

# The Lost Prince

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# *The lost prince*

The lost prince is a short story safe for children to read it is also connected to the Fierce princess soon to be released in December of 2025, By the way this short story is nice and has many wonderful themes.

“In the heart of the untamed forest, where every shadow hides a predator and every whisper carries the weight of ancient spirits, a boy stands at the threshold of destiny. Armed with nothing but a spear and the prayers of his people, he must face the trials of the wild—battles that will test not only his strength but the very essence of his courage. To prove himself worthy of his heritage, he must confront the lion that roars in the darkness, the spirits that tempt the weak, and the relentless voice of doubt within.

This is not just a tale of survival; it is a journey of transformation, where fear becomes resolve, and a child becomes a leader. In the end, it is not the prey he brings back, but the strength he discovers in himself that will define him. For in the wild, the true battle is not with beasts, but with the soul's desire to rise above fear and fulfill its destiny.”

# Chapter One

## The Missing prince

As tatu stood there he felt nervous, for many years in his tribe the sons of chief's at a certain, age would have to hunt and survive the night deep in the woods it was too symbolise becoming a man and today it was tatu's turn to prove himself.

This would be done to prove their manhood, As tatu's father handed him the spear. Tatu felt a bit of fear with in himself which he couldn't explain at all, though knew he had to this to prove his manhood.

“Today, My son. Shall become a man. For generations it has been a culture. The chief's of our tribe have had to kill and survive the long night. Today my son tatu shall do the same.” He's father said handing him over the spear.

While the rest of the tribe cheered, “Today, you will be a man,” he's mother smiled at him. “May, The ancestors protect you.” She hugged h

“Okaye, you will be there and protect my son. Will you protect him?” The chief asked and okaye bowed, “I swear on the gods I shall protect him.” The chief then replied “good!”

“Today prove your self worthy My son do not be afraid at all,” The chief bid them goodbye and the people chanted, “May the son become a man today.” referring to tatu “Wazirako!!” The people said loudly as they bid farewell to him.

“Wazirako!” meaning leader/chief to be, As okaye and tatu left tatu's mother felt a bit sad fearing for tatu while his father chief akhanye. Smilee certain his son would prove himself worthy today and he knew his son would not disappoint him at all.

As Tatu and okaye, Left the village territory which was marked by the tree's as their village was in the middle of the woods. Tatu could feel a wave of fear wash over him it was his first time ever leaving the village and it would be his first time ever hunting.

Tatu feared what if something bad happened to him, “Tatu, stay close this woods are dangerous!” okaye informed him “Okay!” Tatu responded, okaye was more experienced and had been a hunter for many years now.

As they headed deeper tatu could feel they were no where near the village now they had gone far and still not an animal in sight not even a lion “Tatu, we need to be careful. You never know anything could ambush us at any time with out realising so be on high alert okay,” and tatu nodded his head okay.

# Chapter Two

The rain began as a soft drizzle, quickly turning into a relentless downpour. The forest floor grew slippery, and visibility was reduced to mere feet. The lion they had spotted earlier disappeared into the shadows, leaving Tatu and Okaye drenched and on high alert.

“Stay close to me, Tatu,” Okaye commanded, his voice firm. “The rain will make the forest more dangerous. We must move carefully.”

Tatu nodded, clutching his spear tightly, his heart pounding with every step. The woods were alive with the sounds of the storm—branches cracking under the weight of the rain, the distant howls of hyenas, and the thunder roaring above them.

As they trudged through the mud, Okaye suddenly froze, holding up his hand. “Tatu,” he whispered, “look.”

Through the sheets of rain, Tatu saw it—a lion, crouched low, its eyes glowing in the dim light. It growled, the sound cutting through the storm.

“Don’t panic,” Okaye said, stepping forward. “We’ll scare it off. Hold your spear steady.”

The lion began to circle them, its muscles rippling as it prepared to attack. Tatu’s hands trembled, but he followed Okaye’s lead, raising his weapon.

Then, with a roar, the lion lunged.

“Get back!” Okaye shouted, shoving Tatu aside. He thrust his spear, grazing the lion’s shoulder. The beast roared in pain but didn’t retreat. Instead, it turned its fury on Okaye.

“Okaye!” Tatu screamed, scrambling to his feet.

Okaye fought valiantly, but the rain made it nearly impossible to keep his footing. The lion swiped with its massive paw, knocking Okaye to the ground. He cried out as the beast pinned him.

“Tatu!” Okaye yelled, his voice desperate. “You must survive. Go back to the village.”

“No! I can’t leave you!” Tatu shouted, tears mixing with the rain streaming down his face.

“Listen to me! You are stronger than you think. Run. Survive. Make it through the night. That is your duty,” Okaye bellowed, thrusting his spear one last time into the lion’s side. The beast roared in pain but didn’t relent.

Tatu hesitated, his instincts screaming to help, but his feet wouldn’t move. The storm raged around him, and Okaye’s voice broke through once more: “Go, Tatu! Live!”

Summoning every ounce of courage, Tatu turned to face the lion. His heart raced, and his mind raced with memories of his father’s words and his mother’s prayers. This was his moment to prove himself.

“Stay back!” Tatu shouted, raising his spear. The lion, sensing his determination, paused, its eyes locked onto his. The forest seemed to hold its breath as boy and beast faced off under the torrential rain.

With a deep breath, Tatu took a step forward, his legs trembling but his resolve unwavering. The spear felt heavy in his hands, but he steadied himself, channeling his fear into focus. “I can do, This he said to himself!”

The lion lunged again, faster this time. Tatu dodged to the side, narrowly avoiding the powerful swipe. He countered, thrusting his spear toward the lion’s side. The tip made contact, and the beast staggered, its eyes flickering with pain and surprise.

Encouraged by his first strike, Tatu pressed on, each movement more confident than the last. The lion, now injured, began to falter, its attacks growing sluggish. Tatu saw an opening and aimed for the heart, remembering his father’s teachings about precision and courage.

With a final, resolute thrust, Tatu drove the spear into the lion's chest. The beast let out a deafening roar before collapsing to the ground, the fight leaving its body. Silence enveloped the forest once more, broken only by the heavy rain and Tatu's ragged breathing. "I did I did it!" Tatu felt incredible "I've done it."

He stood there, drenched and exhausted, staring at the fallen lion. A mix of relief and pride washed over him. He had done it—he had faced his fear and proven his strength. He was now truly a man tatu felt strong and brave.

