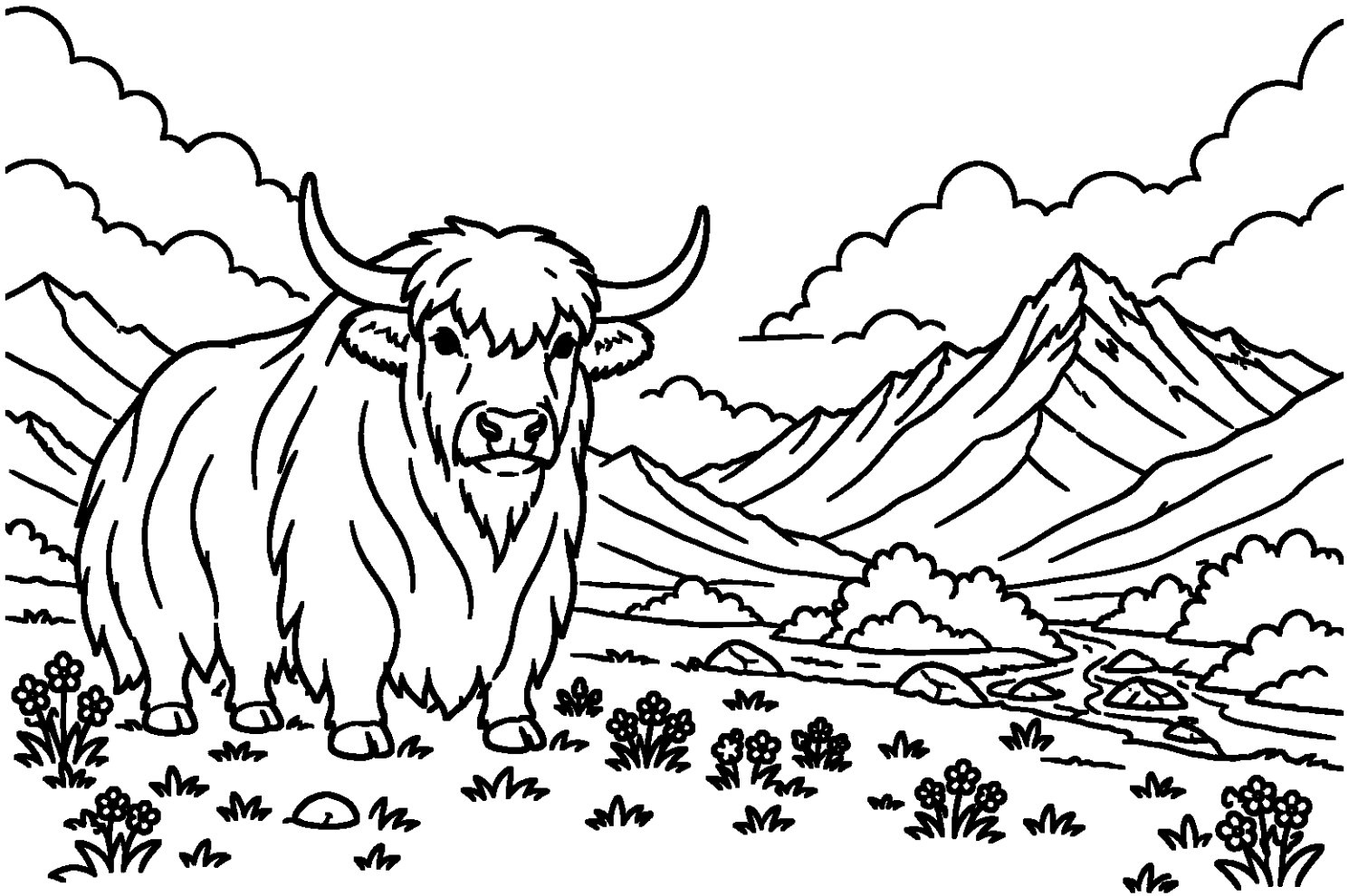


Yelling

The Shouting Yak

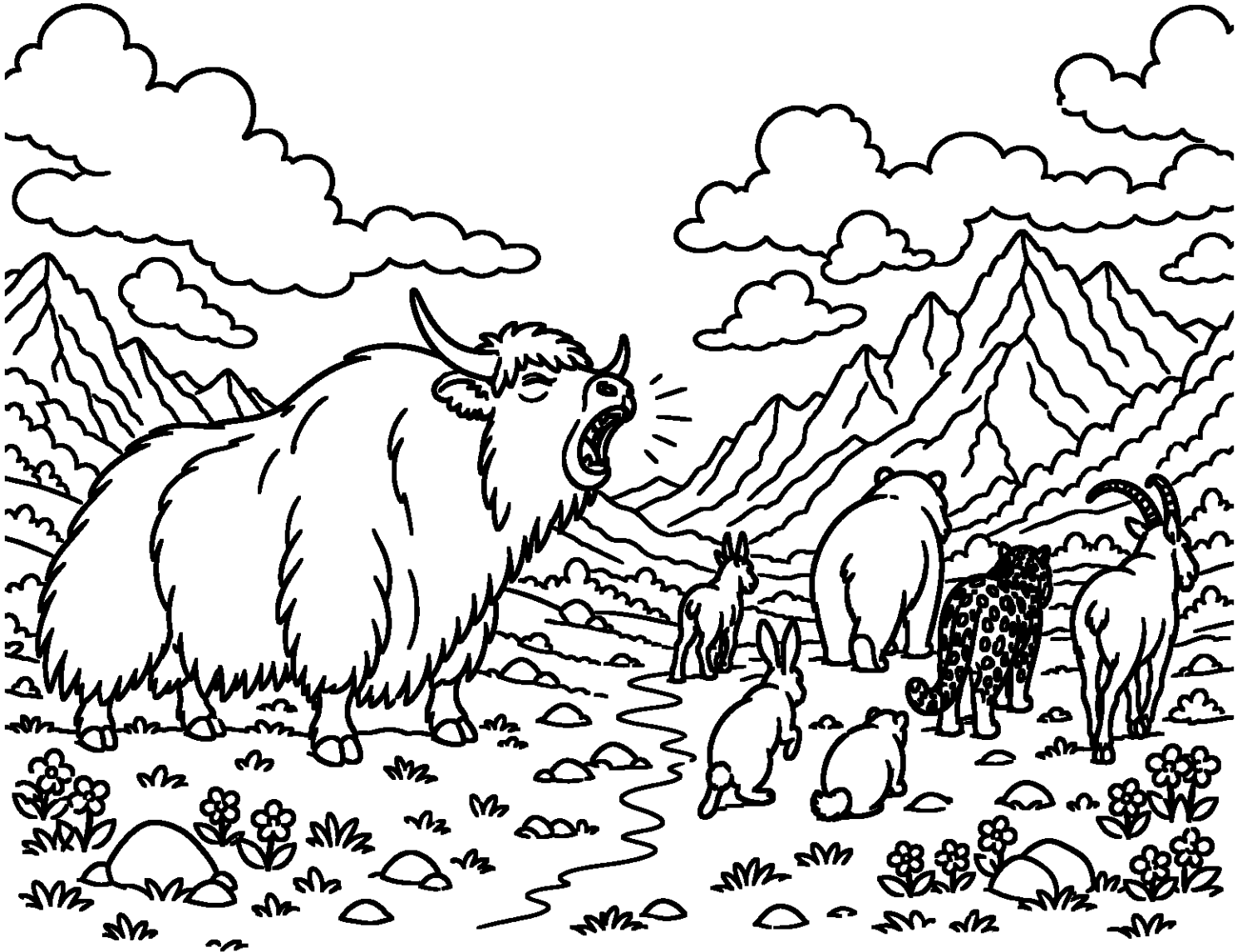


