

Listen carefully as the story is read out to you by your teacher.

Who can forget the wonderful story of Walt Disney's 'The Lion King'? Read and enjoy.

The sun came up over the African **grasslands**, hot and **brilliant**, just as it had done since the beginning of time.

Today, the first rays of the morning sun fell on an **astonishing** sight. Across the vast Pride Lands, animals moved in great herds, all heading for a single **destination**.

Elephants **plodded** steadily, antelopes leaped through the grass, giraffes loped, cheetahs raced and ants marched in a single line, while huge flocks of flamingoes winged across the blue sky.

They were all journeying to Pride Rock to celebrate the birth of King Mufasa's son.

Above the gathering, on the top of Pride Rock, Rafiki, the wise old baboon, approached King Mufasa and Queen Sarabi. He cracked open a gourd, dipped his finger in the liquid and made a special mark on the infant lion cub's forehead.

Then he carried the cub to the edge of the rock, high up, and held it high for all gathered below to have a good look.

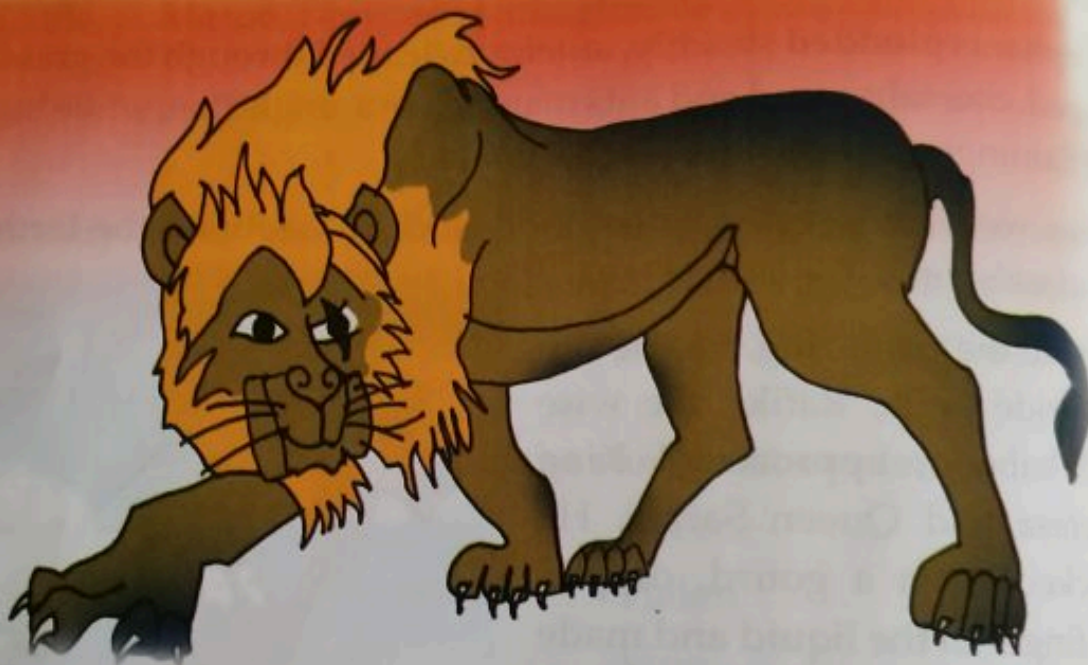


A loud cheer rose from the plain- the elephants trumpeted, the monkeys screeched, the zebras, rhinos and a host of other animals stamped their hooves. Then a hush fell over the gathering.

Together, the animals of Mufasa's kingdom knelt before Little Simba, their new prince.

Yet, one member of the family did not attend the ceremony - Mufasa's brother, Scar. He was inside his den, just about to eat up poor Zuzu, the hornbill, when a voice commanded, "Drop him!" and in walked Mufasa.

Scar hated Mufasa. He was angry that now Simba would become the next king and he, Scar, would never have a chance to rule. "Well, well, if it isn't my big brother," he sneered, making an ugly face.



Mufasa said, "Sarabi and I did not see you at the presentation ceremony of Simba. You as my brother should have been the first one to congratulate us and bless your nephew. Remember, he is your future king."

"I shall practise my **curtsy**," Scar said in a mocking voice, bowed, (ba-od) then turned his back on the king and walked away.

Colour yourself




The days passed and Simba grew from an infant into a cute and fat cub. One morning before dawn, Mufasa led Simba to the top of Pride Rock. As the sun came up, Mufasa said, "Simba, look - everything the light touches is our kingdom. A king's time as a ruler rises and falls like the sun. One day, the sun will set on my time here and will rise with you as the new king."

"Wow! All this will be mine? Great Dad! But what about that shadowy place?"

Mufasa turned to his son. "That is beyond our borders. You must never go there, Simba. And one thing more....."

But Simba had seen a grasshopper and he chased after it, letting out **whoops** of joy. The father settled down on the rock watching his happy little son and smiled.

 **Read aloud** the story row by row, with the help of the teacher.