



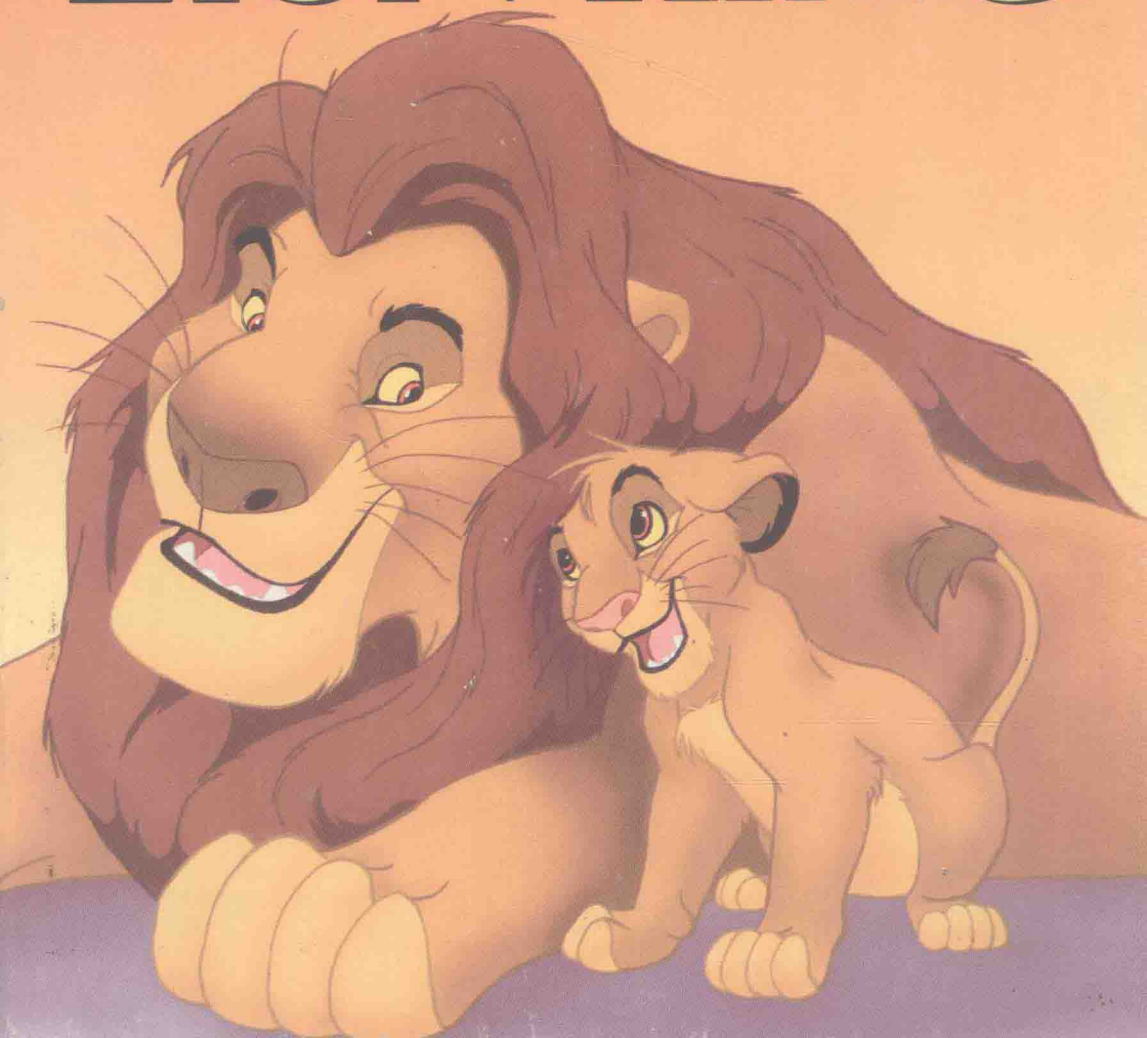
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Disney's

