

The (Mad Libs) Story of Ferdinand by Munro Leaf

1. Proper Noun
2. Adjective
3. Adjective
4. Noun Plural
5. Noun Plural
6. Noun
7. Verb Base Form
8. Verb Base Form
9. Noun
10. Verb Base Form
11. Adverb
12. Noun
13. Adjective
14. Noun
15. Noun Plural
16. Verb Base Form
17. Verb Base Form
18. Number
19. Noun Plural
20. Adjective Ends In Est
21. Adjective Ends In Est
22. Adjective

23. Adjective
24. Verb Base Form
25. Verb Present Ends In Ing
26. Noun
27. Noun
28. Verb Base Form
29. Verb Past Tense
30. Verb Present Ends In Ing
31. Adjective
32. Noun Plural
33. Adjective
34. Verb Past Tense

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Once upon a time in _____ Proper Noun there was a _____ Adjective bull and his name was Ferdinand. All the other _____ Adjective bulls he lived with would run and their _____ Noun Plural together, but not Ferdinand. He liked to sit just quietly and smell the _____ Noun Plural. He had a favorite spot out in the pasture under a _____ Noun tree. It was his favorite tree and he would sit in its shade all day and _____ Verb Base Form 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 _____ Verb Base Form with the other little bulls and skip and butt your head?" she would say. But Ferdinand would shake his _____ Noun. "I like it better here where I can _____ Verb Base Form just _____ Adverb 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 _____ Noun went by Ferdinand grew and grew until he was very _____ Adjective and strong. All the other bulls who had grown up with him in the same _____ Noun would fight each other all day. They would butt each other and stick each other with their _____ Noun Plural. What they wanted most of all was to be picked to _____ Verb Base Form at the bull fights in Madrid. But not Ferdinand -- he still liked to _____ Verb Base Form just quietly under the cork tree and smell the flowers. One day _____ Number men came in very funny _____ Noun Plural to pick the biggest, _____ Adjective Ends in EST, _____ Adjective Ends in EST 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 _____ Adjective and _____ Adjective and _____ Verb Base Form 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 _____ Verb Present ends in ING _____ on the nice cool _____ Noun _____ in the shade he saw on a bumble _____ Noun _____. Well, if you were a bumble bee and a bull sat on you what would do? You would sting him. And that is just what this bee did to Ferdinand. Wow! Did it _____ Verb Base Form _____! Ferdinand _____ Verb Past Tense _____ up with a snort. He ran around _____ Verb Present ends in ING _____ 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. They had a parade into the bull ring. First came the Banderilleros with long _____ Adjective _____ pins with ribbons on them to stick in the bull and make him mad. Next came the Picadores who rode skinny _____ Noun Plural _____ 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 _____ Adjective _____, and _____ Verb Past Tense _____ to the ladies. He had a red cape and a sword and was supposed to stick them 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. 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.