But the storm wasn't over. The rain intensified, and the wind howled through the trees. Suddenly, a loud crack echoed through the forest as a massive tree branch snapped above them, crashing to the ground with a force that made the earth tremble.

"Move, Tatu!" Okaye shouted, pushing him out of harm's way. But the timing was too late. The branch struck Okaye, pinning him beneath its weight. He struggled, his breaths shallow and labored.

"Tatu!" Okaye cried, his voice strained. "You must survive. Go back to the village. You have proven yourself worthy now go!"

"No! I can't leave you!" Tatu shouted, tears streaming down his face as he tried to lift the branch. But it was no use; the rain made everything slick, and he lacked the strength.

Okaye grabbed Tatu's arm, his grip firm despite his pain. "Listen to me! You are stronger than you think. Run. Survive. Make it through the night. That is your duty."

Tears mixed with the rain as Tatu hesitated, his heart torn. But the sound of distant howls jolted him into action. Hyenas.

"Go!" Okaye shouted one last time.

With a heavy heart, Tatu turned and ran, the forest a blur as he sprinted through the storm. The rain blinded him, the ground beneath him slippery and treacherous. His legs burned, his lungs ached, but he didn't stop.



Suddenly, his foot caught on a root hidden beneath the mud, and he fell. His head struck a rock, and pain exploded in his skull before darkness consumed his vision.

# Chapter 3

Tatu's eyes fluttered open, and for a moment, he didn't know where he was. His head throbbed, and his body ached as he struggled to sit up. The forest around him was eerily quiet, the storm having passed.

He looked down at his hands, his fingers caked with mud and blood. His spear lay a few feet away, and near it, a trail of red-streaked mud led into the trees. Memories of the night flooded back—the lion, the rain, and Okaye.

“Okaye...” he whispered, his voice hoarse.

Ignoring the pain in his limbs, Tatu staggered to his feet. His eyes darted around, searching for any sign of his mentor. The trail of blood seemed to be from the lion they had fought, and with trembling steps, he followed it.

The trail led him to a clearing, where the massive lion lay still, its golden coat matted with blood. The sight sent a mix of pride and sorrow through Tatu. He had helped bring it down, but at what cost?

He fell to his knees beside the lion, his chest tightening. “Okaye...” he called again, his voice breaking.

But there was no response.

Tatu scanned the area desperately, calling out his mentor's name, but the only sounds were the rustling of leaves and the chirping of birds. His heart sank as he realized Okaye wasn't there.

He clenched his fists. I can't leave him behind, he thought. But another realization hit him just as hard—he was lost.

The forest stretched endlessly in every direction, and without Okaye to guide him, Tatu had no idea how to return to the village. He looked at the lion again. It was proof of his bravery, his rite of passage. If he returned with it, he would honor Okaye's sacrifice.

"I'll bring you back," Tatu whispered, gripping his spear tightly.

He tore strips of cloth from his tunic and fashioned them into a crude harness to drag the lion. His hands trembled as he tied it securely, but the task gave him a sense of focus.

As he began pulling the lion, a low growl echoed from the shadows. Tatu froze, his breath catching in his throat.

A pack of wild dogs emerged from the underbrush, their yellow eyes gleaming with hunger. They sniffed the air, their gazes locking onto the lion's corpse.

Tatu's heart raced. He grabbed his spear and stood his ground, shouting to scare them off. "Get back!"

The dogs hesitated but didn't retreat. Instead, they began to circle him, their growls growing louder.

Panic surged through Tatu, but he refused to let fear take over. If I run, they'll chase me. I have to fight.

The first dog lunged, and Tatu swung his spear, striking it across the side. It yelped and backed away, but the others pressed forward. Tatu jabbed and swung, keeping them at bay, but they were relentless.

One dog lunged for his leg, its teeth grazing his calf. Tatu cried out, kicking it away, but the pain nearly made him lose his footing. He thrust his spear into the ground to steady himself, his breathing ragged.

Realizing he couldn't keep this up, Tatu made a decision. He grabbed the lion's harness and heaved, dragging it as he moved backward. He shouted again, this time louder, his voice echoing through the forest.

The dogs hesitated, perhaps intimidated by his defiance. One by one, they backed off, their growls fading as they disappeared into the shadows.

Tatu collapsed against a tree, his chest heaving. His leg throbbed, but he forced himself to his feet. He couldn't afford to stop.

The sun was beginning to set, casting long shadows through the trees. Tatu pressed on, dragging the lion and using every bit of strength he had left.

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Hours later, Tatu found himself in a familiar grove. His heart leapt—he was close to the village.

But as he neared the edge of the grove, his eyes caught something on the ground. His blood ran cold.

It was Okaye's spear, lying broken and half-buried in the mud.

"Okaye!" Tatu shouted, dropping the lion's harness and running forward.

He searched the area frantically, calling out his mentor's name. Finally, he found him. Okaye's body lay slumped against a tree, his tunic torn and bloodied. His eyes were closed, his face peaceful despite his wounds.

Tatu fell to his knees, tears streaming down his face. "No... no, no, no..." he whispered.

He reached out, his hand trembling, and touched Okaye's shoulder. His skin was cold.

Tatu bowed his head, sobs wracking his body. "I'm sorry, Okaye," he whispered. "I wasn't strong enough to save you."

But as he wept, Okaye's final words echoed in his mind: "You must survive."

Tatu wiped his tears and looked at his mentor one last time. “I’ll make it back. I’ll honor your sacrifice.”

He returned to the lion and began dragging it again, his body screaming with exhaustion but his heart filled with determination. He would make it back to the village, not just for himself, but for Okaye.

He would prove himself worthy.

# Chapter 4

Back in the azhele village, Tatu's mother was worried. It had been over a day and tatu was supposed to have returned with okaye already “Where is he, he should be back by now right?” Tatu's mother asked tatu's father.

“He should, but maybe somethings happened to them!” the chief said, “No my child has to be okay, could they have gotten they have gotten perhaps they lost their way back?” she asked trying not to think of the worst as she had hope tatu would return.

“We can't tell for sure, Let us wait until evening. If they do not return by the evening i will go with the rest of the hunters to go looking for The chief promised, A bit worried aswell though he had faith his son would return worthy.

While arika tatu's mother and wife or the chief was worried “What if he doesn't, return!” she said to herself but she, had hope “He will return he will!” she was trying hard not to stress or overthink it.

## Tatu

While deep in the woods tatu remained lost unsure of what to do or how he would go back to his village, The forest seemed endless as Tatu trudged onward, dragging the lion's body behind him. His arms ached, his legs burned, and his stomach growled with hunger. The sun was low in the sky, casting long shadows that danced eerily among the trees.