THE

LION KING



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THE
LION KING



Adapted by
Justine Korman

Illustrated by
Don Williams and H. R. Russell

A GOLDEN BOOK • NEW YORK

Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin 53404

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ISBN: 0-307-30145-1

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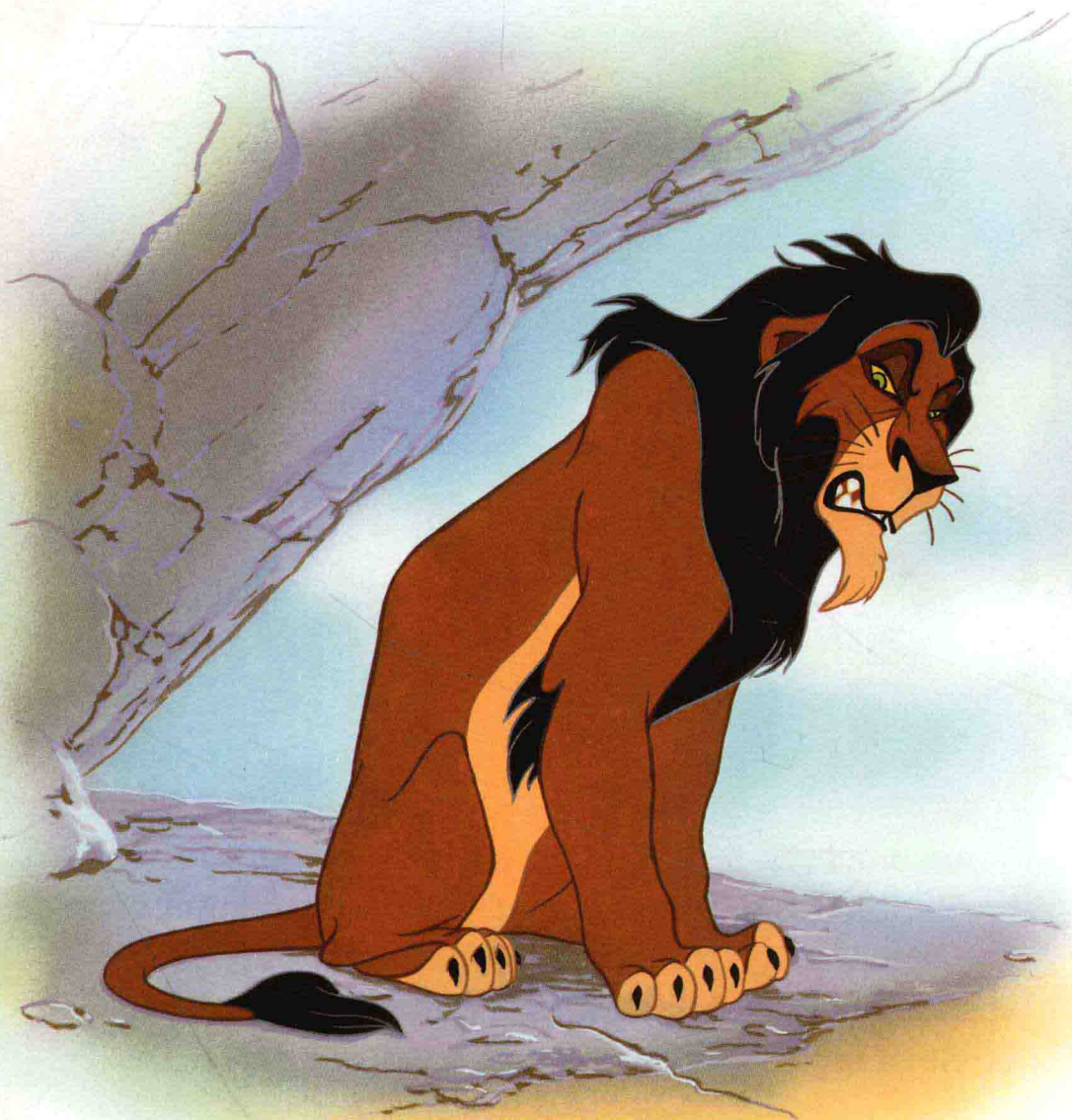


