

Friend Like Me

Story: Friend Like Me

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Summary: A new cub called Nala moves into the Pride Lands. Can she make any friends? Another cub seems to have the same problem, though...

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: A Long Journey

AN: Hello, there. Here's my first (sort of) fanfiction. On this account anyway. I've written nearly sixty on another, but that's not the point. This is my first *Lion King* fanfiction, though. But I'd better explain how these stories are going to work, first.

First of all, there are going to be thirteen stories. These are all connected, forming some kind of 'saga', if you want to call it that. They will all have seven chapters, two chapters a day until chapter seven, and each one takes place some time after the other. Understand? Good.

So, what are these stories about? Since I can't resist, I'm going to do my best to chronicle Simba and Nala's friendship. Good times, bad times, all that stuff. I just hope you like it.

So, whether you know me or you don't, let's get on with the first story. Enjoy!

Friend Like Me

Chapter One: A Long Journey

Pride Rock.

It sounded like the most beautiful place in the world. You could ask anyone in all of the lands the best place to live out your life, and they would most likely direct you to Pride Rock.

It was happy, peaceful, safe. Free from outside distractions. Most would put this down to the impeccable ruling of the kingdom by the great King Mufasa, who had ruled over the Pride Lands for quite some time now, and was thought of as one of the best Kings who had ever lived.

And that was why a lioness and her cub had been walking for a whole day, traversing the land. They wanted to find Pride Rock. They needed somewhere to stay. Somewhere peaceful to live out the rest of their lives.

They were both exhausted. The lioness' cub was far more exhausted than her mother, though.

"Mom, how far is it?" she moaned, her paws aching. It wasn't healthy for a cub to walk around all day. She hadn't had one break.

"We'll be there soon, Nala," the lioness told her daughter.

"How soon?" she asked.

"Very soon, okay?"

"You said that an hour ago," Nala complained.

Her mother, whose name was Sarafina, looked at her cub and smiled. "And you've been asking me every hour since we left."

"I'm tired," she complained.

"I know you are. But I'm sure we'll be there very soon. And I mean it, this time. Okay?"

Nala nodded tiredly. "Okay."

They kept on walking, pretty much now desperate to find Pride Rock, even if it allowed them to rest for a few seconds. Sarafina didn't want to stop. She had no idea what kind of monsters lurked around these uncharted territories...

And then she saw it.

Even in the middle of the night it was visible. It simply couldn't be missed.

The odd, mountain-like rock structure. You couldn't mistake it for anything else.

Sarafina nudged her daughter. "Nala! We're here!"

Nala looked up, surprised. "We are?"

"Yes. See?" She gestured to Pride Rock in the distance. "That's Pride Rock. Our new home, if I can convince the King to let us stay."

"And what if we can't convince the King?" Nala asked, curious. "Will we go back home?"

"No," Sarafina snapped, a little too quickly. She wanted all memories of her former home eradicated. She couldn't bear the thoughts of her old pride...

Nala looked down at the ground. "Will they like me?" she asked.

Sarafina looked down at her daughter. "Oh, Nala. They're bound to like you. What's not to like, hmm?"

Nala shrugged. "I don't know. I just know when someone new moves into the pride, it's never easy. It's kinda scary, actually."

"Oh, Nala. I know it's going to seem scary at first, but you'll get used to it. And I'll let you in on a little secret..." She whispered in Nala's ear. "I'm scared, too."

Nala looked surprised. "You are? But... But you're never scared of anything."

"I am scared now. But I know we'll be okay. The King can't be *that* scary."

"Who are you?" a deep, loud voice a few feet away from them demanded.

Nala immediately jumped behind her mother, trembling with fear. Sarafina looked up to see a large, powerful-looking lion with golden fur, a thick red mane, and reddish-brown eyes that glinted in the night.

Sarafina's eyes widened. *Okay, maybe he is a little scary*, she thought. The first thing that occurred to her was that King Mufasa did certainly live up to all the hype. He must have detected her and Nala's voices as soon as they were in the Pride Lands. Sarafina just hoped that Mufasa didn't think they were evil intruders, or something like that.

She decided to speak up, and answered Mufasa's question. She bowed in front of the King. "My name is Sarafina, and this is my cub, Nala. We respectfully request to join your great pride."

