

THE STORY of

# FERDINAND

by MUNRO LEAF

THE  
INSPIRATION  
BEHIND  
Blue Sky  
**FERDINAND**  
THE MOVIE



Drawings by ROBERT LAWSON

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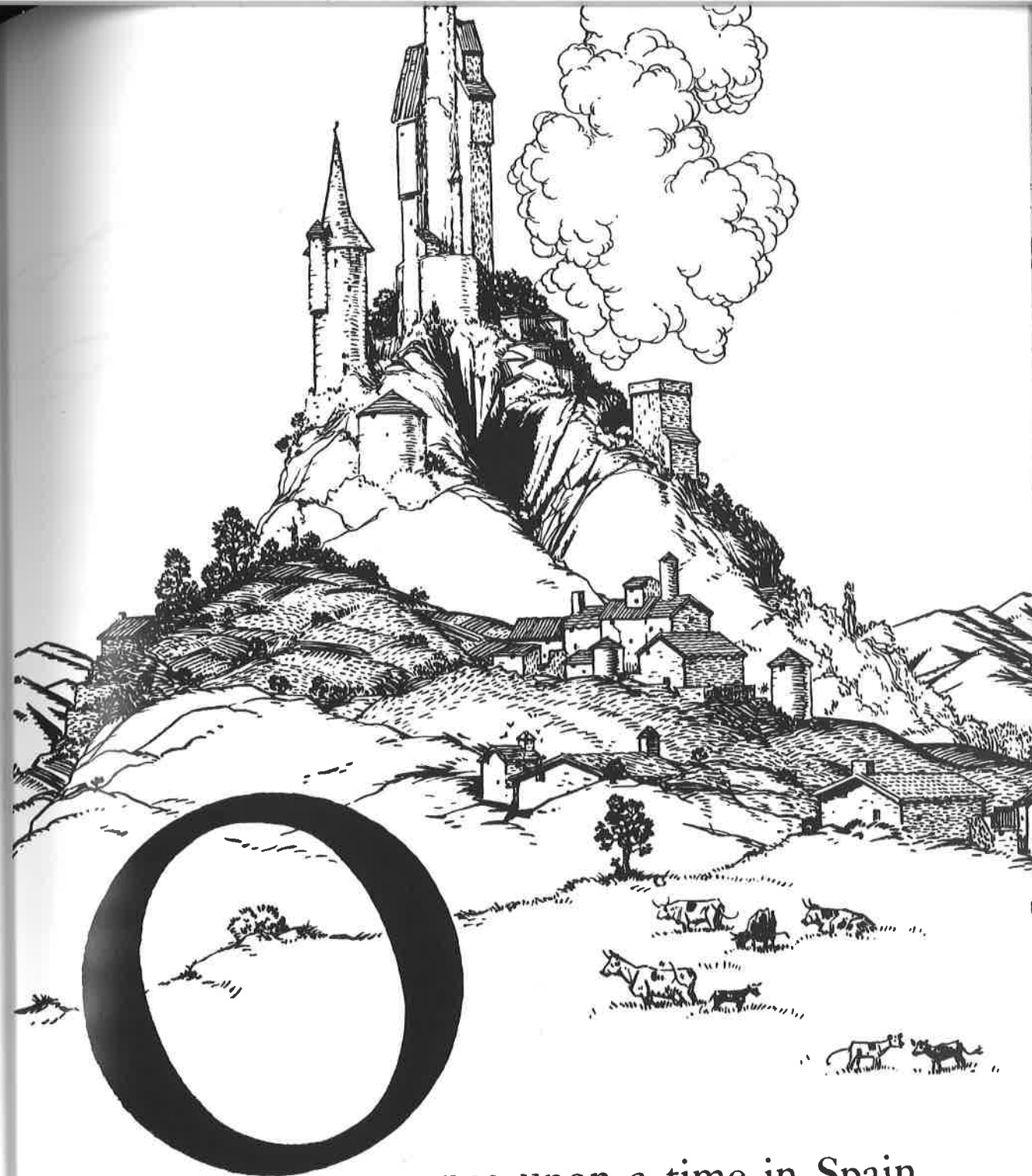
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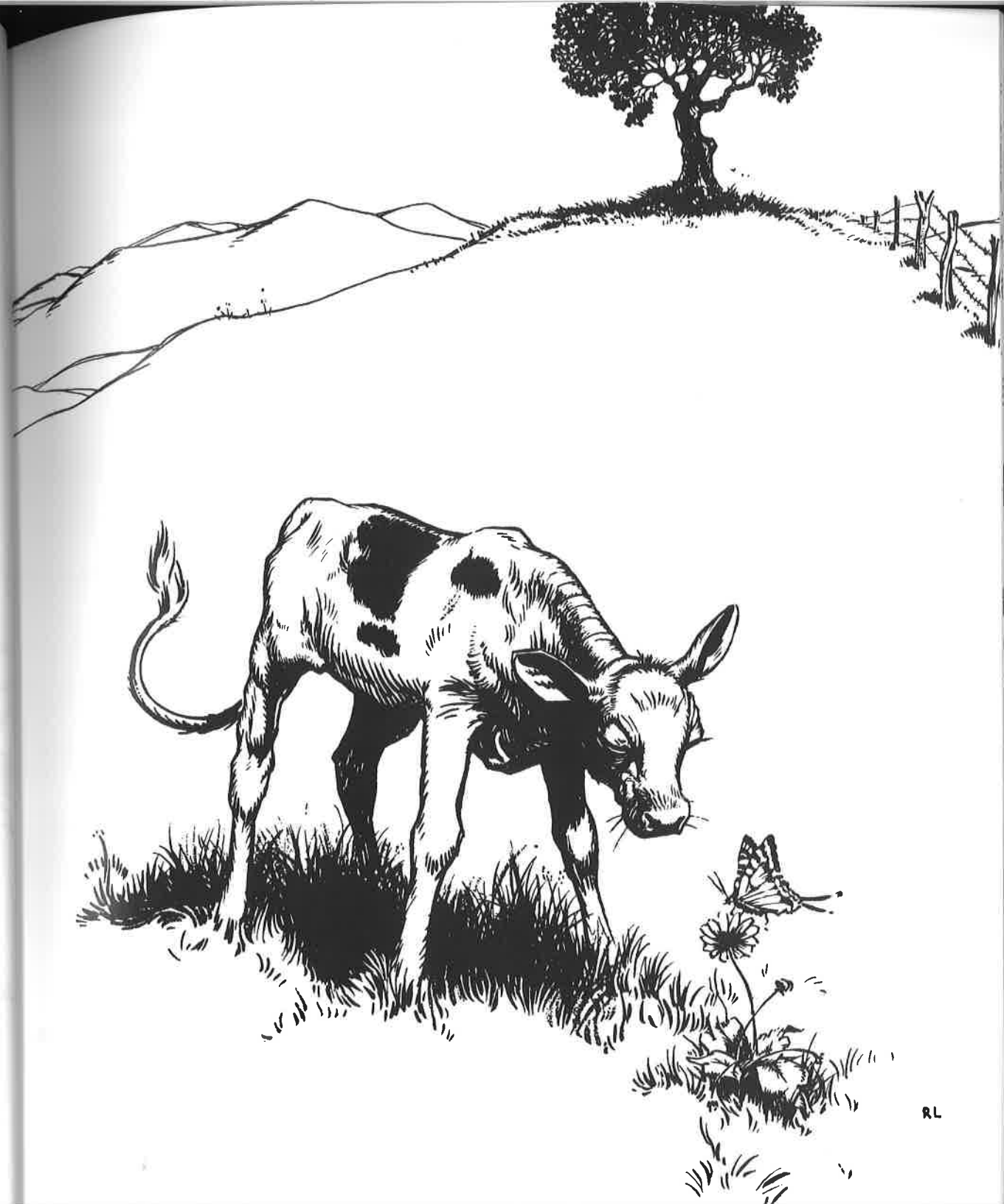
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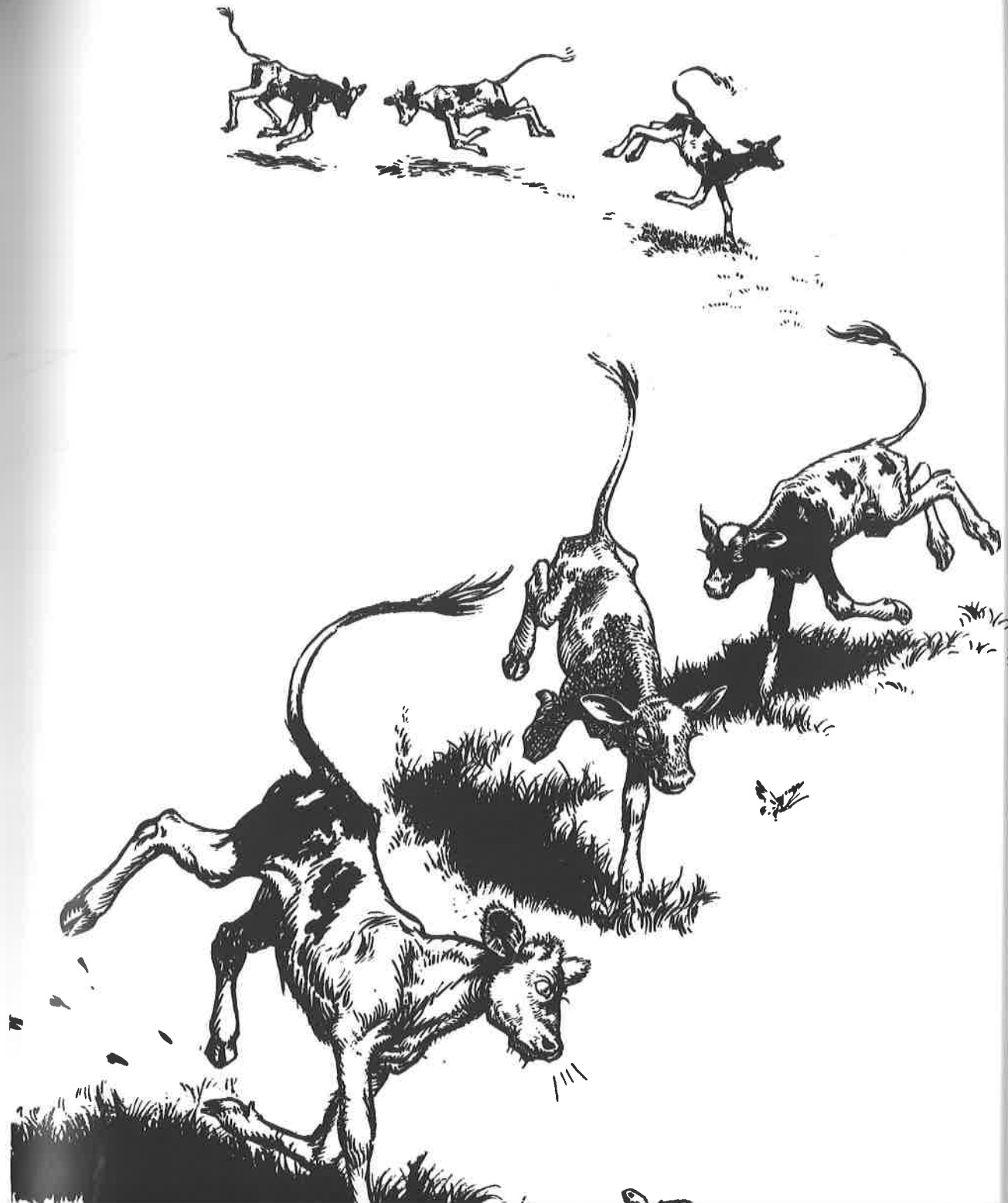


