

The Bull of Turin



A long time ago, in village called Taurasia, a violent, beastly dragon that lived in the countryside, troubled the people. Nobody dared to face the beast, which had strong, fiery breath. The villagers, who were very frightened, stayed inside all day.

Because of the foul beast, not many people ventured out for the dragon could consume them. However I, a humble farmer, decided one morning to go outside to see my animals.

I went to see my bull. He was thirsty, but instead of giving him water, I gave him a blood red liquid. It was wine! The bull drank it normally, as if it was water. He seemed to like it, but he became very drunk and very angry! He jumped up, charging around, looking for someone to fight.

He charged off into the countryside. Within an hour he had found the dragon, but the bull wasn't scared of the dragon. I took cover behind some logs, and watched the fight for a while. The bull charged at the dragon, plunging his horns into the dragon's chest. Blood spurted on to the floor.



(Illustration by Josh Lindo)



(Illustration by Millie Sutherland-O'Gara)

The dragon didn't think twice. It charged at the bull, driving it back. The dragon flapped its gigantic wings and swiftly landed behind the bull. The dragon jumped on its back, stripping back its flesh. The bull roared with anger. At the smell of blood, the bull fought back. The fight was long and violent. The two fought until dawn and death.

The following morning I went out. I saw the two beasts lifeless on the ground. The dragon was finally gone but the bull had paid with its life for the happiness of the village. To honour the bull, the villagers decided to put it onto the coat of arms of the village, where it remains to this day, only now that village has become the great city of Turin.

Story retold by Samuel Symons