and another part of me wants to run in the field. A part of me wants to slam into a human, kick, and step on him. A part of me wants to cry and cuddle up to my mama. There are so many feelings.

I decided just to lay down. Cloud lays next to me. Her warm body is comforting and soft. I feel safe now. I can rest without fear.

Day 85

I woke up feeling much better. Cloud noticed and was very happy. I feel hungry, very hungry. I also feel very present. I do have a question in my mind currently, and that question is, what now? What do I do now? Do I fully give up on ever leaving this place or do I try to have hope and even create a new and better plan for escape? I really don't know. All I know is that I need food right now and it's a sunny day.

I know it is a sunny day because the gate is opening to go into the field. There are more men herding us to the field now. I assume that is because of my failed attempt at escape. They look at us like we are rocks that can tumble at any moment. They don't see us as individuals, and they certainly don't care about us. That is pretty clear.

The field looks like it's glimmering. I missed being outside. I couldn't imagine living a life where I never see light again. I could never live in complete darkness.

The sun is extra hot today, and there is not a single cloud in sight. The air has a breeze and is neither chilly nor warm. It feels perfect. The air and

the temperature make me feel like I weigh nothing. I feel like I am a part of the sky as well as the Earth. It

really does feel amazing, and I am very grateful that I can experience this day. I don't want it to end. It's the best day I have experienced in a long time. Maybe ever. Cloud seems to enjoy it just as much, and she nibbles on the grass a little. I haven't tried eating the grass yet. I find it beautiful, but it doesn't look like it would taste good. Today is a good day. Thank you Sky and Earth.

Day 86

There is something I wish to share with the world. I want to share my essence with the world. If I were able to share this with the world then it could help so many individuals. It would spread empathy and understanding, and it would connect humans to calves, cows, and bulls. It would take out ignorance and separation. It would allow us to be more connected than ever before.

I want to share what makes me, but I do not know how. I just hope that one day I will be able to find out. Right now, I don't feel alone; I feel a sense of hope and connection. If I can connect to Cloud or Clementine or my mama, that means I can also connect to others.

I think that if I tried to connect to a human and they let me, then that would change everything. Maybe they would treat me like an equal. I don't think they could be cruel or hurt me or kill me or take my future children away.

I think then; the world would change. I don't know how to share my essence with the world, but I just hope it will happen one day. I believe in myself,

and I believe in this goal filled with hope. Life can change, we can change.

Day 87

Cloud is having a hard time standing. She can't breathe too deeply. She seems to be very ill. I don't know what happened. It all came very suddenly. I didn't see anything warning us about this.

She looks terrified. Her eyes are wide. She doesn't know what is going on either. She moos and so do I. I moo as loud as I can. In what feels like a very long time, a person comes to feed us. He doesn't seem to care why we are mooing, but I moo even louder. Eventually, he comes over and sees Cloud lying there, unable to stand. He leaves and comes back with a few other men. They start to drag her out. They don't even pick her up.

I try to follow, but I am shoved back and even hit when I try to resist the shoves. I can't see where they took her. It is out of the barn. My heart falls. The numbness is back. Will I ever see her again? Will she die like this? I can't stand the thought of losing her. I have already lost too much in my life. Not her. Please, not her. I am not willing to give her up.

The idea of it makes me feel like I am suffocating on sadness and pain. How could she get

sick? What happened? What if it was my fault? This is too much. I am breathing very hard and I can't stop.

My breathing continues, fast and hard, and no one is there to comfort me. Now it is just me and all the other calves I didn't connect with. They don't care about me, and honestly, I don't really have the energy to care about them.

Eventually, I just fall asleep.

Day 88

My head is filled with fog. I am so tired. I refuse to consume anything. I feel like I am a rain cloud without beauty. I just feel dark and lost. Today, I have no motivation and I feel no love. I don't feel anything, really.

Day 89

I feel okay enough to have food today. My mind still feels numb and cloudy, but I can think and feel a bit more clearly. I have hope that Cloud will be okay, that even if she doesn't come to live back where I am, that at least she won't be killed. She would want me to have hope. I know her. I know that she would want me to continue with my life in the meantime.