nce upon a time in Spain

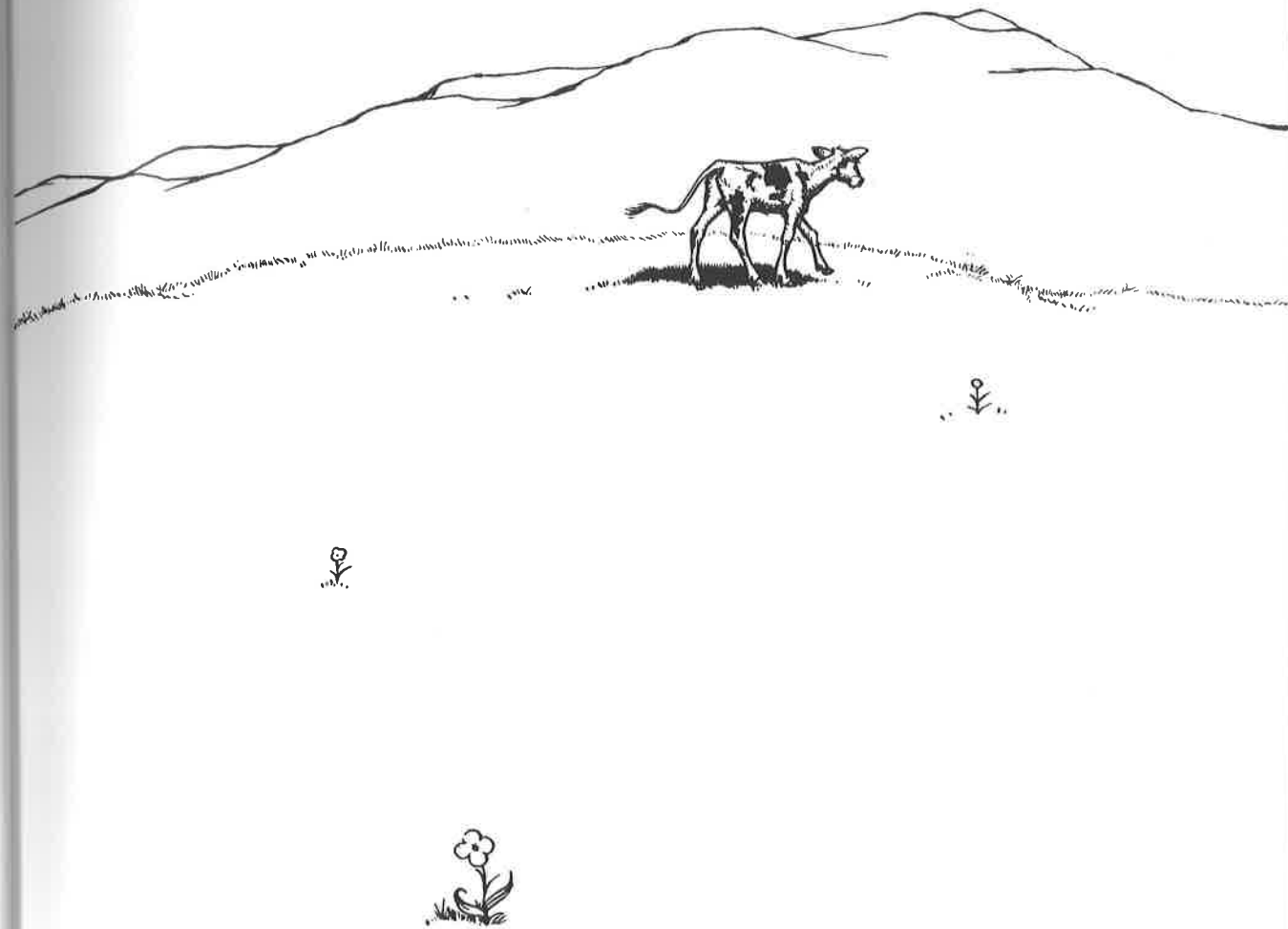
there was a little bull and his  
name was Ferdinand.



