

THE STORY *of*  
**FERDINAND**

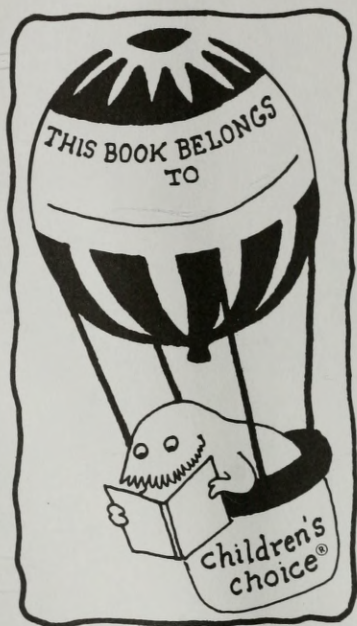
*by* MUNRO LEAF




Drawings by **ROBERT LAWSON**







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*The Story of*  
**FERDINAND**



*By Munro Leaf*  
*Illustrated by Robert Lawson*

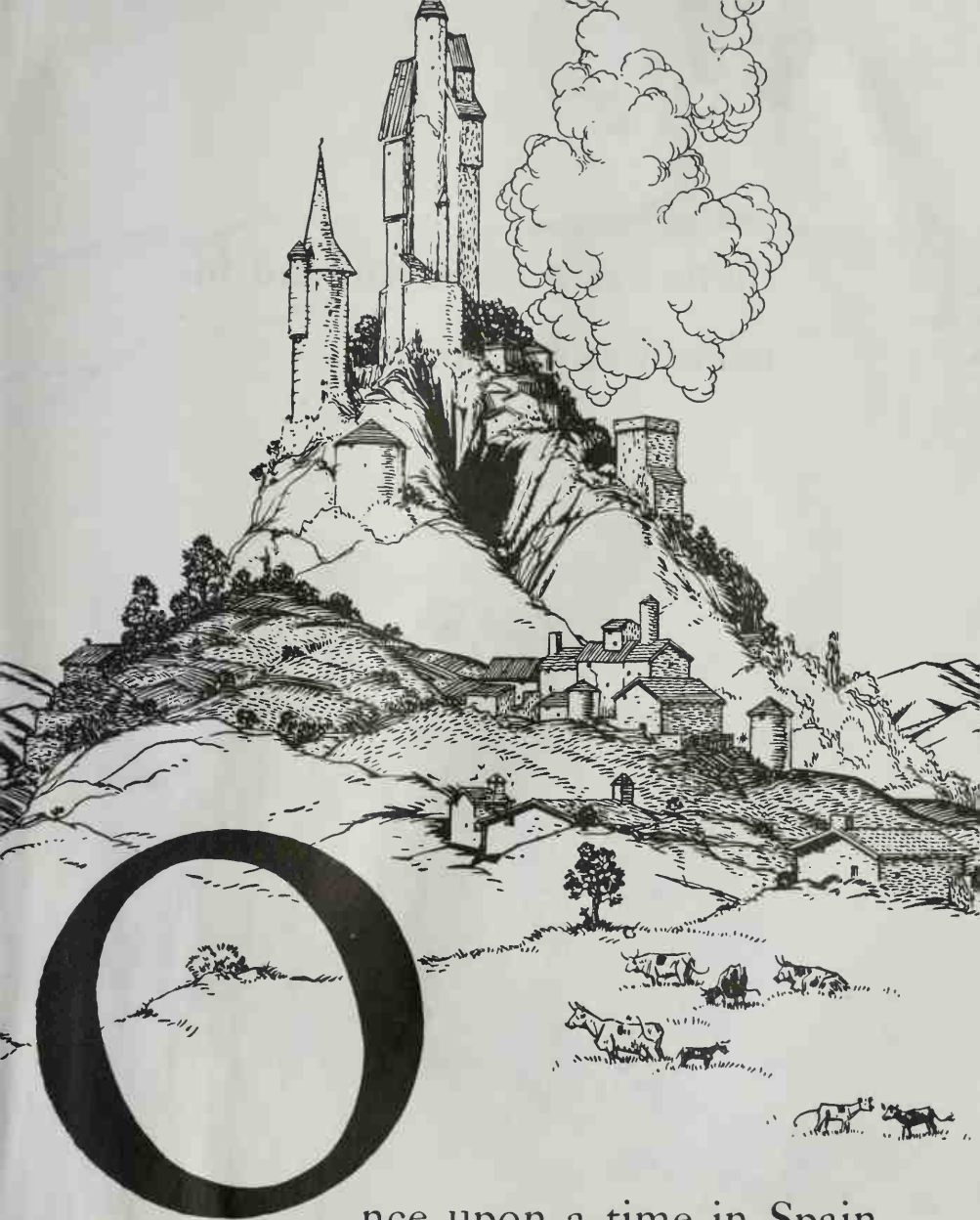
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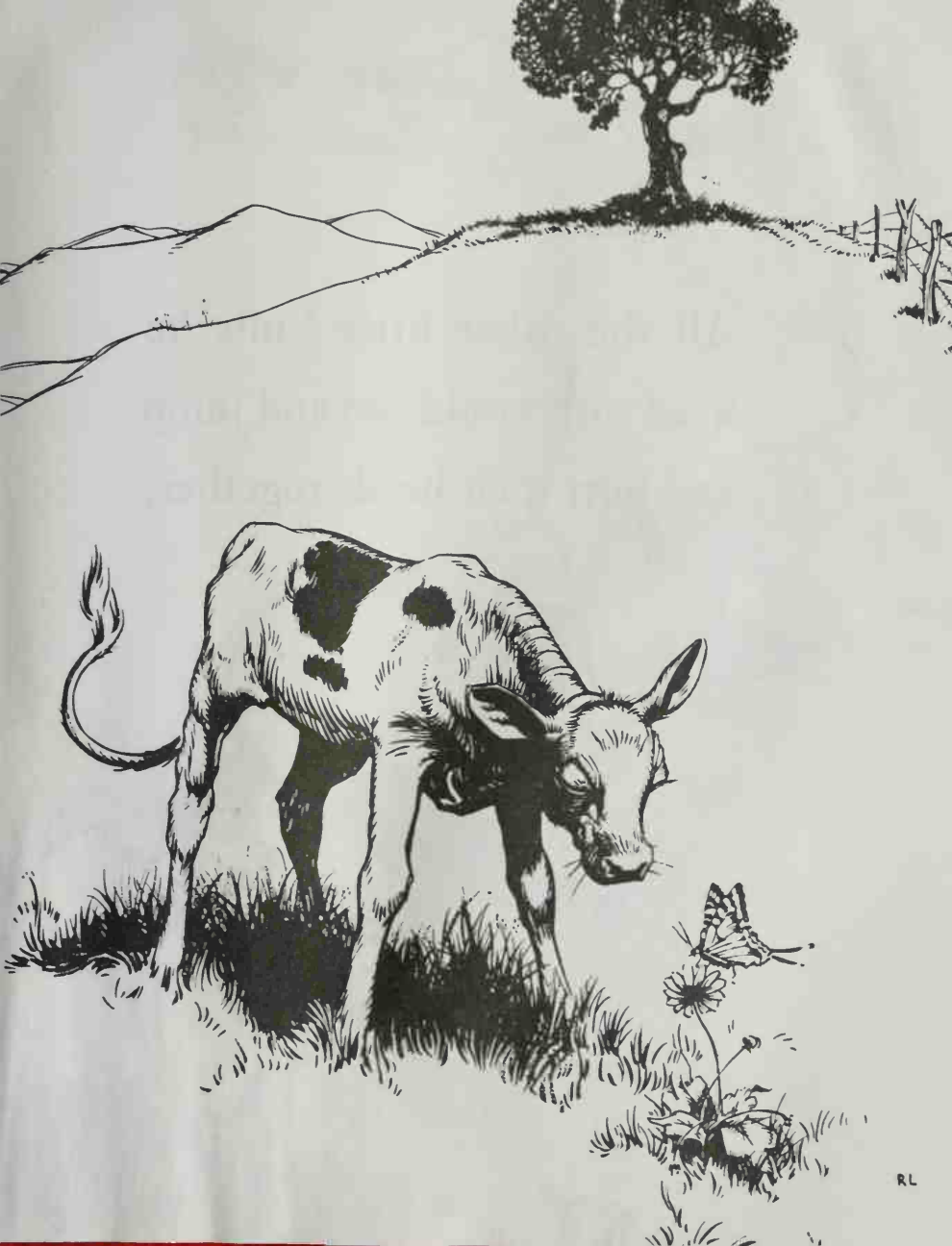
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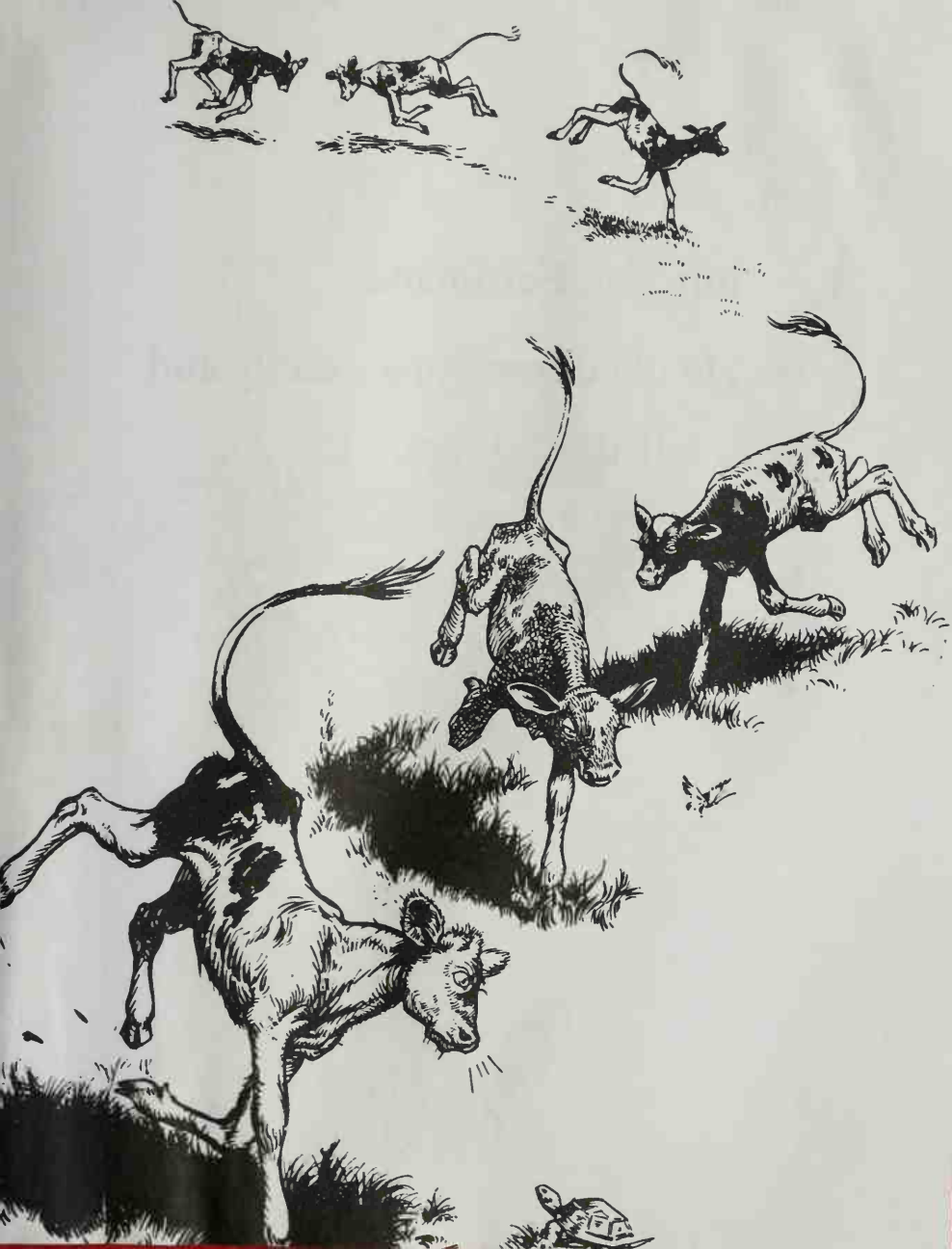
nce upon a time in Spain

