

Buncows AKA Rabbulls AKA Lagovins

Hello! Thank you for purchasing the Lago Lacto Farmers Quarterly Introductory Package! If you're watching this tape, it means you've taken the first wonderful step towards taking care of your own buncow, and I hope that as you partake in this wonderful journey, you subscribe to more issues of Lago Lacto Farmers Quarterly for all the best tips, tricks, and tactics for making the most of your new companion!

But what IS a buncow? Where do they come from???

A buncow is visually some kind of cute, cow, bunny thing. There is a planet out there in the stars, called Great Bun. Seemingly barren, deep within its core is a labyrinthine research facility staffed by lagovins. Lagovins are a buncow variant that is lanky, thin, and brilliant, with their brains detached from their bodies, suspended above them via psychoreactive force. These nonbinary creatures are responsible for cultivating buncows, selling them, and ensuring their young are given proper treatment. That's right! You can knock up your buncow, and then call up a representative to do that unpleasant work of caring about the kid for you! Wow!

Great Bun is seemingly barren, right? So where are the buncows? Two moons orbit Great Bun, Warryn and Paestyr. Most of the males live on Warryn, the 'rabbulls' as they're called, these beefcakes are gruff, quiet, and serious as nails. Their mysterious demeanor makes it easy to forget how dumb they really are. Warryn is a dusty desert world, and as such its denizens are mostly in the sort of hides and leathers you'd see in wild west of a hominid planet.

Paestyr on the other hand is a grassy meadow, where life is easy, pleasant even. This is where the females live, the buncow you think of when you hear the word buncow. Buncows and Rabbulls get between moons on automatic shuttles that run on a really simple schedule. These shuttles fill themselves with sanitized pheromones, to calm their raging libidos. Despite this, sometimes some of them still manage to fuck on the way over. You've got to admire that kind of spirit!

Great Bun and its moons sound great! Can I visit?

You probably wouldn't want to. 20% of the time, Warryn is awash in a brutal dust storm, and Paestyr is frozen over. During this time, the rabbulls stay inside, drinking and fighting to kill time, while the buncows sip on pumpkin spice and talk about nothing. The rest of the year, its very pleasant on both worlds, but you'd be overwhelmed by their sexual urges or their mindless banter so fast, you'd either die or go mad within weeks.

Only Lagovins are allowed inside Great Bun.

So why keep buncows?

Why wouldn't you keep them?! They're affectionate, lovable, cute, cuddly, friendly, but most of all: their brains are just terrible. Their brains make for great, cheap fast food for neurovores. They also make milk, and you can sell that shit. sdrfghsldkgfjh horny

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