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



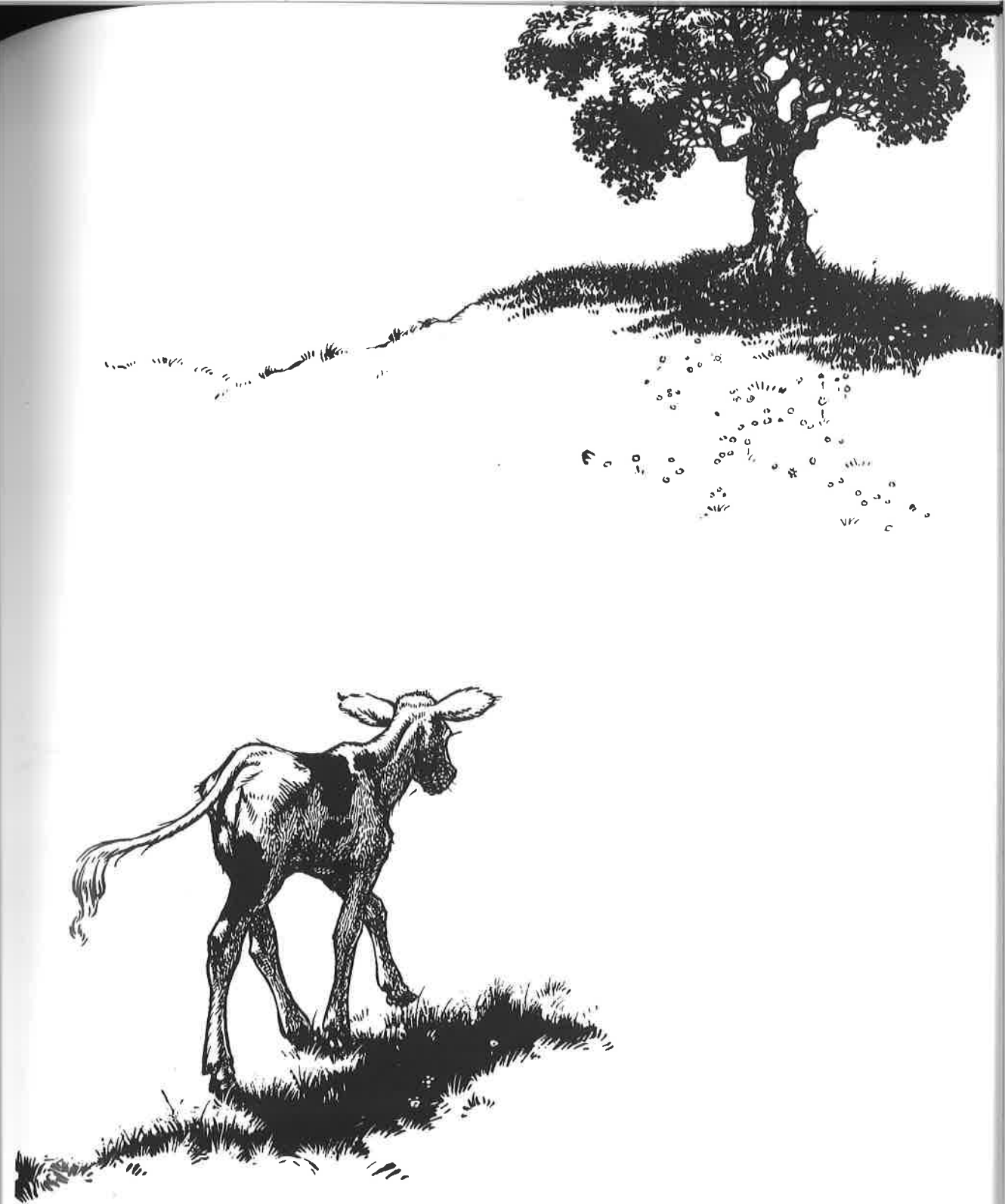
but not Ferdinand.



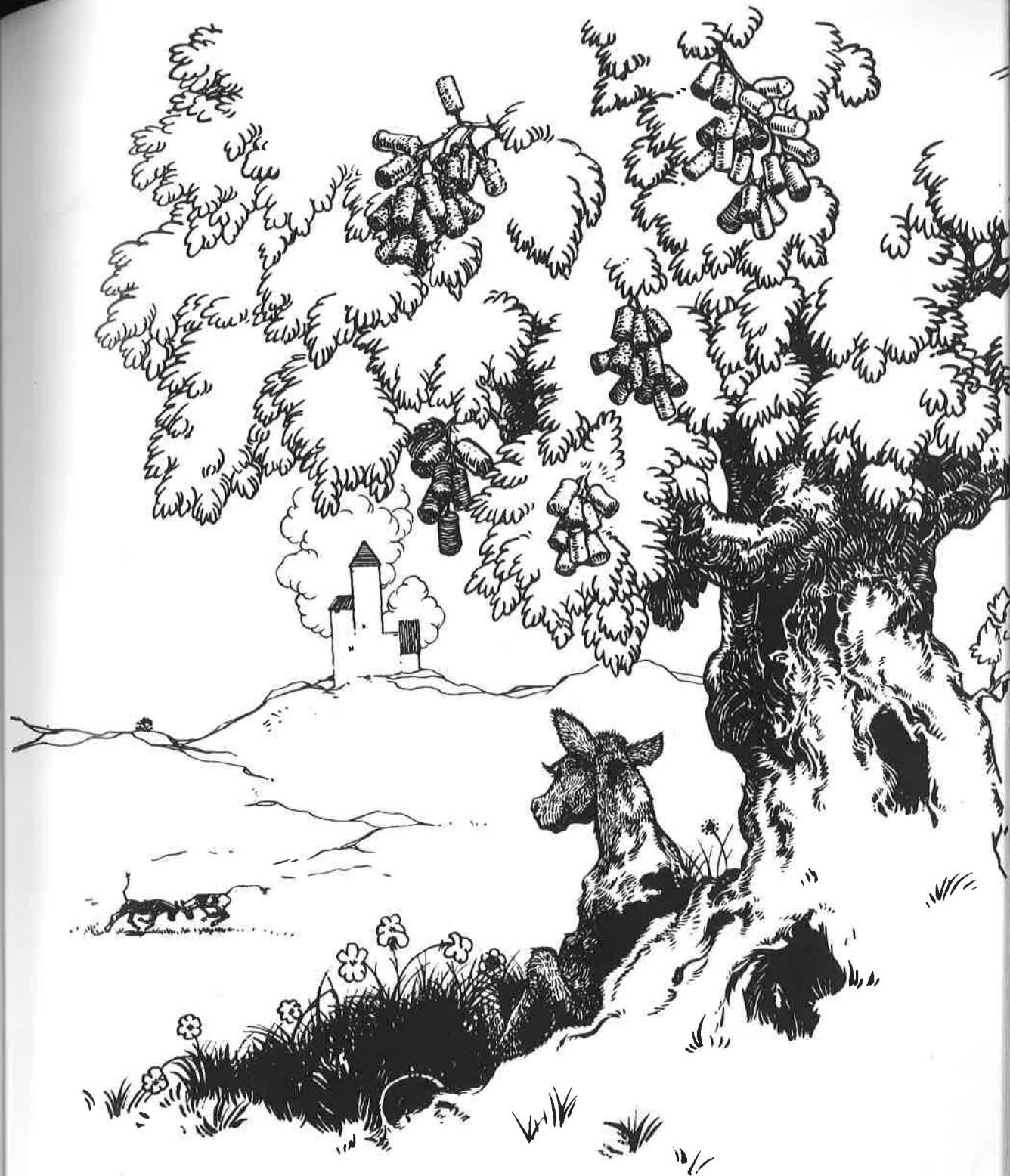
He liked to sit just quietly and  
smell the flowers.



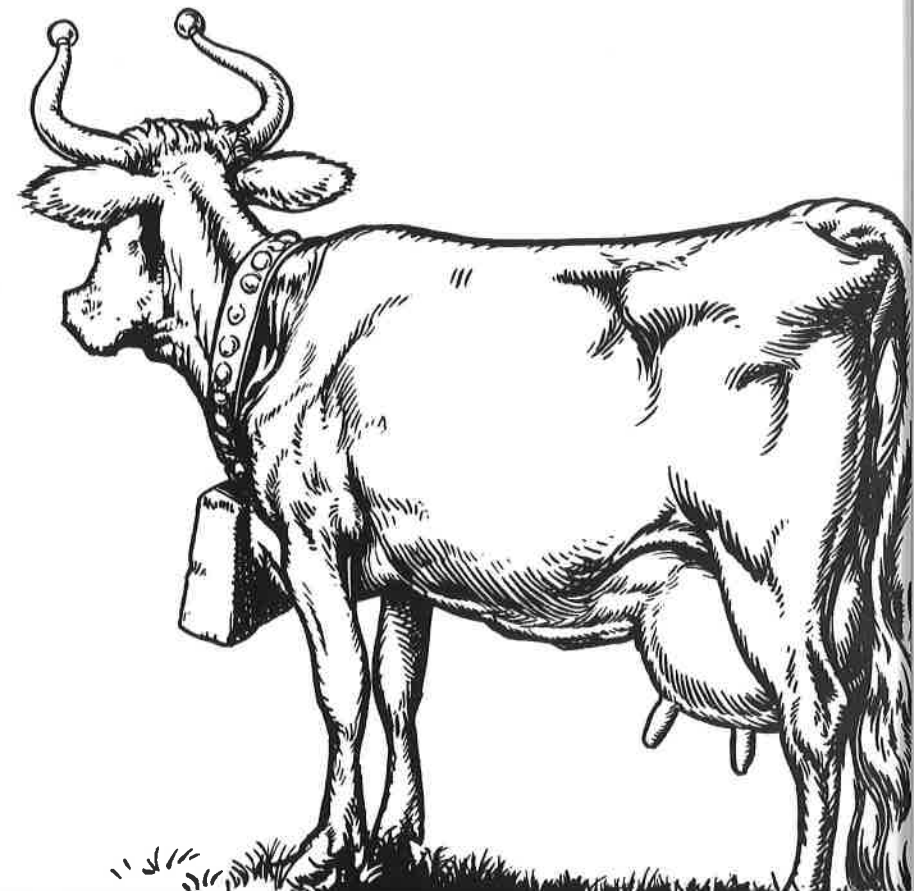
He had a favorite spot out in  
the pasture under a cork tree.



