Once in the past there was a wolf who became too old to be able to hunt prey on which to feed himself. Coming upon a whole pack of other wolves, he joined them and asked, "Friends, will you feed me?"

"Follow us," they said. The old wolf began to follow pack. Soon they came upon a sheep, which they immediately killed and began to devour.

Traveling more slowly than the pack, the old wolf did catch up with them until they had eaten every bit of the sheep. "What happened?" asked the old wolf. "You were supposed to feed me.

"Oh, our friend, we completely forgot about you in the excitement," they answered.

"Wouldn't it have been a good idea to have left at least the liver of the sheep for me to eat? That would be meat soft enough for me to eat with my bad teeth."

"Well, follow us again, and next time we kill a prey, we shall give you some food."

The old wolf again started following the wolf pack.
Story 1524

After a short time they came to a farm where they caught killed a man. Again the wolf pack devoured the man before the old wolf reached the place where the prey had been caught. There they were about to devour the farmer's donkey, too. The old wolf said, "You have had so much to eat already! What about me?"

"You should not be concerned with how much or how little we have eaten," said the other wolves, and they then ate donkey, too.

In tears, the old wolf now lost all hope of getting any of the prey killed by the pack. He said,

"Left behind their attack,

Food I shall always lack.

It is useless to follow the pack."