It was a warm sunny morning of July and everyone was busy plucking fresh berries for breakfast. Amongst them was Mr. Whiskers who was desperately grabbing hands full of plump fruit. He had a long exhausted day ahead and his wife needed all the energy she could get to make it till they get back to the village. On this very day last year, their son was viciously murdered by King Luther; the mighty lion who gave in to his hunger and ate the helpless kitten. Mr. Whiskers took off for Frankly Park; along with his weeping wife because he thought it would be a nice idea to visit the exact place where the tragedy occurred.

Just as he parked the wheelbarrow his wife was seated in, he heard a pleading moan. After several minutes of looking around; his eyes fell on a ditch just a few feet away from him. To his surprise, he saw King Luther trapped in it. Seeing the mighty lion so powerless on the same day he killed Simba ignited a spark of revenge within Mr. Whiskers. But he knew better than that, he realized that the best way to pay respect to Simba’s death is to help Luther out of this ditch. And this is exactly what he did and that day he earned something even more satisfying then revenge.