"Why?" asked Mufasa. "Were you banished from your old pride? Are you outcasts?"

Sarafina shook her head. "No. We are not outcasts. We left out of choice."

"Why?"

"Because... Because I couldn't bear the memories," she hesitantly answered.

"Memories?" Mufasa raised an eyebrow. "What memories?"

Sarafina looked down at the ground. This really wasn't something that she wanted to talk about. But she had to, or Mufasa might not let her into the pride. And that would be disastrous...

"The memories of my mate, Muerto," she forced out, tears in her eyes. "He died, just a few days after Nala was born. Not a day went by when I wasn't overwhelmed by the sadness of losing him. I knew that I needed to move on, though. I decided that moving to a different pride would be the best option. And after asking around, I heard that Pride Rock would be the best place to stay. Me and my cub have been walking around all day to get here. So that's why I'm asking... No, that's why I'm *begging* for you to let us become part of your pride."

Mufasa eyes Sarafina curiously. She seemed true to herself, and didn't seem at all dishonest. She simply seemed like someone who wanted a fresh start, a chance to move on. There was nothing sinister about her, and she even had a friendly-looking cub. Sure, she was cowering behind her mother in fear, but she still looked friendly.

Mufasa nodded, and smiled. "You may stay in the pride, provided that you hunt with all the other lionesses."

Sarafina nodded. "Certainly. Thank you, King Mufasa."

"The pleasure's all mine," he said, turning around. "Come with me. I'll show you where you'll be staying."

Mufasa gestured for Sarafina to follow, so she did. Nala nervously walked behind her mother, looking down at the ground.

Sarafina looked back at her daughter, and smiled. "See? I told you. Nothing to be scared about."

Nala smiled back, with doubt still in her mind. She had a feeling many more scary things awaited her at Pride Rock, which was now her new home.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Try to Make Some Friends

Chapter Two: Try to Make Some Friends

Nala hadn't slept well that night. Moving into a new pride, it just made her feel so... nervous. Would she make any friends? Would the other cubs like her? Would *anyone* like her? Her mind was swimming with all kinds of different questions, questions which she had no answer to.

She only managed a few hours of sleep in the den that the rest of the pride slept in. By the next morning, she opened her eyes, feeling very tired. A huge part of her wanted to go back to sleep. Maybe she'd accidentally fall asleep for the whole day so she didn't have to meet anyone new today.

"You up yet, sleepy-head?" Nala heard her mother ask.

Nala groggily got up, and yawned. "Yes, I'm up, Mom."

"Oh, good. You can go and make some new friends, today."

Nala's eyes widened. Today? Friends? *Now*? She hadn't even been in the pride twelve hours and her mother already expected her to socialise. Who did Sarafina think she was, the future Queen? She wasn't cut out for this sort of thing.

Nala decided to try and reason with her mother. "Mom, do I have to today? Can't I just stay with you? Just for today?"

Sarafina shook her head in disapproval. "No, no, no, Nala."

"Why not?" she argued.

"Because if I let you stay with me today, you'll ask me the same thing tomorrow."

"I promise I won't, this time," she pleaded. "Please?"

Sarafina gave Nala a disapproving glare. "Nala," she said firmly, which told Nala not to argue with her anymore.

Nala looked down at the ground shyly. "Oh, all right," she grumbled, not liking one bit of this.

Sarafina put her paw under Nala's chin and pushed her head up so she was looking at her. "Nala, you'll be fine. They'll love you."

"How do you know?" Nala asked.

"Your mother knows best," came the warm reply.

Nala managed a smile. "Okay. I'll try."

"Good girl. Be in by sundown, too. And don't wander off."

"Okay, okay, okay," Nala said as she walked off, tired of hearing more rules from her mother.

Nala stood in the opening of her den, looking over the Pride Lands below. The sun shone brightly in the sky, and it was a very hot day. Nala sighed. She was in for a rough day. She could feel it.

Nala took a deep breath, and begun making her way down Pride Rock, ready to meet some new friends.

A few feet away from where Nala was sleeping, another lion cub slept also. This cub was a male, however. He had golden-brown fur, and a small tuft of fur on his head. The cub was clearly in a deep sleep, and was in no mood to wake up anytime soon.

He was going to, though. Whether he liked it or not.

His mother, and Mufasa's mate, Sarabi, nudged the cub gently, waking him up.