The Shouting Yak



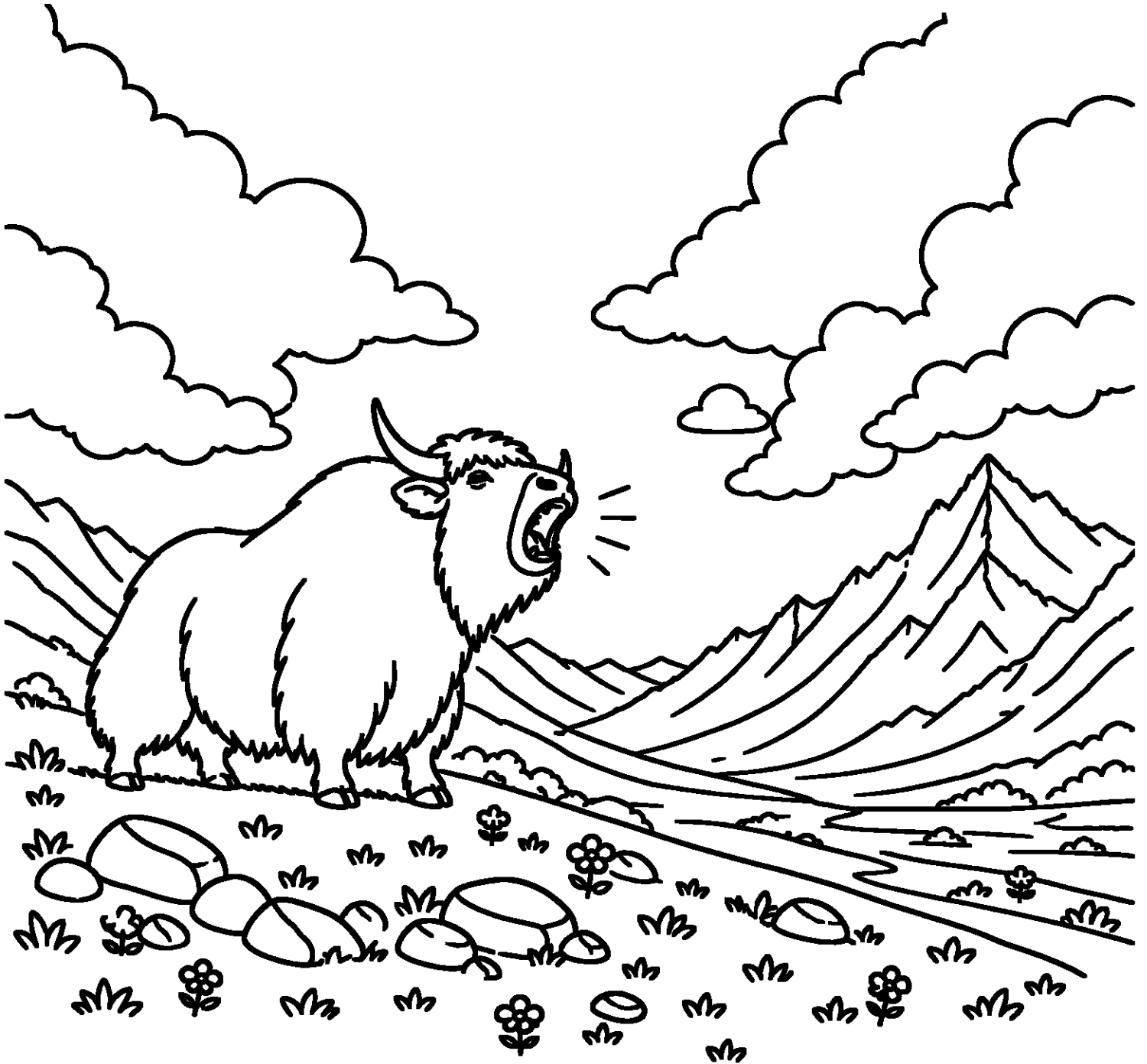
A yak would shout from morn to night,
at everyone within his sight.
"LISTEN HERE!" he'd roar and yell,
as if he'd cast a shouting spell.