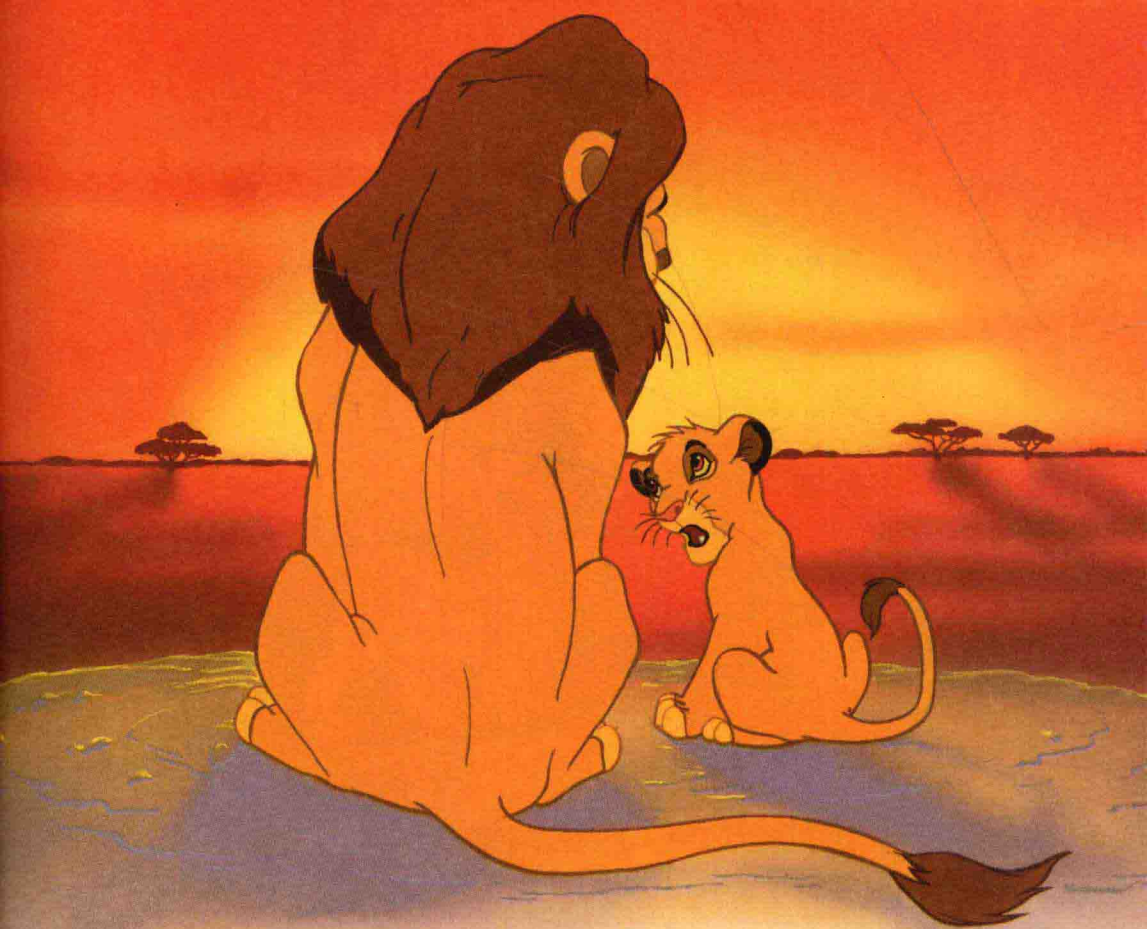
From the smallest ant to the largest elephant, every living thing has a place in the great circle of life. Mufasa's place was king of the lions. Sarabi was the queen. And their newborn cub, Simba, would one day take his father's place as the Lion King.