"Five more minutes, Mom," he muttered in a half-awake state.

"Simba, it's time to get up," Sarabi told him. "You know what time it is, don't you?"

"Yeah," Simba replied. "Time for me to go back to sleep."

Sarabi couldn't help but chuckle. "No, Simba. Today's the day where you're supposed to go outside and talk with the other cubs. In other words, make some friends."

Simba's eyes snapped open, and widened at what his mother had just said to him. Now? Friends? *Today*? He hadn't been alive for more than a few weeks and he was already expected to go out and socialise. Who did she think he was, the future King? Oh, wait, he was.

Simba looked up at Sarabi. "Now Mom, we need to talk about this whole 'making friends' thing. The way I see it, you should let me have two or three days to myself before I go out and talk to people."

"You said that three days ago," Sarabi told him.

Simba looked down at the ground. "Oops," he said. *I knew I used that trick before somewhere...*

"Simba, if you don't go out and make some friends soon, you'll *never* make any friends. That's not going to work well when you're King, now, is it?"

"I guess not..." he muttered.

"Good. Now go on, go out and make some friends."

Simba slowly got to his feet. "Oh, all right. Besides, what's the worst that can happen? If anyone says no to me, then I'll just... banish them when I'm King." He smiled. "Yeah."

His mother gave Simba a disapproving glare. "No, Simba. You have to do it properly. You can't force people to be your friend."

"No, but I can *try*," he muttered under his breath.

"What was that, young man?"

He smiled innocently. "Oh, nothing. I was just saying how exciting it is to finally be getting out there and making some friends, that's all."

"Well, go on, then. And be in before sundown. And don't wander off, either."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Simba said as he walked off, tired of hearing more rules from his mother.

He stood in the den opening, gazing out beyond the Pride Lands. A sly smile crept across his face. "I don't have to do what she says. I can just go... explore. Yeah." Simba spotted a very dark, gloomy-looking place in the distance, beyond the borders of the Pride Lands. "That shadowy place over there looks good. I wonder what's down there."

Simba started making his way down Pride Rock. He had no plans on making friends today. He was far too scared of rejection. How embarrassing would it be if the future King of the Pride Lands was rejected by every other cub? That wouldn't fare too well in the future.

Sarabi overheard her son speaking about where he was intending to go, and decided to find a way of making Simba do what she told him to.

"Zazu," she called.

Three seconds later, a Red-billed hornbill fluttered down to the ground in front of her, and bowed gracefully. "You called me, Queen Sarabi?"

"Zazu, make sure Simba tries to make some friends today. And keep him out of trouble."

Zazu winced at the mention of Simba. Not Simba! The most mischievous, playful cub who ever lived! He always got himself into trouble!

Zazu decided it would be best to respect the Queen's wishes, however. "As you wish. I will keep the young cub right out of trouble. You can count on that."

And with that Zazu flew off, knowing he was in for a very long day indeed.

AN: Awful? Horrifying? Beyond recognition? I certainly hope not. I have a reputation (barely) to uphold. So, let me know

how good (or bad) I was in a review. The next two chapters get posted tomorrow, whether you like it or not. Ha ha ha!

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: A Bad First Impression

AN: Me again. Another two chapters of this delightfully charming story.

Chapter Three: A Bad First Impression

Nala sat nervously beside the water hole, where she could see four female cubs chatting amongst each other, blabbing on about typical girly things, like how pretty they looked, what secrets had been spilt, and who liked who in the pride.

Listening in from a few feet away, Nala sighed deeply. She kind of expected this. She had a feeling the female cubs would all be very chatty, and act like know-it-alls. Their conversations seemed so bland and... well, to be honest, boring. Stuff like that just didn't interest Nala. Not one bit.

She was different from most girls. She preferred a bit of excitement, some adventure, not just talking all day. Where was the fun in that? It just seemed so dull, monotonous and repetitive.

But unfortunately for her, it seemed this was what she would have to put up with for pretty much the rest of her life. Who else could she find to be her friend? Seriously, who else would enjoy the same things as her? *Who?*

She sighed again, and decided that if this was what she was stuck with, then she might as well make the most of it. Who knew? Maybe they actually *would* find they had something in common with her. It was extremely unlikely, but you never knew sometimes...