He paused to catch his breath, leaning heavily on his spear. His mouth was dry, and his head felt light. The last meal he'd had was back in the village, and the adrenaline that had carried him through the night was now fading, leaving him weak and disoriented.

He knelt by a stream that trickled nearby, the clear water glistening in the fading sunlight. Dropping to his knees, he cupped his hands and drank deeply, the cool liquid soothing his parched throat.

As he drank, he spotted small fish darting beneath the surface. His stomach growled again, louder this time. He needed food.

Tatu fashioned a makeshift spear from a sturdy stick, using a sharp stone to carve the end into a point. It wasn't perfect, but it would have to do. He waded into the stream, his movements slow and deliberate.

He watched the fish closely, his body still despite his trembling hands. When one came close enough, he thrust his spear into the water. He missed, the fish darting away.

Frustrated but determined, he tried again. On the third attempt, he managed to catch a small fish. He pulled it from the water, its silver body glinting in the light.

Tatu quickly gathered dry leaves and sticks, creating a small fire using a flint he carried in his pouch. The warmth of the fire was a comfort as he cooked the fish over the flames. It wasn't much, but when he bit into the cooked flesh, it felt like a feast.

As night fell, the forest grew darker, the sounds of nocturnal creatures echoing around him. Tatu knew he couldn't rest for long. The village was still far away, and the lion's carcass was attracting scavengers.

He tied the harness tighter and began dragging the lion again. The weight felt heavier now, and his pace slowed as exhaustion set in.

The forest became a maze in the dark, every tree and shadow looking the same. Tatu tried to remember the path Okaye had taken, but his mind was hazy, and he doubted his sense of direction.

Suddenly, a rustling sound came from the bushes ahead. Tatu froze, gripping his spear. His heart pounded as the rustling grew louder, and then, a pair of glowing eyes appeared in the darkness.

A hyena stepped out, its laughter-like cackle sending chills down Tatu's spine. Soon, more eyes appeared—three, four, five hyenas emerging from the shadows.

Tatu's grip on his spear tightened. His body screamed for rest, but he knew he couldn't back down. He stood tall, raising his weapon and shouting to scare them off.

"Stay back!" he yelled, his voice firm despite his fear.

The hyenas circled him, their eyes fixed on the lion's body. One lunged forward, snapping its jaws, but Tatu swung his spear, grazing its side. The hyena yelped and retreated, but the others didn't seem deterred.

Tatu knew he couldn't fight them all. He needed a plan.

He spotted a large tree nearby with low-hanging branches. With all his remaining strength, he dragged the lion's body beneath it, then scrambled up the trunk, his hands slipping on the wet bark. He climbed as high as he could, pulling the lion up after him using the harness.

The hyenas gathered below, snarling and pacing. Tatu sat on the branch, panting heavily, his arms trembling. He clutched his spear, ready to defend himself if they tried to climb.

The night stretched on, the hyenas lingering for what felt like hours. Tatu's eyelids grew heavy, but he forced himself to stay awake, his grip on the spear never faltering.

As dawn broke, the hyenas finally lost interest and slunk back into the forest. Tatu waited until he was sure they were gone before climbing down from the tree.

His body was stiff, his wounds ached, and hunger gnawed at his stomach again, but he had survived. He looked at the lion's body, then at the faint light filtering through the trees.

"I have to keep moving," he whispered to himself.

Summoning his remaining strength, Tatu adjusted the harness and began walking again. He didn't know how far he was from the village, but he refused to give up.

The journey was long, but with each step, Tatu felt a renewed sense of purpose. He wasn't just carrying the lion—he was carrying the weight of Okaye's sacrifice and the hope of his tribe.





# Chapter 5

The days blurred together as Tatu continued his trek through the thick forest. His legs felt like lead, and his body ached with every step. The lion's body, which he had fought so hard to drag, was beginning to rot. The stench of decay mixed with the damp earth, and it made his stomach turn.

Every time he paused to rest, he noticed the buzzing of flies and the slow, creeping spread of maggots along the lion's carcass. Tatu knew he had to get back to the village soon, but the longer he walked, the more he realized just how lost he truly was.

His stomach growled, louder now, but there was nothing left to eat. His earlier fish was long gone, and he had no strength to hunt again. The forest around him was quiet, save for the distant calls of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the faint sound of a stream in the distance.

Tatu dragged the lion's body a little farther, the weight unbearable. He had stopped looking for signs of his village—now, his only goal was to survive.

The ground beneath him was muddy and slippery, making every step dangerous. As he stumbled forward, he noticed something unusual ahead. A thick, twisting vine seemed to move on its own, winding its way up the trunk of a tree. At first, Tatu thought it was just the wind, but the vine seemed to have a strange life of its own.

"Tatu...", a voice whispered, smooth and slithering, drifting through the air.

Tatu's heart froze, his breath catching in his throat. He whipped around, looking for the source of the voice.

There, just ahead, coiled around the tree, was a snake—a massive one, its scales shimmering darkly. Its eyes were like two pools of liquid black, gleaming with a deceptive intelligence.

"Tatu... You've traveled far, haven't you? You are lost...", the snake hissed, its tongue flicking in and out.

Tatu stepped back, his pulse quickening. Was this some spirit? He had heard of creatures that could deceive with words—spirits of the forest that took the shape of animals. He had been warned by his elders to never trust the creatures of the wild, especially those that spoke.

“I can help you, Tatu. I know where your village lies. I can guide you home, if you but listen to me,” the snake said in a voice that oozed with false sweetness.

Tatu felt a flicker of hope, but something deep inside him whispered, This isn’t right.

“Who are you?” Tatu asked, his voice tight with suspicion.

“I am the Serpent of the Whispering Forest,” the snake replied. “I am here to help you, to guide you. The journey has been difficult, hasn’t it?”

Tatu stepped back, tightening his grip on his spear. Something about the snake felt wrong. He had heard the stories from the elders—stories of spirits who tricked the unwary, leading them deeper into the forest where they would never be seen again.

“The journey is hard, but I must find my way home,” Tatu said firmly, his voice shaking only slightly. He was determined not to fall for this deception.

The snake hissed angrily, its eyes narrowing. “You refuse my help?”

“I refuse,” Tatu said, stepping back even farther.

The snake let out a furious hiss, its body writhing and twisting with unnatural speed. In one fluid motion, it lunged at Tatu, its jaws wide, fangs gleaming.