Today we are allowed to go outside. This time, I take my time walking out. Some other calves are shoving past me and pushing me around a bit, but that does not make me go faster. I don't care if I am pushed around. Right now, it truly does not bother me. Outside, I spend my day looking around, observing friendships between other cows, looking in the distance at humans communicating to one another, and going about different tasks. I even look at different barns, far out to other fields. However, I can't make out the cows in those fields. I just see dots.

Everything feels so extensive and huge, so vast. I wonder when it ends. I wonder how large this place actually is. It is definitely bigger than what I can see of it. I know that. I hope that wherever Clementine

currently is, she is happy or at least she is okay. I hope she made some new friends and that she is not

feeling heartbroken. She deserves to have some loving company and joy in her life. She certainly brought joy to mine. I am grateful that I had the chance to know her.

The weather today is chilly. There are some dark clouds, but I can still see half the sun and I can feel it slightly. I know it will rain soon. Humans will soon be forcing us to go back inside. I really don't understand why we can't just stay outside. It makes no sense to me. Maybe they have a reason, or maybe they just do it because they want to or because it makes it easier for them to control us. I don't know, and honestly, I don't care too much.

Day 90

I can feel Clouds fur caressing my own. It feels so soft, loving, and beautiful. It makes me feel so safe. There are no other calves around or cows, and there are no people.

We are in a huge open field, lying on the softest and tallest grass I have ever seen or felt. The air feels perfect. There is no fence, and we are free. The air smells fresh; there are no smells of manure or human machines. It is just us in paradise, laying down comfortably.

When I hear a rustling sound coming from deeper in the tall grass, I look up farther away in the field. Clementine appears. I stand up and run towards her and she runs towards me. We wag our tails and rest our heads on each other. I am so happy to see her. I missed her with all of me. I introduce her to Cloud, and they get along immediately.

I try a bite of grass for the first time. It tastes and smells perfect, just perfect. After eating a bit of it, I start to smell something new yet familiar. I bring my head up and look around. A large cow is walking towards me. She smells so familiar, but I can't tell how and then it hits me.

Mama! She comes over and licks the top of my head. I am finally reunited with her. I am so happy.

Everything feels so perfect. I feel perfect. My life feels perfect. Everything is happy and well.

I feel a sharp pain in my hip suddenly, and it throws me back into reality. As I was sleeping, I was stepped on! As soon as I realized that what I experienced was just a dream, my mind and heart went silent. I can't believe that it was just a dream.

Day 91

I feel so lonely, and I also feel connected at the same time. My mind is quiet. My heart feels humbled and open, yet there is a pain within it that causes me to feel sad. I miss Cloud a lot but I am mostly worried about her. I don't know where she is or what she is going through. I just hope she survives whatever it is that is happening. Maybe she doesn't even want to survive. I would understand if she doesn't want to live anymore.

Sometimes, I don't want to live. If she decides that life is no longer worth it, she will stop eating and drinking and allow herself to either be slaughtered or become ill and die. I think she could resist the temptation of food long enough. She is very strong.

Nothing really happened today. I kept to myself for the most part. We were allowed to go outside, but I didn't love it very much this time. I felt numb and the cool breeze was the only thing that made me feel something.

Inside I feel sad, lonely, and worried, but outside I felt nothing but the cold. I wonder how long everything will last. I wonder if I will make a new friend

or if I will ever even want to because for now, all I want is Cloud and to rest in the softest, tallest grass,

separate from everyone and everything besides those
I care about.

Day 92

I give up. I give up fully. I don't care anymore about what happens to me or anyone. Actually, I do care about others, just not myself and my life at this moment. I just want to die a quick and easy death and continuously live in my dreams until the end of time. It is better than the pain I feel. I know this may sound depressing, but to me, it doesn't feel depressing. It just feels peaceful. I feel so much pain, and I just want peace.

Day 93

Cloud has still not come back. I think she passed away and so I will try to accept the fact that she is gone. I never wanted her to leave. I love her, but if she is gone, then I have to accept that.