It was his favorite tree and he  
would sit in its shade all day  
and smell the flowers.

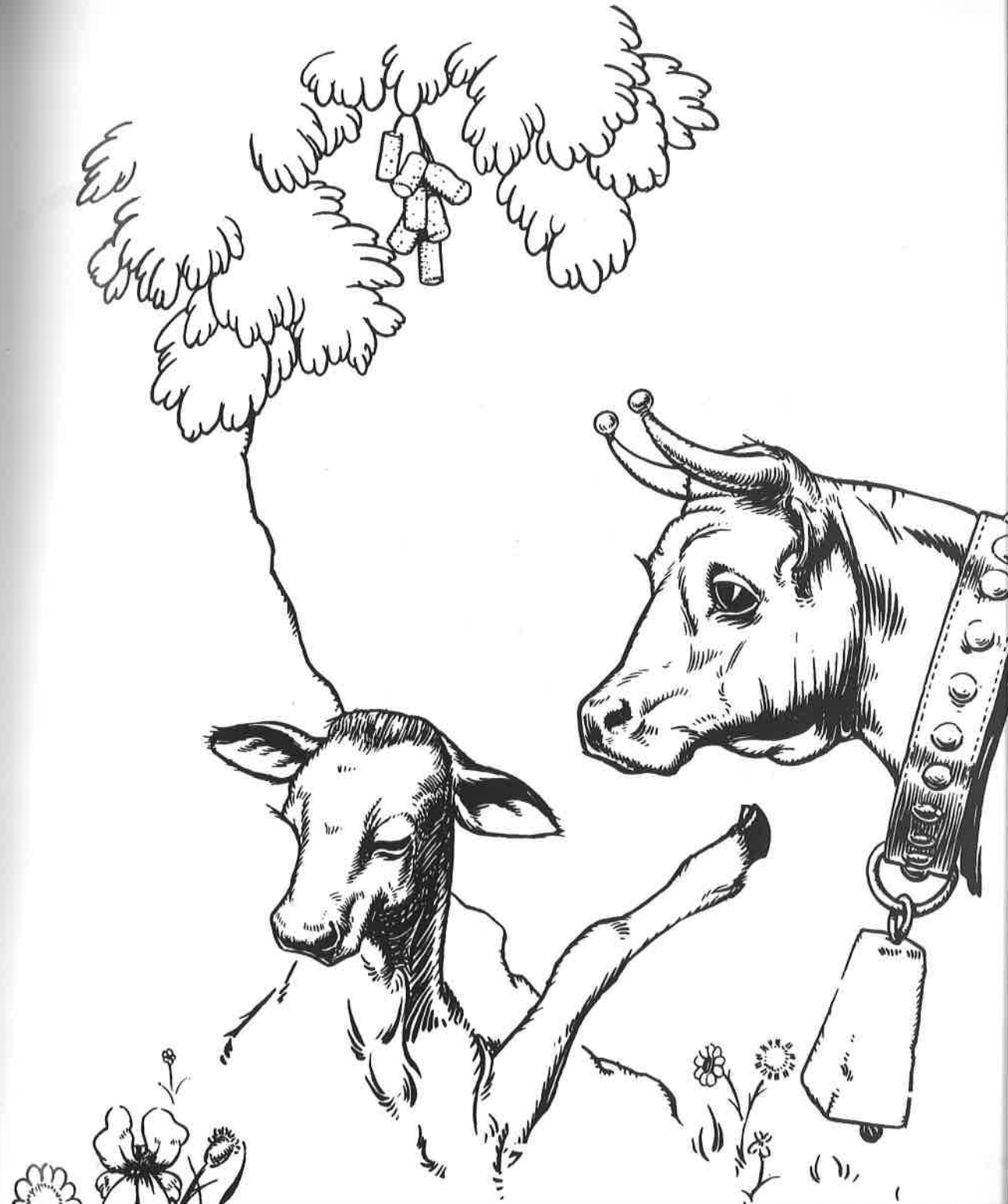


Sometimes his mother, who was a cow, would worry about him. She was afraid he would be lonesome all by himself.

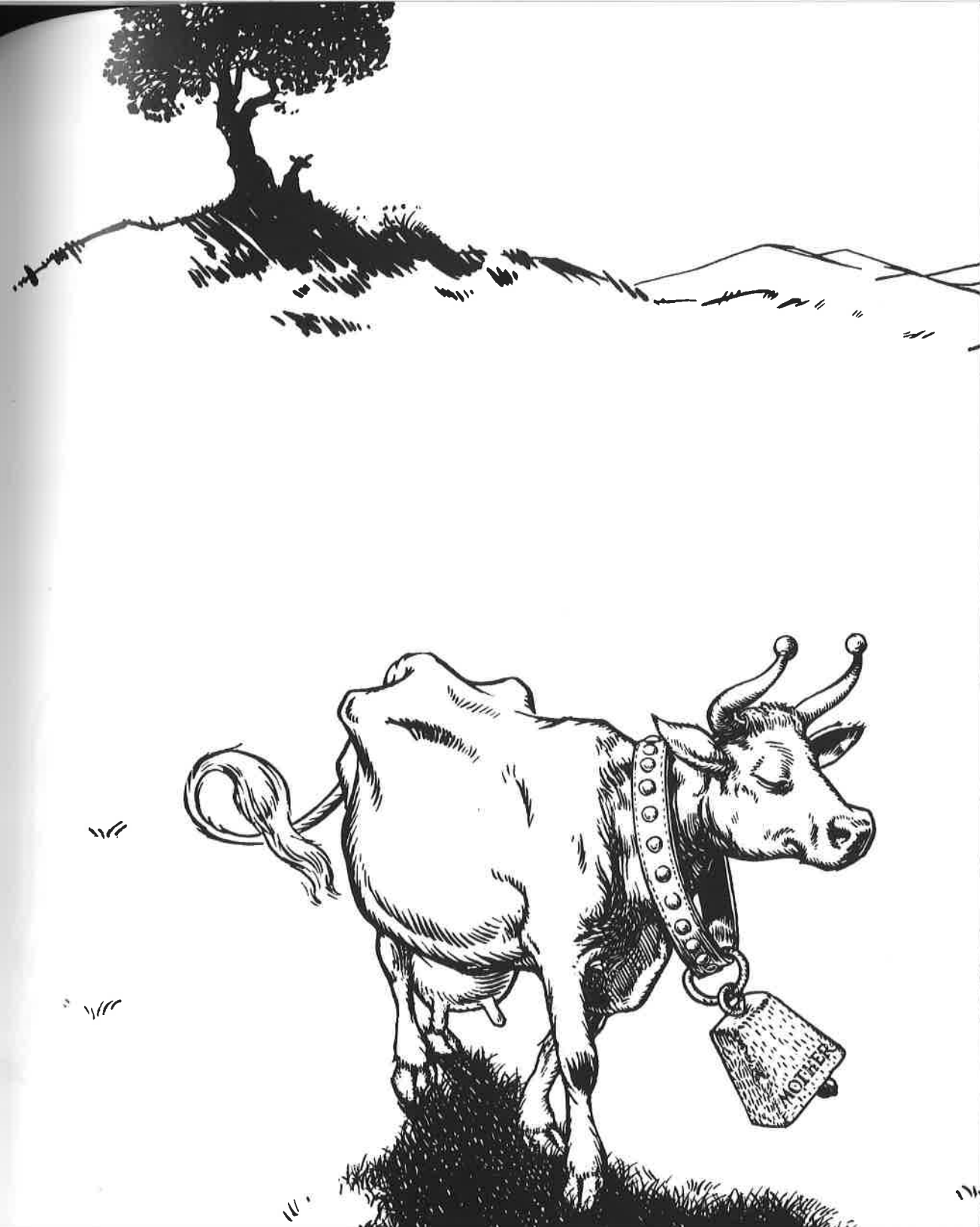


“Why don’t you run and play with the other little bulls and skip and butt your head?” she would say.