But on this day little Simba rested in the hands of the wise baboon Rafiki, who sprinkled the cub with dust and welcomed the future king to the great circle of life.

Mufasa's brother, Scar, did not attend the ceremony. He was not happy that Simba was next in line to rule the Pride Lands. For Scar had always wanted to be king.





Time passed, and Simba grew. Early one morning Mufasa took him to the top of Pride Rock. "Simba, look," he said. "Everything the light touches is our kingdom."

"Wow!" the young lion said. Then he asked, "What about the shadowy place?"

"That's beyond our borders. You must never go there, Simba!" warned Mufasa.



Later Simba found Scar sunning on a rock. Simba proudly told his uncle, "Someday I'm gonna rule the whole kingdom! Well . . . everything except the shadowy place. My father said I can't go there."

"He's absolutely right," Scar slyly agreed. "An elephant graveyard is no place for a young prince. Only the bravest lions go there."

As Scar knew, Simba would want to prove that he was brave. So he said nothing as Simba hurried off to find his friend Nala and ask her to explore the mysterious Shadow Lands with him.

When the friends arrived at the Shadow Lands, they discovered an eerie place filled with elephant bones and spurts of steam.

"It's so creepy," whispered Nala excitedly.

"C'mon!" said Simba. "Let's check it out."



Zazu, the king's minister, had been looking for the cubs. When he caught up with them, he warned, "We are too far from the Pride Lands. It is dangerous!"

But Simba only said, "I laugh in the face of danger! Ha-ha-ha!"

"Hee-hee-hee-hee-hee!" The strange laughter belonged to three hideous hyenas—Banzai, Shenzi, and Ed—who slinked out from an elephant skull.



When Zazu told the hyenas he was Mufasa's minister, they realized that Simba was the future king.

"He's a king fit for a meal," Banzai snickered. The hyenas chased Simba and Nala until the cubs were trapped.

Suddenly a thunderous RRRROARRRR! rattled rocks and bones. It was the roar of Mufasa, the Lion King! The frightened hyenas ran away.





That evening Mufasa had a talk with Simba.

"I was just trying to be brave like you," protested Simba.

