

HOLDEN TELLS A TALE: THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF

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If you really want to hear a story, first thing you should know is that this story has a happy ending, at least for me. It shows what happens when you act like a moronic phony. I imagine this happening to a lot of people I know, especially my goddam roommate, that sounavabitch. I don't know when or even where this story takes place, if you want to know the truth, but I know it's far away from here.

So anyways, sometime in a god forsaken place, was this dull little village. The villagers would wake up before dawn and herd sheep until the moon would rise. Their whole lives revolved around sheep, some life my a**. Who gives a damn about sheep? Nobody. They were actually quite dumb if you ask me.

A young boy grew up there and since he could remember, his only job was to look after the old sheep. They were the easiest to handle. The only difficult task is keeping the dang wolves away from ripping the sheep's heads off. He was apparently bored in his drag of a life, but who wouldn't be? In his mind, he was going to run away to join a pirate ship and sail the world. If you don't think of some way out of the goddam ghost town, you'll feel even worse. Now this boy was the most terrific liar you've ever seen in your life. Even better than me. It's terrible. If you want to know the truth, there's a distinct difference between the two of us. I twist the truth; he pulls sagas out of his a**. Some would say he was the world's best actor, others would say he was mischievous and sinister. I say that he was the biggest phony you've ever seen. Who knows, but really, who gives a damn?

So one murky morning, this moron dragged his ass out of bed before the crack of dawn. He fed his stubborn Border Collie and headed out to work, still yawning. Three hours in, he was bored out of his mind. Who wouldn't be? It was the stupidest job you can think of. So this sounavabitch decided that for the account of pure boredom, that it would be fun to pull a prank on the other villagers. He didn't give a damn what people would do when they found out, like the ignorant phony that he was. So what's funnier than faking a wolf attack? Well anything and everything, but apparently this idiot thought that it would be hilarious.

So out of pure amusement, this phony started screaming at the top of his lungs "HELP! HELP! There are wolves circling my sheep!"

And what do you know, within ten minutes, the absolute geniuses from the village came sprinting towards him. And like the jacka** that he was, he fell to the ground laughing his brains out. That killed me. When someone is really pissed at you, you don't roll on the ground laughing at them. If some idiot makes a fool out of themselves, you laugh and mock far away from their arm span. That will save you from a bloody nose. The villagers didn't break his face; as he was only a kid, but they did leave him with a warning. Like that was going to stop him. Anyways, the boy went home that night with a phony smirk on his face.

The next day was even worse, it was hot as hell outside and the boy was once again, bored out of his mind. So two hours in and after a sheep bit him, he decided to have some fun again. So he started screamed like a little girl and once again, the stupid villagers ran up the hill to his aid. And when he started laughing in their faces this time, it wasn't so funny anymore. The villagers were furious, but the boy didn't care. He got what he wanted, and that was to fill himself up with the gratification of aggravating other people.

And once again, the next morning the boy woke up, fed the dog, and headed out to herd the sheep. It was about midday when suddenly, he heard an echoing howl. He thought at first that it was only a joke by the other village boys, but the howls intensified. Suddenly, a furry grey head popped up in the peaks, and then several others followed. They advanced down the hill and gathered around him. The boy starts screaming for help, but nobody came. Who would come after what he did? Nobody. Not a single soul. Nobody was willing to trust the phony ever again. And soon enough, the boy was torn apart limb from limb, if you want to know the truth. But I don't want to get into the details.

Now as you may know, I'm an extreme pacifist, so I usually don't approve of death like this, or really any at all, but this sounavabitch got what was coming to him.

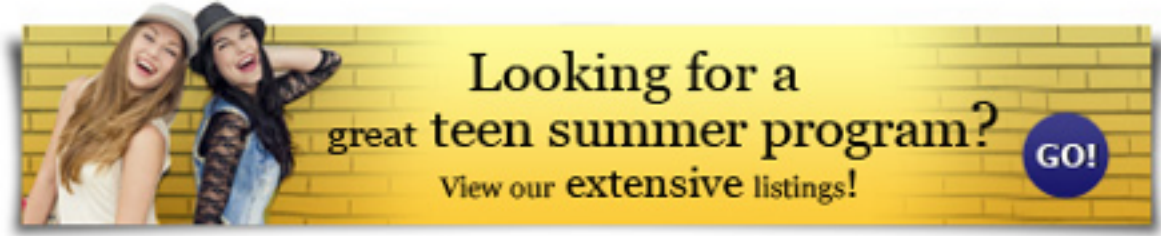


Image Credit: Steve
Marblehead, MA

The author's comments:

“ I loved Catcher in the Rye, and as an English assignment we were to retell a fairytale through Holden Caulfield's eyes, and I thought this story defines Holden's values.

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