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.

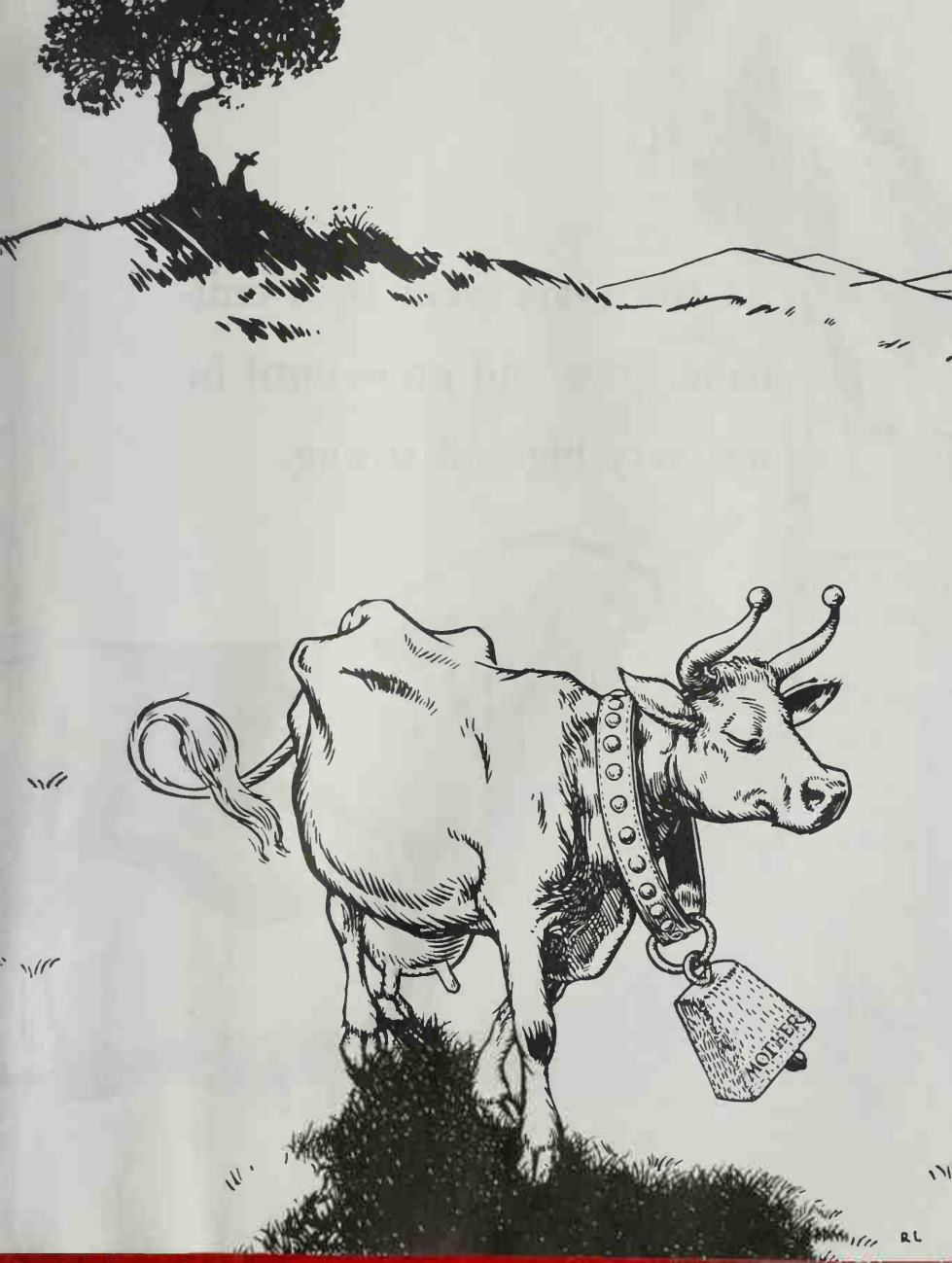
“Why don’t you run and play with the other little bulls and skip and butt your head?” she would say.

