The Boy Who Cried Wolf

Once there was a boy. He watched sheep all day.

He felt lonely. There was no one to talk to. He had an idea. He cried for help. "Help! Help! Wolf! Save me!"

The boy was loud. The town heard him. People ran to help him. They saw the boy. They did not see the wolf.

"Where is the wolf?" "He ran away," said the boy. "Poor boy," they said. "You are so brave." They hugged the boy. Then they went home.

In truth, there was no wolf. It was a trick.

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A week went by. The boy was lonely again. "Help! Help! Wolf! Save me!"

The town heard him. The people ran to help. They saw the boy. But they did not see the wolf.

"He ran away," said the boy. They hugged the boy. "Poor boy," they said. In truth, it was another trick.

A week passed. The boy was lonely again. He did the same trick. The townsfolk came. This time they did not run. They walked.

Again, there was no wolf. They knew it was a trick. They were angry.

A week passed. The boy saw something. It was gray. It was big. It was a wolf! He began to yell. "Help! Help! Wolf! Save me!"

The town heard him. They thought it was a trick. No one came this time. The wolf ate him up.

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The Boy Who Cried Wolf

Long ago lived a boy. He worked as a shepherd, watching sheep all day. The problem was that there was no one to talk to.

The boy was bored and lonely. All he wanted was a little attention. He had an idea. He began to cry: "Help! Wolf. There is a wolf! Save me!"

The boy was so loud that they heard him in the town. The townsfolk came running. They ran to the field to save the boy. They saw the boy, but did not see the wolf.

"Where is the wolf," they asked. "He ran away," said the boy. They hugged the boy. "Poor boy," they said. "You are so brave."

In truth, there was no wolf. The boy was just lonely. It was a trick to get attention.

The Boy Who Cried Wolf

A week passed and the boy became lonely again. He began to cry: "Help! Wolf. There is a wolf! Save me!" Again, the townsfolk came running to help. They saw the boy, but not the wolf.

"Where is the wolf," they asked. "He ran away," said the boy. They hugged the boy. "Poor boy," they said. "You are so brave."

In truth, there was no wolf. It was another trick.

A week passed. The boy became lonely again. He played the same trick again. The townsfolk came running. They did not see a wolf. They were upset. They realized that the boy was playing a trick on them. They did not like to be tricked.

Another week passed. The boy saw something. It was gray. It was big. It was a wolf! He began to yell. "Help! Wolf. There is a wolf! Save me!"

The town heard him, but they thought it was a trick. No one came this time. That was the end of the boy. The wolf ate him up.

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The Boy Who Cried Wolf

Once upon a time lived a boy. Back then even little boys had jobs. This boy worked as a shepherd, watching sheep in the pasture all day long. The problem was that being a shepherd was a lonely job. The boy was by himself all day long with no one but sheep to talk to—and they are lousy conversationalists.

The boy became so bored and lonely that he was willing to do just about anything for a little attention. He came up with an idea for how to get some. He began to cry, "Help, help! There is a wolf! Save me!"

The boy's cries were so loud that they heard him in the town. The townsfolk came running to the field to save the boy. They found the boy sitting in a tree, but there was no wolf in sight.

"Where is the wolf," they asked him. "He must've heard you coming and run away," said the boy. They hugged the boy, they told him how brave he was, then they returned to the town. In truth, there was no wolf; it was a trick. The boy was just lonely and cried wolf to get attention.

A week passed and the boy became lonely again. He began to cry: "Help! Wolf. There is a wolf! Save me!" Again, the townsfolk came running to help, bows and arrows in hand. They found the boy hiding in a tree, but there was no wolf in sight.

"Where is the wolf," they asked. "He must've heard you coming and run away," said the boy. Again, they hugged the boy and told him how brave he was.

In truth, there was no wolf this time, either. The boy was playing another trick on the townsfolk to get some attention.

A week passed and the boy became lonely again. He played the same trick again. He cried "Wolf!" and the townsfolk came running. This time, when they did not see the wolf, they became upset because they realized that the boy was playing a trick on them this whole time. They understood that he was lonely, but they did not like to be tricked.

Another week passed and this time the boy saw something. It was large, furry, and gray. It was a wolf! He began to cry: "Help! Wolf. There is a wolf! Save me!" Only this time, it wasn't a trick.

The town heard him. But the boy had tricked them so many times, they thought he was trying to trick them once again. No one came to help the boy this time. No one believed him anymore. And that was the end of the little boy who cried wolf: the wolf ate him up.

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