In a sun-drenched savanna, a mischievous young gazelle named Zuri delights in deceiving the herd. One sweltering afternoon, she gallops to the watering hole and cries, “Lion! Lion! The pride is near!” The vigilant wildebeests, grazing nearby, stampede to her side, their hooves kicking up dust. Zuri giggles, revealing her hoax: “No lions here! Just a little fun.” The wildebeests, though weary, return to their grazing. Days later, Zuri repeats her trick, shouting, “Lion! Lion!” as the herd rushes to her aid—only to find her laughing again. “No more tricks,” the wildebeests warn, turning their backs on her playful cries.

Weeks pass. A true threat arrives: a lone cheetah stalks the plains. Zuri, trembling, sprints to the herd and bleats, “Cheetah! Cheetah! Help me!” Her voice cracks with fear, but the wildebeests stand firm, their ears twitching at the wind’s whispers. No one moves. The cheetah pounces, and Zuri vanishes into the tall grass, her laughter replaced by a haunting silence.