In a hamlet nestled between misty hills, there lived a mischievous youth fond of deception. One sweltering afternoon, he sought amusement by taunting the villagers. With feigned panic, he cried, “Tiger! Tiger! A beast descends the ridge!” The laborers, tending their crops under the scorching sun, paused their toil at his frantic call. They scrambled uphill, only to find the boy cackling wildly. “No tiger here! A jest, mere sport!” he sneered. The villagers, red-faced with anger, retreated to their fields, muttering curses.

Hours later, as dusk painted the sky in hues of amber, the boy’s voice echoed again: “Tiger! Tiger! The ridge trembles!” Trusting souls that they were, the villagers rushed once more, only to be met with the boy’s derisive laughter. “Fool me twice, shame on me,” one elder growled, as the group stomped back to their work, their faith in the boy’s words shattered.

When night fell, a real tiger emerged from the shadows, its growl echoing through the valley. The boy, paralyzed with terror, screamed for help: “Tiger! Tiger! Save me!” His cries were desperate, laced with genuine dread. But the villagers, now deaf to his pleas, remained hunched over their plots. The beast pounced, and the boy’s laughter was silenced forever.