Nala got up, and slowly made her way toward the group of cubs, fear rising in her stomach. She'd never really done anything like this before. She'd hardly lived in her old pride for more than a few weeks, and there were no other cubs there. Just grown-up lions. Nala was completely new to making friends, and she had no idea about the right way to do it.

She decided she's just have to be confident, firm, strong. Show 'em who's boss. Or was that too serious? Oh, she didn't know what to do... This was a complete mess. Everyone else managed to make friends, so why was she any different? Did they all feel the same way too when they were in Nala's position?

More questions with no answers to add to the list in her mind. Shaking a little with fear, she sat down in the group of cubs, and smiled nervously, deciding on the most appropriate thing she could think of saying.

"H-Hi," she stammered nervously, affecting her friendliest smile.

All of the girl cubs immediately glared at her like she was some kind of alien, and Nala knew she was pretty much screwed from here on in.

"What are *you* doing here?" one of the cubs spat.

Nala laughed nervously. "Me. Oh, I-I'm Nala, and I j-just moved into the pride, and I... I..."

"We *know* who you are," another cub told her. "You're the new girl. And we don't want you here."

Nala laughed nervously again. "W-Well why wouldn't you w-want me here? I haven't done anything wrong to you."

"We know what you outsiders are like. Complete freaks," one of them said.

"I-I'm not a freak!" Nala cried, anger building up inside of her.

"Really, you aren't? Because you look like one to me."

The other girls giggled and nodded in agreement. "Yeah."

Nala gritted her teeth. She wasn't in the mood to take any of this. Clearly these weren't people who she wanted to make friends with. And their comments made her feel angry more than offended. They were just bullies. Plain and simple.

"Why don't you just go back to where you came from?" one of them spat nastily. "No one wants *you* around."

Nala got to her feet. "Maybe I should," she said angrily, before turning and walking away. Unfortunately, she tripped over a small rock and ended up falling into the waterhole with a resounding *splash!*

This evoked heavy laughter from the nearby girl cubs, who pointed at Nala cruelly and laughed long and hard at her.

Nala coughed and spluttered, swimming over to the edge and climbing back onto dry land safely. She took in a few gasps of air, catching her breath back. Could it get any worse?

"She can't even walk without messing something up!" one of the cubs insulted, still pointing at her and laughing.

"What a loser!" another exclaimed.

Nala shot one last angry look at the female cubs, before walking off. She'd rather *die* than make friends with one of them. She had a bad feeling about this. She knew it right from the moment her mother suggested this. Why was she made to do this when she hadn't even been here a day? She hadn't settled in yet. It was far too difficult for her.

She was doomed. Were all the other cubs like this? Was that not one person in the whole pride who would find something in common with her? She heavily doubted it. Not that she cared. She'd much prefer to be on her own, honestly. She wasn't going to take that kind of abuse lying down.

Nala stopped walking and sat down by an old tree once the cruel cubs were just a mere speck in the distance. She wondered what her next move would be.

Maybe I can try and find something fun to do by myself, she thought to herself. *There's gotta be some cool places I can explore around here. It'll be more fun than trying to make friends with those jerks,* she thought, still furious with the other cubs for their cruelty towards her earlier.

Nala got back up, and decided to go explore. There had to be something she could do around here...

And if there isn't anything, then I'm going to sleep for a whole year, she thought to herself, smiling.

Nala continued on her journey. If no one was going to be her friend, then she was going to be tough and independent. She didn't need anyone. She could manage just fine on her own.

But there still was that nagging doubt in the back of her mind. *Could* she?

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Caught in the Act

Chapter Four: Caught in the Act

Simba was nearly there! Just a few more steps and he'd be in the Outlands! Sure, his father had told him never to go there, but seriously, how bad could it possibly be? He knew he was brave. He wouldn't let anyone get in his way.

No one could stop him now. Simba took a few steps forward, before he heard a voice from behind him speak.

"Ahem."

Simba winced at the voice. He groaned and turned around to face Zazu, who was standing on the ground, his wings folded, and a disapproving look on his face.

"Sneaking off again, were we, young master?" asked Zazu in a disapproving tone.

Simba nervously looked left and right. "Um... No," he lied calmly. "I was just... looking around, that's all."

"I must say you're not a very good liar. I know what you were planning to do, Simba. Your mother heard you talking to yourself before you left."

