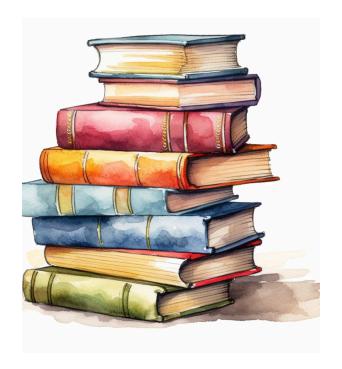


# I hope you enjoy reading this short story as much as I enjoyed making it!

Please keep an eye out for more exciting Mr. Bull stories soon!

Thanks and enjoy, Mr. Bull.



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### **Chapter 1: The Great Chicken Chase**

In the quaint village of Little Hoof, England (old England in Great Britain), lived Mr. Bull, a large, gormless bull with a simple dream: to catch a chicken for his supper. Despite his size, Mr. Bull was not the sharpest tool in the shed. He spent his days plotting elaborate schemes to catch the village chickens, who were as clever as they were clucky.

One sunny morning, Mr. Bull set up a trap with a trail of corn leading straight into a net. "They'll never see it coming!" he chuckled. But as he hid behind a bush, he watched in dismay as the chickens casually walked around the trap, pecking at the corn, and then strutted away, leaving Mr. Bull with nothing but an empty net and a bruised ego.



## **Chapter 2: The Disguise Disaster**



Undeterred, Mr. Bull tried a new tactic. He donned a feathered costume, thinking, "If I look like a chicken, I'll surely catch one!".

He strutted into the coop, only to be met with puzzled stares from the real chickens. They whispered and chuckled among themselves, recognising the intruder instantly.

As Mr. Bull tried to blend in, he tripped over his costume, sending feathers flying everywhere. The chickens clucked and cackled in amusement as Mr. Bull stumbled out of the coop, his costume in tatters and his pride even more so.



## **Chapter 3: The Midnight Misadventure**

One night, Mr. Bull decided to try his luck under the cover of darkness. "Chickens can't see in the dark," he thought, not realising that he himself was no owl.

He tiptoed into the chicken coop, but in the pitch-black of night, he couldn't see a thing. He reached out, hoping to grab a chicken, but instead, he accidentally grabbed the farmer's cat, who yowled and scratched him furiously! Mr. Bull ran off, howling into the night, followed by a chorus of clucking laughter from the coop.



### **Chapter 4: A Lesson Learned**

The next day, bruised and a little wiser, Mr. Bull sat under a tree, feeling sorry for himself. That's when Little Emily, a kind-hearted girl from the village, walked by. Seeing his sad face, she offered him a piece of her sandwich.

"Why do you keep chasing the chickens, Mr. Bull?" she asked. Mr. Bull sighed, "I thought I wanted chicken for supper, but all I got was trouble."

Emily smiled, "Maybe you don't need to catch chickens to be happy. Sometimes, what we think we want isn't what we really need."

Mr. Bull pondered her words. From that day on, he stopped chasing chickens, realising that friendship and kindness were more fulfilling than any chicken chase. He became the chickens' protector instead of their pursuer, and the village chuckled at the new friendship, finding humour in Mr. Bull's newfound wisdom.

