

AESOP'S FABLES

THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF



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The Boy Who Cried Wolf



An illustrated edition by Pewitos

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High on a green hill, Pedrito looked after the sheep of the whole village. Every morning he took them up to graze, and every evening he brought them back.



Before he went up, the farmer always reminded him: "Up there in the pines lives the wolf. If you see it, shout loud, and we will all come up to help you."



Up on the hill, Pedrito counted his sheep: ten big sheep and one little lamb, the smallest, who followed him everywhere. He counted them again, and again they were the same.



Down in the village everyone was busy: the farmer in his field, the baker at her oven. Up on the hill, Pedrito was alone, and nothing happened.



Then he remembered the farmer's words. "If I shout that the wolf is coming, everyone will come running," he thought, and he grinned. "Now that would be fun!"



He climbed onto a big rock, cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted as loudly as he could: "Wolf! A wolf is coming!"



In the village, the farmer dropped his rake and the baker left her dough. They hurried up the hill as fast as they could, out of breath.



But there was no wolf, only Pedrito laughing in the grass. "That is not something to do," said the farmer. "We came because we believed you." And they went back down, tired and cross.



The next day the baker walked along the path and did not wave to him. Pedrito shrugged. "It was only a game," he said, and went back to being bored.



A few days later Pedrito shouted again: "Wolf! Wolf!" This time the neighbors were slow to come out, and they climbed slowly, frowning.



At the top they found only calm sheep and a boy laughing. "If you lie again," said the baker, "nobody will come up." And they went down without looking back.



One evening, as the sun was setting, something moved among the pines. It was a real gray wolf, watching the meadow with its yellow eyes.



"Help! The wolf! This time it's true!" cried Pedrito as loudly as he could. His voice rolled down the hill to the village.



In the village they heard him, but no one looked up. "Another one of his jokes," said the farmer, and the baker went on kneading.



Pedrito was all alone. The wolf sprang into the meadow, and the frightened sheep fled toward the forest.



When at last the wolf was gone, everything went quiet. Pedrito counted the sheep again and again, but the smallest lamb was missing.



Pedrito ran down to the village in tears. This time the farmer saw his face and believed him, and came out with his lantern to help.



The baker came too, and they searched all night. They gathered the frightened sheep, but the little lamb was never found.



At dawn Pedrito told the truth, even though it was hard: "You didn't come because of me. I will never lie again, not even as a joke."



And he kept his word, day after day. Little by little his neighbors trusted him again, and the baker climbed the hill once more, this time with warm bread.

About this edition

The Boy Who Cried Wolf

A fable from Greek tradition attributed to Aesop, an ancient storyteller. A shepherd boy learns how hard it is to win back trust after lying. This Pewitos adaptation adds an ending in which the boy slowly earns the village's trust again.



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Pedrito has fun shouting that a wolf is coming. A fable about truth, trust and how hard it is to win it back.