Simba suddenly looked very annoyed with himself. *I've gotta stop doing that...*

He still tried to defend himself, though. "Well... She didn't hear me right. I was just saying how I wanted to *look* at this place, from here, where it's safe."

"You're not convincing me."

"I'm telling the truth! Besides, I haven't even done anything wrong yet, so you can't get me in trouble. I'm not even in that shadowy place yet. See?" Simba jumped into the Outlands. "In the shadows." He jumped back to his original spot. "Not in the shadows." He did it again. "In the shadows. Not in the shadows."

A smile formed on Zazu's beak. "Well, now you *are* in trouble, because you just jumped into the Outlands twice."

Simba's mouth dropped open. "Oh, you can't be serious."

Zazu had to admit, this was kind of fun. He was winning, for once. "Well, Simba, it looks like I have something to report back to your father now."

Simba made a pleading motion with his paws. Stupid Zazu always getting him into trouble! "Oh, please, Zazu! Don't tell Dad! I'll do anything!"

"I won't tell him if you do what your mother told you to the very first place."

Simba pretended to look all innocent. "I have no idea what you're talking about, Zazu."

"Don't play games with me. I'm not stupid."

"You could've fooled me," Simba muttered.

Zazu didn't hear his little remark, and carried on. "Your mother instructed you this morning to go out and socialise with the other cubs in the pride. I suggest you do so, otherwise I might just have to tell your father about where you were planning on going this morning."

And that's when Simba pretty much realised he was going to *have* to make some friends today. Or at least, he had to *try*. Why did Zazu always have to wreck everything?

From Zazu's perspective, he thought he was rather clever. Simba was going to have to do what his mother told him to, otherwise he was going to be in big trouble with King Mufasa. And Zazu knew what Simba would choose to do.

Simba looked down at the ground, defeated. "Okay, I'll do it. As long as you promise not to tell Dad, *and* you let me do this on my own."

It was fine by Zazu. Every second he wasn't having to look after Simba was like Heaven to him. Maybe he'd get the day off, after all.

"Fine," Zazu agreed. "But if you break any more rules then I *will* tell your father."

"Don't worry about it," Simba assured him, walking past Zazu. "I can make friends easily. I am the future King, after all."

"I doubt it," said Zazu.

"Oh? And why's that?" Simba asked.

"Because, Simba, I can tell you're nervous."

"Nervous?" Simba laughed. "I never get nervous."

Zazu put his wing to his chin. "Now, when have I heard that one before? Oh, yes, that little incident when you saw a spider for the first time."

Simba groaned. "Do you have to bring that one up again?"

"You were screaming for five minutes straight! I must say I found it rather amusing. In fact, I still do." Zazu chuckled loudly, deliberately aggravating Simba.

"Just for that, I'm going to get you tomorrow."

Zazu gulped. *Oh, me and my big beak...*

"Oh, come on, Simba," said Zazu nervously. "Surely you're bored of playing tricks on me by now, right?"

Simba grinned. "No. You're too easy. That's what makes it so fun." Simba put his paw to his chin. "And who knows?" he said as a mischievous smile crossed his face. "I might have some new friends to help me out."

Zazu looked up at the sky. "Oh, look at the sun! I think it's time I was on my way! Good luck with making some new friends, and, let's forget about the whole 'playing tricks on me' thing, eh?"

Simba smiled. "I'll try."

Zazu then took off, wondering whether he annoyed Simba too much. He had a feeling he was going to pay for those few entertaining minutes tomorrow. He had to learn to restrain himself...

Simba watched Zazu fly off, smiling to himself with accomplishment. *I think I gave him a good scare*, he thought, happy.

But then Simba became incredibly nervous again, once he remembered that he had to make some new friends.

Would they like him? They had to. Didn't they? Who wouldn't like him? He was their future King! They were obligated to like him by default.

Simba took a deep breath, filling himself with false confidence. He then began walking back towards the Pride Lands, ready to try and make some friends.

But how was he going to do this? Should he go in, all guns blazing, catching their attention straight away?

Or should he try a quieter approach, acting as natural as possible? Something that would make the other cubs see what he had to offer?

Nah! Going in all guns blazing sounded far better! He just needed to brag about how he was going to be King. That would seal the deal, wouldn't it?

It had to. Otherwise, what was he to do?

