

"WHAT IDIOT PUT THIS STUPID HOLE HERE?" screamed Julius, pushing the warthog's hairy bottom off his face.

The warthog brushed himself down. "I have heard stories about these pits and, if I'm right (and I dearly hope I'm not), we could be in quite a nasty pickle."

Julius was just about to ask what a pickle was when another large bundle of fur and bones thumped on top of him.

"ERE! WHAT'S GOING ON?!" he shouted, desperately trying to heave the big lump off. "WHY DOES EVERY IDIOT HAVE TO LAND ON MY HEAD?"



Realizing who it was, they both frantically scabbled up the sides of the pit and launched into high-pitched screams: "LION! LION! GET US OUT! GET US OUT!!"

But their wailing couldn't be heard above the savage snapping and barking of the wolves. Then, nearby, a booming voice bellowed from above, "Away, boys, away! I need these creatures ALIVE!"