



Leo the Lion



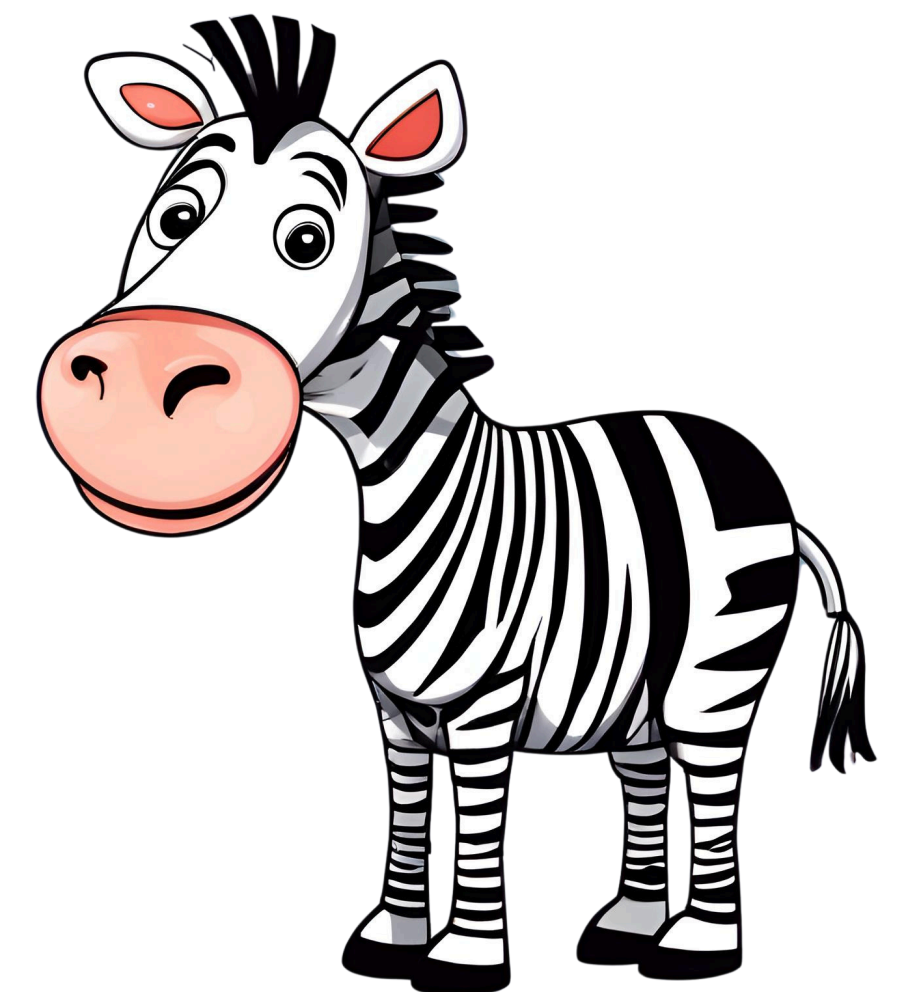
Leo was a lion. He lay under an acacia tree.
The sun was high. The air shimmered with heat.
Flies buzzed around his ears. His tail flicked once, then again.

In the grass nearby, lionesses rested.
One cub rolled over with a soft grunt.



Leo opened one eye. His mane moved in the breeze.
He did not stand. Not yet.

A zebra called in the distance. Birds chirped,
then went quiet. Leo lifted his head.



He looked across the plain. Later, he rose slowly.
He stretched – shoulders, back, legs.

Then he walked through the tall grass. Each step was
quiet. He stopped at a waterhole. Bent down. Drank.
Ripples moved across the surface.



A heron flew off. Leo licked his nose.
Then he turned back toward the trees.

The heat was still strong. There was no need to hurry.