I can't live in this negative state. It's not good for me and I just can't handle it. If she comes back, then I will feel delighted, and if she doesn't then I will just have to fully accept it and hope that one day we will meet in the same place when my body falls asleep and doesn't arise.

Today, we have been let outside. The air feels nice. It is warm and welcoming. There is some sun and shade. I stand underneath a cloud to get some shade, although I don't seem to be directly underneath it.

I decide to taste the grass. It looks and smells so appealing; maybe it tastes that way too. No. I was wrong, very wrong. It tastes terrible. I prefer what I am given inside the barn; it tastes better. I feel that the grass will taste better in a little bit, but it just doesn't taste good for now.

Maybe it is because I miss Cloud, or maybe grass just isn't for me, or maybe I will start liking the

taste in time. I don't know and I don't care too much.
For now, I will be okay looking at the grass and
observing the other calves eating it instead of eating it
myself.

Day 94

I am so happy, so thrilled! Cloud is okay. I heard her moo outside! I know it was her. She speaks very distinctly, and her moo was calm and not one caused by pain! She is okay and well. I feel so relieved. I thought she died. I thought something terrible happened to her, but she is okay!

I really hope that they let her back inside. If they didn't, I would at least feel comfort knowing that she is okay, but I would much rather have her be around. I miss her. I miss her wisdom and love. I miss having a friend. I feel so happy that I started jumping and hopping. I jumped up so high that I accidentally kicked a cow with my back hooves, and she rammed her head into me. It hurt, but it's okay. It doesn't take away from my happiness.

If anything, it just reminds me to stay focused on the present moment and just think of Cloud appearing. Hopefully, the more I think of her, the greater chances there are of her appearing.

Day 95

Cloud is home! Oh, I am so happy she is home! She is back with me! I rub myself on her and she licks me. I am so happy. Her eyes look sad, but she still shows happiness in seeing me.

She looks much thinner now than she did before. She won't tell me what happened. She doesn't want to share it. I think her experience must have been traumatic for her. I feel bad for her, but at least now she is safe. Now we can keep each other safe.

At mealtime she has a specialized diet. It smells different than mine, but she seems to like the taste and she devours it quickly. She also gets to have hay just like me, but I don't like hay too much. I think it tastes okay, and I'll eat it, but I don't love it.

At night we spend time snuggling and warming one another up. Once she falls asleep, I stay awake and look at her. She looks a lot more peaceful when she is asleep. I wonder if she has dreams like me or if she dreams at all.

Does everyone dream? What if I am the only one who dreams? I really have no idea. Laying with

her is so nice. I will always enjoy this. I love her. It is time for sleep, and I will stay close to her so that no one can take her away from me.

Day 96

It is morning. The air feels fresh. I know this because the barn doors are open, but no one is being let out. This is strange because humans only open the door fully when we are being let out. That must mean that someone new is coming in.

I was right. There is a new calf. She is smaller than Cloud and me. I can't tell if she is younger or just smaller. Her legs are a bit shaky, but I think that is from fear or nervousness, not her age. She definitely is old enough to walk. I personally think she looks too small to be here with us.

Cloud doesn't even notice her. She doesn't seem to care if someone new is here. We don't really care too much to connect to the other calves here beside each other, and so it makes sense that she isn't showing interest.

I continue to observe the new calf throughout the day. She is not that young. She is older than I thought, as she is eating hay and grain with us. She is younger than Cloud by at least a week or a few weeks. She stumbles easily. She has almost been trampled or tripped by a few calves already. I feel bad

for her. She seems to be alone, and she seems to feel lonely and afraid.

At night, she is pushed all the way to the front, close to the doors where there is no comfortable spot to lay down. During the majority of the night, she just stands or leans on the wall. I want to help her. She reminded me of me when I had my injury.

Day 97

I showed my concern to Cloud about the new calf, but she doesn't care too much. If anything, she seems a little jealous as she has been trying to get my attention more every time I am focused on the calf.

