



THE MOUSE AND THE BULL

Once upon a time, there was a big mean bull named Anton. He was very fierce, with big horns and heavy hooves, and anytime he met someone smaller or weaker than him, he would stomp and snort menacingly so they would be scared of him.

One day, Anton was grazing in a meadow not far from a large farm, happily munching the fresh clover and swinging his tail to scare away all the flies that wanted to sit on his back.

Suddenly a little grey mouse poked her head out of the ground. Her name was Mickey, and as soon as she saw the grazing bull she popped out of her hole and scurried through the tall grass straight toward Anton! When she got to him she climbed up his leg, onto his back, jumped on his head and rudely bit his nose. Anton roared in pain. He had a very sensitive nose and even though Mickey was tiny, the bite was really painful! As soon as she bit him, she promptly jumped back down to the grass and dashed away, giggling. Anton was furious, and as soon as he spotted her, he gave chase and soon he was hot on her heels. He was just about to catch up to her and pierce her with his horn when the nimble mouse suddenly jumped aside and disappeared into a crack in the wall. The bull huffed and puffed with rage and stamped the ground with his hooves, but there was nothing he could do.

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“Come out, you nasty little mouse!” he cried. “You dared to mess with me, now show yourself and face me!”

But Mickey wouldn't come out. Instead, she just giggled and stuck her tongue out at Anton from the safety of her hole.

The bull couldn't remember ever being this furious before.

“This is too far!” he growled through clenched teeth. “I won't let some tiny little mouse, a hundred times smaller than me, ruin my day and get away with it!”

He took a few steps back and broke into a run - full steam ahead! - and rammed his head into the wall with all his might. Nothing happened. He backed up and did it again, and again, and again, but the wall was strong and wouldn't budge even a little bit. His head started to hurt pretty badly. He could feel himself getting faint, and soon enough he collapsed, exhausted, onto the ground.

Mickey had been waiting for this moment. She popped out of her hole, climbed up on his head, and bit the bull's nose with her sharp little teeth for the second time. Anton roared so loudly it echoed for miles around. The rage pulled him right back onto his feet and he decided to trample the mouse with his hooves. But no matter how hard he tried, he was too slow compared to the little mouse. No matter how quick he was, she always escaped him easily and slipped right back into her hole.

Anton roared and puffed and stamped so hard that the ground was shaking, but that was all he could do. He was at his wits' end! He had no idea what to do about this pesky little mouse. He was getting tired again, so he sat down and sighed.

Suddenly he heard a squeaky little voice coming from the mouse's hole.

“There, there, Anton,” Mickey said. “I may be small, but you don't scare me! The strongest aren't always the ones who win!”