

The Story of **FERDINAND**



by Munro Leaf
illustrated by Robert Lawson

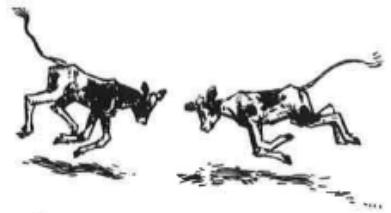
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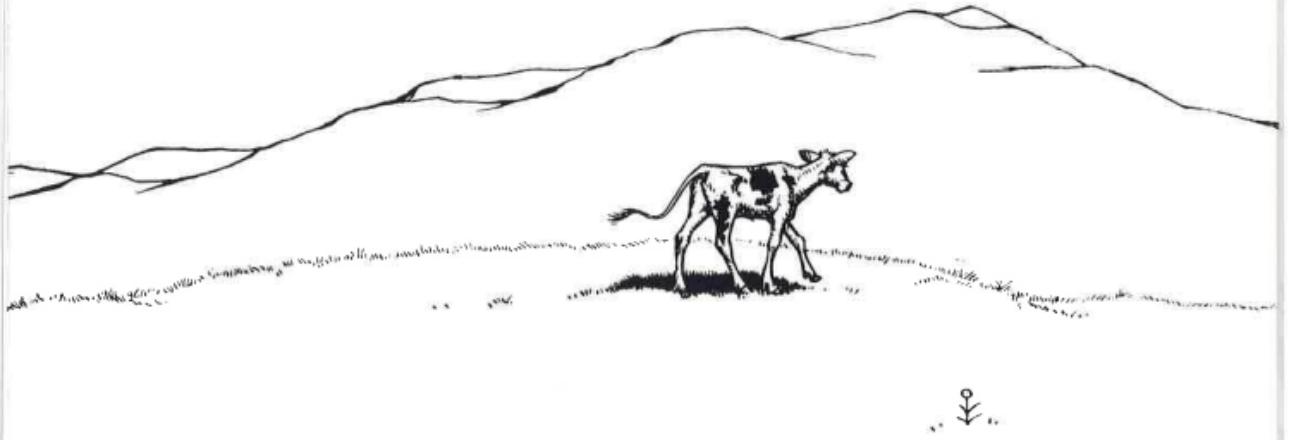
there was a little bull and
his name was Ferdinand.



All the other little bulls
he lived with would run and jump
and butt their heads together,



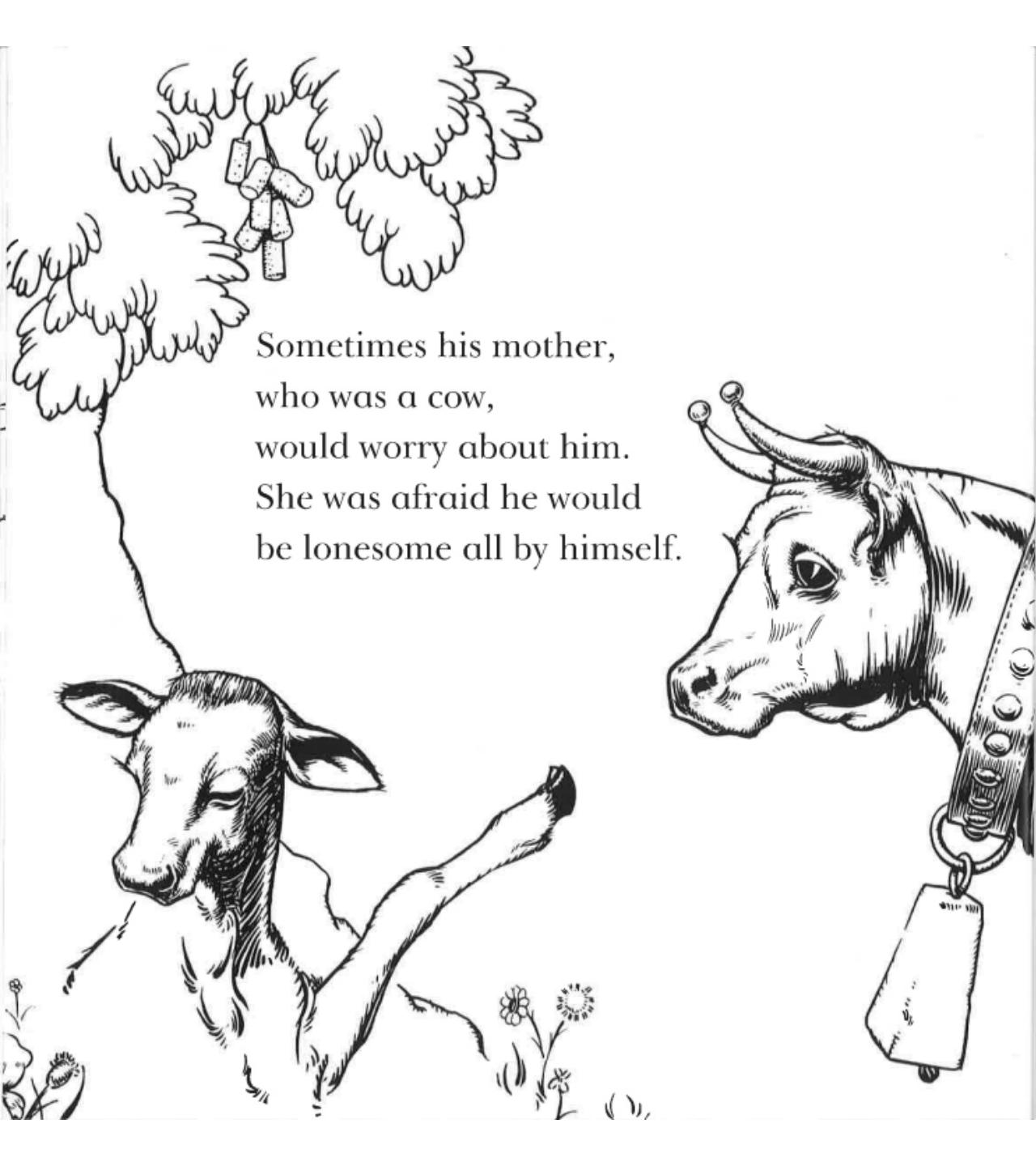
but not Ferdinand.



