

The Old Wolf and the Vulture

By JP Levenick

Once there was an old wolf, who would lie mournfully on the grass every morning, watching the young wolves play. Every morning he would talk to himself about his glory days when he was the young wolf wrestling gleefully and winning effortlessly. Now he could barely manage to walk down to the fields. One day, while the wolf was repeating his despondent routine, a cunning, young vulture descended and sat next to him.

The vulture, who knew a desperate fool when he saw one, began, "Brother I see the sadness in your eyes when you watch the young wolves play. There was once a time when I was in your exact same dilemma. But I found a solution."

The old wolf's ears shot straight up. "And what would that be?" he replied hastily.

"Well, I myself found a fountain at the far reach of the forest, which gave me water that replenished my energy. At first I thought I was just thirsty and the water was quenching my thirst. But no! When I looked down in the water I saw my reflection, and I was a young bird again! When I took off my wings seemed weightless. I invite you to come join me and drink these waters!"

The wolf was elated. This fountain could make him young again! So he agreed to travel with the vulture.

As they began to trot along the wolf forgot his aching legs. The two walked for hours. The hours became days. Soon they had walked for what felt like an eternity. The wolf asked, "How much longer my good friend?"

The vulture replied, "Just a short bit."

Hours later, as the sun was setting, the wolf cried out, "Please let us rest!" The vulture descended swiftly on his prey. He cried, "You fool! There is no such fountain! I have lured you out of your home and away from your pack! If only you had been content with what you had!"

Moral: The old wolf had died foolishly, chasing what is impossible, and in doing so wasted his life away.