Tatu stumbled back, raising his spear just in time to block the snake’s attack. The serpent recoiled, striking again, but Tatu was ready. With a swift motion, he drove the tip of his spear into the snake’s side. The creature let out a shrill, otherworldly cry before slithering into the underbrush, vanishing into the forest.

Tatu breathed heavily, his body trembling from the close encounter. He had nearly fallen victim to the snake's deceit.

"Never trust a creature that speaks your name in the forest," his father's words echoed in his mind.

Tatu continued to move forward, shaken but resolute. His stomach still growled, and his head throbbed with hunger, but he couldn't afford to stop.

He stumbled across a stream, its clear water sparkling in the dimming light of the day. Exhausted, Tatu knelt beside it, cupping his hands to drink deeply. The water was cool and refreshing, easing his dry throat.

But as he drank, something shifted in the water. Tatu froze, feeling a strange pull beneath the surface. He looked down just in time to see a ripple—a movement, something rising from the depths.

Before he could react, a long, slender hand shot up from the water, gripping his wrist with an iron-tight grip. Tatu yelped in shock, his heart pounding as the water churned.

A figure emerged from the stream—a woman, but not entirely. Her skin was an eerie pale, almost translucent, and her long hair was tangled with river weeds. Her eyes glowed an unnatural blue, and her mouth was twisted into a cruel, mocking smile.

Tatu tried to pull away, but her grip tightened. She laughed, the sound cold and haunting.

"Foolish boy," she whispered, her voice like a low murmur. "You seek to drink from my waters, but my thirst is far greater than yours. Come closer. Let me show you the beauty of the deep."

Tatu's breath caught in his throat as the woman's grip pulled him closer, her fingers wrapping around his wrist like tendrils. The water surged around them, rising as if alive.

With a sudden, desperate surge of strength, Tatu pulled his arm back, slashing his spear at the woman's grasp. She screeched in pain, but her grip didn't loosen. Tatu could feel the cold, biting power of the water spirit pulling at him, trying to drag him in.

"Let go of me!" Tatu cried, fear rising in his chest. He had never seen anything like this—her appearance was horrifying, and her presence was suffocating.

With all his strength, Tatu raised his spear and plunged it into the woman's hand. She shrieked, her body thrashing as she released her grip on him, vanishing beneath the water with a hiss.

Tatu stumbled back, gasping for air as the water settled, returning to its normal flow.

He knelt beside the stream, his heart hammering in his chest. Sweat covered his brow, and his body shook from the fear and the cold.

The spirit had been real—just like the elders had warned. But Tatu had survived.

He swallowed hard, forcing himself to stand. There was no time to waste. He couldn't stay in the same place for too long. The spirit could return.

Tatu grabbed his spear, his grip tight, and stumbled back into the forest, his stomach growling again but his mind sharp with the knowledge that the wilds were filled with more than just beasts—they were fille

d with spirits, and he would have to outwit them all if he wanted to survive.

# Chapter 6

Tatu's head was spinning. The water spirit had left him shaken, and now the weight of his isolation pressed down on him. He stumbled through the forest, the sun having long since disappeared behind the thick canopy above, leaving him in near complete darkness. The sounds of the jungle grew louder as night fell, but Tatu's senses were dulled from exhaustion.

His stomach gnawed at him, hunger and fear both eating away at his will. The path before him seemed like a blur, and he had no idea which direction to go. He had been walking aimlessly for hours, dragging the lion's decaying body behind him, and now the lion was nothing more than a rotting mass of flesh and bones.

Tatu's heart raced, his every step uncertain. He couldn't give up, but the jungle seemed to mock him, each turn leading him deeper into its heart.

That's when he heard it again.

The slithering sound, followed by the unmistakable whisper.

"Tatu... Tatu... you cannot escape me. You are lost."

Tatu froze, his blood running cold. He knew that voice.

The massive snake emerged from the undergrowth, its eyes gleaming with malevolent intelligence. Its body slithered silently through the shadows, the cold moonlight catching its scales, making it look like it was made of shadows themselves.

"Tatu, you think you can survive in these woods? I am the Serpent of the Whispering Forest... I know the secrets of these lands, and I know you are weak. You cannot fight what you cannot see."

Tatu clenched his fists. His spear, once his greatest weapon, was now cracked and weakened from his earlier struggles with the hyenas. It had seen better days.

"Go away," Tatu muttered, but his voice lacked conviction. Deep down, he knew there was no escaping the serpent now. His body was too weak. His mind too clouded with fear.

"No... I offer you strength, Tatu. I offer you power. Take it... Let me guide you," the snake hissed, its voice sliding into his mind, like a poison.

Tatu shook his head, trying to clear the words from his thoughts. He had learned the hard way not to trust the creatures of the wild—especially those who spoke. But he was exhausted, desperate, and the serpent's offer seemed tempting. If he could just rest, maybe the snake would help him find his way back. Maybe he could survive.

But then, in his mind's eye, Tatu saw the villagers—the faces of his parents, his tribe. He couldn't give in. He had promised them he would return.

With a sudden burst of strength, Tatu lunged forward, using the broken spear as a makeshift weapon. He swung it at the snake, but the serpent dodged easily, its body twisting and coiling with unnatural speed.

The snake struck, its fangs sinking into the shaft of Tatu's spear. It was a snap—loud and sharp. Tatu cried out in shock as the wooden shaft shattered in his hands, leaving him with nothing but a jagged stump and the snake's eerie laughter echoing in his ears.

"Foolish boy," the serpent hissed. "You think you can fight me? You are nothing in this forest. Weak. Lost."

Tatu's heart pounded. His mind raced. He had nothing left—no spear, no strength. His survival seemed impossible.

But there was a flicker of determination deep within him. He couldn't give up.

His eyes darted around desperately, searching for something—anything—to defend himself. Then, he saw it.

A pile of jagged rocks lay near the base of a tree, their sharp edges catching the dim light. Tatu's breath hitched with the realization. He grabbed one of the stones, its weight heavy in his hand.

The serpent watched him closely, its glowing eyes narrowing.

"What do you think you can do with that, boy? You are already beaten."

Tatu ignored the snake's words. He had no choice. He raised the rock high above his head, letting the cold stone rest in his palm, feeling the power in its weight. It wasn't much, but it was all he had.

The snake lunged again, faster than before, but this time Tatu was ready. He swung the rock with all his remaining strength, aiming for the snake's head. The rock collided with the creature's skull with a sickening thud. The snake let out a shriek of pain, its massive body jerking back, momentarily stunned.