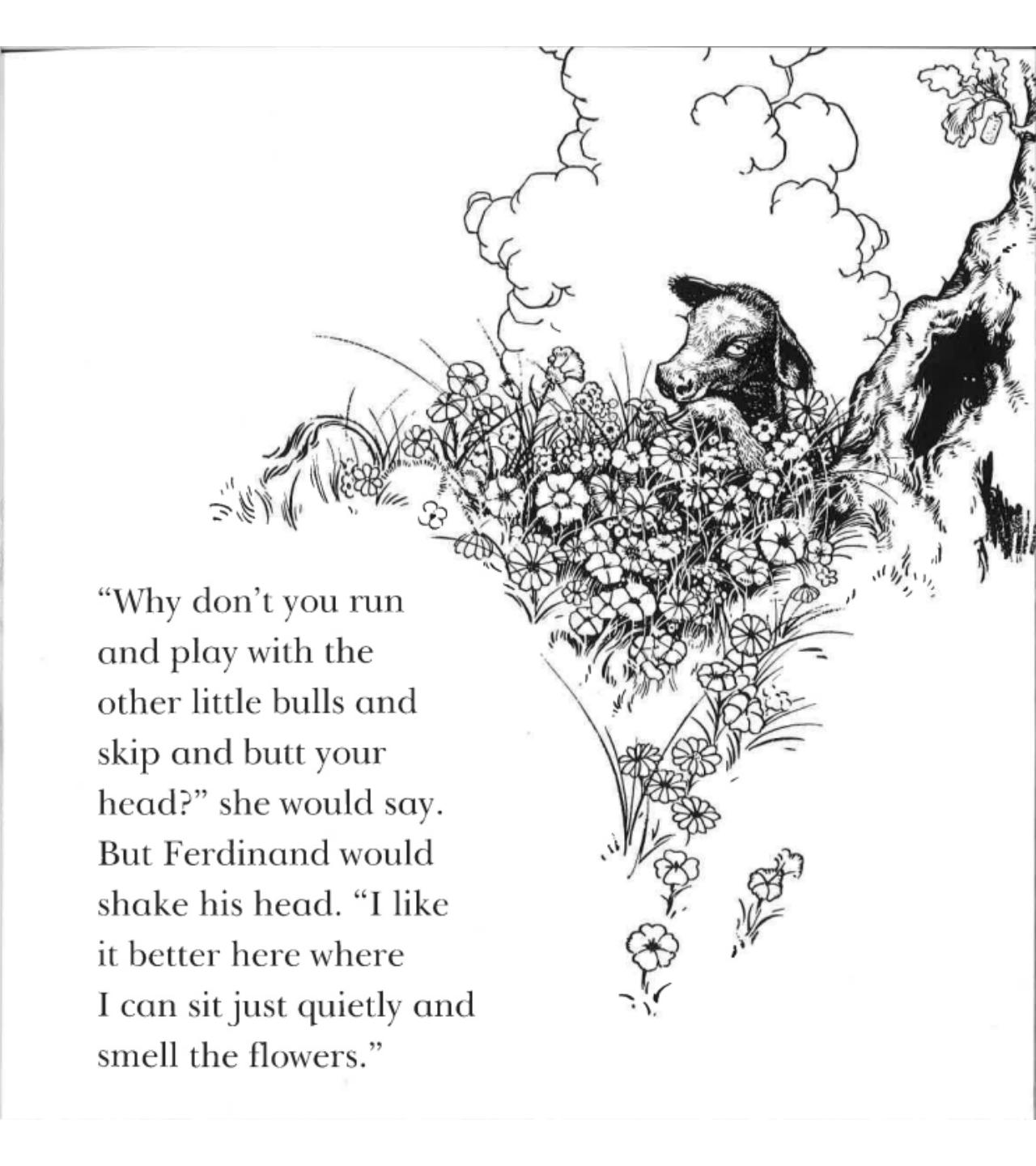
He liked to sit just quietly and
smell the flowers.

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.

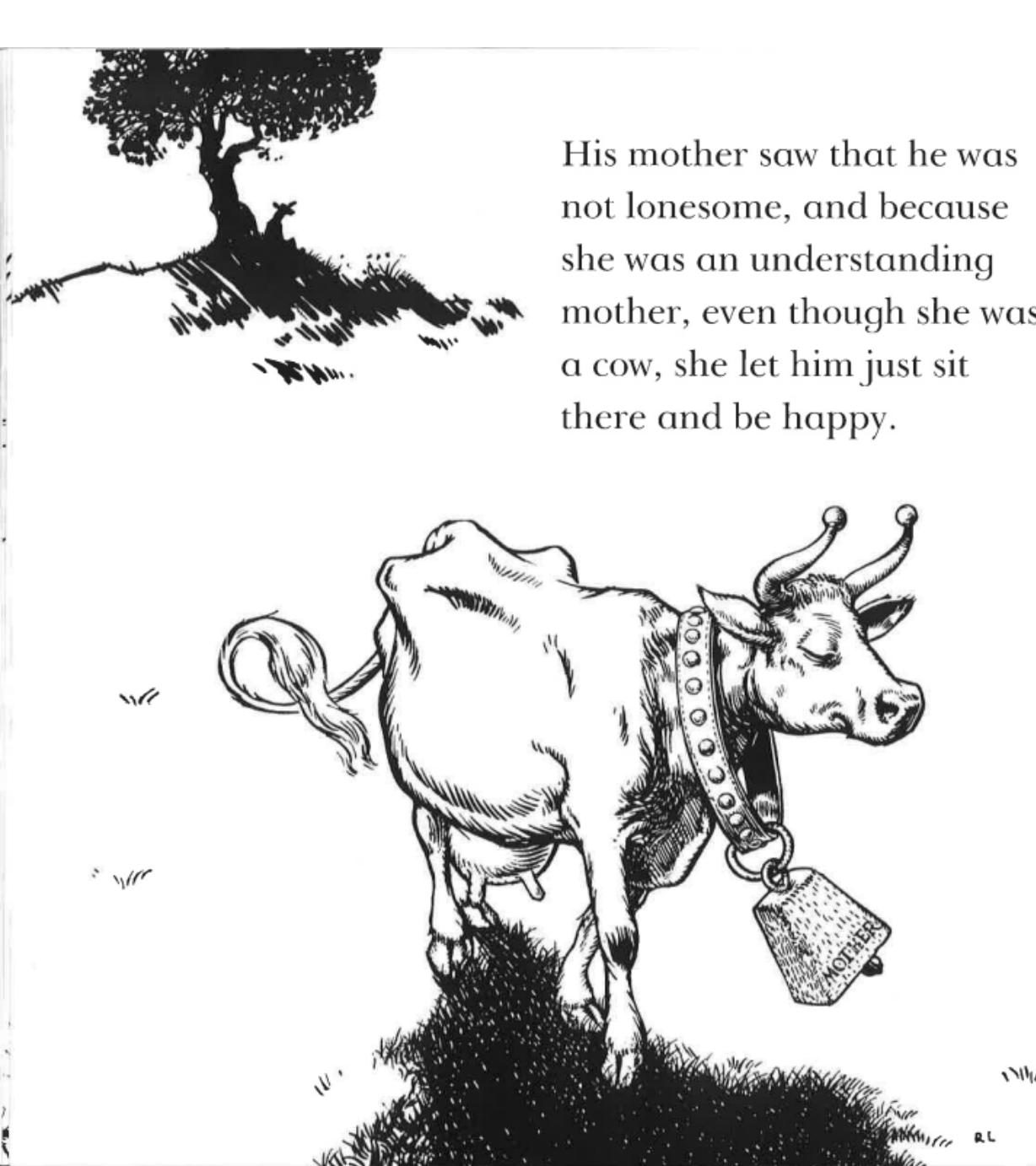




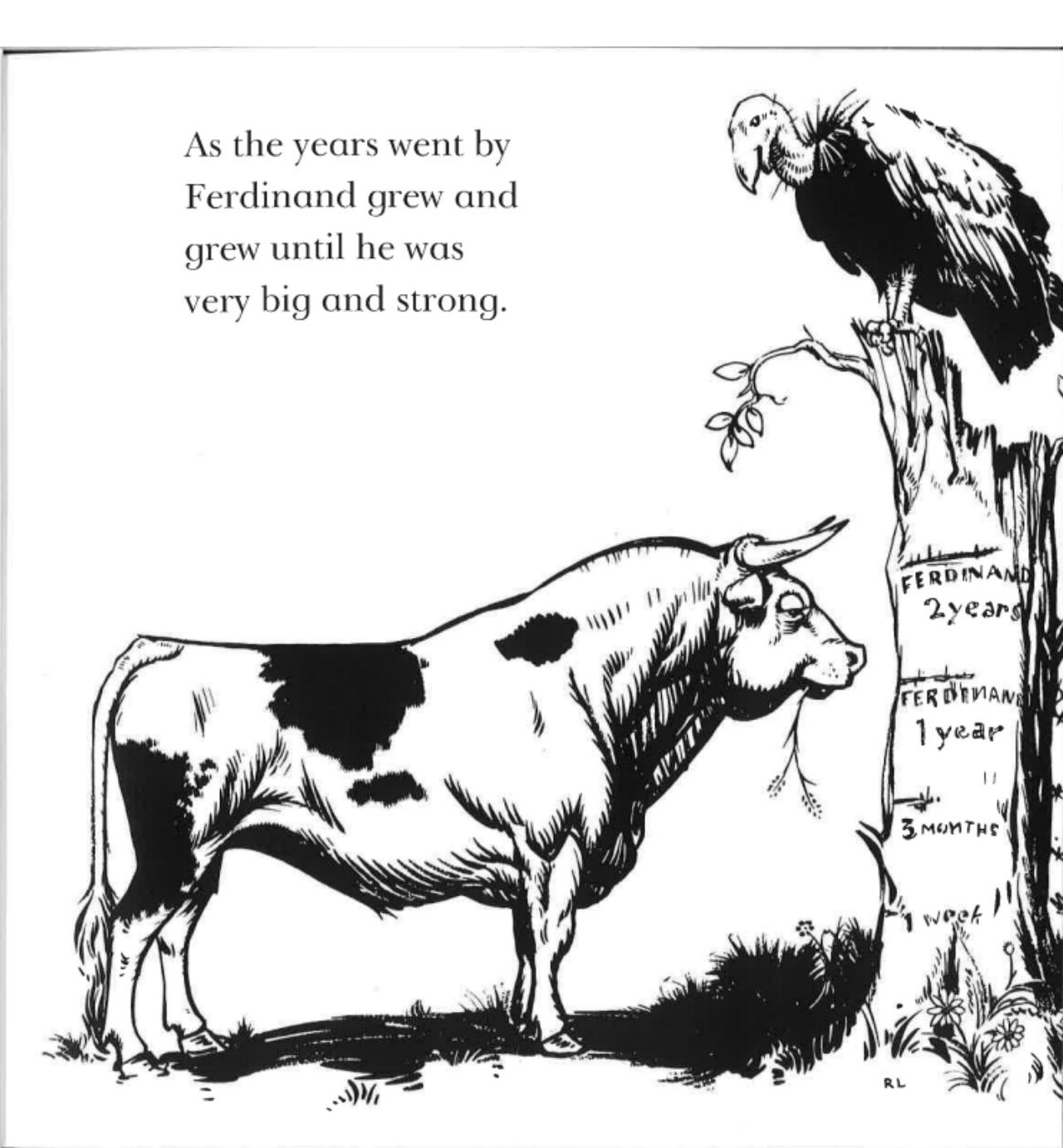
Sometimes his mother,
who was a cow,
would worry about him.
She was afraid he would
be lonesome all by himself.