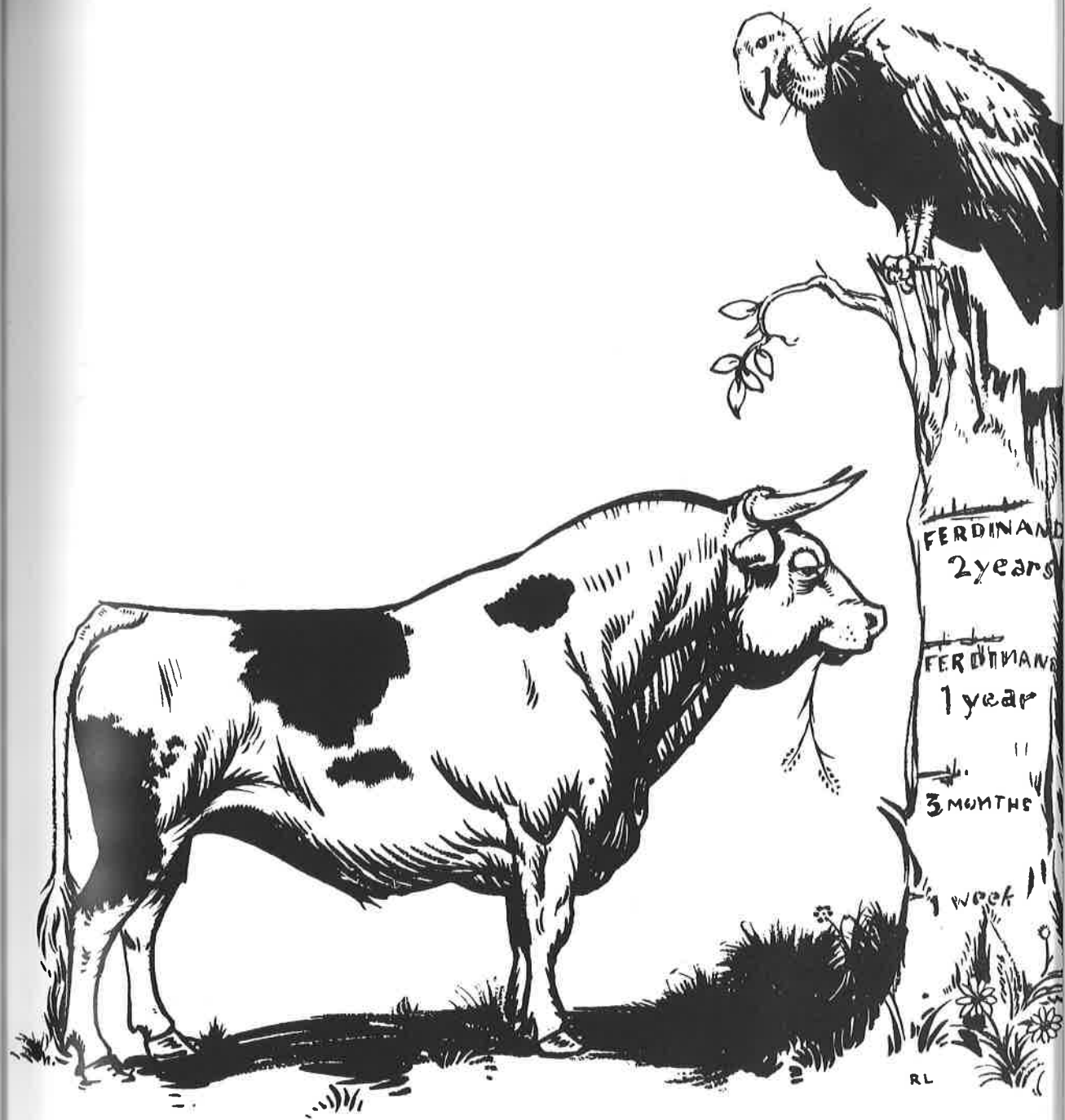
But Ferdinand would shake his head. “I like it better here where I can sit just quietly and smell the flowers.”



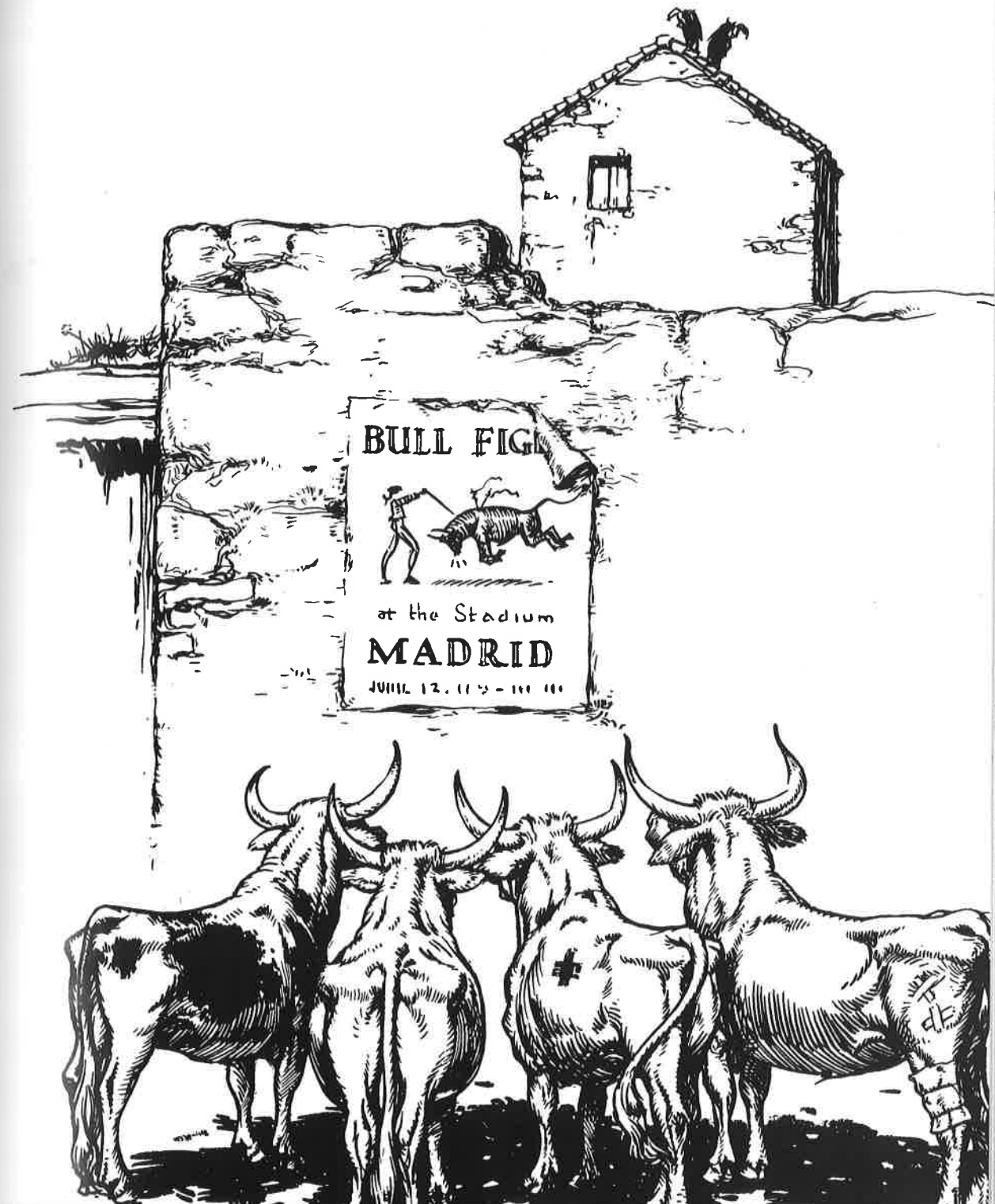
His mother saw that he was not lonesome, and because she was an understanding mother, even though she was a cow, she let him just sit there and be happy.



As the years went by Ferdi-  
nand grew and grew until he  
was very big and strong.



