

Name:

Class:

The Boy who Cried Wolf



LISTEN TO THE STORY AND CHOOSE THE APPROPRIATE WORD TO FILL IN THE GAP!

When I was a _____, my father used to send me out to the _____ each day to watch over his _____.

Hey now! There are _____ jobs than sitting out in the fresh air all day, but it was boring work for a lad.

I _____ to be running around with my friends, playing ball, or making boyish _____.

“Can’t the sheep look after _____?” I asked my father.
“After all, they know how to _____ and munch grass, but there isn’t much else that they do.”

Father _____ it was important work, and most _____ of all, I must keep my eyes peeled for the wolf – in case he came _____ into the fields and grabbed one of the spring lambs.

I couldn’t even go to sleep. I had to sit and keep a sharp look out. After a few weeks of this, I got so _____ that I began to wish that the wolf would _____ up and give me something to do.



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Then I got thinking to myself: “Let’s _____ things up a bit,” I thought. “Let’s play a trick on the villagers.” So I got up and ran as fast as I could into the _____ shouting at the top of my voice: “Wolf! Wolf! WOOOOOOOOLF!”

The villagers _____ sticks, rolling pins, and pitchforks and came running up to the field to chase away the wolf.

But when they got there, all was peaceful. The lambs were frolicking as usual, quite unmolested. I laughed: “Ha ha! _____ you all!”

None of the villagers _____ with me. Some of them grumbled and the blacksmith became _____ angry and shouted at me – but he was just a bad sport who couldn’t see the funny side of my joke.

A week later I did the same thing again, only this time I put on an even better act. I daubed red _____ on my arm, and pretended that the wolf had _____ me. This fooled even the blacksmith, who was on his _____ after the last trick I had played. When they all arrived _____ in the field, I again called out: “Ha ha! Fooled you!”

This time, quite a few of the _____ were angry with me, and I got quite an ear-wiggling from the blacksmith, the teacher, and the iron-monger. When I got home, my father was _____ and told me that I had a stupid sense of _____. But I thought it was funny – and so did my friends.

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about a week after that, I was sitting up on the roof watching my father's sheep as usual. It was getting on for evening, and the sun was setting behind the hills. I would have to spend the night out there, and oh, how lonely and bored was I. Then all of a sudden the sheep dogs started to bark and the flock was running around and bleating like they had all become mad. Only they hadn't; there was a wolf among the sheep and he had just eaten a lamb.

"Wolf! Wolf! WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLF!" I shouted out and I ran into the village to get help.

But nobody came. Not one villager. They carried on doing whatever they were doing. Eating supper, drinking ale, or finishing off their work for the day.

"Please," I said to the blacksmith. "This time it's true. There really is a wolf." But he just shrugged his shoulders.

WHAT MORAL VALUE CAN YOU GET FROM THE STORY?