"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.

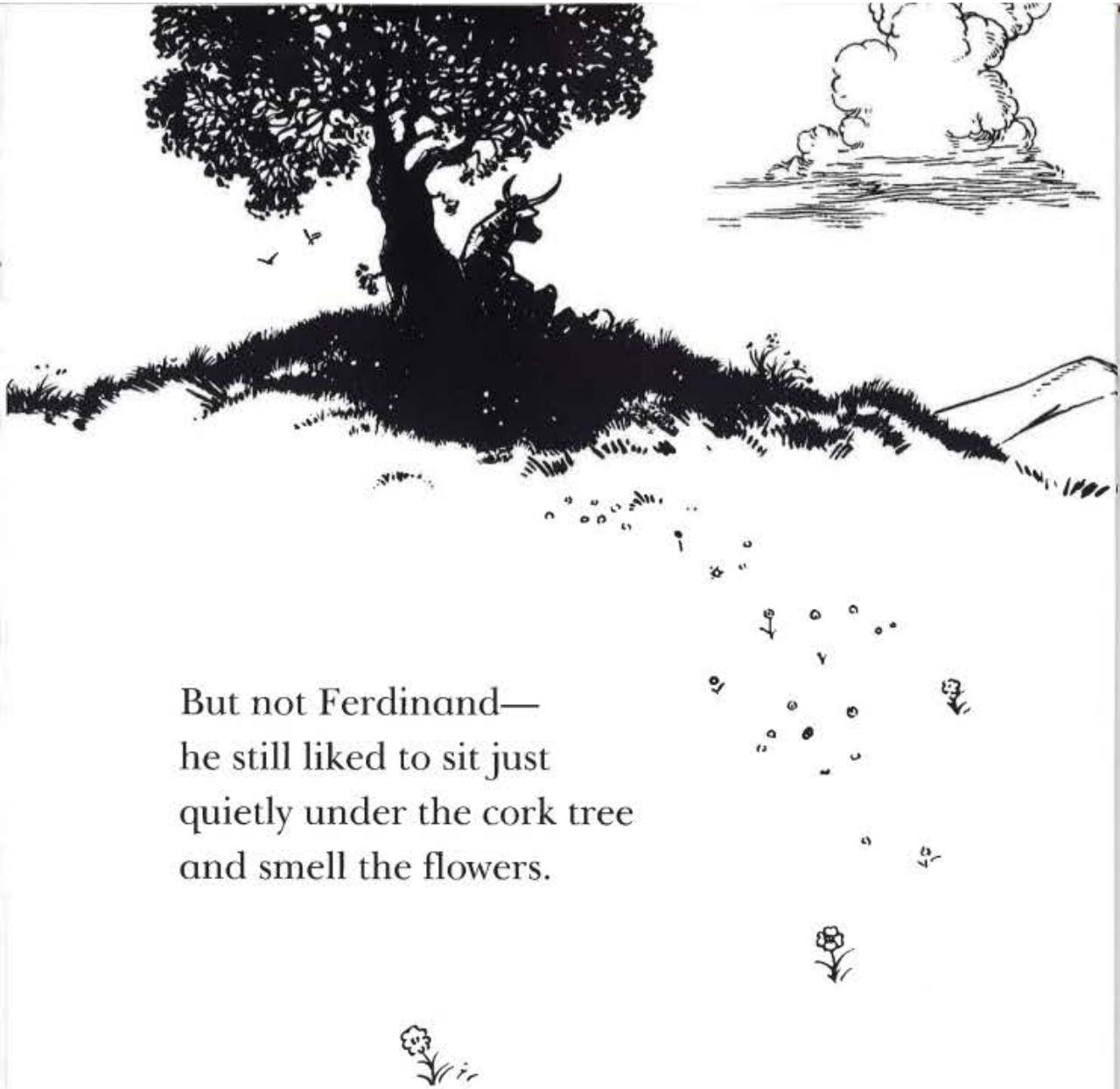


As the years went by Ferdinand grew and grew until he was very big and strong.



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 Madrid.

