Full of wonder at the sites in the wonderful field, Sheila braced her bovine self for the fabulous feast that awaited her. Never had she encountered such a wide variety of green grass, white weeds, and hazel hay. This would be a great day indeed.

The first thought that struck Sheila, after the delightful thought of devouring the field for days, was that she ought to return quickly to the herd and tell Carla, Olivia, Wanda and the others. Would this be selfish to keep the location of this field to herself? Could cows be selfish? With that last question, Sheila promptly forgot the others and started in on the munching and crunching.

It was not until several hours and several chewed cuds later that she realized it was getting dark. Would she be able to find her way back to the herd? Sheila rose slowly to her hooves and looked around. Now, which way was it back to the herd?