But Ferdinand would shake his head. “I like it better here where I can sit just quietly and smell the flowers.”

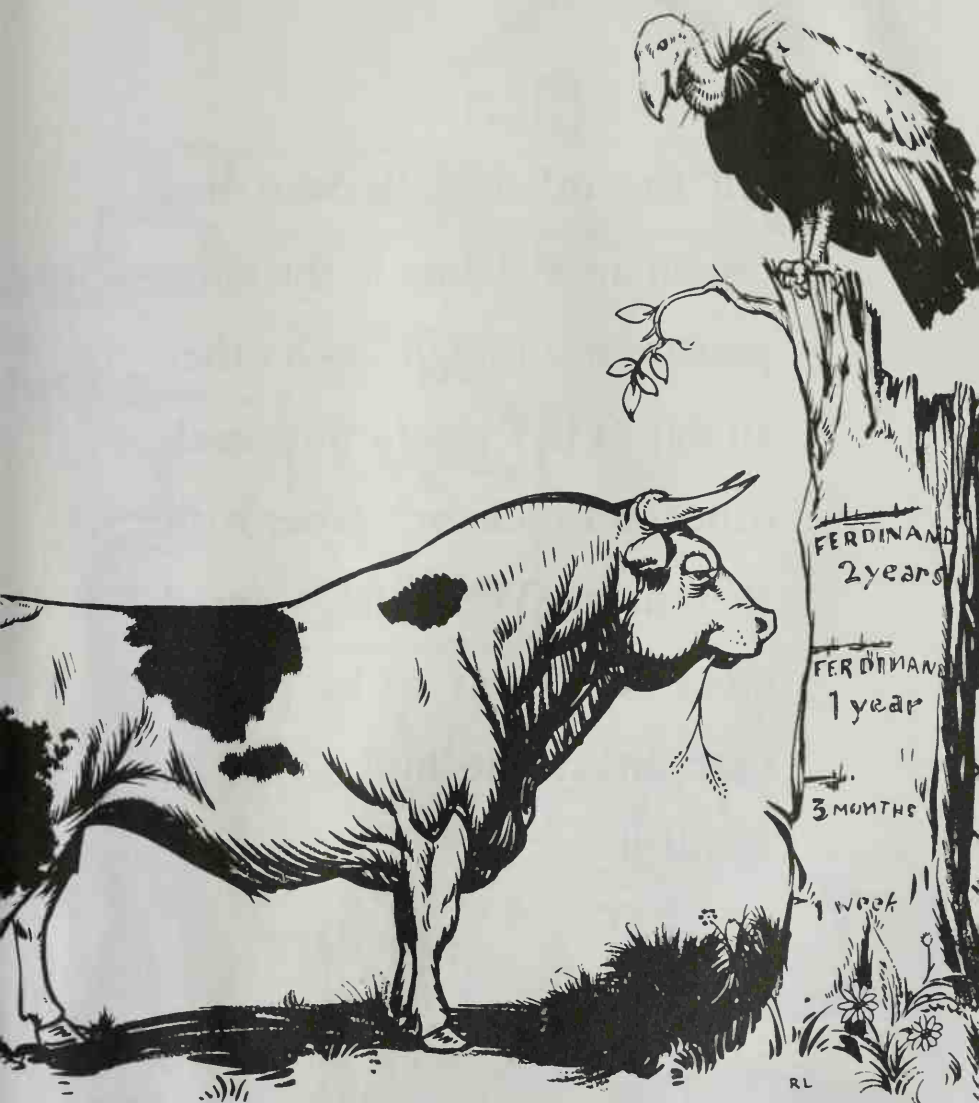


His mother saw that he was not lonesome, and because she was an understanding mother, even though she was a cow, she let him just sit there and be happy.





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 Madrid.



