**Fables**

“The Boy Who Cried Wolf”

There once was a shepherd boy who was bored as he sat on the hillside watching the village sheep. To amuse himself he took a great breath and sang out, "Wolf! Wolf! The Wolf is chasing the sheep!"

The villagers came running up the hill to help the boy drive the wolf away. But when they arrived at the top of the hill, they found no wolf. The boy laughed at the sight of their angry faces.

"Don't cry 'wolf', shepherd boy," said the villagers, "when there's no wolf!" They went grumbling back down the hill.

Later, the boy sang out again, "Wolf! Wolf! The wolf is chasing the sheep!" To his naughty delight, he watched the villagers run up the hill to help him drive the wolf away.

When the villagers saw no wolf they sternly said, "Save your frightened song for when there is really something wrong! Don't cry 'wolf' when there is NO wolf!"

But the boy just grinned and watched them go grumbling down the hill once more.

Later, he saw a REAL wolf prowling about his flock. Alarmed, he leaped to his feet and sang out as loudly as he could, "Wolf! Wolf!"

But the villagers thought he was trying to fool them again, and so they didn't come.

At sunset, everyone wondered why the shepherd boy hadn't returned to the village with their sheep. They went up the hill to find the boy. They found him weeping.

"There really was a wolf here! The flock has scattered! I cried out, "Wolf!" Why didn't you come?"

An old man tried to comfort the boy as they walked back to the village.

"We'll help you look for the lost sheep in the morning," he said, putting his arm around the youth, "Nobody believes a liar...even when he is telling the truth!

The theme of this fable is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

“The Wind and the Sun”

The Wind and the Sun were disputing who was the stronger.  Suddenly, they saw a traveler coming down the road, and the Wind said, "I see a way to decide our dispute. Whichever of us can cause that traveler to take off his cloak first shall be seen as the stronger. I’ll go first."

So the Sun went behind a cloud, and the Wind began to blow as hard as it could upon the traveler. But the harder he blew, the more closely the traveler wrapped his cloak around him, until at last the Wind had to give up in despair.

Then, the Sun came out slowly from behind it’s cloud and gently shone upon the traveler, who soon found it too hot to walk with his cloak on.

The theme of this story is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

“The Fox and the Cat”

A fox and a cat were out walking together when the fox began boasting about how clever he was.

“I’m prepared for any situation,” said the Fox. “I have a whole bag of tricks to choose from if my enemies try to capture me.”

“I’m afraid I’ve only got one trick, but it has always worked for me,” the cat said shyly.

The fox looked at the cat and shook his head in disgust. “One trick? How dumb is that? I’ve got hundreds of ways of escaping,” said the Fox.

Just then, they heard a pack of dogs barking and coming towards them. The cat immediately ran up the nearest tree and hid on one of the highest branches.

“That’s my trick,” the cat called from high up in the tree. “You had better reach into that bag of tricks of yours and choose one right now, or you're history!”

“Ok, Ok, stay calm,” said the Fox to himself.

“Should I run and hide behind the nearest hedge? Or should I jump down a burrow? Or maybe I should do something else…”

The dogs were getting closer and closer.

“Down a burrow, that’s the way to go” said the Fox, and started running around the field looking for a burrow.

“No, that one’s too small, I can’t get down far enough. And this one’s too big, they could get down here too. Maybe I should go over there…

But it was too late. While the fox wasted time, confused by so many choices, the dogs caught him and killed him.

The cat looked down sadly and said, “I guess it’s better to have one safe way than a hundred you can’t choose from.”

The theme of this story is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

“The Ant and the Grasshopper”

    One summer day a grasshopper was singing and chirping and hopping about.  He was having a wonderful time.  He saw an ant who was busy gathering and storing grain for the winter.

            “Stop and talk to me,” said the grasshopper.   “We can sing some songs and dance a while.”

            “Oh no,” said the ant.  “Winter is coming.  I am storing up food for the winter.  I think you should do the same.”

            “Oh, I can’t be bothered,” said the grasshopper.  “Winter is a long time off.   There is plenty of food.”   So the grasshopper continued to dance and sing and chip and the ant continued to work.

 When winter came the grasshopper had no food and was starving.  He went  to the ant’s house and asked, “Can I have some wheat or maybe a few kernels of corn.  Without it I will starve,” whined the grasshopper.

“You danced last summer,” said the ants in disgust.   “You can continue to dance.”  And they gave him no food.

The theme of this story is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

What is the purpose of a fable? Use evidence from one of the fables we discussed in class today to support your point.

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