Tatu didn't wait for it to recover. He swung the rock again and again, each hit sending the serpent reeling. The forest was filled with the sound of the snake's furious hissing, but Tatu didn't stop. The fear that had gripped him was replaced by something new—desperation, determination, a will to survive.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the serpent let out a final, enraged hiss before it slithered back into the darkness, disappearing into the jungle.

Tatu stood there, breathing heavily, his body trembling from the exertion. His heart pounded in his chest, and his arms ached from the effort. He had survived. For now.

The night was still and silent once more, but Tatu couldn't relax. His survival instincts were on high alert, but the fatigue and hunger were catching up to him. His eyes blurred from lack of sleep, and his stomach ached with emptiness.

He took a moment to catch his breath, wiping the sweat from his brow. His thoughts were a jumbled mess—how much farther could he go? How long could he keep this up?

But then, in the distance, he thought he saw something—a flicker of movement, a shadow in the trees. He squinted, trying to make it out. Could it be?

The village... could it be the path back? Or was it just another trick of the forest?





# Chapter 7

Tatu trudged through the dense forest, his mind clouded by exhaustion and hunger. Every step felt like it took all his remaining strength. He was no longer sure where he was going or what he was hoping to find. The forest seemed endless, its towering trees and thick brush swallowing up all sense of direction. His feet were sore, his stomach hollow, and his body trembling from the ordeal.

Then, through the shadows of the trees, something caught his eye. A small opening, a hidden cave, barely noticeable unless you knew where to look. The cave entrance was shrouded in thick vines, and the earth around it was dark and damp, as though it had not seen sunlight for ages.

Tatu paused for a moment, considering. Was it safe to enter? He didn't know, but he had little choice. He was tired, and the night air was cold, making his skin prickle.

He moved cautiously toward the entrance, pushing aside the vines. The moment he stepped inside, a strange chill ran down his spine. The cave was small, its walls rough and uneven, but something about it felt... different.

The deeper Tatu ventured into the cave, the more he noticed odd markings on the walls. Strange symbols, spirals, and what appeared to be images of a woman, her form curiously elongated, almost unnatural. Surrounding her were three large, strange eggs, each one drawn in great detail. Tatu couldn't make sense of it. His eyes narrowed in confusion.

What was this?

He tried to decipher the symbols, but they were foreign to him—nothing like the markings his tribe used. He had no knowledge of any writing like this, and yet, there was something hauntingly familiar about the drawings.

Tatu stepped closer to the wall, his fingers tracing the curving lines, feeling the deep grooves. Could this be a warning? Or perhaps a map? He didn't know. The symbols were as cryptic as the very forest he was in, and he felt a twinge of unease.

He pulled back, shaking off the feeling. The strange atmosphere in the cave was making him restless, but he didn't have time to wonder. His immediate concern was survival.

Tatu's eyes drifted to the floor, and there he spotted something that might be of use—a pile of sticks, sharp stones, and dried vines. It was as if the forest had provided these items for him, but it wasn't clear if they had been placed here by someone or if they had simply gathered over time. Either way, it was his only hope for a weapon.

He crouched down and picked up the nearest stone, examining it closely. He had no experience crafting tools, but desperate times called for desperate measures. He began to gather the sticks and vines, attempting to form a spear. He tied the stone to the tip of a long, straight branch with the dried vines, but as he pulled it tight, the vine snapped. The stone fell to the ground with a dull thud.

Tatu growled in frustration. This wasn't working. He didn't know how to make the spear. His hands were unskilled, his strength dwindling by the minute.

He tried again, but the vine slipped through his fingers, and the makeshift spear came apart once more. He clenched his teeth in frustration. Why couldn't he do this? Why couldn't he make something that would help him survive?

But as he sat there, staring at the broken pieces, a sense of defeat washed over him. He didn't care anymore. He had fought the snake, he had fought the spirits, and yet he was still lost, still wandering.

Tatu's shoulders slumped, and his body ached in ways he didn't know it could. He hadn't slept in what felt like days, and his exhaustion was catching up with him. His mind, too, was weary. The cave, though strange, was quiet. It felt safer than the open forest. So, with a deep sigh, Tatu abandoned his efforts and leaned against the cold wall.

He closed his eyes, letting the darkness take him, and finally, for the first time in what felt like forever, he allowed himself to rest. His body, too tired to resist, slumped into a fitful sleep.

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The night was long and silent, but Tatu's dreams were troubled. In his sleep, he saw the woman from the cave drawings—the one with the three eggs. She reached out to him, but when he tried to approach, the ground beneath him cracked, and he fell into a deep, dark abyss.

He woke up with a start, his heart pounding in his chest. The cave was still as it had been before, but the feeling of unease had only grown. What did the woman mean? What did the eggs represent?

Tatu pushed himself to his feet, his stomach still gnawing at him, his body aching. The hunger was relentless. His mind, too, was still clouded by the strange images and the mysterious symbols. What was it that the woman had wanted to tell him? Why had he seen her in his dreams?

There was no answer. Not yet. Tatu shook his head, trying to focus on the present. He needed to get out of the cave, to keep moving, to find a way home.

But as he glanced back at the strange drawings on the wall, the woman's image lingered in his mind. Was she real? Or just a figment of the forest's strange magic from the trikster spirits that dwell in this forest.

Tatu didn't know. But whatever the case, he couldn't afford to dwell on it. He had to survive. The village was out there—somewhere. He just needed to find his way back.

# Chapter 8

The next morning, Tatu awoke in the cave with an unsettling feeling. The night had not been peaceful, but sleep had claimed him nonetheless. His body felt stiff, and the remnants of a lingering dream echoed in his mind. He shook off the haunting images of the strange woman and her eggs and forced himself to stand. He had to keep moving—he couldn't afford to waste any more time.

As Tatu prepared to leave the cave, he took one last look at the strange carvings on the walls. His eyes scanned the symbols more closely now, and something clicked in his mind.

The symbols weren't just random markings. Some of them resembled the markings of his people—the tribe he had been born into. The sharp, angular designs were unmistakable, yet they were twisted in a way that felt foreign. As he traced the lines with his fingers, his heart skipped a beat. One particular symbol stood out: Anika.

Anika. The fierce chieftess.

Tatu's breath caught in his throat. He had heard stories about Anika—the legendary woman warrior, a powerful chieftess who led her people with courage and wisdom. Her legend was one of strength, and some even spoke of her strange connection to the jungle's spirits. Had these carvings been left behind by her? What had happened to her people? What did these symbols mean?

Tatu's mind raced as the mystery deepened. But there was no time for further contemplation. He had to get back to the village. He didn't know where he was, and every moment wasted meant one less chance to survive.