The Shouting Yak



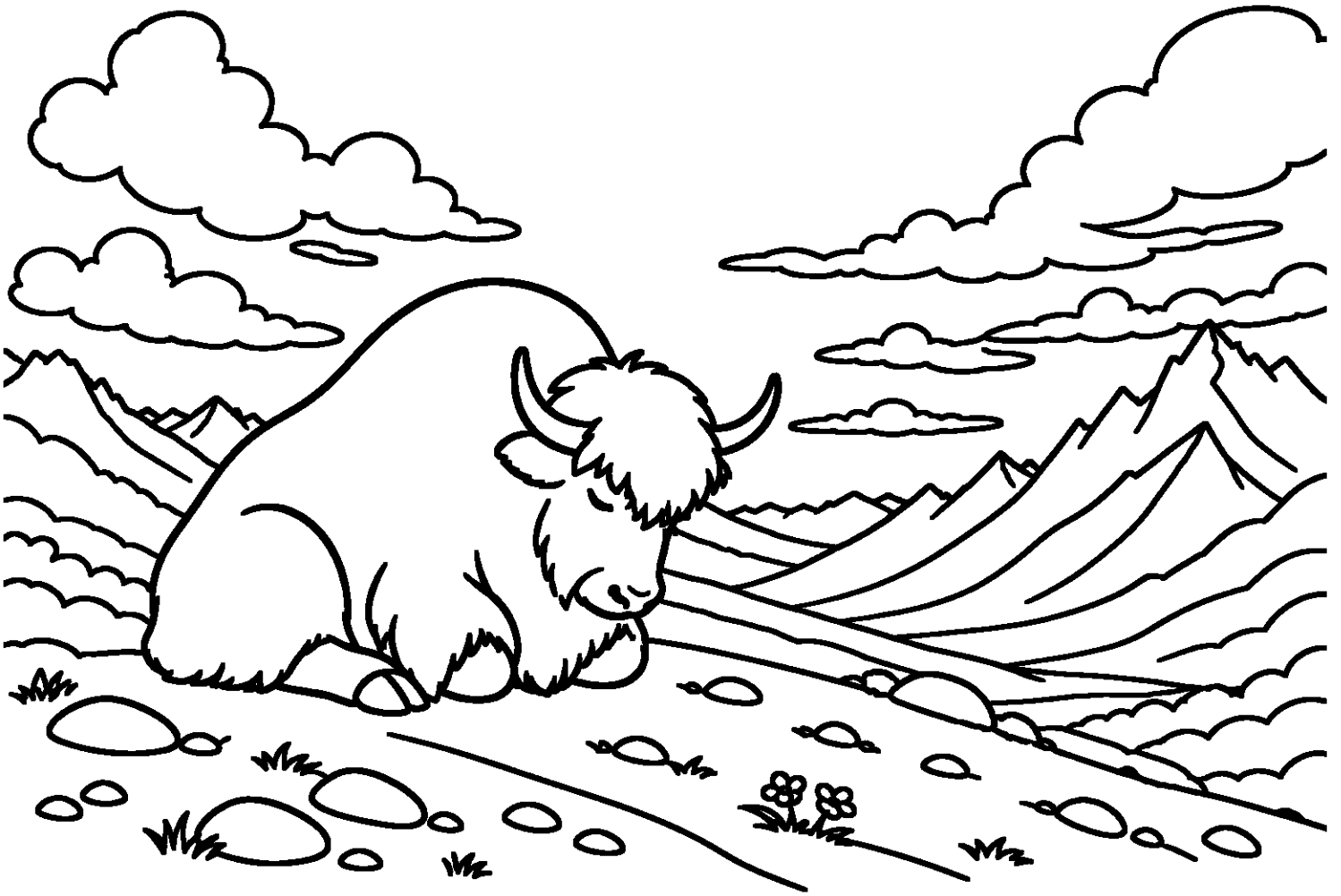
He'd holler loud to make his case,
and made all others leave the place.
But louder, louder, day by day,
he drove the other beasts away.

The Shouting Yak



He still would yell at empty hill,
the meadow paled, the forest still.
No friend to graze with, none to roam,
the yelling yak, alone at home.

The Shouting Yak



And in that moment, no one near,
he saw a calm voice wins the ear.
For shouting only clears the room,
and turns the brightest day to gloom.

The Shouting Yak



Moral

The loudest voice is heard the least;
soft words can calm the wildest beast.