BULL FIGHT



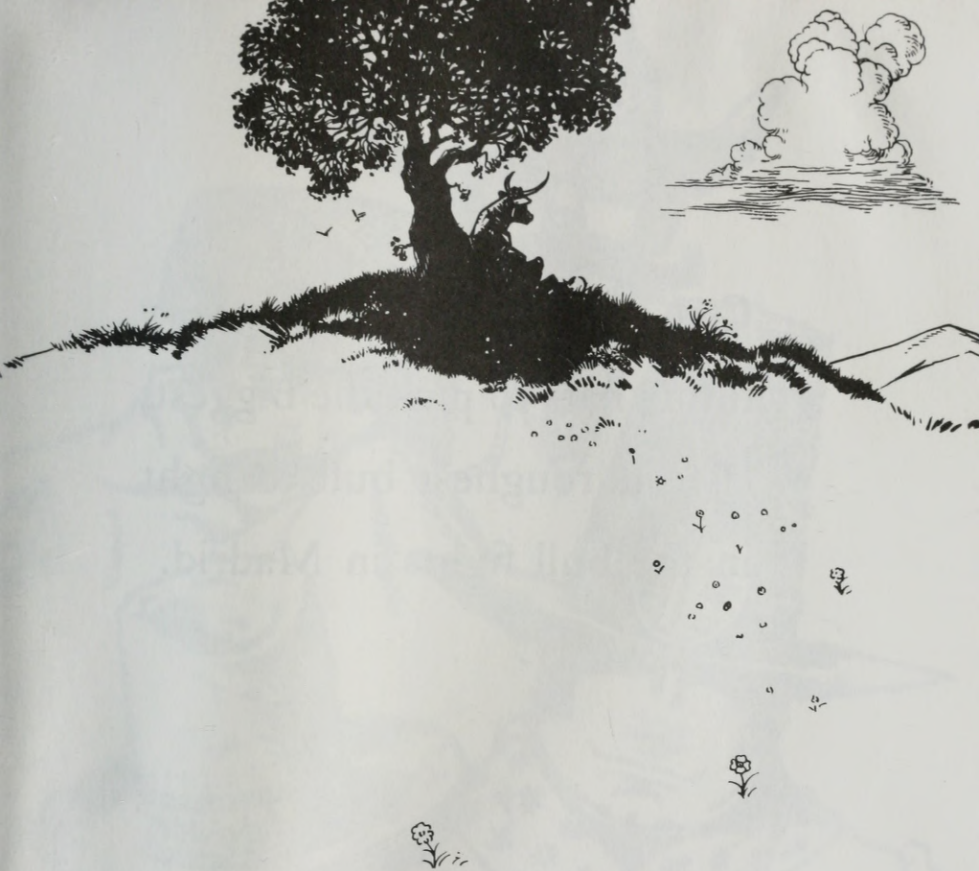
at the Stadium

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



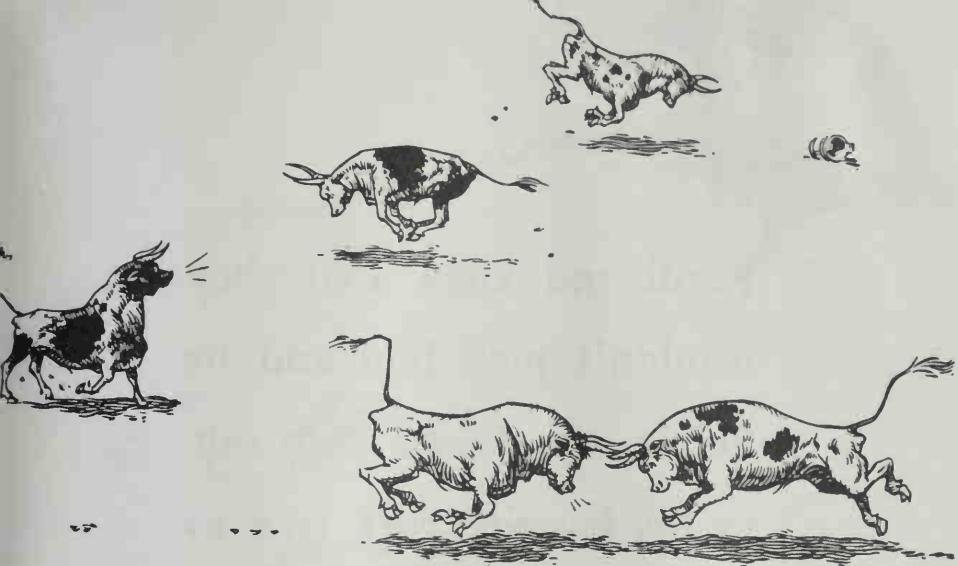
One day five men came in very  
funny hats to pick the biggest,  
fastest, roughest bull to fight  
in the bull fights in Madrid.





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.



