

Springboard^{into} Comprehension

4

Main Idea Religions
Green All Around

Sequencing Leading the Field in Green
Camp Cavendish

Compare and Contrast **Crying Wolf**

Sun Tales

Fact and Opinion This Ad's for You
What Really Happened?

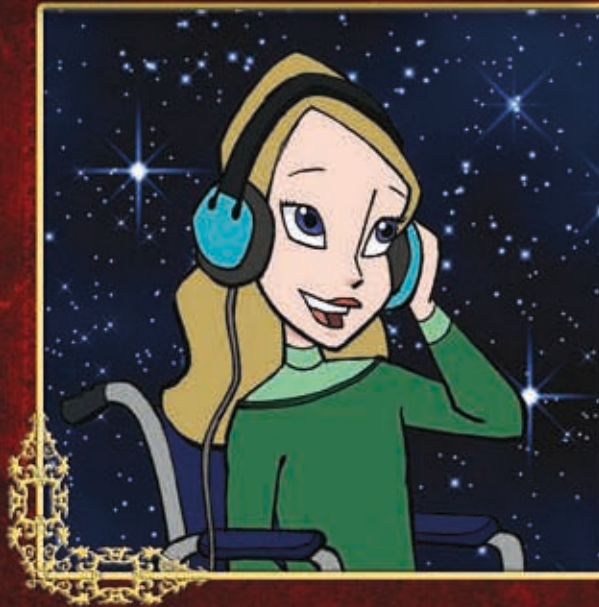
Cause and Effect Water and Food Programs around the World
Inventions and Discoveries That Changed the World

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Crying Wolf



Written and retold by Sally Odgers
Illustrated by Jez Tuya and Claire de Zoete

Crying Wolf

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Written and retold by Sally Odgers
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The Shepherd Boy

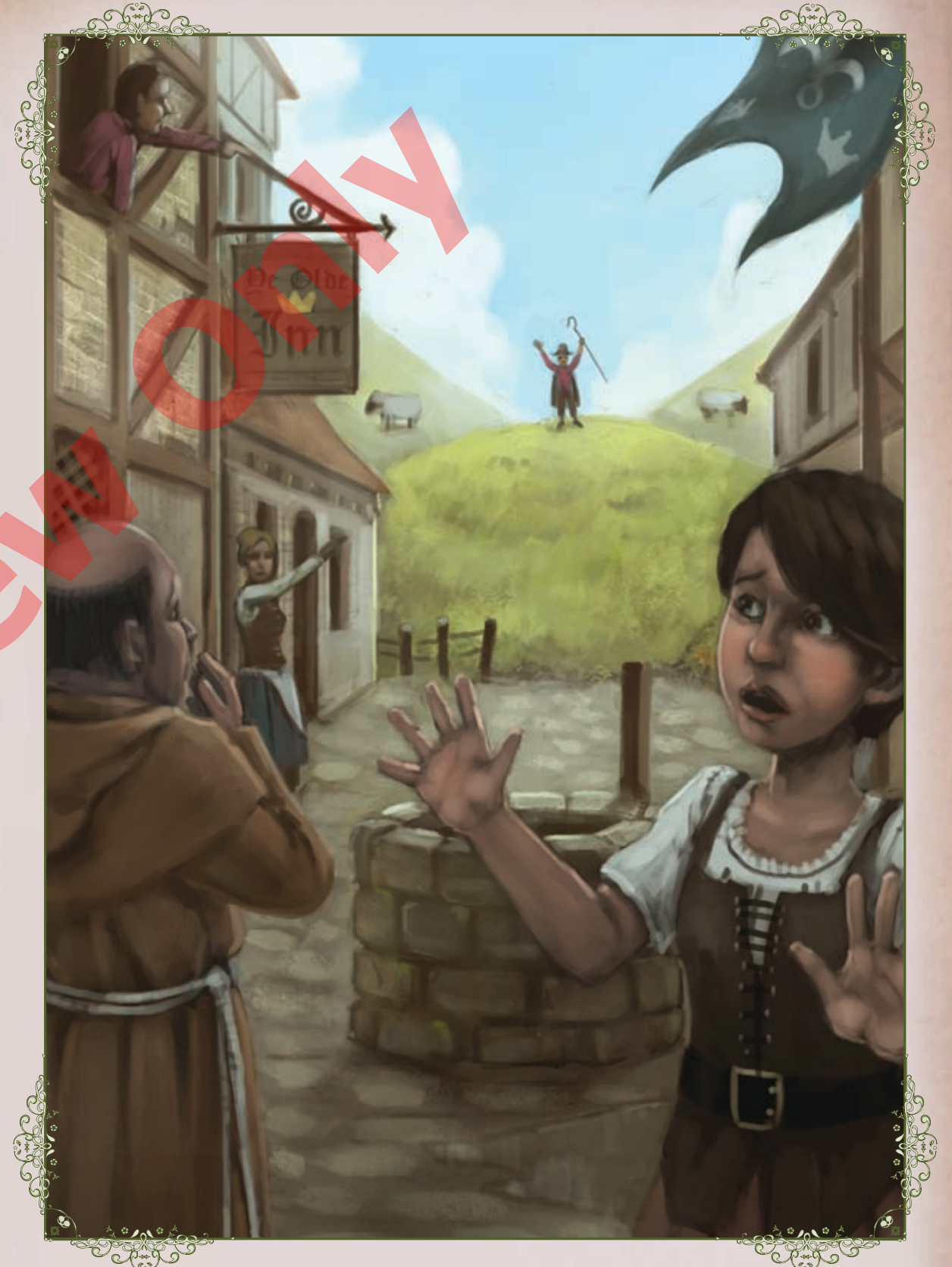
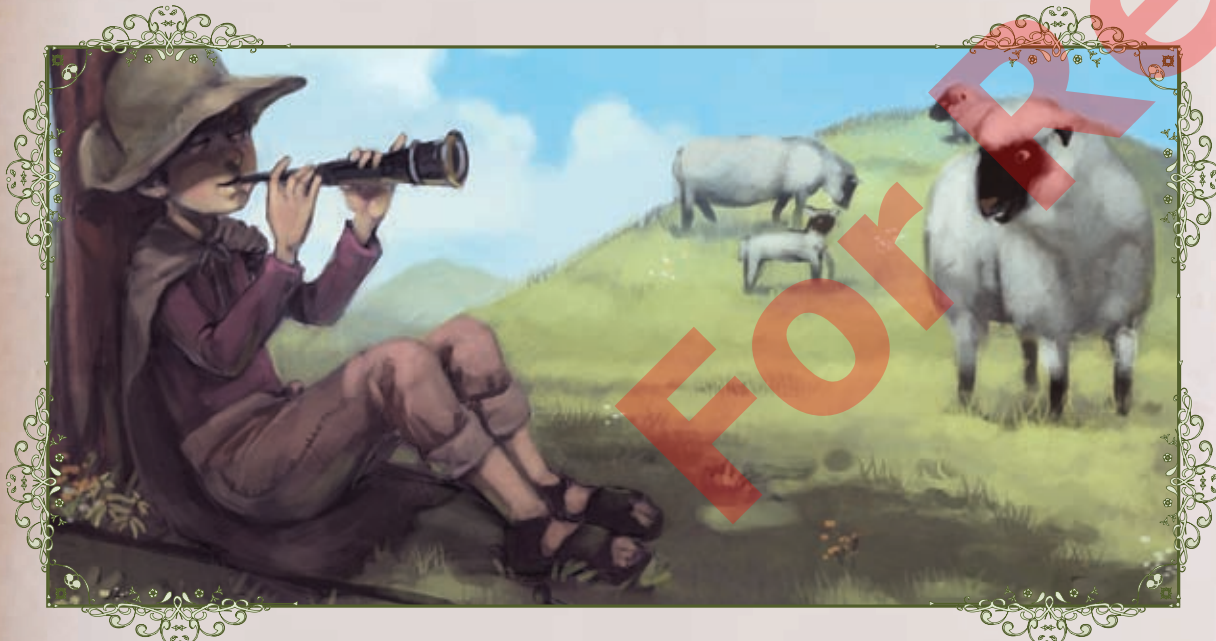
(adapted from a traditional fable,
The Boy Who Cried Wolf, by Aesop)