He left the cave, squinting as the light of the morning sun filtered through the trees. The jungle was still, the air thick with the scent of damp earth. Tatu moved forward, his instincts guiding him.

It didn't take long before he came upon a small river. His throat burned with thirst, and without hesitation, he knelt down by the water's edge. He drank greedily, feeling the coolness of the water wash away some of the fatigue.

When he finished, Tatu looked around, hoping to find something to eat. His stomach growled louder, reminding him that he hadn't had a proper meal in days. Just as he was about to give up, he noticed something—small, round, and hard—hidden beneath the roots of a tree. Nuts.

Tatu's eyes widened in surprise. It was a small miracle. The nuts weren't the most filling, but they would sustain him for now. He gathered as many as he could, stuffing them into his bag.

Suddenly, he felt a shift in the air, a strange sensation that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. Something was near.

He turned and saw it. A dove. It was unlike any dove he had ever seen. Its feathers shimmered in the light, almost glowing with an otherworldly quality. The bird fluttered toward him, landing just a few paces away. Its gaze was fixed on him, intense and unblinking.

Tatu frowned. What was this bird doing here? He had never seen such a creature before in these woods. And why was it staring at him like that? He waved his hand, irritated by its persistent gaze, but the dove didn't move. Instead, it hopped closer, its eyes never leaving him.

"Shoo!" Tatu snapped, growing increasingly frustrated. But the bird only stepped closer, as if it were trying to guide him somewhere. Annoyed, Tatu turned away, but the bird flapped its wings and flew in front of him again.

Tatu gritted his teeth. He had no time for this. He needed to get back to the village. But the dove seemed insistent, leading him in a particular direction. Without thinking, he followed it, the bird hopping just ahead of him, guiding him deeper into the woods.

Soon, to Tatu's surprise, the dove led him to a hidden grove, filled with more nuts. How had it known?

Tatu's frustration melted away as he grabbed as many nuts as he could, filling his bag. But as he did so, he noticed the dove still watching him, its eyes gleaming with strange wisdom. It wasn't like any bird he had ever encountered. There was something unsettling about it.

Suddenly, as he turned to leave, the dove took flight again and hovered in front of him. Tatu, feeling an odd mix of confusion and irritation, reached out to shoo it away again—but this time, he misstepped.

With a sharp cry, he stumbled backward and landed hard on the ground. As he scrambled to his feet, his foot caught on something—a snake, its long body coiled in the underbrush. The snake hissed angrily as Tatu tried to pull his foot free, but the sudden movement made the creature strike.

In the blink of an eye, Tatu was already running again, blindly chasing the dove through the jungle. His heart pounded as his foot hit the ground, each step more frantic than the last. The dove flapped ahead of him, leading him further into the dense forest, and he followed, not caring about anything else, the anger building up in him.

Then, just as he thought he might be losing it, the dove suddenly vanished. The air around him grew thick with silence. He stopped in his tracks, confused and disoriented, his breath coming in shallow gasps.

But then, something else appeared in front of him—a massive lion. Its golden mane shone in the dim light, and its fierce eyes locked onto Tatu. The lion growled low, its muscles coiling as it prepared to attack. Tatu's heart raced, and his instincts took over. He grabbed a nearby branch, the rough wood biting into his hands. There was no time to think. He swung the branch with all his strength, striking the lion's head.

The lion roared in pain, but Tatu didn't stop. He jabbed again, this time hitting the lion's side. The beast stumbled back, its movements slower now. Tatu took advantage of the moment, using all the strength left in his tired body to strike again, this time in the lion's throat. The lion gurgled, its body collapsing onto the ground.

Tatu stood there, panting heavily, his chest heaving. He couldn't believe it. He had killed the lion. But before he could process the weight of the victory, he saw something move beneath the creature's lifeless body.

A snake crawled out of the lion's mouth, its slick scales glistening in the fading light. Without thinking, Tatu reached for a nearby stone, throwing it at the snake. It slithered quickly into the nearby river, disappearing beneath the surface.

The dove appeared once again, hovering above him, its eyes staring intently. Tatu stood still, his mind racing with questions. What was this bird? Why had it led him here? Was it part of the forest's strange magic? Or something more?

Before he could even begin to answer these questions, the dove vanished once more. The jungle was silent once again, leaving Tatu standing alone in the aftermath of the fight.

Tatu's body ached. His mind was filled with a hundred questions, but one thing was clear—he was still far from home. The village was a distant memory, and the journey ahead would be harder than anything he had yet faced.

But as he stood there, looking at the bloodied ground, Tatu knew he could not give up. He had to survive.

For the village, for his family, and for himself. Tatu knew he had to go home there was no way he could be here for long cause he knew “If I stay here, Any longer, I might not survive!” Tatu said to himself determined to escape this terrible forest and find his way out these woods and back to his village.



# Chapter 9

Back at the village, Chief Akhanye paced restlessly, his eyes scanning the horizon as the sun began to dip below the treetops. The festival of Tatu's manhood had been meant to celebrate the moment his son would prove himself, but now, with each passing hour, his hope began to wane.

"We should have heard something by now," Akhanye muttered, his voice tense. The tribe had been waiting for Tatu's return since sunrise, but as the day turned into evening, worry crept into the hearts of the villagers.

Beside him, Okaye, who had promised to protect Tatu on his hunt, stood silently, his face grim. The men had ventured out early, following the path Tatu and Okaye had taken, hoping to find signs of their trail. But so far, nothing.

"Chief," Okaye began, his voice low, "we've searched every inch of the forest near the village. There's no trace of Tatu. Nothing—no footprints, no signs of struggle, nothing."

Akanye's heart clenched. He had expected this. Tatu was strong, but the forest was not kind to the unprepared. The rain and the dark, dense woods, combined with the creatures lurking within, made survival an uncertain challenge.

"We must go deeper," Akhanye said firmly, his tone full of authority. "Tatu is my son, and I know him. He will survive. He has the blood of the warriors in him. But if he does not return by nightfall, we must—"

"No, Chief," Okaye interrupted, his voice urgent. "You must not make the journey alone. The night is dangerous."

Akhanye paused, considering. His hand clenched around the spear Tatu had carried, its shaft worn smooth from use. His son had held it with pride, yet now it felt like an empty symbol in his hands.

"I will not leave him out there," Akhanye said, a fierce determination in his eyes. "Gather the men. We leave now."