AN: Simba and Nala seem to be having the same problem. They should get together some time. Oh, there's a thought...

So, still like the story? Let me know with those lovely reviews.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Bragging Rights

AN: Nice to hear the story's good. Now I'm fully motivated. Well, as promised, here are the next two chapters.

Chapter Five: Bragging Rights

Simba strode over to the waterhole, trying to look as cool and confident as possible. To people watching him, he actually did appear to look very assured and in control.

However, on the inside, his mind was riddled with worry and fear. He was still arguing with himself on what to do. He was pretty sure that the cool, calm, collective approach would work. He just had to brag about everything that was so great about him.

That's what male cubs loved, right? Someone they could look up to. Someone who could be their esteemed leader. Simba liked the sound of that. They'd be worshipping him! He'd be like their King!

Come on, he told himself, as he spotted the side of the water hole that the male cubs were playing on. *This'll be easy.*

Everything looked normal enough. Some cubs were play-fighting, others were talking, and some were trying to push other into the water hole.

Simba took one more deep breath. *Here goes nothing.*

He confidently strode over to the group of male cubs, looking as cool as he possibly could.

The other cubs eyed Simba suspiciously, wondering why he was looking that way. He looked like he was trying to be smooth.

Simba smiled at the cubs as he walked past and sat down. "Hey, guys," he said coolly. "What's up?"

"Who are you?" one of the cubs asked curiously.

Simba let out a big fake laugh. "You don't know who I am?" He laughed again. "I'm Simba. *Prince* Simba. The future King."

Everyone gasped. "Really?" they all exclaimed at the same time.

Simba smiled. He'd done it. They were eating right out of his paw! Just as he had planned.

"Yep. One day this kingdom will all be mine," he told them all.

"Whoa..." they all said in surprise.

"Yeah. I guess it is pretty cool," he continued bragging, "I'll be able to do whatever I want, whenever I want."

"Cool," one of the cubs said, before resuming his conversation with one of his friends.

Simba put his paw around another cub's shoulder, who looked at him suspiciously. "Of course, once I'm King most of you will end up doing whatever I say, so I guessed I should get to know you all, so it's not so awkward."

"Would you mind not touching me?" the cub asked, gesturing to Simba's paw around his shoulder.

"Hey, you can trust me, I'm the Prince," Simba assured the cub in his 'smooth' voice.

"So?"

Simba looked surprised. "'So'?" he echoed the other cub. "What do you mean, 'so'?"

"What does that have to do with trusting you?" the cub asked.

"It just does," replied Simba, grinning. This was too easy. They loved him!

Or at least, that's what he thought. The other cubs were slowly beginning to find Simba very irritating.

"So, how great does it feel to finally meet me?" Simba asked the cub he had his paw around.

"Annoying," came the reply.

Simba nodded. "Oh, great..." Then he realised, and his eyes widened in surprise. "Wait, what?"

"I said it feels annoying. All you do is talk about yourself and boast about how you're gonna be King."

"But I *am* gonna be King!" he insisted. "That makes me automatically you friend, right?"

One of the other cubs scoffed. "You got a lot to learn about making friends, you know."

"What do you mean?" Simba asked. "I'm the Prince. I know *everything* about making friends. What a stupid thing to say."

The cub rolled his eyes. "You don't know anything. *You're* the stupid one."

Simba narrowed his eyes at the cub, an angry look forming on his face. "Are you calling me stupid?"

"Yes," was the simple reply.

Simba then looked stunned. "You can't talk to me like that!"

"Why not? You're one of the most annoying people I've ever met." He started mocking Simba in a high-pitched voice. "I'm gonna be the King! Look at me, everyone!"

Simba growled. "You won't be saying that when I'm King."

"Here we go again. I'll probably leave once you actually *become* the King. If I can't stand you now then I don't know how I'll survive when you're actually the King."

Uh, oh. He was losing his audience! This wasn't how he rehearsed it! They were supposed to be worshipping him by now! This was going wrong. Very, very, very, very wrong.

"Why don't you just go annoy someone else?" the cub asked. "I can't be bothered to listen to you boasting all the time."

"Me, too," the cub who Simba had his paw around agreed, getting up.

"Come on, let's go play further down," the cub suggested.

"Good idea."

And with that they both walked off, leaving Simba on his own.

"Was it something I said?"