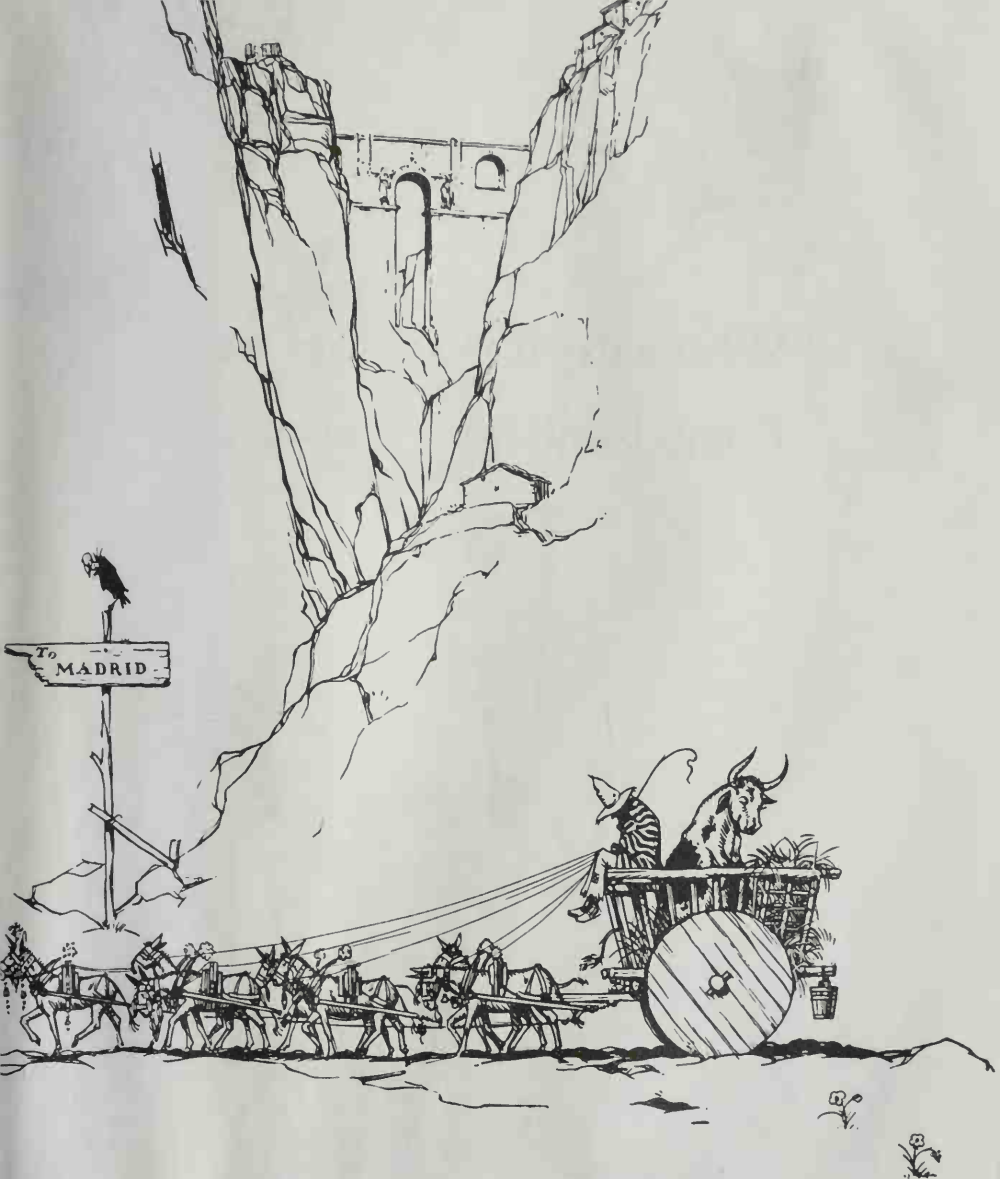


Wow! Did it hurt! Ferdinand jumped up with a snort. He ran around puffing and snorting, butting and pawing the ground as if he were crazy.

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.



GALERÍA

FERDINANDO

FERDINANDO

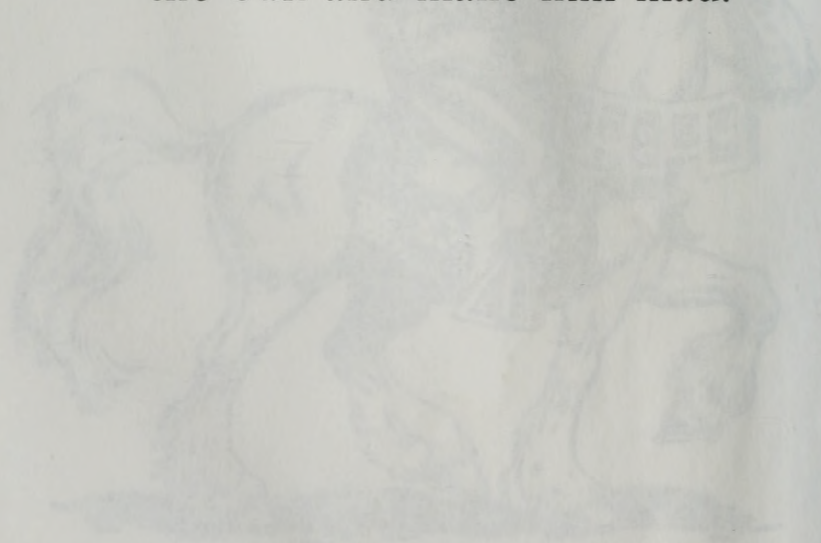
ANDO  
TORO

They had a parade into the  
bull ring.