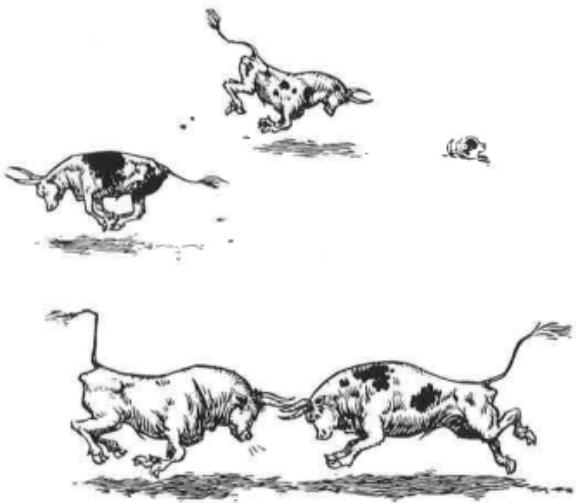




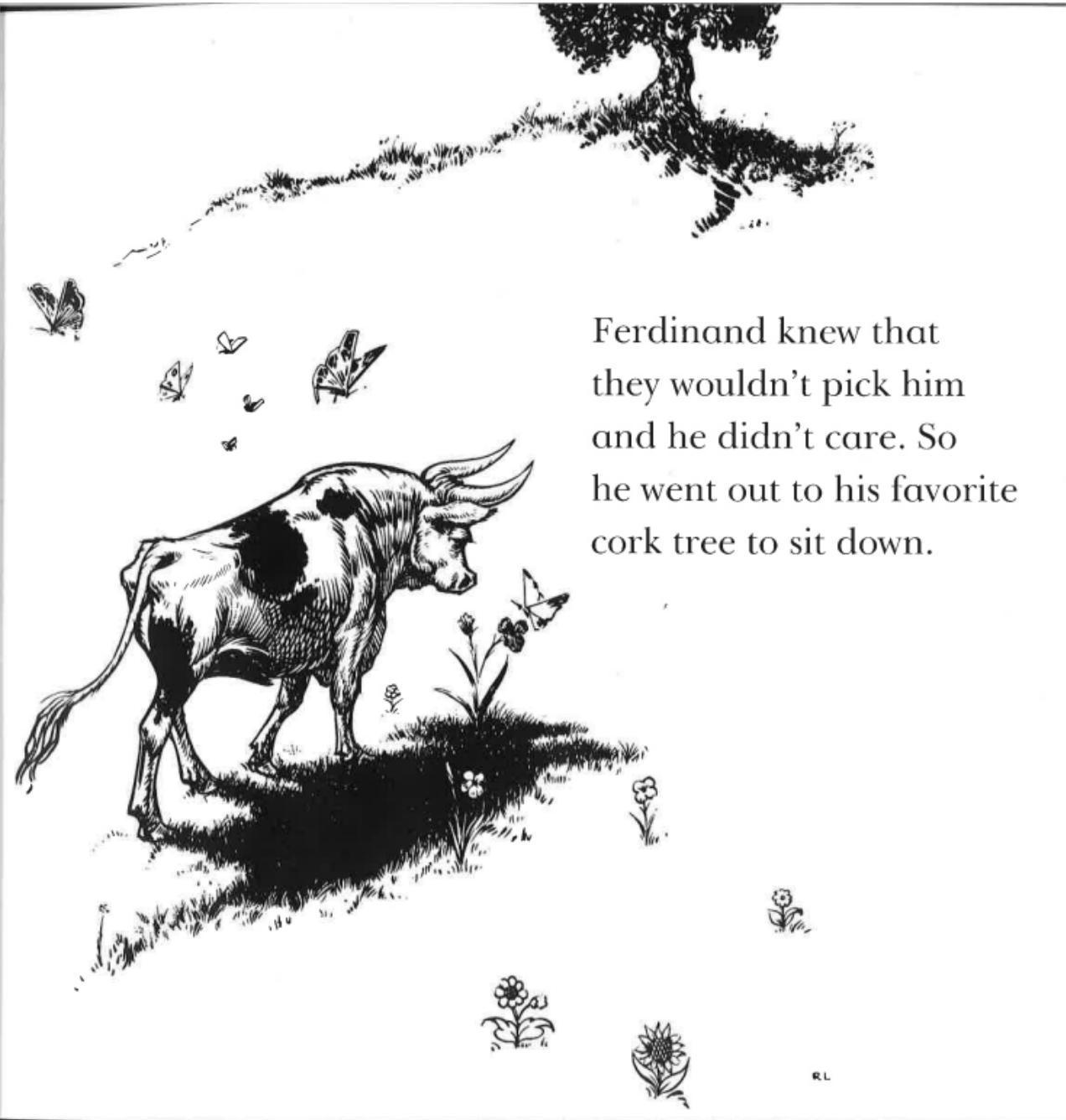
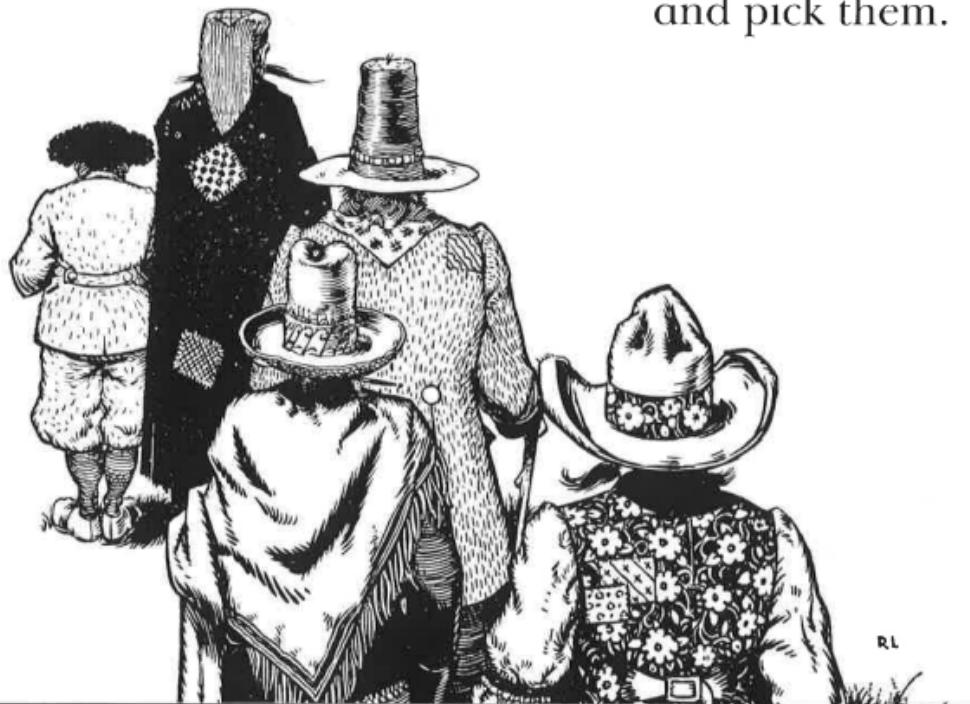
But not Ferdinand—
he still liked to sit just
quietly under the cork tree
and smell the flowers.



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.

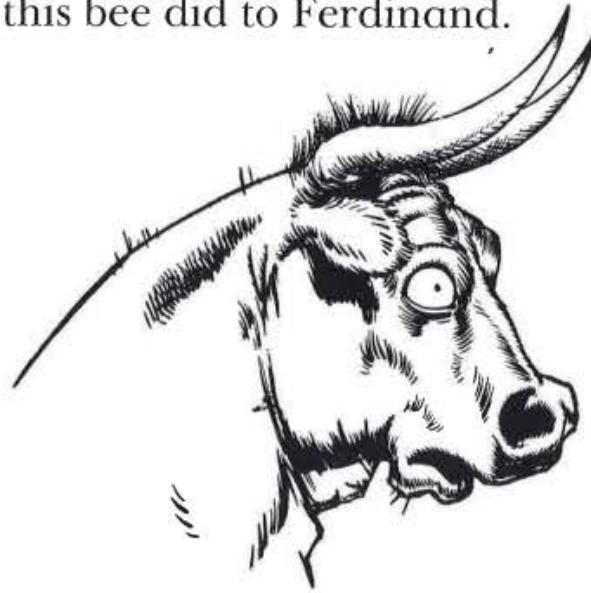


Ferdinand knew that
they wouldn't pick him
and he didn't care. So
he went out to his favorite
cork tree to sit down.