Now he was lonely. The one chance he had to make a lot of friends and he blew it. He sighed. *I knew I should have gone for the honesty approach...*

Simba slowly got to his feet, and walked off, feeling a little bit sad. Maybe he shouldn't have acted like that. But it was far too late for that now.

No friends. Great. This was the worst thing that could have possibly happened to him today. Now what was he going to tell his mother? He could picture the scenario now.

"So Simba, did you make any friends?"

"No. They all kicked me out of their group."

"You're grounded for two months, young man."

"Aw!"

Simba rolled his eyes at the thought. Now he'd probably get punished for something that was completely out of his control. How unfair was that? It wasn't easy being him.

And that was when Simba realised he had to find someone to be his friend, and he had to find someone fast. But how? Just what was the perfect way to do it?

He was going to need to get some helpful advice from someone, and he knew just the person.

Uncle Scar!

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Helpful Advice

Chapter Six: Helpful Advice

"Hey, Uncle Scar!"

Scar winced when he heard the cheery voice of his nephew, Simba. Oh, how he despised him! If it wasn't for that little cub then he would be next in line to become King! He hated Simba so much! He'd just love to wrap his claws around that cub's little...

Scar rolled over in his lonely cave, and looked at Simba, who was standing a few feet in front of him, smiling. Oh, that smile was so irritating. One day he was going to tear that cub's head off!

Unfortunately, Scar was forced to pretend he liked the little... *thing*, just so he wouldn't blow his cover. His plans involved far more than just killing Simba...

Scar sighed. "Yes, Simba?"

"Uncle Scar, how do you make friends?" Simba asked, sounding like he desperately wanted to know.

Friends? Scar's eyes widened at the mere mention of friends. If you wanted to know *anything* about friends, then the person you would be least likely to ask was Scar. Scar had no friends. Well, his hyena minions counted him as friends, but that's not to say that he considered *them* as friends. They were more like... obedient slaves to him.

"Well?" Simba asked impatiently.

"Um..." Scar put his paw to his chin, pretending to think of something. "Oh! I know, why don't you just brag to the cubs about how one day you'll be the..." He hesitated. "*King*."

"Tried it," he informed Scar.

Scar gritted his teeth. Every second more he spent with Simba increased his urge to slash him in the throat there and then. Couldn't the cub just try to figure things out on his own for once?

"Well..." Scar thought for a moment, when he was hit by a sudden brainwave. This would get rid of Simba, for sure! "I know. Why don't you do the exact opposite of what you're trying to do?"

"Huh?" Simba cocked his head to the side, not truly understanding.

Scar sighed. "Instead of you looking for friends, why don't you let people look for *you*? You know, sit around and wait for cubs to come up to you, strike up a conversation and eventually you'll become..." He shuddered at the word which he despised. "*Friends*."

Simba smiled, satisfied with the advice. "That's a great idea, Uncle Scar! Thanks a lot!"

In his mind, Scar was jumping for joy. "Good. Now run along, and go make some... *friends*."

"See you later!" Simba exclaimed cheerfully, running out of the cave.

"I hope not," Scar muttered before he closed his eyes, ready for a nap. He wondered if he'd have that dream where he forces Mufasa to eat Simba again...

Sarafina smiled when she saw Nala walking over to her in the den. One thing that struck her as odd was the fact that Nala appeared to be wet.

"Nala, you're wet!" Sarafina commented. "Been playing a game with your new friends, huh?"

"The opposite, actually," Nala muttered a response.

"What do you mean, Nala?" Sarafina asked, concerned. If she wasn't playing, then just what had happened to her?

"I tried to make friends with the other girls, but they made fun of me. They called me a freak."

Sarafina looked at her cub sympathetically. "Oh, Nala..."

"And when I tried to walk away, I tripped over a rock and fell into the water hole. And that's why I'm wet."

Sarafina hugged her daughter close to her. "Don't worry about them, Nala. Don't you listen to them."

"I *didn't*," Nala informed her mother. "I wouldn't want to be friends with them anyway. They're just... Well, they're too mean. Just because I'm new they think it's right to make fun of me. Why?"

"Well, Nala, everyone has trouble fitting in. When I was your age I was nervous about making friends, too."

"You were?"

