

# The Boy who cried Hyena

Once upon a time, there was a small village in the East part of Africa. In the village lived at least fifty villagers, one included a very cheeky boy. His job was to look after the sheep of the village. He usually tricked the villagers that a vicious animal came to attack the villagers. Last week, he pretended a wolf came to town. The tired villagers would always fall for the boy's tricks. He was the cheekiest person to have ever lived in the village. The poor villagers couldn't get their work done when he was shouting, and the dry season was coming fast.

The next morning, the villagers woke up at the crack of dawn, to try to get as much work as they could without the boy disturbing frequently. The boy actually kept quiet for the day... until it came to lunch.

"Hyena! Hyena! Come quick, a hyena is attacking!" the boy shouted. Everyone left their houses in a dash and they got their weapons to fight the hyena. But it was too soon before they realised they was no hyena. It was all a ruse.

"Well that was not at all helpful, young man!" a woman yelled. After all the villagers went back into their houses to continue eating their lunch, the boy laughed so much that his sides ached and tears rolled down his cheeks. He then had a snack and went on to look after the sheep.

The next morning, the boy was –again- quiet. It even passed lunch and he didn't say anything. But at dinner, he shouted it once more.

"Hyena! Hyena!" he screamed. Everyone rushed out of their houses. But just like last time, the trick was quickly identified. The boy was surprised to see the forty-nine people around him. Then, he laughed.

"Ha ha ha!" he laughed. "You fell for it! Again!" And he laughed and laughed and laughed. His mother then stood in front of him.

"Son! I am very disappointed in you! Tomorrow you will stay up late to guard sheep for your punishment!" He heard mother, but took no interest. He didn't

even notice the punishment. The forty-nine people marched back into their houses.

At night, the boy was sleeping on a rock he usually sat on. He thought it would be a normal peaceful night, but it wasn't. Suddenly, at midnight, all the sheep started to baa loudly. The boy simply ignored it, as if it was his alarm clock. But they suddenly didn't stop. They gradually started to louder, and louder, and louder! The boy just gave in and by the time he woke up, five per cent of the sheep he had were ate. Aten by the hyena. He didn't know what to do.

"Hyena! Hyena! It's real this time. Hyena!" he screamed. The villagers were not going to fall for the trick. But this time, it wasn't a trick. Now thirty of his sixty sheep were ate. The vicious hyena couldn't stop eating the flock of sheep.

"Baa! Baa!" screamed and yelled the sheep. By now at least twenty per cent of his sheep had been eaten. The boy had not a clue of what to do.

"Hyena! Hyena! It's actually here!" continued the boy. He was worried to bits. Just five sheep remained, and only ten minutes had passed. The boy started to cry helplessly. He wept and wept. On the other hand, the hyena ate and ate, but suddenly, all the sheep had gone. The hyena was hungry. The boy knew who was next.

"Help! Help! Please help!" he screamed in terror. The hyena would soon come to him. He ran as fast as his bony legs could take him, but that was no match for the speed of the hyena.

"Please help! Please!" he begged and shouted. The hyena was at least a metre away from his legs. Then the hyena leapt up and grabbed him by the legs. He would be eaten.

One month later, the weather was amazing. The sun was out, everyone was playing out. Except the boy's family.

"Where has he gone? He's been missing for a month. Go check outside!" yelled mother. Father hurried outside and went to the stone the boy always sat on whilst looking after sheep. But he wasn't there. It was his body. Dead.

“Mother! Mother!” exclaimed Father with tears in his eyes. Mother left the cooking and went to father.

“What is it?” Mother enquired. It was going to be hard for father to express what happened.

“He has...” His voice trailed off into the distance. The whole family went outside to the place where his body lay. They wept and wept for hours. And when the family told the rest of the villagers, the whole village was in grief. There were no party. No joyous celebrations. All throughout a long time, the village was in great sadness. Although the price was high, everyone agreed that the boy needed to learn a valuable lesson, and valuable lesson is if you lie, nobody will believe you when you tell the truth.