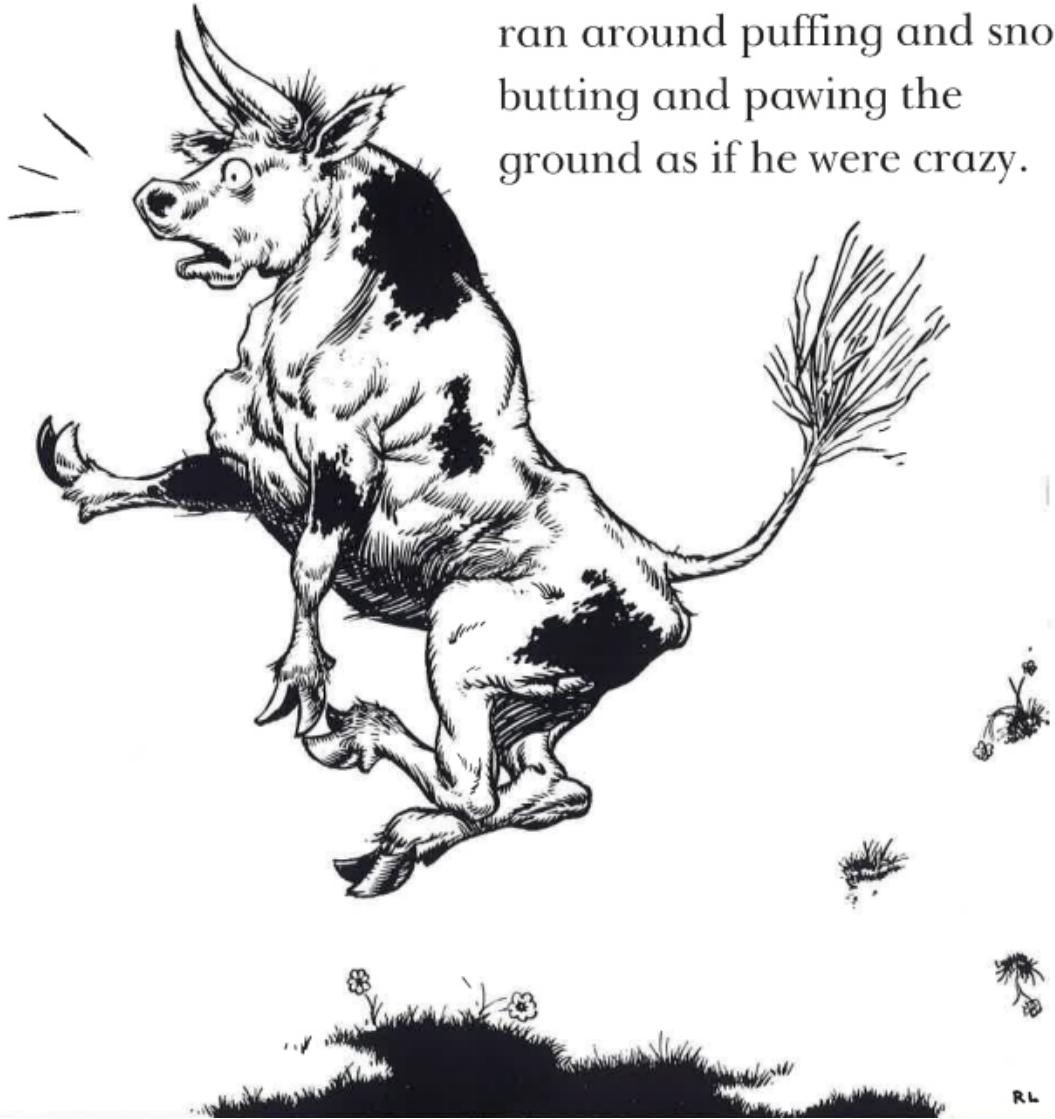


He didn't look where he was sitting and instead of sitting on the nice cool grass in the shade he sat on a bumble bee.

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.



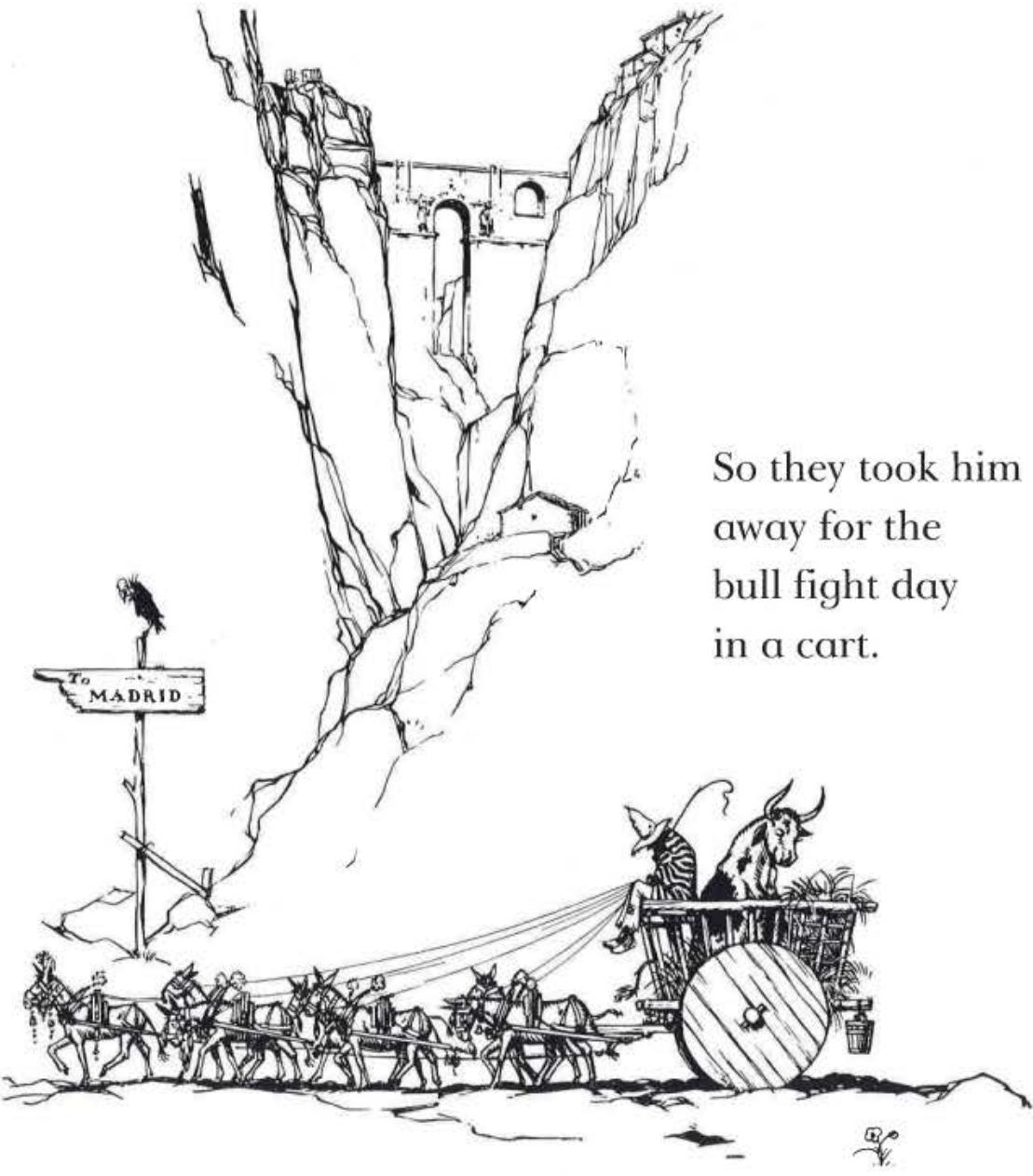
Wow! Did it hurt! Ferdinand jumped up with a snort. He ran around puffing and snorting, butting and pawing the ground as if he were crazy.



