

Blossom's Christmas Surprise
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The weather outside was frightfully cold and Blossom would have preferred staying in the nice warm barn today. Except that Her Highness Elsie had started the morning off being particularly snooty. The herd leader had refused to leave the barn when Farmer Sam came to let them out. Her faithful lemming cows refused to go as well. Blossom's choice had then been to stay inside, be warm, but grow more and more annoyed as the day wore on because, as always, Elsie would do everything she could to get on her nerves. Or she could brave the cold and venture out to the frozen field, with the hope of seeing her beloved bullfriend.

Her hooves were all but frozen by the time she'd hoofed it on near tippy-toes to the corner where she usually met Ferdinand. She could hardly blink her eyes. It was as if her eyelashes had frozen in place. It all seemed so wrong. The sky was a beautiful clear blue and the sun was shining brighter than ever. Besides that, there was none of the usual Kansas wind. But it was bitterly cold and she shivered clear down to her double stomach.

She craned her neck over the fence and strained to look across the Stanton field, but saw no sign of her hunky Galloway. How depressing was that! She'd even brought him a little Christmas gift, one of the apples Farmer Sam's daughters had brought her as a treat this morning. None of the other cows ate apples. A few might have tried them, but Elise turned her nose up at them. To stay on her good side, they refused them as well. *Stupid heifers*. Still, Ferdinand shared her love of apples. *Such an intelligent bull*. Even if he'd turned out to be a wuss and stayed in his no doubt warm barn today instead of coming to meet her.

Shoulders weighed down with disappointment, she picked up the apple she'd carefully carried all the way here and dropped to look over the fence. She'd just take it back to her stall and munch on it while she sulked over all this wasted effort.

Blossom had just turned around and trudged a few steps when a deep rumbled complaint stopped her. Her heart pitter-patted crazily. She drew in a familiar scent. Then, as she shifted back again, the post near the corner crashed to the ground. Evidently he'd been hidden behind the large clump of bushes.

"Where are you going, My Love?" Ferdinand grouched, forcing his way through the space he'd made. "I've been near freezing to death waiting to see you."

She did a little happy dance and skipped over to him. She held her head up proudly so he could see the precious apple gift she'd brought him. As he grinned in that odd macho-bull way of his, she tossed the apple at his hooves. "For you, my hunka-hunka, Stud Boy."

Ferdinand ambled closer, rubbing his massive head against her neck, nibbling at her almost-frozen ear. "I've got a Christmas present for you, too, Sweet Blossom." He breathed hotly and moo-rumbled, "Something personal. Very personal."

“But it’s so cold outside,” she teased, trying to bat frozen eyelashes at him.

“It won’t be for long.”

Blossom forgot all about the frigid weather and the warm barn she’d left behind. Ferdinand always made her days better. “Merry Christmas to you. Merry Christmas to me. Merry Christmas to us,” she moo-sang.