As dusk fell over the village, a group of hunters, led by Akhanye, ventured deeper into the forest. Their torches flickered against the darkness, illuminating the thick, shadowed underbrush. The air grew colder, and the forest seemed to press in on them, as if it had swallowed Tatu whole.

They called his name as they moved through the forest, their voices echoing off the trees.

"Tatu! My son! Answer us!"

But there was only silence. The deeper they went, the more the feeling of being lost grew. They passed familiar trees, but even those seemed distorted in the low light, their shapes twisted by the shadows.

The hunters moved cautiously, eyes darting around, but no sign of Tatu appeared. Okaye, at the head of the group, led them through the forest, checking the ground for any signs—footprints, broken branches, anything that might point them in the right direction.

"We must find him before night fully falls," Akhanye said, his voice tight with urgency. "We cannot let the forest take him."

Hours passed, and still, there was no sign of Tatu. Akhanye's heart grew heavier with every step. How could his son have disappeared so completely? It was as though the jungle had swallowed him whole.

"Where is he, Okaye?" Akhanye finally demanded, his voice strained. "Where is my son?"

Okaye, exhausted and troubled, shook his head. "I don't know, Chief. The forest is full of tricks, and we are only human. It's possible the storm carried him off course, or worse..."

Akhanye clenched his jaw and continued forward. He refused to believe his son was lost. Tatu was strong. Tatu was capable.

But as night finally settled and the moon rose high above the canopy, Akhanye knew that they had failed. The hunters had done all they could, and yet, there was no sign of Tatu. The forest had kept its secrets, and they would leave empty-handed.

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Meanwhile, Tatu continued his struggle, completely unaware of the search. He fought against hunger, exhaustion, and the mysterious forces of the jungle. His body had grown weaker, and yet, the drive to survive pushed him forward. The dove that had led him through strange trials now seemed like a distant memory, but its presence had left an imprint on him—something deep inside, a sense of something unfinished.

But for now, Tatu focused on one thing: survival.

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The following day, Akhanye returned to the village, his face drawn and weary. His people awaited his news, but there was little to report. They had found no trace of Tatu.

"I cannot lie to you," Akhanye said, his voice thick with sorrow. "We searched, and we found nothing. The jungle has hidden my son, and I fear it may not be kind to him."

His words hung heavily in the air, and the villagers murmured in fear. The ancestors had always watched over the sons of the chief, but now, Akhanye was filled with doubt. What had happened to Tatu? Where was he?

# Chapter 10

Back in the village, as the search party returned without Tatu, the mood was somber. The once-celebratory atmosphere had faded, replaced by a heavy silence. The villagers watched as the hunters filed back into the village, their faces tired, grim, and unsuccessful. They had searched the jungle from dawn until dusk, but there had been no trace of Tatu.

Akhanye, the chief, stepped forward, his shoulders slumped with the weight of his failure. He had promised his son he would return victorious, but now, all he could do was stand before the people, knowing he had not fulfilled that promise.

The village elders gathered around, their expressions solemn. Tatu's mother, Nala, stood in the center of the group, her eyes searching their faces for any signs of hope. But when she saw the grim expressions, her heart sank.

“Where is my son?” she asked, her voice trembling, but still holding on to that last thread of hope. “Where is Tatu?”

Chief Akhanye turned to face her, his heart breaking as he met her gaze. “We searched the woods, Nala,” he said quietly, trying to keep his composure for the sake of the tribe, but the sadness was evident in his eyes. “We found no sign of him. The jungle... has hidden him. I fear he may not have made it through the night.”

Nala's face paled as the words hit her like a heavy blow. Her legs seemed to give way beneath her, and she stumbled back, her hand clutching her chest as if the pain in her heart had become too much to bear. The people around her gasped as she sank to her knees, her sobs filling the air.

“No, no,” she whispered, her voice breaking. “He can’t be lost. My son, Tatu... he’s strong. He can’t be gone.”

Tears streamed down her face as she looked up at Akhanye, searching for some reassurance, some glimmer of hope, but there was nothing in his eyes to give her peace. His silence spoke volumes.

The elders looked at one another, their faces full of concern, but none of them spoke. The truth was clear: without Tatu's return, the village would be left in turmoil.

In the midst of the gathering, Nala cried out, "I've waited for this day for so long... to see my son become a man. To see him return victorious, just like his father before him. How could this happen?" Her voice grew softer, more desperate. "What have we done wrong? What did we miss?"

The sound of Arika's crying pierced the hearts of the villagers, and many of the women whispered words of comfort to her, but none could ease the raw pain she was feeling. It was the pain of a mother who had lost her child, and there was no comfort for her, she was worried for her son scared he might not return at all.

Meanwhile, Tatu's father stood to the side, watching his wife's grief. He wanted to reach out to her, to hold her, but he knew it would do little to ease the deep emptiness that had settled in her heart. He, too, was struggling with the loss, but he had no choice but to remain strong for the tribe.

"Thia is the first Time, ever an heir has failed to return!" akhanye said "Maybe he, didn't survive!" he thought to himself.

"Arika" Akhanye whispered, kneeling beside her, placing a hand gently on her shoulder. "We will keep searching. We won't stop until Tatu is found. I promise you, we will bring him home."

But Nala shook her head, the tears flowing freely down her face. "I can't bear this. I can't... I can't lose him. My son, my Tatu..."

Her sobs echoed in the village, reaching the ears of everyone around her. The other women gathered around her, trying to comfort her, but no one knew what to say. All they could offer was their presence, the quiet solidarity of those who understood grief.

As the evening wore on, the village began to settle into a quiet unease. The chief and the hunters had failed to bring Tatu back, and the night stretched on with no answers. The forest had swallowed their young warrior, and in its depths, something ancient and mysterious seemed to stir.

Meanwhile, far away, in the depths of the jungle, Tatu was still fighting for survival. His body ached, his stomach growled with hunger, and his strength was beginning to fade. But as he moved through the thick brush, he clung to the single thought that kept him going—he couldn't stop.

He couldn't leave his family, especially not his mother.

He remembered her face, her smile, and the way she had looked at him when he had left the village, proud and full of hope. Her words of blessing echoed in his mind, urging him to keep going. "May the ancestors protect you." Though now those words seemed useless could the ancestors protect him, he didn't have faith in them at all the ancestors were said to guide him but from what has happened to him he could feel it in his heart the ancestors could do nothing.

Tatu clenched his fists, pushing through the pain, determined to return home.

He had to for his mother.

And for the tribe.