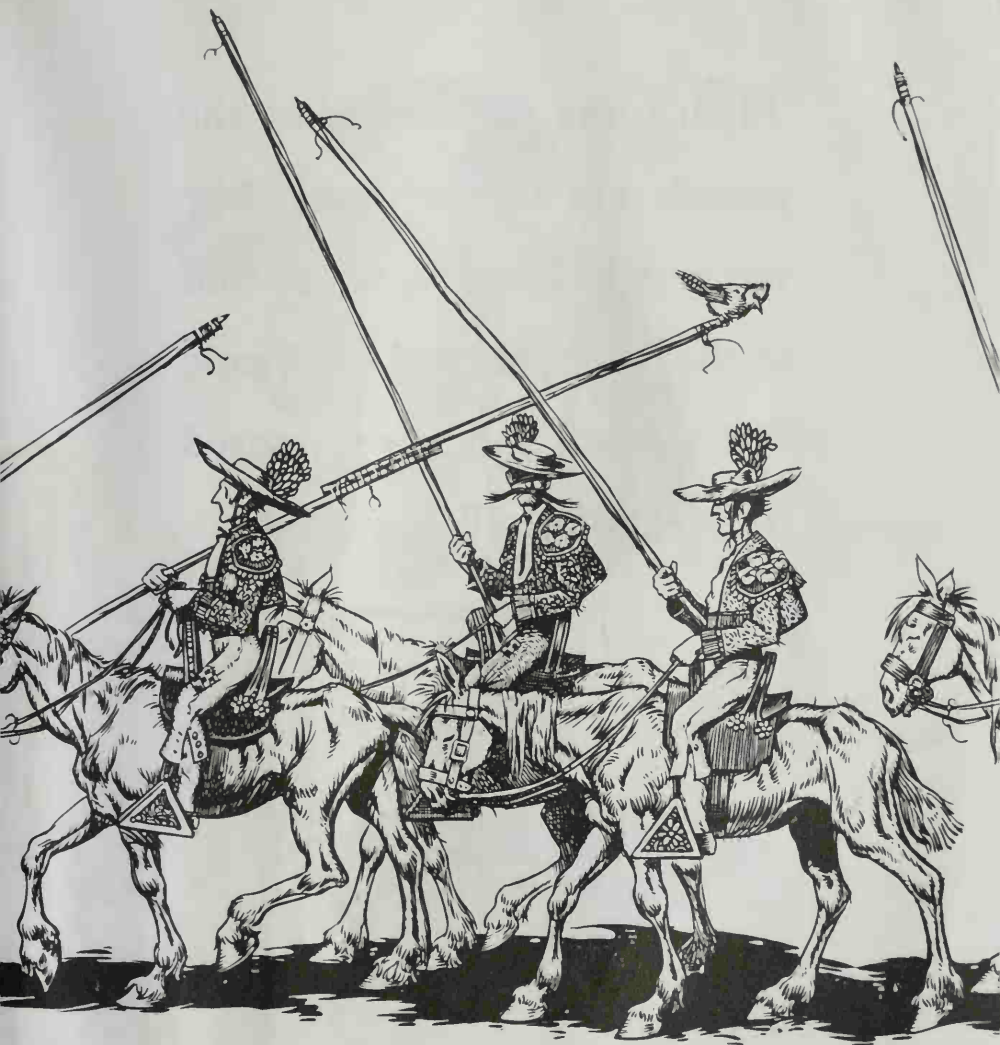


First came the Banderilleros  
with long sharp pins with  
ribbons on them to stick in  
the bull and make him mad.





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



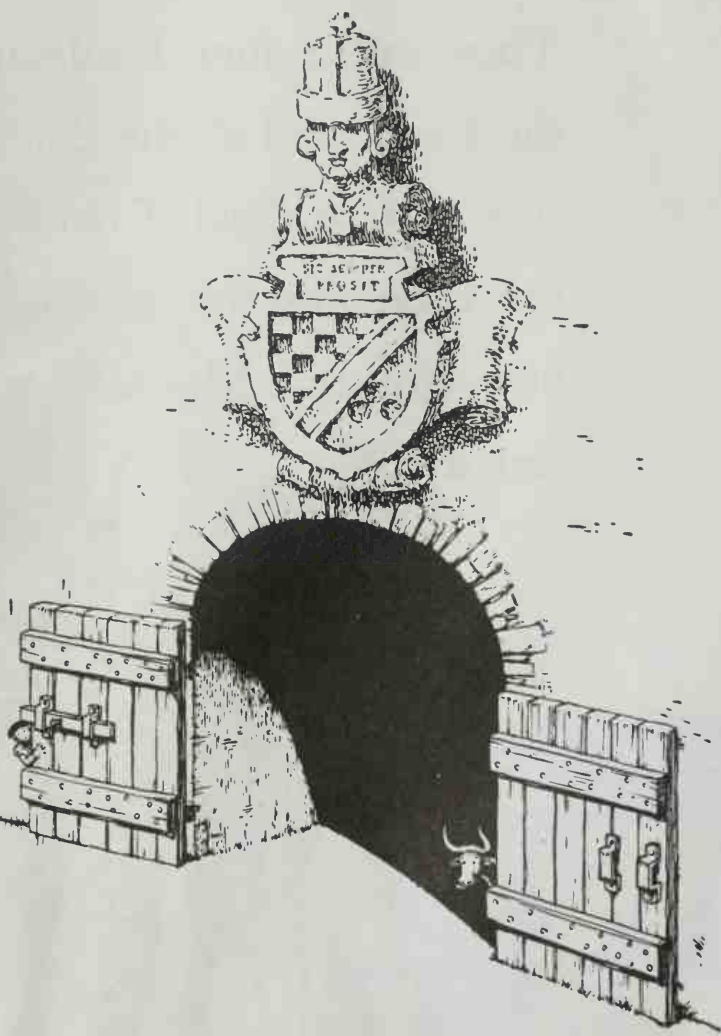
Then came the Matador, the proudest of all—he thought he was very handsome, and bowed to the ladies. He had a red cape and a sword and was supposed to stick the bull last of all.