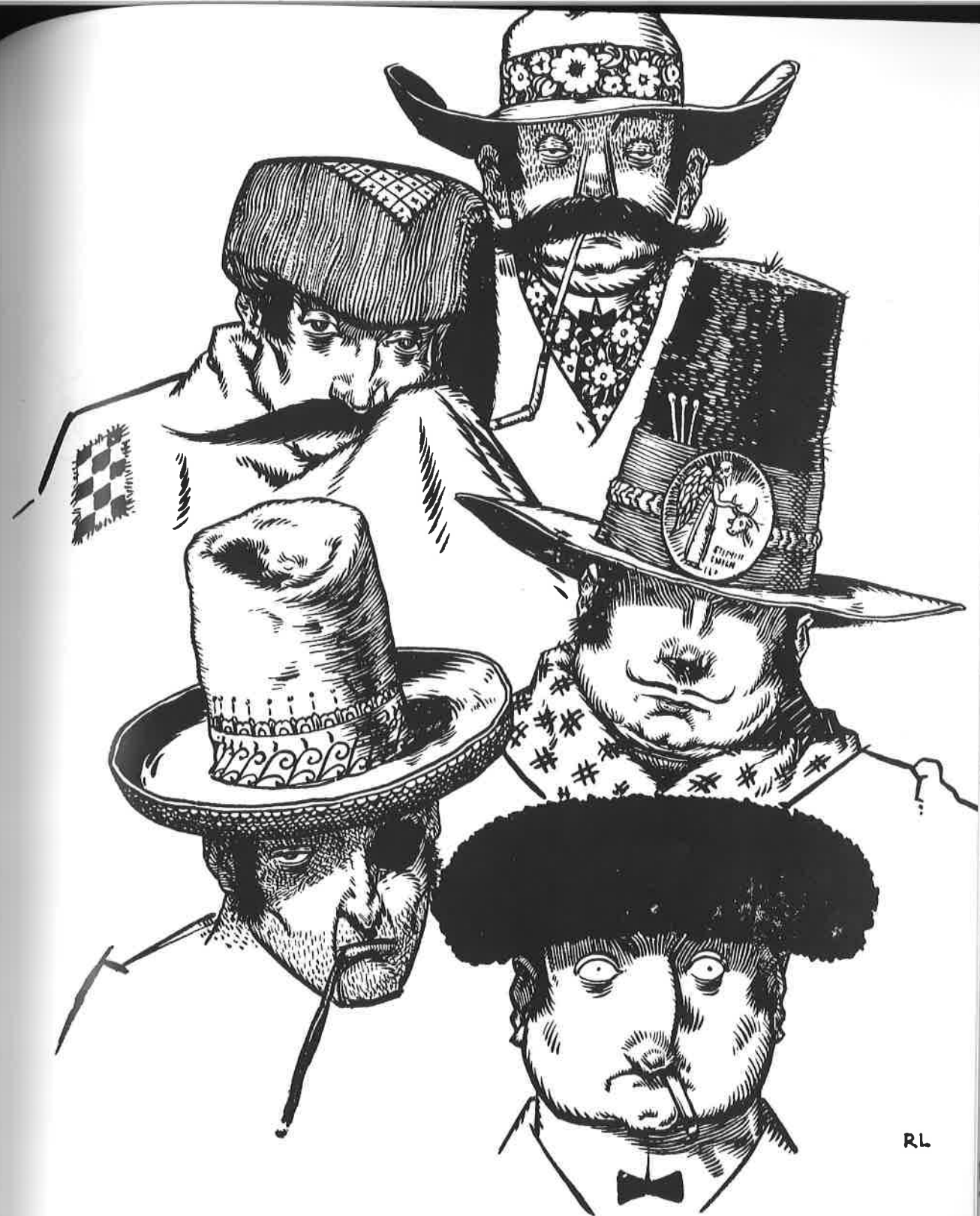
All the other bulls who had grown up with him in the same pasture would fight each other all day. They would butt each other and stick each other with their horns. What they wanted most of all was to be picked to fight at the bull fights in Madrid.



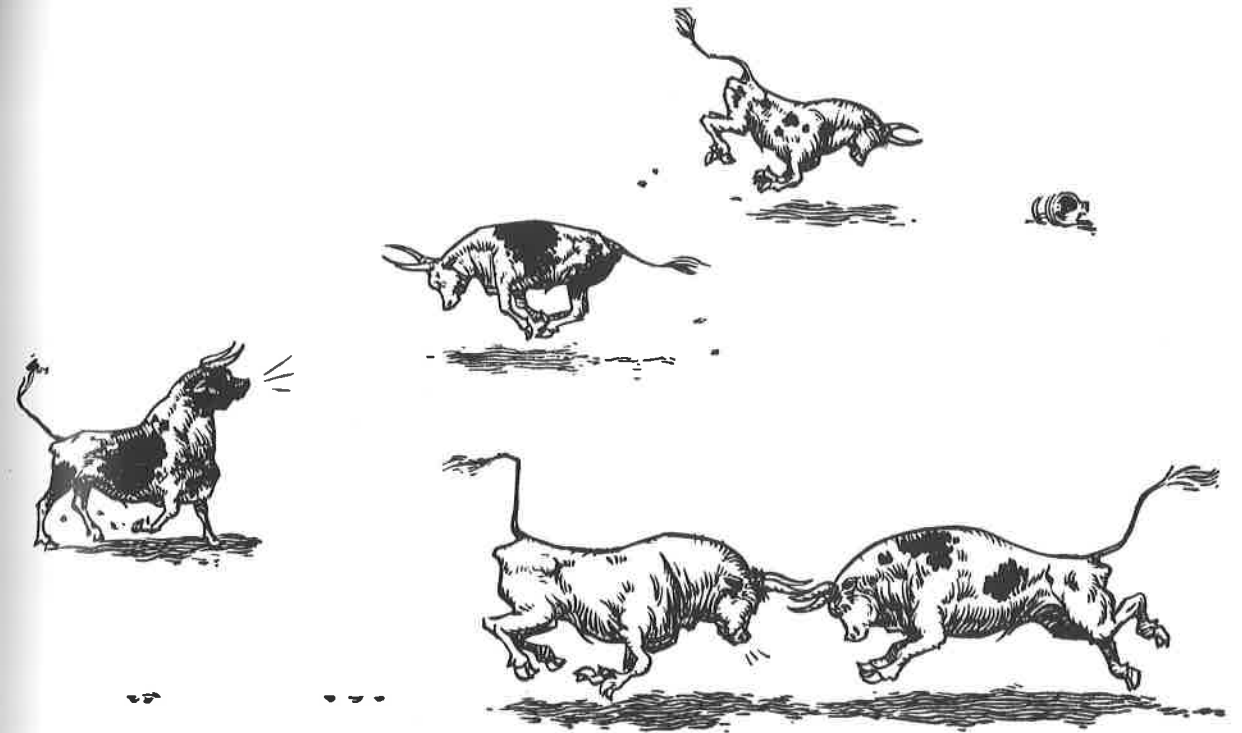
But not Ferdinand—he still liked to sit just quietly under the cork tree and smell the flowers.



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.



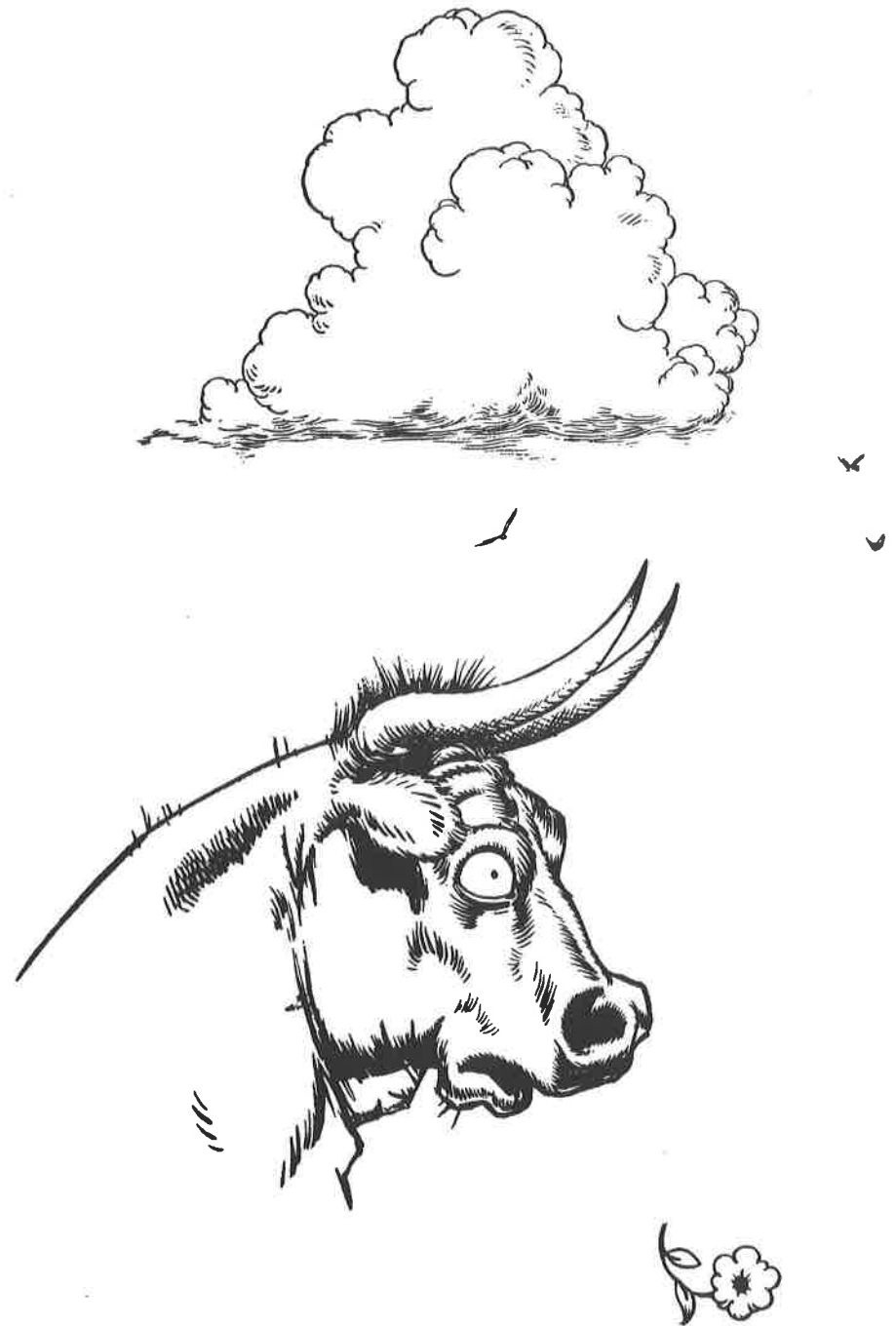
Ferdinand knew that they  
wouldn't pick him and he  
didn't care. So he went out  
to his favorite cork tree to  
sit down.