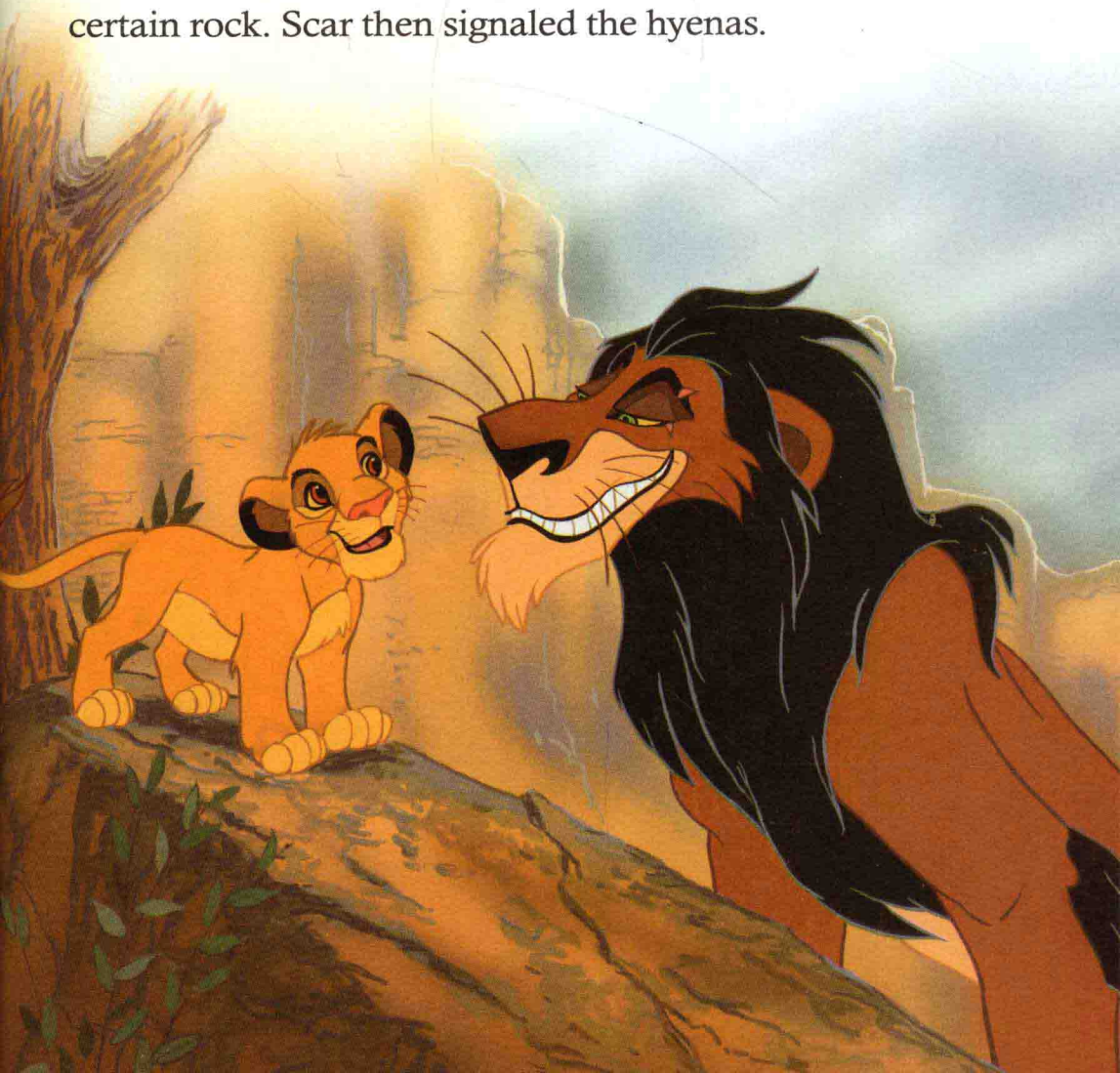
Mufasa shook his head. "Being brave doesn't mean you go looking for trouble," he replied.

"Dad," Simba asked suddenly, "we'll always be together, right?"

Mufasa gazed up at the sparkling heavens. "The great kings of the past look down on us from those stars," he said. "Whenever you feel alone, remember that those kings will always be there to guide you. And so will I."

Although Scar was angry with the hyenas for letting Simba survive, he made a bargain with them. If they helped make him king, they could have their run of the Pride Lands.

