

The Watering Hole by Elliott Hills

As the warm air fills the lungs of the multiple animals inhabiting the african Pride Lands, a meerkat, an animal of short stature, is walking alongside a warthog, a type of pig with two tusks. Their names are Timone and Pumba.

“Uh. Why are we going to the watering hole again?” asked Pumba.

“Pumba you worry me sometimes!” He replied.

“Sorry man, I forgot. Can you remind me please?” He said.

“Fine, we need to go there for water and we need water to live,” Timone said.

“Oh yeah, that makes sense!” Pumba said.

Heading further through the emergent jungle, the trip seemed endless and really started to get to them.

“Are we there yet?” asked Pumba exhausted.

“No, but does it seem like we've been walking for hours?” Timone replied.

Then, they realised that they have been walking the wrong way the whole time...

Roar!

“Uh, uh, um, what was that?” Timone asked.

“I don't know and I don't want to know Timone,” Pumba said. They both shivered in fear. Roar!

“Run!” Pumba exclaimed.

So they dashed as fast as they could passing trees and fern as they went. They stopped, gasping for breath.

“Look Pumba, we’re at the watering hole.”

In front of them was a reservoir with loads of animals drinking from it.

“Pumba we’ll be thirsty no more.” Timone stated.