I try to reassure her by nudging and leaning against her to let her know that I still care about her just as much, but it doesn't seem to work well.

Today we were all let out into the field and while Cloud was busy eating some taller grass she found, I went over to the new calf.

At first, she tried to move aside as she thought I was trying to claim the territory, but I reassured her that I was just trying to see how she is. Within moments, she eased and stopped shaking. She trusts me. I don't know why she trusts me so easily. I don't know if she knows why either, but I am happy she does. She looks beautiful in her own way. I think all of us do.

I led her to Cloud. At first, Cloud seemed skeptical. They sniffed and almost touched noses, but then Cloud mooded and looked away. The new calf seemed disappointed. I reassured her that all is well and she seemed to believe it. Once inside, I led her to

where we sleep and rest at night. Cloud continued to ignore her, but I think she understood that I am just trying to help because she wasn't annoyed or jealous anymore, just uninterested.

Cloud let her sleep next to us without touching us, so that's a start.

Day 98

Nothing really happened today. It was a rainy day, so I spent my time focusing on the sound of the beautiful rain on the barn. It is so soothing. Bug (the new calf), however, was terrified of the rain. At the sound of it, she started shaking again, which she stopped doing now that she has Cloud and me.

After about an hour, she stopped as she saw how calm we were. I think she is going to learn a lot from us. I already feel feelings starting to grow for her. She is very gentle and it almost feels like she could be my little sister.

Cloud isn't any more comfortable or kind to Bug, but she definitely tolerates her presence. That's all I can really ask for.

Day 99

The rain is stronger than it was yesterday, and with it came wind, mighty wind. The wind started causing the barn to shake. I am starting to feel a little fear, and Bug is freaking out.

I think that she thinks that we are going to perish. I honestly don't know if she is correct or not. I hope she isn't because I am just starting to get comfortable with my life. The wind continues throughout the day until finally there is a huge crashing sound. The front part of the barn has been hit with a huge metal human object.

Two cows have been injured by hay and other cows have fallen and are mooing as loud as possible, but no one has come to help them yet. I rush to them and check on them. They will be okay unless the humans slaughter them.

One has a leg that looks broken and is twisted, and the other has a long cut on her rear end. They will be okay. I hope that the human that helped me will also help them.

I feel bad for Bug. She is freaking out, and Cloud won't help her. I guess it is up to me to comfort her. I go to her and lay down with her, resting my head on her. Soon, she falls asleep about the same

time the wind slows down and the rain becomes a trickle.

A few humans come in and roughly remove the calves from the barn. The barn is still intact enough for us to stay in it for now. We still have shelter, even if we don't have all of it. The humans don't seem alarmed. I think that is good. It has been a long day.

Day 100

I have a new message that I wish I could share with the world and that message is that it is possible to find comfort and happiness in every situation and always try to share that comfort and happiness with others.

If others are suffering, we all have the obligation to help them even if we temporarily put some of our responsibilities on the line. Humans need to release us, as they have caused us too much suffering.

We are meant to coexist with them instead of being dominated by them and have our lives controlled. This is what I truly believe. I feel thankful

for my life, but I still hope and dream that I will be free. My last message is a plea.

I ask everyone to free and love everyone. Then, we can all be given a fair chance at a great life.



About the
Channeler
/writer: Chloe
Moers is an
Interspecies
Communicator,
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Master, and is
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Chloe
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animals at the age of three and never consumed flesh. She connected to the spirits of animals who have passed at the age of five and saw their cruel deaths by connecting to their spirits. She was raised vegetarian and turned vegan at age fifteen. Currently, Chloe is creating a nonprofit to incorporate Reiki, Interspecies Communication, Recipes, and Vegan education to save billions of animals' lives. Over 33 million cows are slaughtered in the USA alone. Dairy cows are almost always slaughtered once they can no longer produce milk. Male calves are typically killed at

birth as they cannot produce milk and are sold as veal. About 65% of the world's human population is lactose intolerant. Human bodies are designed for drinking human milk as infants and then stop consuming milk later in life. The milk of a mother cow is designed for her baby calf.