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.



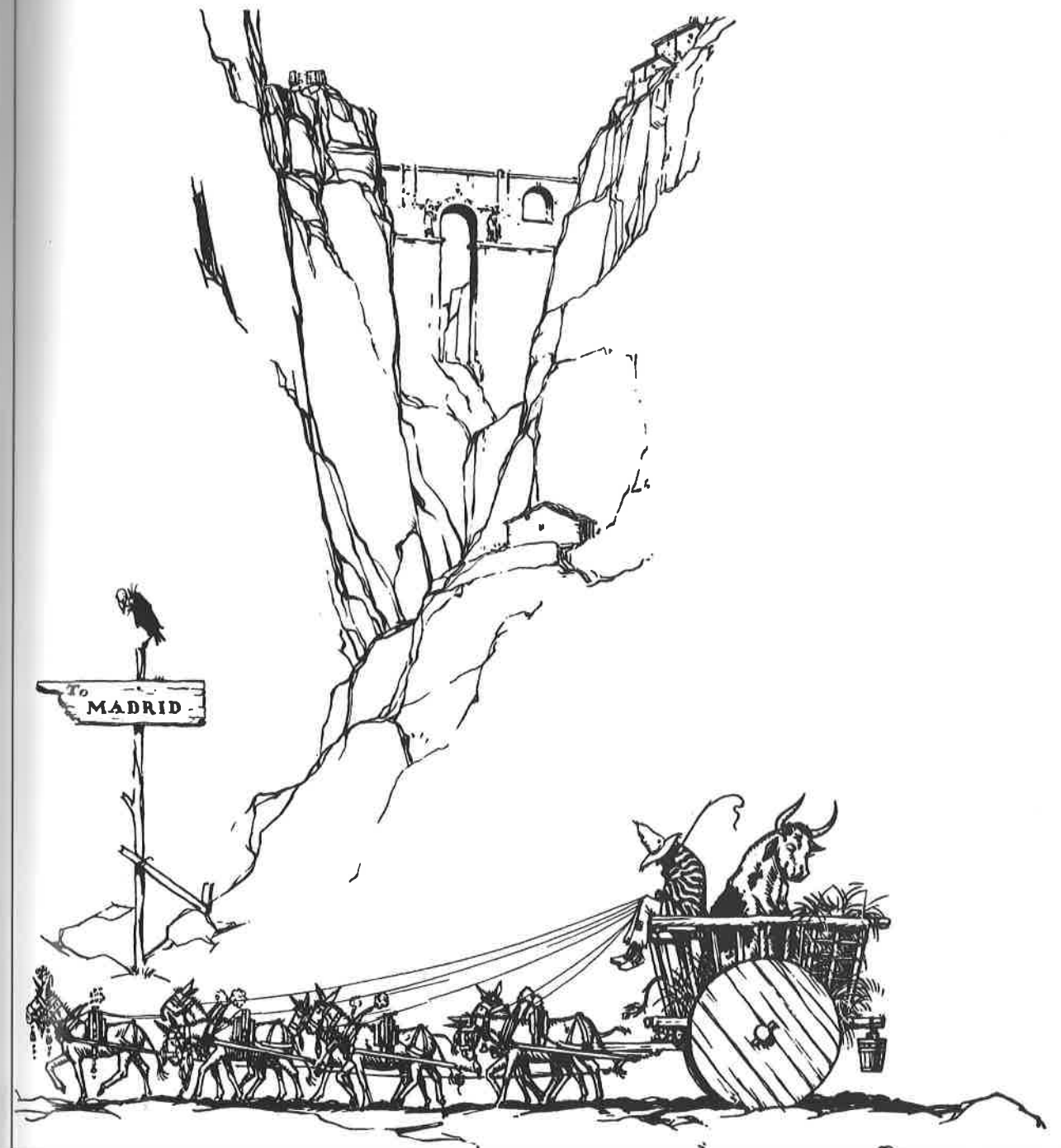
Wow! Did it hurt! Ferdinand  
jumped up with a snort. He  
ran around puffing and snort-  
ing, butting and pawing the  
ground as if he were crazy.



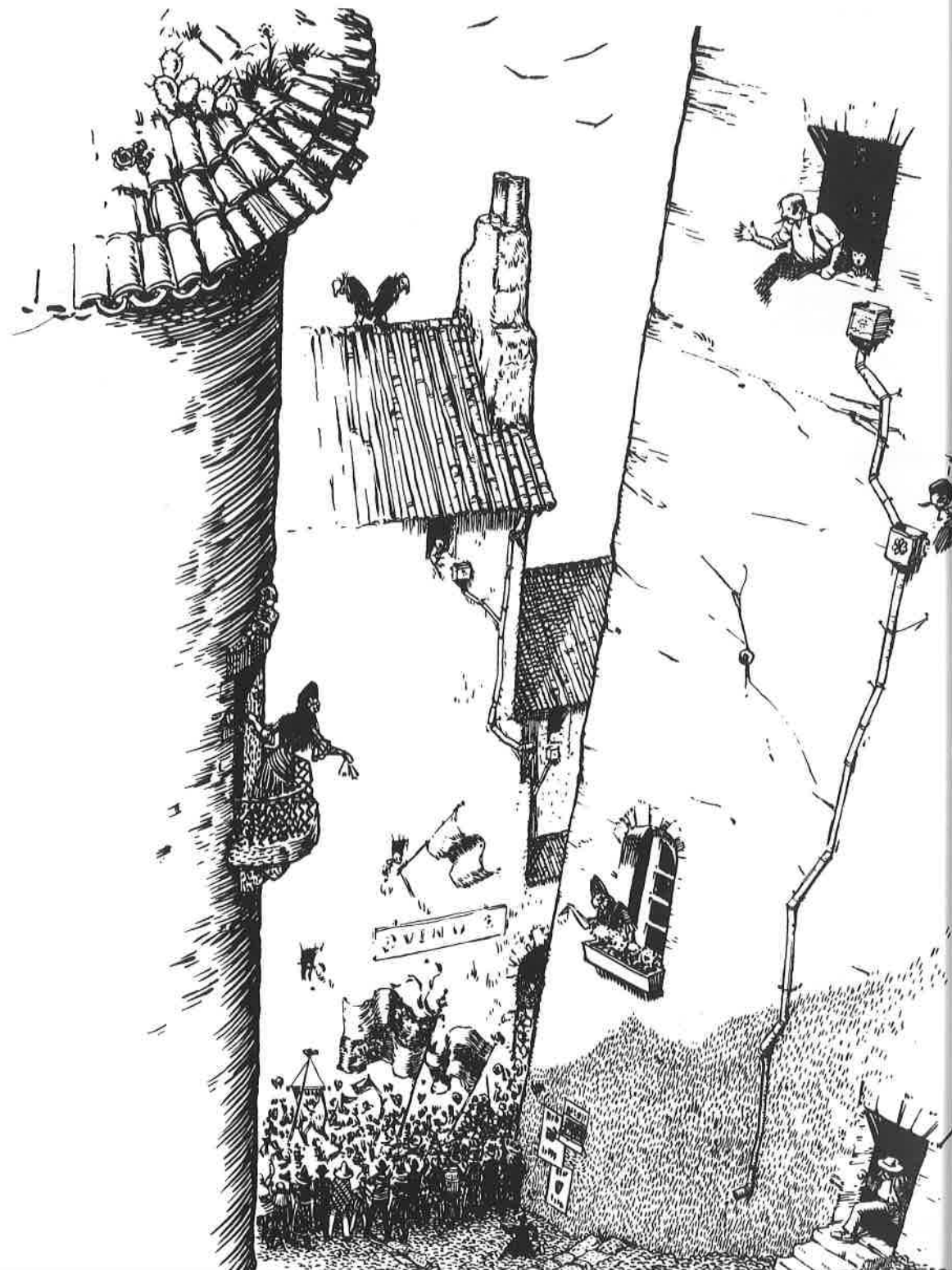
The five men saw him and they all shouted with joy. Here was the largest and fiercest bull of all. Just the one for the bull fights in Madrid!



