

## MALE MONOLOGUE 2

### THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF by: Rebecca Young

You know how you'll be bopping along, minding your own business, when all of a sudden something really incredible – I mean, super spectacular, comes along? Like a triple rainbow, or a glimpse of the Loch Ness monster, or maybe even Big Foot crossing the road? And you try to get someone's attention so they can see it, only they're too busy to pay any attention to you and by the time they *decide* to look up, that thing you know you'll never see again in all your life is *long gone?*

Well, that's how it is with me. Only it's nothing wonderful and spectacular. See, there's this wolf that's been harassing me. Follows me everywhere I go. Always lurking. Waiting to catch me unawares. Every time I catch a glimpse of him and try to point him out to someone, he darts away. Every dang time!

Everyone's started calling me a liar. Saying I'm making things up to get attention. Worse, they say I'm seeing things. That I'm so paranoid that I'm afraid of my own shadow! They either think I'm a liar or a scaredy-cat. Absolutely no one will take me seriously.

But why would I lie about something like this? Do I look like someone who wants to get eaten by a wolf? What kind of idiot would joke about something like that? Doggone it, when I cry wolf, *I mean it!*