The Story of Ferdinand

By Munro Leaf

Illustrated by Robert Lawson
Once upon a time in Spain
There was a little bull and his name was Ferdinand.

स्पेन में एक छोटा बैल रहता था।
उसका नाम फर्डीन्ड था।
All the other little bulls he lived with would run and jump and butt their heads together,
but not Ferdinand.

परंतु फर्दांड ऐसा कभी नहीं करता था।
He liked to sit just quietly and smell the flowers.

उसे चुपचाप बैठकर फूलों की
खुशाबू सूझना ही अच्छा लगता था।
He had a favorite spot out in the pasture under the cork tree.

उसे एक जगह बहुत पसंद थी।
वो जगह घास के मैदान में कार्के के पेड़ के नीचे थी।
It was his favorite tree and he would sit in its shade all day and smell the flowers.

वो उसका सबसे प्रिय पेड़ था। वो सारे दिन पेड़ की छाँव में बैठकर उसके फूलों की खुशाब सूखा करता था।
Sometimes his mother, who was a cow, would worry about him. She was afraid he would be lonesome all by himself.

उसकी मां एक गाय थी। कभी-कभी मां उसके बारे में चिंता करती थी। उसे डर था कि अकेलेपन के कारण कहीं फरडीपैंड उदास न हो जाये।
"Why don’t you run and play with the other 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 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.

एक दिन अर्जिं-होरी टोपियां पहने हुए पांच आदमी आये। वे सबसे बड़े, तेज और ताकतवर बैल का चुनने के लिये आये थे। वो सबसे ताकतवर बैल को लड़ाई के लिये मैडरिड ले जाने के लिये आये थे।
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.

बाकी सारे बैल अपनी ताकत का परिचय देने के लिए दौड़ने लगे, कूदने लगे और एक दूसरे को अपने पैने सींगों से गोदने लगे। बैलों को लगा कि तोमरो बाले समझोंगे कि बहुत ही शक्तिशाली मात्र बलवान हैं और वे चुन लिये जाय़ेगे।
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 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.

उन्होंने फर्डीन्ड को एक बहुत बड़ी घोड़ा-गाड़ी में बैठाया और उसे मैंडरिड ले गये।
What a day it was!
Flags were flying, bands were playing...

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वो दिन एक बड़े मेले जैसा था।
सब तरफ झड़े लहरा रहे थे।
और हवा में बैंड-बाजों का संगीत गृज रहा था...
and all the lovely ladies had flowers in their hair.
They had a parade into the bull ring.

उसके बाद लड़ाई के गोल मैदान में एक बड़ी परंपरा हुई।
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.

फिर पिकाडोर सिपाहियों का दस्ता आया। वो सभी चोड़ों पर सवार थे और उनके हाथों में बैल को मारने के लिये बड़े लंबे-लंबे भाले थे।
Then came the Matadoe, 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.

अंत में मेटाडोर आया। उसका रंग-रूप 
एकदम रोशन था। उसे अपनी खूबसूरती 
पर नज़र था।

शायद इस्लिये उसने सबसे पहले 
महिलाओं को सलाम किया। वह लाल 
टोपी पहने था और 
उसके हाथ में एक तलवार थी। इसी 
तलवार से बैल को मारा जाना था।
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 Matadors were scared stiff.
Ferdinand ran to 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.

फर्डीनेंड दौड़कर मैदान के बीच में पड़ा। उसे देखकर लोग चिल्लाने लगे और जोर-जोर से तालियाँ बजाने लगे। सबको लगा कि देखने में खूब फर्डीनेंड बहादुरी से लड़ा और योद्धाओं को अपने पैने सींगों से मारेगा।
But not Ferdinand. When he got to middle of the ring he saw 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 Picadors were madder and the Matador was so mad he cried because he couldn’t show off his cape and sword.
So they had to take Ferdinand home.

अंत में लोगों को झंक मारकर फर्डिनांड को चापिस पर भेजना पड़ा।
And for all I know he is sitting there still,
under his favorite cork tree,
smell the flowers just quietly.
He is very happy.