

The Fallen: One of the Five

by

PuppyTheKat

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CHAPTER 1

Hekima grunted as he pulled himself to his paws he had spent the night tossing and turning haunted by nightmares and bloodshed. He felt so tired even though he slept through the whole night. He dreaded sleeping, it was as if the dreams were real, each day waking more tired than the day before. He hauled himself toward the sloping rocks that led to the grassland below. If he couldn't sleep he might as well be of use.

"Hekima! Hekima!"

An all too familiar voice rung round the rock... It was Malka.

Malka was a muscular lion with a mane as black as night and matching tufts of fur on his ears and at the end of his tail. This was the last lion Hekima wanted to see Malka was always poking his nose around the pride mostly were it wasn't wanted. He was cheerful, too cheerful for Hekimas liking. How could someone be so happy, was he the only one who had nightly sessions of distant fear. Hekima pondered over it for a few seconds before being knocked to the ground with a weighty

'THUD!'. Malka was staring down at him smiling.

"Hekima didn't you hear me it's practice time. Are you going deaf ?"

He said teasingly.

"Or maybe I was ignoring you."

thought Hekima.

Hekima trudged along maybe the usual training session would take his mind off of his troubles. They finally reached the stony hollow that was hidden underneath pride rock. Kopa was there training with Simba as Kiara tried to play along she threw unbalanced clumsy paw flails at a pretend enemy. She was no cub in fact she was fully grown. Hekima heard some of the lionesses mocking her from above.

"At this rate the antelope might catch her before she catches them."

Kiara played no attention and instead of confronting them she swung her paws harder and faster but with much more grace. She was loud and clumsy but he adored her persistence. Hekima gave a loud strained grunt as Malka landed squarely on him knocking him to his side and forepaws on his face firmly. Hekima grunted half blurred words under Malka heavy forepaws.

"Do you have to squash me every time I look away!"

"Only after I call your name more than twice!"

He responded cheerfully. Hekima hauled himself up with a swift and powerful upward motion

knocking Malka off of his side.

"Now remember if you keep your hind legs rooted firmly into the ground you will be much more balanced and an opponent will have a harder time knocking you over."

"Why do we always have to practice battle moves why cant we just practice hunting instead?"

The dark dreams of a winner less battle and the reek of death still loomed in his mind. Malka froze and his cheerful stare faded and was replaced by a dark look of betrayal. Hekima knew this face ...
...perhaps the lion was not as cheerful as he seemed he saw a dark and bitter hatred in his eyes.

"Danger looms on all sides waiting for the right moment to strike we must be ready....."

Malka gaze darkened and his words trailed off as he looked past the horizon and trotted away ...

"Hekima their will come a time when you will be faced with a choice a choice darker than any other ... And it may come down to fighting or dying... Be warned the path ahead may seem distant but it is still coming and when it does ... Darkness WILL rise."

Malka trotted off as Hekima carefully thought about Malkas words how much did he know?.....

He shook his fur as he dashed out of the hollow to greet the hunting party what Malka said didn't matter now he was hungry and hadn't eaten all morning. There was Scarla. She was dragging a zebra carcass up the rocky steps. Hekima lifted the other side of the carcass and helped her lift it to the feeding area.

"Why thank you Hekima."

Scarla purred shyly blushing

"It looked like you were struggling and needed some help...so I..."

"What do you think I'm weak and helpless!"

She retorted offensively

"Oh I didn't.....errrr.....um mm...."

Hekima muttered in a confused and surprised manner.

"Sorry its just um mm....the others sometimeswell...yeah..."

Scarla looked away as she shuffled her paws and her face turned bright red

"It's fine I just am not exactly used to talking to others... Or for that manner them responding..... Wait a minute your Simba and Nalas cub! Oh I'm so sorry princess I didn't mean to"

Hekima responded as he let out a huge blush.

"Oh yes! Simba and Nalas cub.... right... No trouble none at all..."

She said in a surprised manner

Hekima dashed away back to his den before he could waste any more of her time.

He laid his head down on the cold rock as he thought deeply....

("She is so pretty I'd never be good enough for a princess...")

Hekima let his eyelids droop till he slowly dozed off into a dream.....

"Hello?"

He was suddenly surrounded by fog and a looming darkness it was quiet.....

Too quiet. He couldn't see a thing. Hekimas paw pads were being prodded by sharp stone beneath him. He fell to the ground in a sudden collapse as something sharp pierced through the tender skin between is pads.

"GAHHH!"

He gasped in pain.

"Forbid this wretched place !"

Hekima limped forward tucking his paw by his side as he walked.

"Hello"

The voice echoed once more it sounded fragile and scared.

"Who's there are you hurt?"

Hekima called back to the voice that had faded away.

Then suddenly without warning the fog cleared revealing two paths.

One was choked with brambles thorns and scraps of torn pelts. The other was scattered with bones and old claw marks.

"Neither looks even remotely safe or appealing ... It must be a trick."

Hekima thought.

When suddenly a voice rang and echoed around him it was a different voice than the one before this one was strong and firm yet enchanting...

"One path is false

The other true

The only one to make the choice is YOU

If you don't succeed the pride will pay

Many lives will be taken away

Though your heart is pure

It tumbles amongst a sea of lies

And those who you trust may be under discise

Beware a war that will tear your heart

And the bonds that were there

Will be torn apart

So make your choose its up to you

There is no going back once you do

If you fail at this game we play

All the ones you love will be stolen away....."

Suddenlr the fog rolled back in so thick that it was filling his lungs and forcing out the air. He fell to the ground heaving dragging himself trying to get away from the fog but it had no end. He could no longer breathe as he took his last breath everything faded away to black.....

Then he woke up shivering confused and afraid.

What could she have meant?