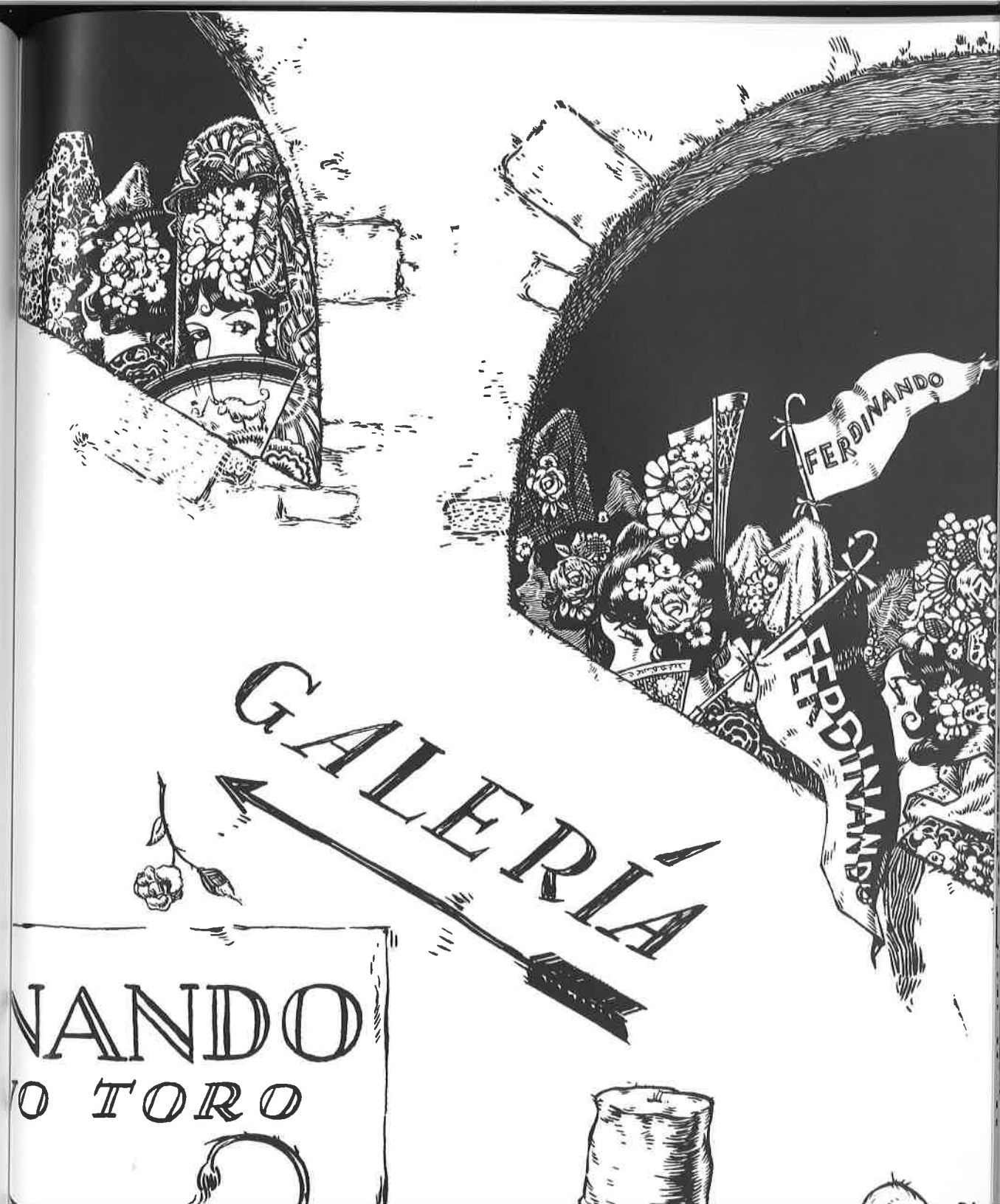
So they took him away for the  
bull fight day in a cart.



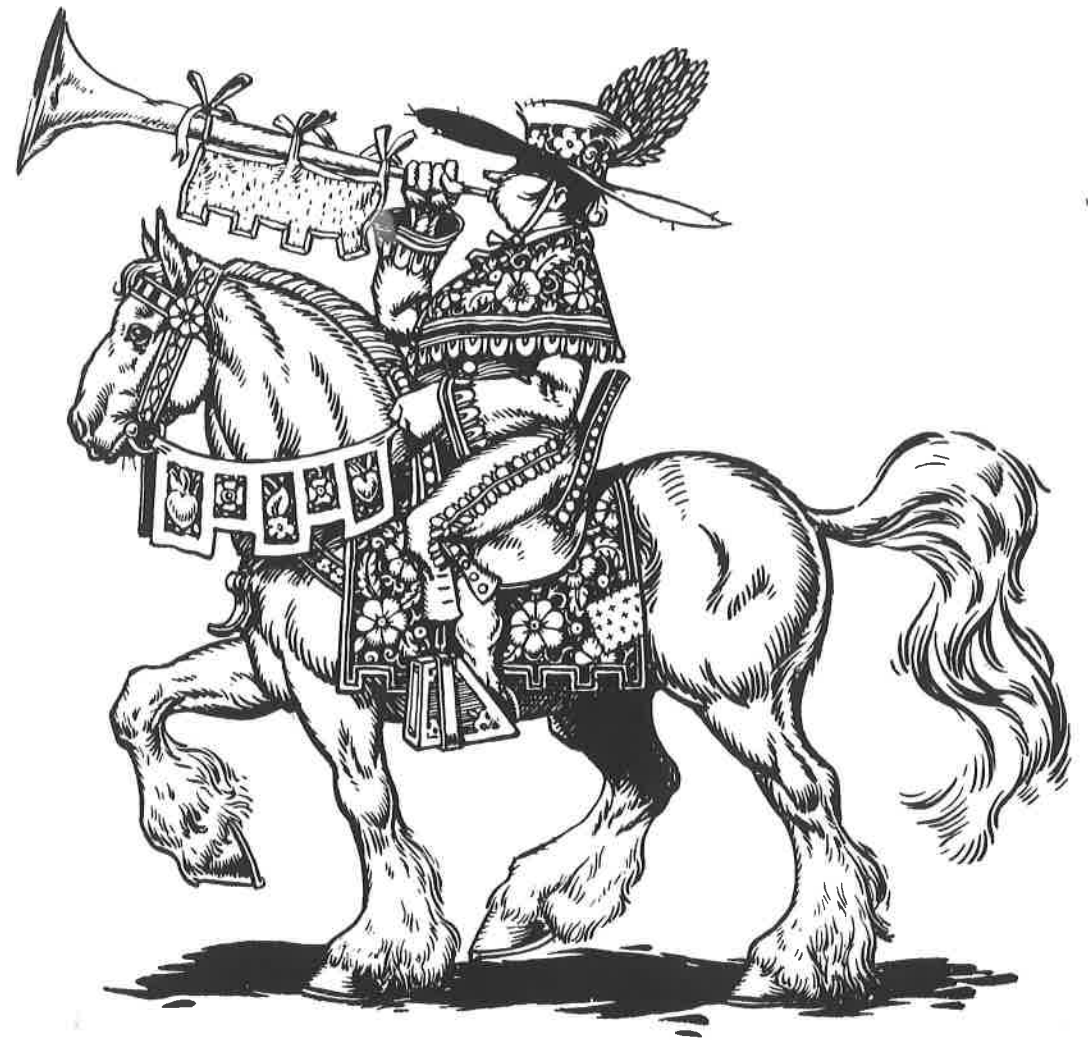
What a day it was! Flags were flying, bands were playing . . .



and all the lovely ladies had  
flowers in their hair.



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.

