

Lambs At The Slaughter

Defiance, Ohio

When you're a sheep in wolf's clothing, you have big, important friends, who with a twinkle in their eyes say they'll be with you 'til the end. They invite you out to ice cream, they insist you eat your fill, then they smile at each other and they stick you with the bill. They giggle extra hard when you max out your credit card.

When you're a sheep in wolf's clothing, you're watched over by your friends, they hook you up with an apartment in a big, barbed-wire pen, and they come and pinch your cheeks with such fatherly affection, and they tap into your e-mail solely for your own protection. If they counted votes from black sheep, would they still win their elections?

And you live a life of privilege in the shadow of your friends, who've secured the greenest pastures with their business acumen, so you graze on the grasses and you're spared from ever thinking or from knowing why your friends are always snickering and winking. You're fed shock and awe and you swallow without thinking.

Then one day, with dismay, your friends say you've been attacked, but you can buy a shred of safety with the shirt right off your back and your sacrifice revels, you patriotic sons and daughters were once sheep in wolf's clothing now you're lambs at the slaughter.