

# The Fable of the Woman Who Cried Wolf

by

Sam Aurelius Milam III  
c/o 4984 Peach Mountain Drive  
Gainesville, Georgia 30507

This story was first completed on Wednesday, June 13, 2012.

This document is approximately 680 words long.

Additional stories are available on my [personal website](#).

This story is LiteraShare.

That means that it isn't for sale and that it isn't protected by a formal establishment copyright. As the author, I ask you to extend to me the courtesy that is reasonably due. If you copy the story, then copy all of it including my name and address as shown on each page, and this LiteraShare Statement. I invite you to provide such copies for other readers. If you quote from the story, then do so accurately and give me credit. If you care to make a voluntary contribution to me, then I prefer cash. For checks, money orders, or PayPal payments, please inquire.

This page was intentionally left blank.

## The Fable of the Woman Who Cried Wolf

---

Once upon a time, there was a young woman who decided to spend the evening at a local bar. She wore a tiny little skirt and a flimsy little top that, between them, almost covered something. At the bar, she gamboled, frolicked, and flirted with any man that she could approach. Finally, she got so drunk that she grabbed the first available man, dragged him into a back room, and seduced him.

The next day, the young woman went to the local police station and complained that the man had raped her. Since, in such matters, men are presumed guilty and women are presumed innocent, she easily got her case into court. However, the man called as witnesses many of the people who had been at the bar that night. They all testified to the actual events of the evening. A few of them even assured the judge that they had seen the young woman drag the man into the back room, with obvious intent. The judge threw out the case.

A week or so later, the young woman attended a party at the house of a nearby neighbor. She wore a little dress that fit her somewhat like a coat of paint. The dress was made of material so sheer that it almost hid something, but not quite. All evening, she pranced and danced and flirted with any man that she could approach. Finally, she got so drunk that she grabbed the nearest available man, dragged him into a bedroom, and seduced him.

The next day, the young woman went to the local police station and complained that the man had raped her. Since, in such matters, men are presumed guilty and woman are presumed innocent, she was eventually able to get her case into court. However, the man called as witnesses most of the people who had been at the party. They all testified to the actual events of the evening. A few of them even assured the judge that they had seen the young woman drag the man into the bedroom, with obvious intent. The judge threw out the case and warned the young woman to stop wasting his time.

A week or so after that, the young woman ran out of cigarettes late one night. Since the local convenience store was open all night, and since it was only a few blocks away, she decided to walk to the store and buy some cigarettes. On her way back home, she was jumped by three local hoodlums who dragged her into an alley and repeatedly raped her.

The next day, the young woman went to the local police station and complained that the three local hoodlums had raped her. The desk sergeant dragged her to the door, kicked her sorry ass back out into the street, and yelled at her to stop wasting his time.

### *Moral*

*The more that women misrepresent their claims of abuse, the more that they manufacture opportunities to be abused, and the more that they trivialize their uses of the definitions, the less credibility they will have.*

This page was intentionally left blank.