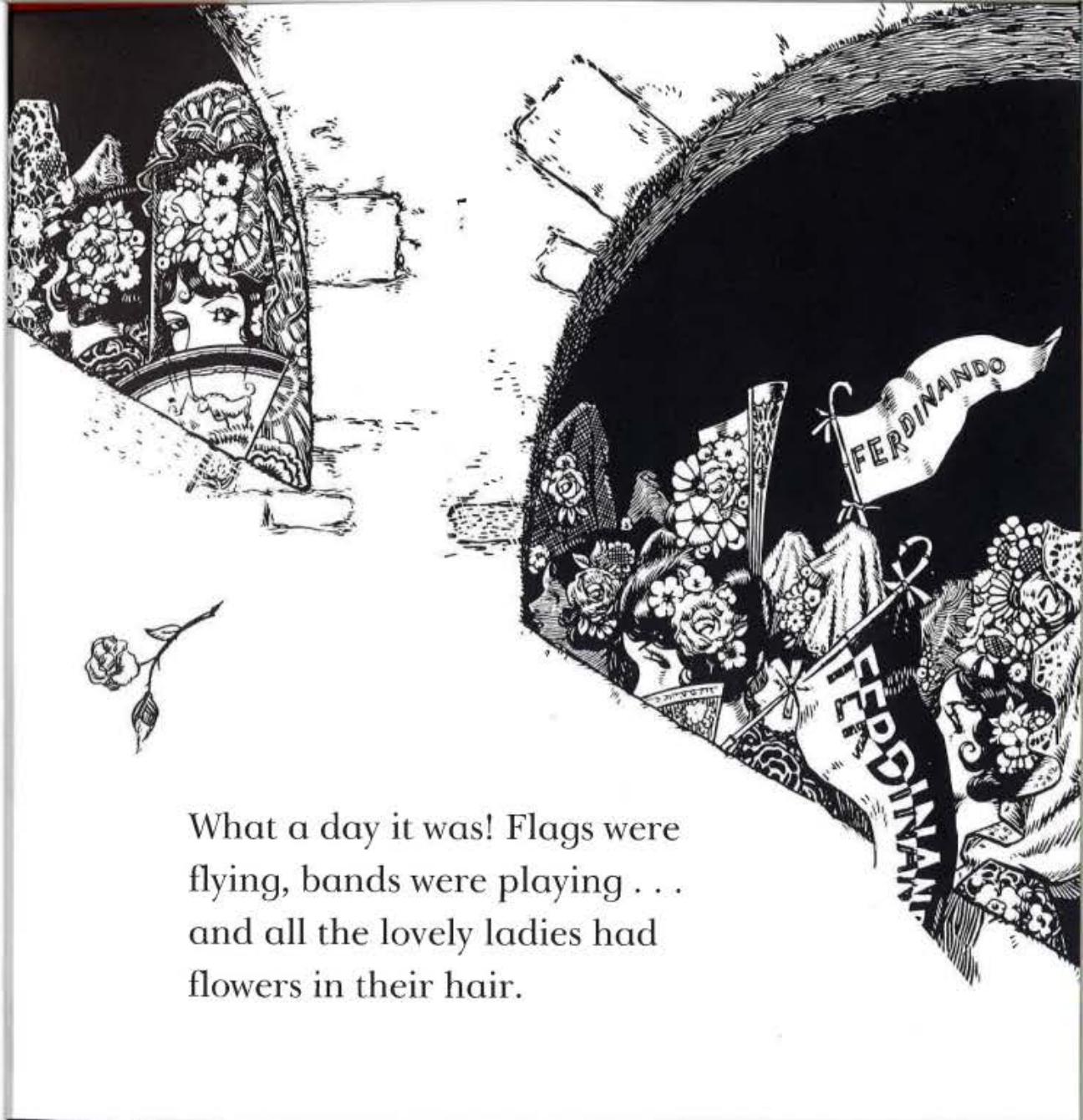
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The five men saw him and they all shouted with joy. Here was the largest and fiercest bull of all. Just the one for the bull fights in Madrid!



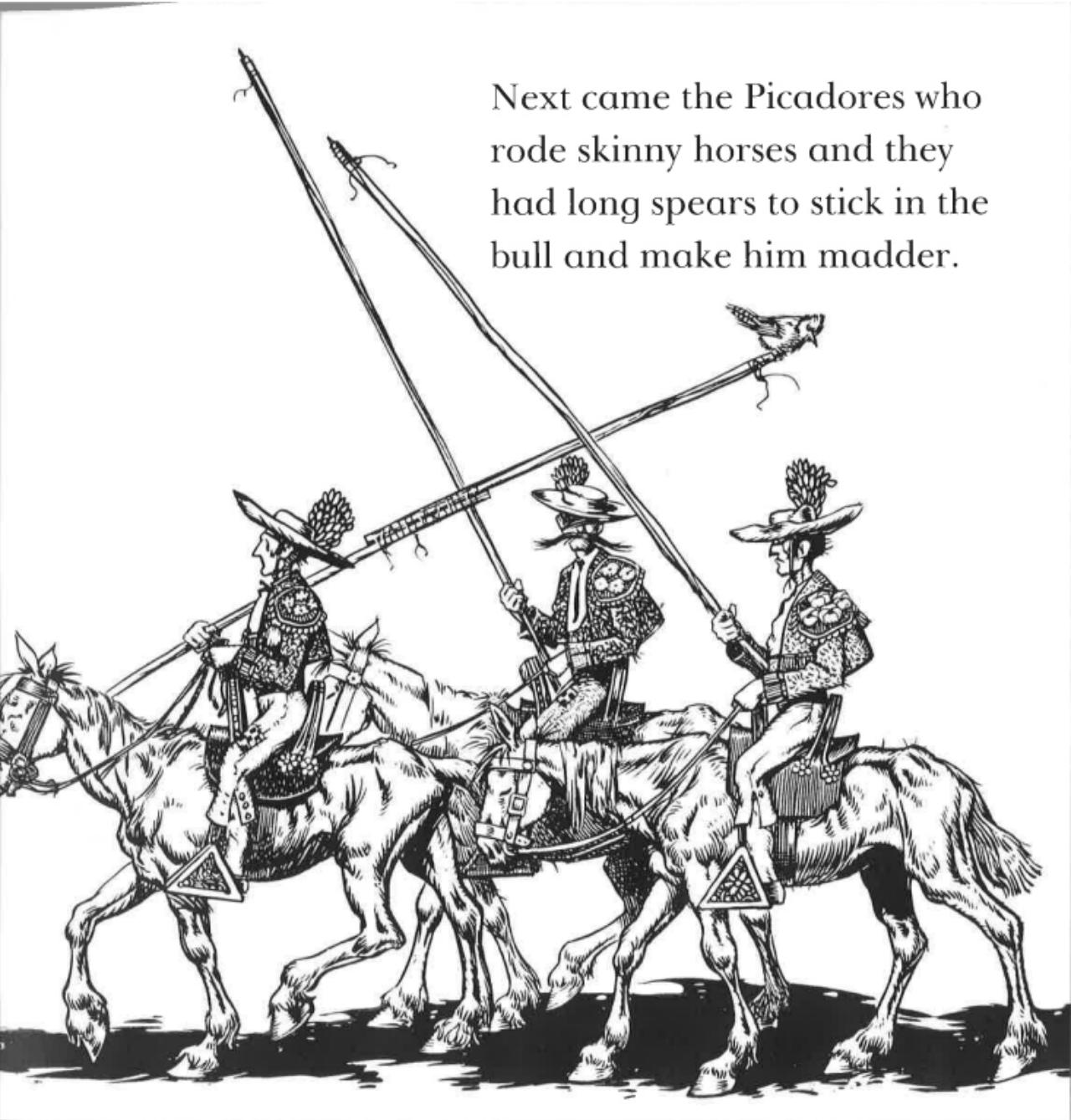
So they took him
away for the
bull fight day
in a cart.



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

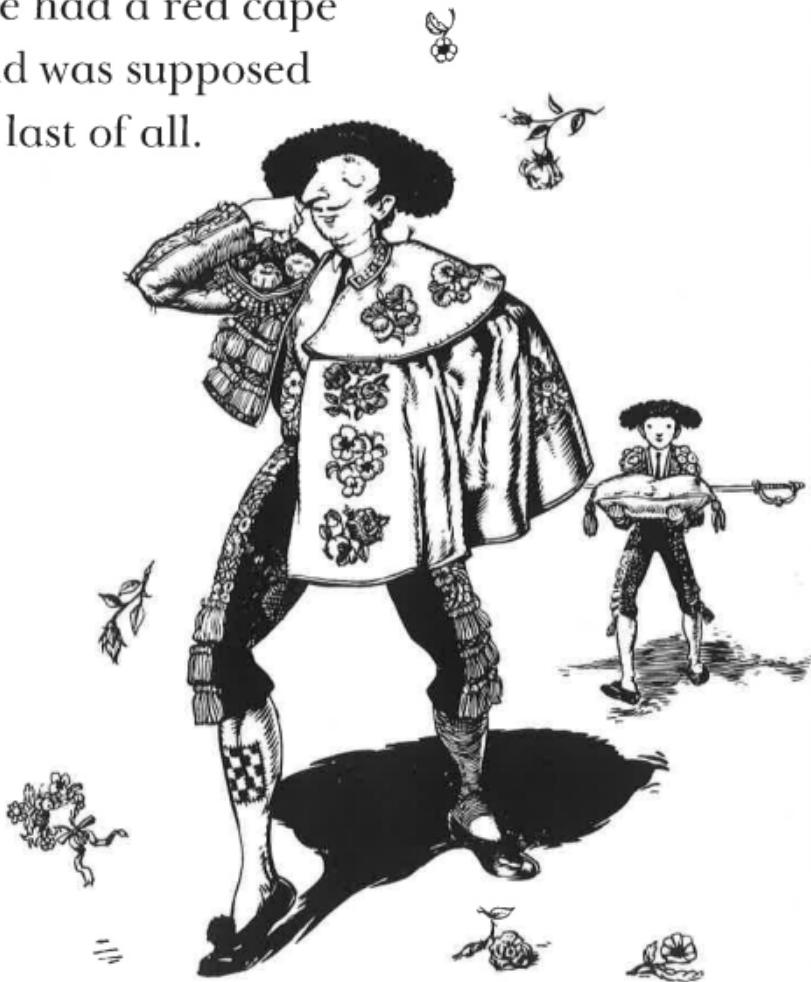
They had a parade into the bull ring.

