

# CRY WOLF

by Eric Finney (after Aesop)

“Boring, boring, boring!” fumes the shepherd lad.  
He’s paid to guard the sheep, thinks he’s going mad –

Watching grass grow, clouds roll,  
The sheep endlessly chewing –  
Every day the same old, same old Nothing Doing...

**Make something happen.**

After all, where’s the harm?  
Stir things up a bit: sound the Wolf Alarm.  
So he bawls out, “Wolf! Wolf!” and bangs upon the tin.

Villagers below can’t help but hear the din  
And fearful for the safety of their flocks,  
Like sprinters smartly spring out of the blocks.

Find when they’ve puffed uphill to this fake  
The boy protesting, “Sorry, a mistake.”

Secretly, though, the lad enjoys the joke:  
All those red-faced panting village folk!

Days pass. Boredom, of course, resumes its reign  
So the boy tries on his silly stunt again.  
Once more to nothing the villagers respond.  
“Sack the stupid lad!” “Throw him in the pond!”

He’s given a last chance...  
This time the danger’s real:  
Lean, hungry wolves come skulking for a meal.  
Panic grips him as the pack closes in:  
“Wolf! Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!” while pounding at the tin.

Down in the village: “Just ignore it, men,  
It’s that daft lad at his pranks again.”

Result: flock badly mauled from wolf attack;  
Shepherd boy catcalled, beaten, gets the sack.

Lesson here you might pay heed to:  
Don’t raise alarms unless you need to.

