

Dr. Casey Monroe was sitting at their desk waiting for the next patient to enter. She had just finished a session with a male who was in a recent car accident and was having issues with getting behind the wheel again.

Casey didn't know much about the upcoming patient. All she knew was that the patient was listed as having trauma from some medical issues. She got the room ready and paged to her receptionist Patricia to let the patient in.

After a moment, Casey heard some fumbling around with her doorknob. She raised an eyebrow as the noise continued. She was about to get up and go check on the door, but it opened up. Behind the door was her receptionist who had her hand on the doorknob, and standing by her was a massive cow. It had white fur with black spots and an udder that dragged on the floor and pressed between its legs.

"Thanks Patricia." Said the cow. And it started to walk into Casey's office.

Casey furrowed her eyebrows and her mouth went slightly agape. "No problem." Said Patricia. After the cow walked into the office, she closed the door.

It was now just Casey and the cow in the office. "So like. Where should I sit?" Said the cow.

"Huh?" Said Casey. "Oh. Uh, yeah just sit on the couch."

"Thanks." Said the cow.

Casey watched as the cow walked over to the red couch. It started to place its first hoof on a cushion. There was an immediate creaking sound. Casey bit her lip and held her breath in anticipation. But the couch didn't break as the cow applied more pressure. Slowly the cow climbed onto the couch with great success and laid on its side. The udder was just barely hanging over the edge.

Casey sighed with relief. As the last wisp of air left her lips, more creaking started and the legs of the couch broke, causing the couch to crash to the floor. The cow looked embarrassingly up at Casey. "This isn't going to be charged for the session right?"

Casey's face went red. Some slight sadness showed around her eyes as defeat crept in. "No. No. It won't." Casey walked over to her seat next to the now broken couch and sat next to the cow. "So... Are you..."

"Yeah. I'm Johnny. Johnny Riggins."

"Uh huh." Casey gave a slight pause. "I must apologize Johnny. I wasn't expecting-"

"A cow? Yeah. I wasn't expecting this in my life either."

“So I’m guessing that is what you’d like to talk about then.”

“Yup.” Johnny let out a sigh. “I’ve been like this for a couple months now.”

“Would you like to start at the beginning? Maybe help fill me in a bit?”

“Sure. It all started when I ruined Miss Pinkerton’s flower garden at 8 years old.”

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*You see. I was somewhat of a trouble maker growing up as a child. Not sure why. But I just loved to do it.*

Two young boys stood by their bikes. Neither was wearing their helmet, and stared at one of their neighbors' flowerbeds.

“Hey Johnny.” Said the eldest boy. “Bet you a dollar that you won’t stomp on Miss Pinkerton’s flowerbed.”

*My brother was kind of a dick.*

“Yeah you’re right.” Said the young Johnny. “I won’t because she’ll tell mom and I’ll get grounded. Come on, let’s go.” Johnny got ready to get back on his bike.

The older brother grinned. “Pussy no balls.”

*Now I’ll tell you one miss Casey. There are many things Johnny Riggins is, but a pussy ain’t one of them.*

Little Johnny got off his bike in a huff and walked over to the flowerbed. He hiked up his foot and stomped it to the ground, crushing one of the roses.

Johnny’s brother started to laugh. “Good one bro! Come on, stomp some more!” The brother looked up from Johnny, and saw that Miss Pinkerton was looking out her window at Johnny with fury in her eyes. “Uh oh.” He hopped on his bike, and pedaled away.

After stomping some more flowers, Johnny looked and saw his brother was leaving him. “Hey!”

Johnny heard the front door to the house open. He looked up and saw Mister Pinkerton rushing towards him.

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“Now Miss Pinkerton was already a scary lady Casey.” Said Johnny. “But *MISTER* Pinkerton was a whoooooole nother level. I tried outrunning the old fart but he caught up to me quickly and gripped my arm while the Misses called my parents. I got a good spanking and was grounded for two weeks because of my brother.

“How does that make you feel?”

Johnny pondered to himself for a second. “I guess I feel resentful to my brother for making me do it.”

“How did your brother force you to do it?”

“Well... He taunted me.”

“And because he taunted you, you were compelled to do what he said.”

“Hmm. Yeah that sounds about right. He always teased me. That jerk. Anyway, that's incident number one out of, I guess like 100.”

“Um. I normally don't like to intrude, but is the childhood trauma what caused you to be... a cow?”

“What? Oh no. No, this.” Johnny waved her hooves around her fat body. “This is from like, a couple months ago. This is the true trauma.”

“Would you like to talk about that then?”

“Well yeah. I just thought you wanted to know about my childhood since you said to start at the beginning.”

“Ah. Yes I meant from when the trauma started.”

“Well see, that just makes sense then. Okay. From the trauma.”

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*So I was actually walking down the road with my friends. We were heading to the local bar and we saw that there was an old lady tending to a bull behind a fence. We watched as she stepped away for a moment, and the bull was by themselves.*

“Hey Johnny.” Said one of the friends. “Bet you can't hop the fence and taunt that bull without getting hit.”

“Dude. That's fucking stupid. No way!.” Said Johnny.

“Pussy no balls.”

Johnny scowled and huffed. “You’re a bitch Frank.”

“Yeah and you’re a pussy if you don’t hop that fence.”

Johnny clutched his fists and walked towards the fence. “Razzle frazzle, fucking, asshole.” He then started to walk over to the fence. He saw the bull turned its head and stared at him, as if wondering what he was doing. “Hey mister bull.” Johnny’s voice was wavering, and he could feel his knees shake. “I mean you no harm.” He placed both hands on the fence and one foot on the middle bar. The bull let out a soft moo. Johnny nearly pulled his foot off the bar, but the taunting words of his friend echoed in his mind.

Johnny took a big breath to attempt to calm his nerves, and hopped the fence. His feet slammed into the ground.