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



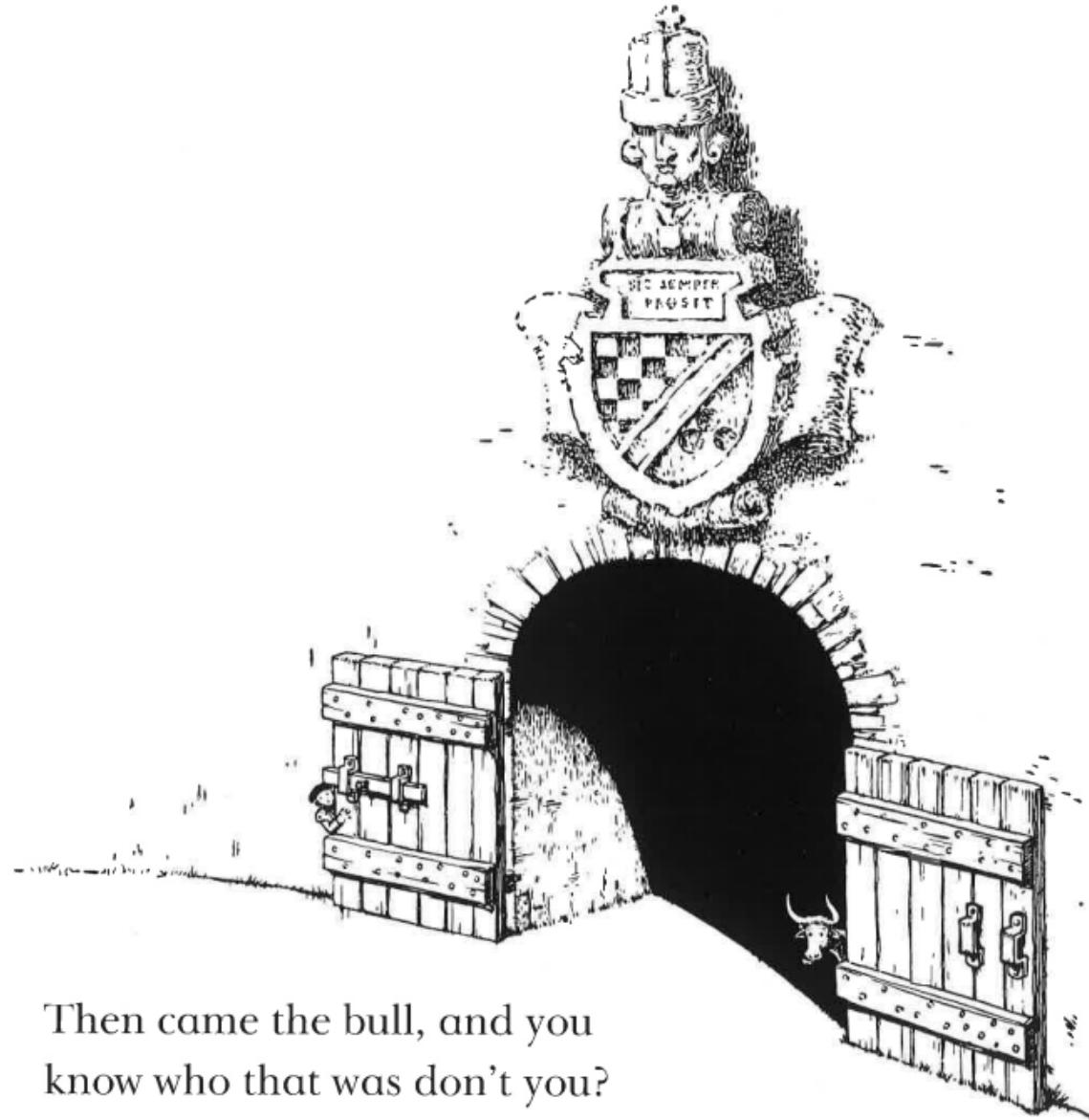
Next came the Picadores who rode skinny horses and they had long spears to stick in the bull and make him madder.

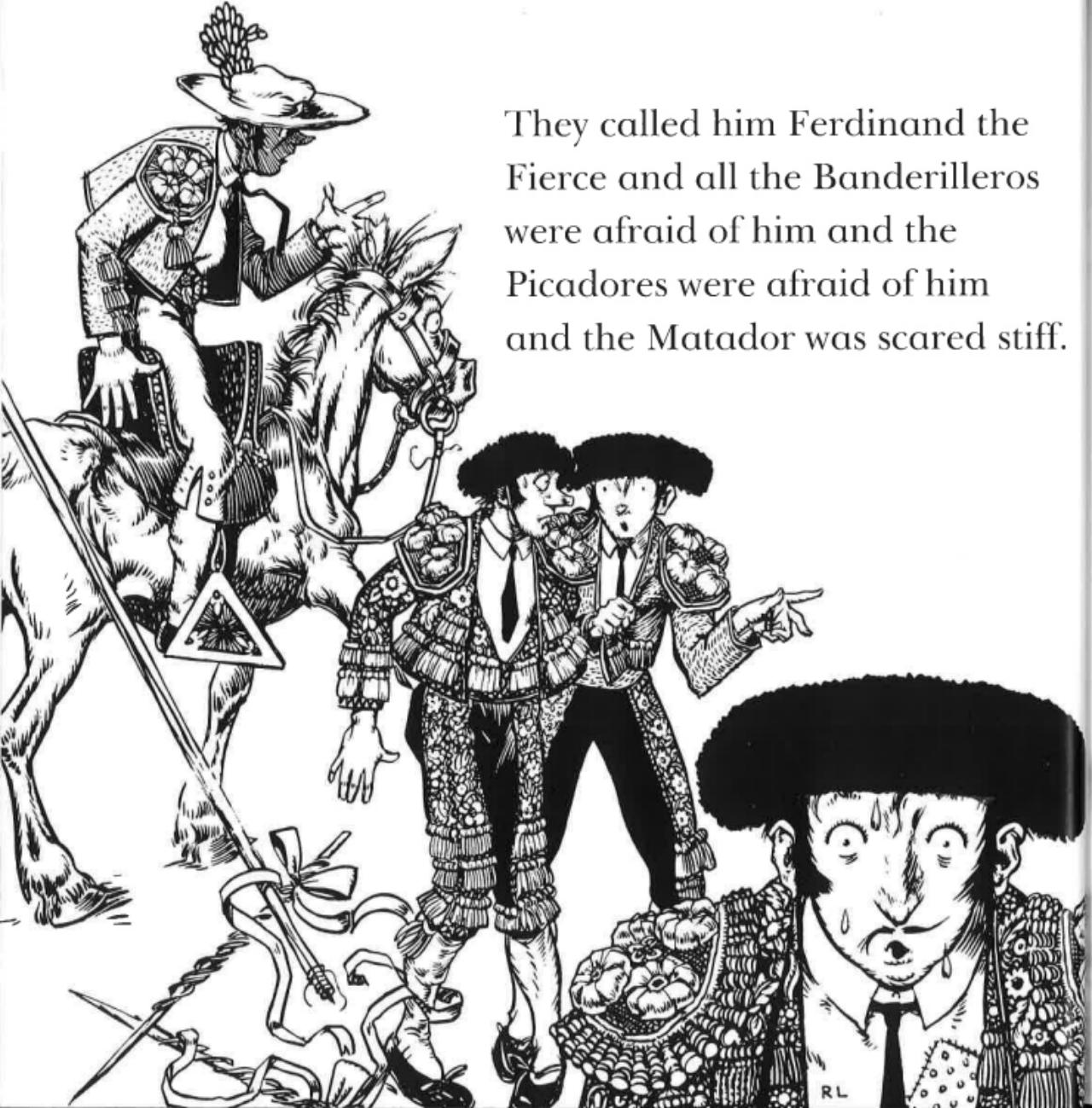
Then came the Matador, the proudest of all—he thought he was very handsome, and bowed to the ladies. He had a red cape and a sword and was supposed to stick the bull last of all.



