

## The Canyon

by

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"The Pride Land has been the same for years. The moon and sun rise the same way every day and night, and there's nothing we can do about it, but something we can do, is improve the way we live. Improve the way others live. We could change the pride lands forever." Folam stopped in the middle of his speech. "I couldn't mean it any more, and someday I will change the prideland. I guess I'm just stuck here with my fantasies for now." He said, back in his normal character. He walked out of the main cave and stepped on the the hot surface of the pride rock. His grandfather Simba was sitting up and the very tip of the rock. Walking up behind him, Folam saw Simba's head turn and give a smile to the young cub.

"Good Morning, Folam" He began. "Listen, I think we need to talk a little bit. It's about your stories and fantasies." Simba's eyes looked sincere, but Folam stepped back a step. No one in the pride had accepted him after he began sacting out his "fantasies". Everyone called it that, but Folam knew they would become real one day. Folams eye twitched as he stared dead foward, then tilted his head up the the Lion King and nodded, then after a bit of hesitation responded.

"I see. If they are bothering anyone, I could stop" He said rolling his eyes. They weren't something he could really control. Some nights, he'd find himself asleep on the part of the pride rock they were at right then, the very end. He'd blink once and the seemingly normal scenery would transform into one of his fantasies. He'd see the heyena army standing next the the Cheetah and Lion Army. A few zebra and antelope would form a line between the two groups, and then with the scretch of his claws scraping against the cold stone, the silent n ight would fill with howls and growls, and they would both be fighting the very dinner that stand between them. One more blink, and the world would be long forgotten, but always remembered. He never told anyone, but that didn't mean he never let it slip from his mouth.

"I know it's hard Folam, but people hear you talk in your sleep. It's... It's not right for a lion, it's... different..." Simba replied. Folam stepped back.

"You don't understand do you? None of you do!" he raised his voice, and kept walking back, until he thudded into another lion at which was his father.

"Folam, don't speak to him like that! Simba is right. These fantasies need to stop, or else it will be clear that your training must stop, and your brother will take the place as the rightful king of the prideland once the time comes" Kovu said. Folam ran away and down the rocks til he felt the soft grass under his pads. "Just give him some time, he'll be okay" He could barely hear his father say.

Everyday people would make him leave if he was going to act out things, Folam would go down the the bottom the the canyon. There was a small stream leading to the bottom which he would sit by. To get down, he carefully walked down the steep pile of boulders and stones until we reached the bottom. It was hot, and he was dehydrated often. The stream water tasted funny, and he usually didn't drink out of it, but for some reason, he had a big headache and decided to try a bit. His tongue touched the cool water as he took a sip, but he spitted it right out. He sat down next the the pool of water. One blink, and the world transformed again. It was night in this fantasy, and the stars sparkled even though they seemed so far away. He looked up, then noticed a slim figure at the top of the rock pile. The figure showed its lean face, and Folam saw a scar across one of his eyes. He looked amazingly like his father, Kovu, and with this information, Folam guessed this must be Scar.

"What are you doing here? Scar?" he asked. "Aren't you dead?" he questioned. Scar grinned.

"Haven't they told you that all kings stay with their kin?" He began. "Kovu was not related, but he was still the one chosen for the throne." Scar let out a yawn. "Sadly, even he has yet to realize the power he weilds, and how close he is the my dreams." Folam didn't know where this was going, but he wasn't affended by Scars offensive talk of Folam's dad. "I had two lions in the way of being king. Problem was, my plan had failed. I lacked the very brutal force which

Simba and his father had. Now you, you have two lions in your way too, that's all. Difference between you and me is that you have the brains, and soon, the brutal force." Scar told the young cub.

"I don't think I'm that strong for a cub" Folam said in a quiet voice.

"Neither Mufasa nor I could climb this rock pile as cubs while you climb up and down everyday. Give it a shot" Scar finished commanding the young cub. Folam made his way towards the large pile of rocks. Folam couldn't control his dreams, and neither could he control what he did. He flung his body towards the rocks and clumsily pushed off each rock and boulder with his strong legs. With every fraction of a second, he got closer and closer to the top where Scar lay. His left leg began slipping, but he effortlessly clawed his way back up. He was a few tail lengths away from his adoptive grandfather, when both of his hind legs lost something to grip. Scar vanished into mid air like mist, and his fragile body began tumbling down the pile with plenty of other rocks rapidly. Somewhere along the line, the foundation of the largest boulders were demolished, and it came tumbling down faster than he did. A boulder skipped just barely over his head and landed on the other side of him. He felt a jabbing pain in his ear, and pulled away with all strength as he yelped. His headache became a migraine, and by the time he reached the bottom of the rock pile, he was passed out.

"He doesn't look too good," He heard a voice say. It was his father.

"Rafiki should be able to heal his ear, but I don't know exactly what he's going to do with only half of it." The soothing voice of his mother almost covered up the horror of the sentence. His ear was gone!? Folam's eyes shot open, and he could feel the teeth which were gripping his fur release and he fell onto the hard floor of the cave.

"What happened Folam?" His father questioned. His voice was harsh. What had he done? As far as Folam was concerned, it was his dad's fault. How could he single Folam out against the whole pride? This all had happened all quickly and he didn't remember much of it, but the bits he did remember were the very words of Scar.