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You were born a lion, but society wants you a sheep.

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The Lion and the Sheep.

A classic red pill story.

Read at your own discretion.

~~ This is a copy I found online of an ancient story I stumbled upon some time ago ~~

I'm not sure of the author it originated from but since then it's been taken by many different cultures and told in different versions.

If you know the original source, please let me know. ■

Having lost its way, a baby lion wandered for days, alone, forlorn, anxious at finding itself in a strange and dangerous environment. Weakened from hunger, it came upon some sheep.

One of the mother sheep took pity on the poor, malnourished, bedraggled, crying baby lion and adopted it as her own. She showed her new baby how to forage for grass, what noises to make to talk to other sheep, and warn them of impending danger.

The young lion grew up, fast and strong, amidst the flock of sheep. Many years passed, and there, with a flock of sheep foraging for grass, now roamed the young lion, powerful and with a long mane and tail, behaving exactly like a sheep.

It bleated like sheep instead of roaring and ate grass instead of meat. This vegetarian young lion acted exactly like a weak, meek lamb.

One day, and from out of the forest an older, wild, ferocious lion strolled into the green pasture, and to his great delight beheld this flock of sheep.

Thrilled with joy, and extremely hungry, this older lion pursued the fleeing flock of sheep, when, to his amazement, he saw a young lion, with his tail high up in the air, fleeing as fast as he could, along with the sheep.

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The older lion paused for a moment, was nonplussed at what he had witnessed, scratched his head, and pondered: ‘I can understand the sheep running away from me, but I cannot imagine why this young lion should run at the sight of me.

Ignoring his hunger, he raced hard and pounced upon the escaping young lion. The young lion froze with fear. The big lion was puzzled more than ever.

In a deep voice, the older lion rebuked him, ‘What’s the matter with you?! Why do you, my brother-lion, run away from me in fear?’

The young lion closed his eyes and bleated out, meekly, in sheep language, ‘Please let me go. Don’t kill me. I’m just a sheep brought up with yonder flock.’

‘Oh, now I see why you’re bleating.’ He grabbed the young lion by the mane with his mighty jaws and dragged him towards the lake at the end of the pasture.

When the older lion had reached the shore of the lake, he pushed the young lion’s head so that it was reflected in the water.

He began to shake the younger one, who still had his eyes tightly closed, saying, ‘Open your eyes! Look! You are a lion and a powerful one at that. You are not a sheep.’

‘Bleat, bleat, bleat. Please don’t kill me. Let me go. I am not a lion, but only a poor, helpless, defenseless, meek sheep,” wailed the ‘sheep-lion’.

The older lion gave the young, meek lion a terrible shake. He opened his eyes and was astonished to find that the reflection of his head was not, as he expected, a sheep’s head but that of a lion’s, like the lion who was shaking him.

Then, the big lion said, ‘Look at my broad face and your face reflected in the water. They are the same.'

‘Now! You must roar instead of bleating!’, the older lion said.

The younger lion, now convinced that he wasn’t a sheep but a powerful lion,, tried to roar, but could only produce feeble bleat-mingled roars.

As the older lion continued to exhort him with slapping paws, the sheep-lion at last succeeded in roaring. Now, both of them happy, both lions bounded across the pasture, entered the forest, and returned to the den of lions.