Then came the bull, and you know who that was don't you?

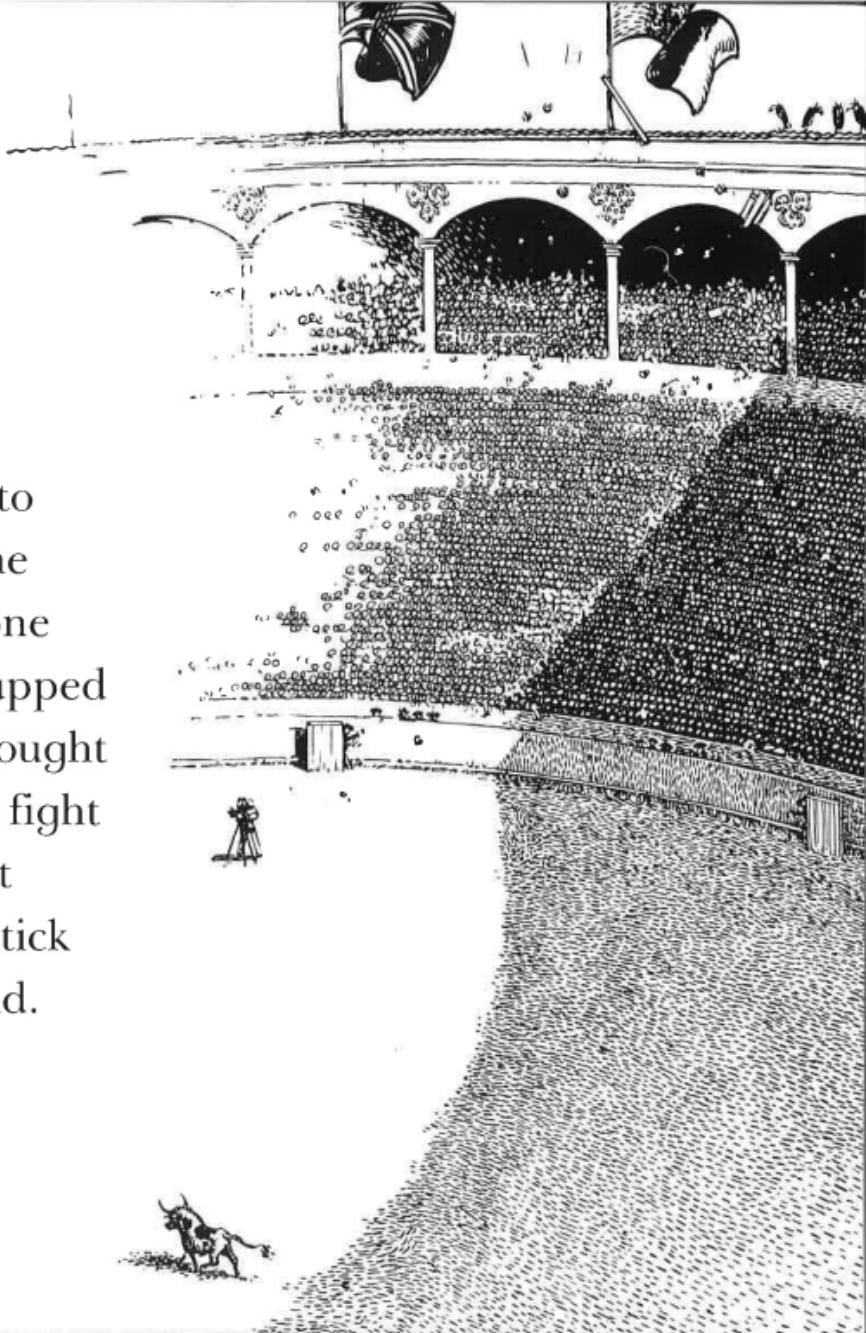
—FERDINAND.

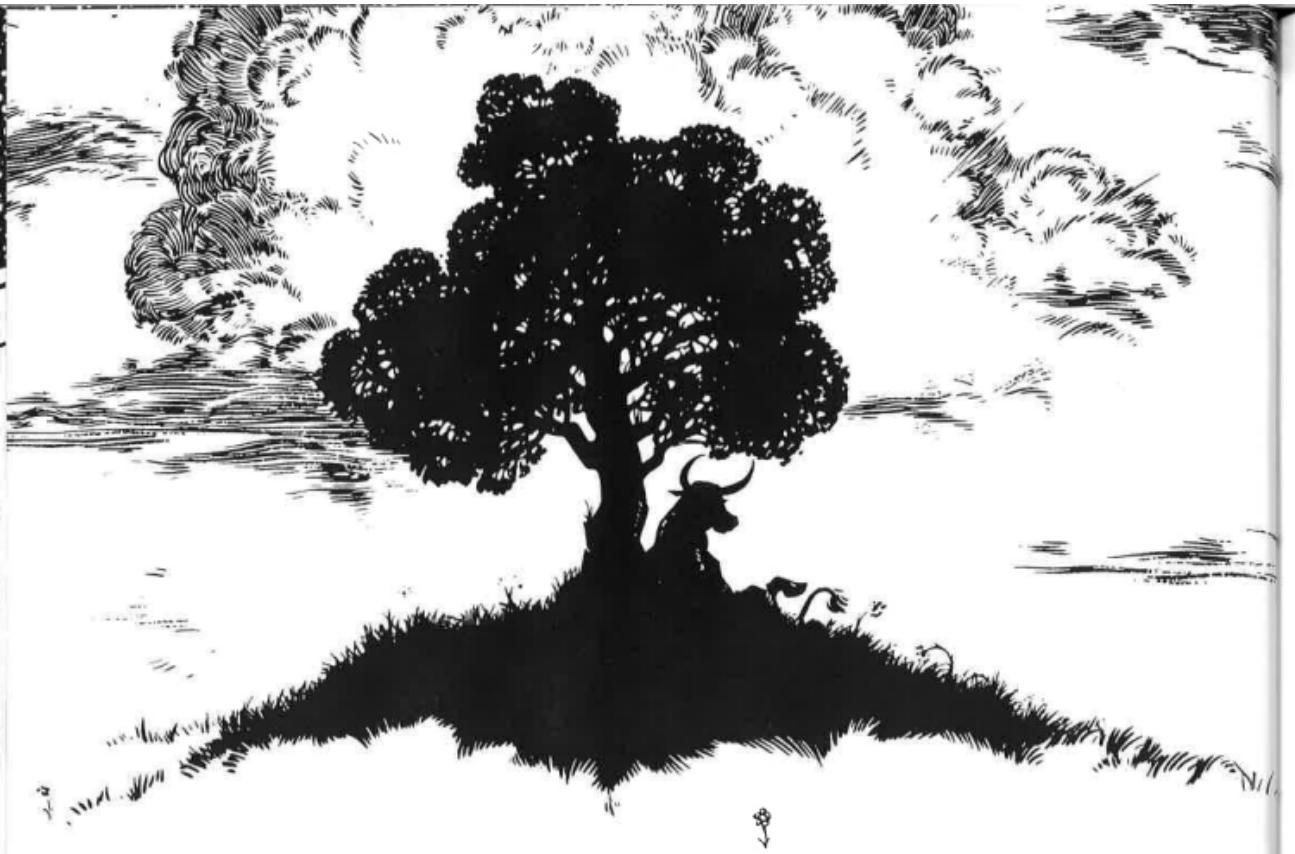




They called him Ferdinand the Fierce and all the Banderilleros were afraid of him and the Picadores were afraid of him and the Matador was scared stiff.

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.





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

He is very happy.