





**On a cool silent night,  
somewhere in South Africa**

**In an open field, minding her own business.  
While eating, hears in the not too distance  
campers arriving and setting up camp.**

**Being intrigued by the sounds, she moves slowly,  
towards the camp.**

Unknown to a camper,

a

**Unknown to a camper, a stalker waits in the background slowly sneaking up to it's pray**

**meanwhile ...**

Dun dun dada  
Dun dun dada  
Dun dun ....

oh no, I have  
been spotted  
... run, run, run.

Like a bolt of  
lightning our  
stalker makes a line  
for it.

But wait, what if I  
play this  
different.

What if I use the  
magic eyes.

