

# **The Story of Ferdinand**

Munro Leaf



## Table of Contents

<b><u>The Story of Ferdinand</u></b> .....	<b>1</b>
<b><u>Munro Leaf</u></b> .....	<b>2</b>

# The Story of Ferdinand

## Munro Leaf

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.  
<http://www.blackmask.com>

Once upon a time in Spain  
there was a little bull and his  
name was Ferdinand.  
All the other little bulls he  
lived with would run and jump  
and butt their heads together,  
but not Ferdinand.  
He liked to sit just quietly and  
smell the flowers.  
He had a favorite spot out in  
the pasture under a cork tree.  
It was his favorite tree and he  
would sit in its shade all day  
and smell the flowers.  
Sometimes his mother, who  
was a cow, would worry about  
him. She was afraid he would  
be lonesome all by himself.  
"Why don't you run and play  
with the other little bulls and  
skip and butt your head?" she  
would say.  
But Ferdinand would shake  
his head. "I like it better here  
where I can sit just quietly and  
smell the flowers."  
His mother saw that he was  
not lonesome, and because  
she was an understanding  
mother, even though she was  
a cow, she let him just sit  
there and be happy.  
As the years went by  
Ferdinand grew and grew until he  
was very big and strong.  
All the other bulls who had  
grown up with him in the same  
pasture would fight each other  
all day. They would butt each  
other and stick each other with  
their horns. What they wanted  
most of all was to be picked  
to fight at the bull fights in

## The Story of Ferdinand

Madrid.

But not Ferdinand—he still liked to sit just quietly under the cork tree and smell the flowers.

One day five men came in very funny hats to pick the biggest, fastest roughest bull to fight in the bull fights in Madrid.

All the other bulls ran around snorting and butting, leaping and jumping so the men would think that they were very very strong and fierce and pick them. Ferdinand knew that they wouldn't pick him and he didn't care. So he wount out to his favorite cork tree to sit down.

He didn't look where he was sitting and instead of sitting on the nice cool grass in the shade he sat on a bumble bee.

Well, if you were a bumble bee and a bull sat on you what would you do? You would sting him. And that is just what this bee did to Ferdinand.

Wow! Did it hurt! Ferdinand jumped up with a snort. he ran around puffing and snorting, butting and pawing the ground as if he were crazy.

The five men saw him and they all shouted with joy. here was the largest and fiercest bull of all. Just the one for the bull fights in Madrid!

So they took him away for the bullfight day in a cart.

What a day it was! Flags were flying, bands were playing... and all the lovely ladies had flowers in their hair.

They had a parade ino the bull ring.

First came the Banderilleros with long sharp pins with ribbins on them to stick in the bull and make him mad.

Next came the Picadores who

## The Story of Ferdinand

rode skinny horses and they  
had long spears to stick in the  
bull and make him madder.  
Then came the Matador, the  
proudest of all—he thought he  
was very handsome, and bowed  
to the ladies. He had a red cape  
and a sword and was supposed  
to stick the bull last of all.  
Then came the bull, and you  
know who that was don't you?  
—FERDINAND.

They called him Ferdinand  
the Fierce and all of the Banderilleros  
were afraid of him and  
the Picadores were afraid of  
him and the Matador was  
scared stiff.

Ferdinand ran to the middle of  
the ring and everyone shouted  
and clapped because they  
thought he was going to fight  
fiercely and butt and snort  
and stick his horns around.

But not Ferdinand. When he  
got to the middle of the ring  
he saw the flowers in all the  
lovely ladies' hair and he just  
sat down quietly and smelled.  
He wouldn't fight and be fierce  
no matter what they did. He  
just sat and smelled. And the  
Banderilleros were mad and  
the Picadores were madder and  
the Matador was so mad he  
cried because he couldn't show  
off with his cape and sword.  
So they had to take Ferdinand  
home.

And for all I know he is sitting  
there still, under his favorite  
cork tree, smelling the flowers  
just quietly.  
He is very happy.