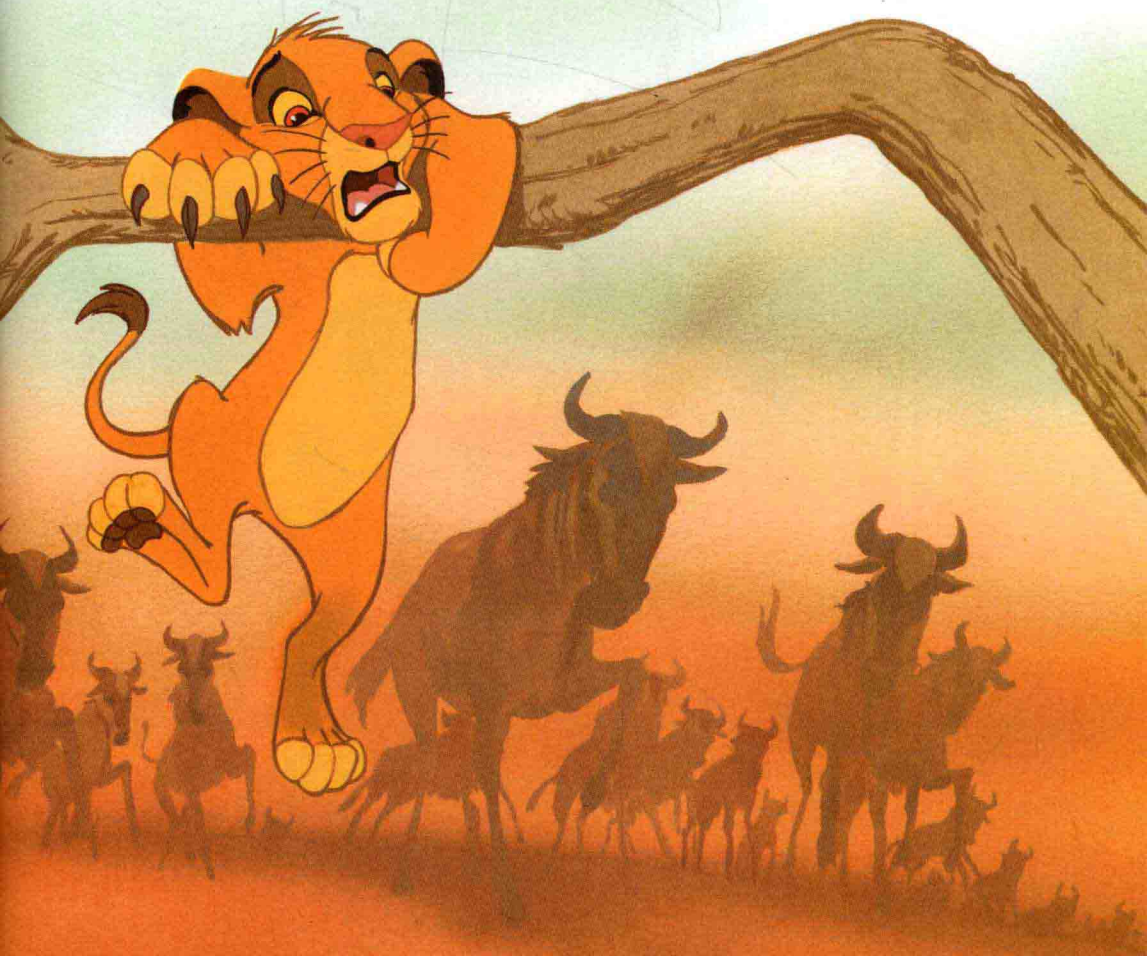
So Scar brought Simba to a vast gorge and promised the cub a wonderful surprise if he would just wait on a certain rock. Scar then signaled the hyenas.



The surprise turned out to be a stampeding herd of wildebeests, with the hyenas urging the herd on. The earth trembled. Dust choked the air. The wildebeests ran into the gorge, heading straight for Simba. He sought safety in a tree, but the branch bent under his weight.



Just before Simba fell beneath the pounding hooves, Mufasa grabbed him and carried him to a rocky ledge. Then through the thick, swirling dust, Simba saw his father disappear under the thundering herd.



When the stampede had passed and the dust settled, Simba found his father lying lifeless at the foot of a cliff. What Simba did not know was that Scar had pushed his brother off the rock to his doom.

“If it weren’t for you, the king would still be alive,” lied Scar, appearing at Simba’s side.

“He tried to save me,” said the cub, sobbing. “It was an accident.”

“Run away, Simba,” Scar advised. “Run away and never return.”





Scar watched as Simba ran away. Then he sent his hyenas to kill the cub.

But when the hyenas reached a thorny thicket, they stopped. “He’ll never survive in the desert,” they reasoned. And so they returned to Pride Rock—and their new king, Scar.

Scar told the pride that there had been a terrible accident. And then he introduced the hyenas.