# Chapter 11

As Tatu lay in the small cave, exhausted from his battles and the endless trials of the jungle, sleep overtook him. The soft sounds of the forest filled the air, but his dreams were troubled. Visions of his mother's tears and his father's disappointed gaze haunted him. The weight of failure pressed heavily on his chest.

In the quiet of the night, a faint rustling woke him. His eyes fluttered open to see the same strange dove from before perched at the mouth of the cave. Its feathers shimmered faintly in the moonlight, and its eyes seemed to hold a wisdom beyond understanding.

The bird let out a soft coo, and for a moment, Tatu felt an inexplicable peace wash over him. Before he could question its presence, a voice—not external but deep within his heart—spoke to him.

“Trust me.”

The words resonated through his very being, and though he didn't understand why, he felt compelled to listen.

"Who... who are you?" Tatu whispered, his voice shaky yet filled with wonder.

The dove tilted its head, then spread its wings and flew a short distance outside the cave, glancing back at him as if beckoning him to follow. Tatu hesitated but then gathered his strength, picked up the lion's carcass, and stepped outside.

As he followed the dove, he noticed that the bird seemed to glow faintly in the darkness, illuminating the path ahead. It led him through thickets and over uneven ground until they came to the edge of a wide, flowing river. The moonlight reflected on the water's surface, making it look like liquid silver.

The dove perched on a rock by the riverbank, and once again, the voice spoke within him:

“Cross the river and head straight. You will find your way back.”

Tatu stared at the river, its current swift and daunting. "But... how can I be sure?" he asked aloud. "Who are you? Why are you helping me?"

For a moment, there was silence. Then, the voice answered, its tone gentle yet filled with authority:

“I am the beginning of all. The God of life. The God of all. My spirit has guided you, and I will always be with you. Trust in me neither am I your ancestors nor was I sent by the cry of your mother's but yours. I could see you were helplessness, Tatu you needed me with out realising it and I came for you. My child.”

The words filled Tatu with a warmth he hadn't felt in days. Despite his fear and doubt, he felt a deep assurance that he was not alone.

With newfound determination, Tatu nodded. "I will trust you."

He stepped into the river, the cold water biting at his skin, and began to wade across, holding tightly to the lion's body. The current was strong, and there were moments when he thought he might be swept away, but the dove hovered above him, guiding him with its glow.

When he finally reached the other side, Tatu collapsed onto the riverbank, gasping for breath. The dove landed beside him, its presence comforting.

"Thank you," Tatu whispered, his voice trembling with gratitude.

The dove cooed softly, then flew upward, disappearing into the night sky. Though it was gone, Tatu felt its presence linger in his heart.

He stood, his resolve stronger than ever, and began to walk straight as the voice had instructed. The jungle seemed less oppressive now, as if the very trees and shadows respected the guidance he had received.



With each step, Tatu felt closer to home, closer to the family and tribe he loved. The spirit that had guided him filled him with hope, and though he didn't know what lay ahead, he trusted that he would be safe.

For the first time  
since his journey began, Tatu felt peace.

# Chapter 12 Final

As Tatu pressed on through the jungle, the clouds above gathered, and soon, the rain began to fall, soaking him to the bone. The soil beneath his feet turned to mud, but as he walked, something about the texture of the ground felt familiar. It smelled of home—of the earth he had grown up running on, playing on, and hunting on.

The realization filled him with a mix of relief and caution. He was close to his village, but he also knew the dangers of entering unfamiliar tribal territories. Not all tribes were welcoming, and some were hostile to outsiders. He prayed silently to the God who had guided him this far.

The rain poured harder, but Tatu kept moving, each step heavy with exhaustion. He could see faint signs of human presence now—trampled grass, a small clearing, and broken branches. His heart raced with anticipation.

As the first familiar tree marking his village came into view, Tatu stumbled, his legs giving out beneath him. He fell face-first into the mud, clutching the lion's body beside him. His vision blurred, and he felt his consciousness slipping away, but not before he saw figures running toward him.

Tatu awoke to the gentle hum of voices. He was lying on a soft mat, covered in a warm blanket. The scent of herbs filled the air, and as his eyes adjusted to the light, he realized he was in one of the women's huts.

"He's awake!" one of the women called out, rushing to his side.

The room filled with the faces of the village women, their expressions a mix of relief and admiration. One of them smiled warmly at him. "You're safe now, Tatu. We found you just outside the village. You brought back the lion... and you survived the night."

Tatu sat up slowly, his body aching from the ordeal. "The lion..." he whispered.

One of the older women nodded. "We carried it back for you. It's in the center of the village. Your father and the elders are waiting for you."

With their help, Tatu rose to his feet, his legs weak but steady enough to carry him. As they walked him out, the rain had stopped, and the village was alive with people gathering around the massive lion's body. The men marveled at its size and strength, while the children whispered in awe of Tatu's bravery.

Chief Akhanye stood tall near the lion, his face filled with pride. When he saw Tatu, he stepped forward, his stern expression softening.

"My son," he said, his voice deep and steady, "you have returned."

Tatu looked at his father, unsure of what to say. He felt a lump in his throat as he saw his mother beside the chief, her eyes glistening with tears. She rushed forward and embraced him tightly, her sobs breaking the silence.

"My boy, my Tatu," she cried, holding him close. "I thought I'd lost you forever."

Tatu held her back, his own tears finally spilling over. "I made it, Mother. I'm here."

The chief placed a firm hand on Tatu's shoulder, his eyes scanning his son's face. "You have proven yourself, Tatu. Not only did you survive the night, but you defeated the king of the jungle. You brought honor to our family and our tribe."

The villagers cheered as the chief raised his arms, signaling Tatu's success. "Today, Tatu has become a man. He is no longer just my son but a warrior of this tribe. Let it be known that he will one day lead us as Wazirako!"

The people chanted Tatu's name, their voices echoing into the forest.

As Tatu stood there, surrounded by his family and his tribe, he felt a deep sense of accomplishment. The dove's voice echoed in his heart: "I will always be with you."

Though he had faced many challenges, he knew that his journey had made him stronger—not just in body but in spirit.

That night, as the tribe celebrated his victory, Tatu sat with his mother and father, sharing the story of his trials in the Forest. They listened with awe and pride, their faith in him stronger than ever.

And as the moon rose high in the sky, Tatu felt at peace, The spirit who had saved him was not just a spirit but it was the spirit of the creator the spirit of a god he didn't know existed the spirit of the true living god.

And tatu lived to tell his story on to his children Ayana and ayama and it taught many in his tribe, That even when you think your lost never give up you'll find home eventually his story serving, as a reminder even in the most unexpected moments miracles can happen.