The sheep grazed high in the forest-fringed meadows above the village, with a shepherd boy to look after them.

Time drifted by slowly, and the shepherd boy spent most of his days in the grass, playing tunes on his pipe. Sometimes, he gazed down at the village, watching the people coming and going. It made him feel happy to be so carefree, but after a while he became less satisfied.

“Look at them down there! They are all busy with their tedious jobs and boring companions,” he said jealously, as a group of friends laughed on the village green. “Their lives are so dull. Can nothing stir them from their routine?”

An idea popped into his mind and began to grow there. What if he brought some excitement to their lives? Drawing a deep breath, he cupped his hands around his mouth and cried out in pretend alarm, “Wolf! Oh, help! Please help! A wolf is chasing the sheep!”



The town was thrown into chaos as the terrible news spread through the village, all the way to the mill. The shepherd boy was in danger – a wolf was attacking the flock!

Led by the miller, the villagers armed themselves with sticks and pitchforks, and stormed up the hill. There, they found the shepherd boy resting in the grass, playing a merry tune on his pipe.

“Where is the wolf?” demanded the miller.

“There is no wolf, but you should have seen your faces,” the boy said, laying aside his pipe and laughing heartily.

The villagers muttered as they went back to their business, and when the boy came home, they glared at him.



However, the boy was not sorry. He chuckled every time he remembered the fright he had given the villagers, but soon the memory was not satisfying enough.

“Time for some more excitement,” he decided. Laying aside his pipe, he cupped his lips again and cried out that a wolf was attacking the sheep. For a second time, he watched with glee as the villagers armed themselves and stormed the hill in defence of their sheep. Again, he greeted them with a burst of hearty laughter at their expense.

This time, the villagers were angrier than before and when the trickster came home, their reaction was far from pleasant.



The shepherd boy enjoyed his prank. Often, as he piped the hours away, he daydreamed of playing it again. However, before he could do so, a real wolf came to visit the meadow. Its tongue was hanging out with anticipation as it stalked the flock, eyeing the boy with a steely gaze. It rushed at a ewe, which bleated with fear, alerting her minder.



The boy sprang up, dropping his pipe in the grass. "Wolf! Wolf!" he shrieked in terror. "Please help, for a wolf is attacking the sheep!" He yelled and ran down the hill, waving his arms, but the villagers barely stopped what they were doing. They had no intention of giving the boy more laughter at their expense.

That night, the boy did not come home, and when darkness fell, the miller picked up a stick and trudged up the hill to find him.

"No doubt he's sulking for the failure of his trick," he muttered.