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

—FERDINAND.



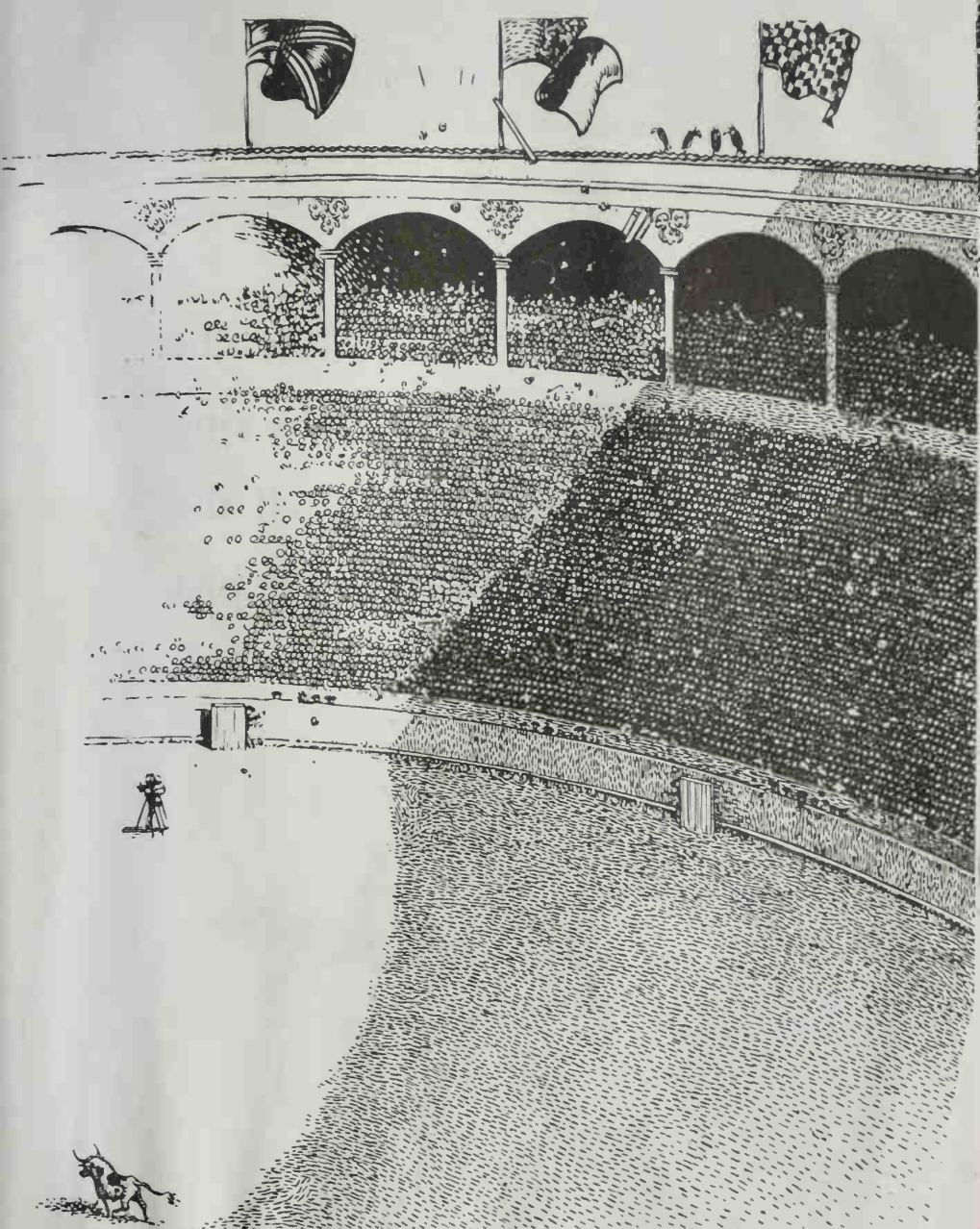
They called him Ferdinand  
the Fierce and all the Bande-  
rilleros were afraid of him and  
the Picadores were afraid of  
him and the Matador was  
scared stiff.





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.



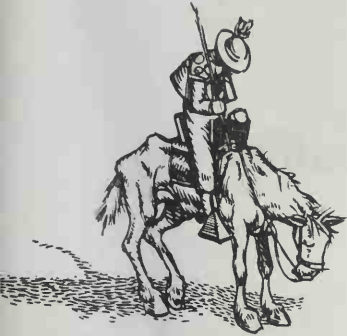


But not Ferdinand. When he  
got to the middle of the ring  
he saw the flowers in all the  
lovely ladies' hair and he just  
sat down quietly and smelled.



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.

THE END





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