

Date: by Lily Little : How the Hyena got his laugh!

Long long ago, deep in the scorching Savannah, in the centre of Africa where the sun burnt out from the sky, lived Hyena, now oh my Reddest Ruby, Hyena was so rude and greedy with only a heart that could only, would only and he thought, should only love himself.

In the first hour when the sun shone through the clouds and the Savannah was awake, exhausted but skilled Cheetah was hiding while ~~and~~ hunting. When her prey was caught she sped to the watering hole for a quick sip and dip.

When ~~se~~ she returned she gasped and opened her mouth, then from the corner of her eye she saw Hyena, he was eating Cheetah's well-earned prey, Cheetah ~~growl~~ growled.

"You stole my prey!"

"You must be mistaken, this is mine," Hyena chanted back.

"Liar"

"Ha Ha Ha, I am the best that's not you I'll always be better than you!"

Hyena bounced off, muttering his brag under his breath. Cheetah felt annoyed. Hyena doesn't deserve that voice as she strutted away.

The only reason the animals adored him was because of his deep harmonic voice. All the animals loved when he laughed because it gave them goosebumps. At the dead of night when the animals snoozed, one of them was wide awake, Cheetah. She crept and crept & then ~~kept~~ kept until she was right in front of the blacked-dotted, badge-splashed, cold hearted Hyena. She bent down and making his soft sluggy gur sway in her cold breath, she extended a claw reciting short sloka, she put her sharp glinting claw to his neck (to his voice box) and scratched it lightly.

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The dehydrated sun rose into the sky; Cheetah scampered away. Hyena rose, feeling proud, he stepped into the sunlight as if a spotlight just for him. He looked at his reflection in the water feeling delighted at the thrill of his face. Hyena looked around to see all the other animals looking ~~bar~~ barren, he shrugged and walked to Cheetah who smirked, Hyena pointed out,

"Hello Cheetah why so vibrant when I'm the best, that's not you, I'll always be better you." A smirk twirled around his face.

"Are you so sure about that?" projected Cheetah

"Yes!" confirmed Hyena

Hyena seemed panicked, 'Oh my Reddest Ruby'; how his face changed, his smirk unravelled and deflated. He shrieked a crowd emerged hearing the sound of his unbearably shrieky voice that sound was as high pitched as a microphone dropping to the ground. As more animals emerged at the sound of his dreadful voice. Hyena grew more and more embarrassed, hiding his true emotions, he began to giggle then a full-on laugh. Going deep scarlet, he laughed, gasped, ran, scurried, squealed and squealed and bleated til he was far from the gathering. Hyena laughed and laughed and laughed, he leapt, crept, wiggled and giggle; until he'd escaped.

Lying in the amber sun his eyes closed. In the distance Cheetah shouted, "See where boasting leads!"

Since that day and forever more Hyena's Hyena's laugh has been unbearably irritating; that's the end of our tale.