



## The Torino Bull

Once in the mountains outside Taurasia, the village in Italy where I have lived since I was a child, there lived a huge, fierce dragon. The beast had terrified our village for many years. I remember the awful day when it had captured and killed many of our villagers.



Chloe Knipe

We had been trapped in our houses for weeks on end. The terrifying beast that lived on the other side of the valley had already eaten dozens and dozens of our companions and children. If the children had not been taken, they would have starved, as the farmers were too scared to plough the land and provide our village with food. We were starving, thirsty and miserable and willing to do anything to kill the beast.



Nikita Whistler



Meghan Smith

One day, one brave farmer had a plan that we hoped would defeat the dragon. He owned a herd of cows and a bull. He put the cows in the stable and gave the bull a box full of strong, red wine. The bull slurped down the wine. As the bull lapped the last drop, his eyes turned red and his nostrils flared as anger raged all over his body. We watched nervously as he raced around the field, looking for someone to fight.



Jessica Cooper



Nicole Socodo

Soon he realised the village was empty, with no one to fight. So the bull sniffed the air and crashed through the gate, before charging towards the mountains where the dragon stirred in its blood soaked lair.

The beast terrified us villagers and our animals, but it didn't frighten the fearless bull, with its body full of wine. We waited nervously, as a loud groan echoed from the mountains. Smoke puffed from the distant mountain like a volcano about to erupt. No one knew what was happening.

I was a young boy of eight at the time. My friend and I couldn't help ourselves. Our curiosity got the better of us. We sneaked out of the back door and ran to the secret hidden tree house overlooking the dragon's den. We watched nervously as the bull stamped its hooves, lowered its head and charged at full speed, knocking the red dragon over with his sharp horns.

The dragon jumped up and hovered over the bull. He lashed out, ripping the bulls tough hide with his razor sharp claws. The determined bull leapt up, daggering his horns into the huge, blubbery stomach of the dragon.

After hours of struggling, the bull gasped for breath and summoned the energy for one final attack. He groaned and charged into the dragon with the force of a tornado. The bull's horns pierced the dragon's thick, scaly skin and punctured his heart. But as the dragon took his final breath, he forced open his powerful jaws and bit off the bulls head with a snap of his knife blade teeth. The two adversaries fell in silence to their death beds.

The villagers began to appear as the sudden silence enveloped the village. In the distance, two little boys appeared. It was us, me and my friend. We ran back and described the scene we had witnessed.

Soon afterwards, the villagers cautiously approached the scene of the dragon's den. They stared in silence at the still bodies of the two beasts. The bull had saved the village, but the price of our victory was the bull's life. For this we were eternally grateful. This is why we chose the image of the courageous bull to use on our coat of arms. Our small village has grown into the city of Turin. But the symbol of the bull is still used to this day.



Max Rowlands

(Retold by Chloe Knipe, Nicole Socodo, Igan Kennedy, Max Rowlands, Meghan Smith, Nikita Whistler, Chris Stenning, Jessica Cooper, Carly East, Rebecca Harris, Ashley Reeves & Laura Lazo - Year 4, IJS, Stanley)