She nodded. "Uh-huh. But I managed. I sat by a tree and let people come over to me, instead of me looking for them. It worked perfectly. There's someone for everyone, Nala. I should know. So you're going to have to keep trying to make some friends. Otherwise you'll never find anyone who has anything in common with you."

"Hmm..." Nala thought for a moment. "So, if I go back to the water hole, and just wait there, people will start coming over and talking to me?"

"That's what I'm saying," replied Sarafina. "If it worked for me, then surely it can work for you."

Nala looked up at her mother, and smiled. "Thanks, Mom."

"I'm just happy to help, Nala," she told her daughter. "Now go on, try what I said. But be careful."

"I will," Nala told her, before running out of the den, eager to try what her mother had advised her to do. If she did it correctly, it just might work. She hoped so. After all, her mother was very smart, and if Nala wanted to know something, then the chances were that her mother knew all the right answers. She always turned out to be right, so Nala had a lot of faith in her, and had never doubted her mother once.

Nala made her way down Pride Rock, and travelled in the direction of the water hole. Her plan was simple enough. She'd just sit by a tree or something, close to the other cubs, and just wait. One of them was bound to come over to her sooner or later, and would start talking to her. As long as she handled it correctly, Nala figured she'd have at least one friend by the end of the day.

Someone to talk to, someone she could share secrets with, someone to trust. The thought kind of excited her. She'd never had a friend before, so she didn't really know what it was like to have one. She guessed it would be kind of fun, though. That's what she was hoping...

One friend, that's all she was asking for. Just one. Was it too much to ask for?

AN: Well, I think you can see where this is going. See you tomorrow with the final chapter.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: You've Got a Friend in Me

AN: Thanks for all the reviews, everyone. It means a lot to me. So, here's the final chapter!

Chapter Seven: You've Got a Friend in Me

Simba sat up against an old tree by the water hole, sitting there patiently, listening to his Uncle Scar's advice. He was going to sit here, and wait for people to come to him!

They'll be here any second, he thought confidently. He was sure they would be here in their hundreds to worship him any second now!

Looking around, he couldn't actually see anyone, but this failed to deter him. Whatever happened, he was staying here until he had to go in. Someone had to show up to be his friend! Uncle Scar told him so! And he was brilliant at giving advice.

On the other side of the tree, Nala sat up against it also, wondering to herself who was going to come up to her and strike up a conversation. She peered out into the distance, but couldn't see anyone. The place was as quiet as a grave. Just where was everybody?

She hoped they hadn't moved further down the water hole to talk and play. She thought this tree would be the perfect spot to find a friend.

She waited around patiently for a few minutes, looking and listening to see if there was anybody around. Still, there was no one. The place was so... lonely. So silent.

Well, until Nala heard the noise on the other side of the tree. Her eyes widened. Someone was on the other side of the tree! And they were moving!

Simba shuffled uncomfortably against the tree, getting more impatient by the second. He expected to have made friends with at least one cub by now! Where were they all?

And then Simba heard someone move on the other side of the tree. He listened out, and could hear someone breathing.

Nala carefully listened out, to see if she could determine who was on the other side of the tree. She frowned when a thought occurred to her.

I bet it's one of those cubs from earlier, she thought angrily, thinking back to when she was bullied by those cubs when she tried to befriend them. *I bet it is!* A smile crossed her face. *Well, two can play at this game! If they're trying to hurt me, then I'm going to hurt them first!*

Simba listened out, trying to figure out who was on the other side. He narrowed his eyes when he thought of a possibility.

I bet it's one of those cubs from earlier, he thought suspiciously. *I bet it's that guy who said I was annoying. He's trying to sneak up on me when I'm not looking. He's trying to play some kind of trick on me. Well, I'll show him who's boss!*

Nala unsheathed her claws, ready to attack the person on the other side. She turned around, and positioned herself so she was ready to pounce at the person on the other side.

Simba unsheathed his claws, ready to attack whoever was after him on the other side of the tree. They were going to get it, all right! No one messes with Simba and gets away with it!

Simba turned around and positioned himself, ready to pounce on whoever was trying to trick him.

Both with determined looks on their faces, Simba and Nala pounced at exactly the same time, colliding with each other in midair.

Nala pinned her attacker to the ground easily, and begun to scold him as if he was one of the female cubs who had bullied her earlier.

"I have had enough of you and your girly friends!" she scolded. "I swear, if you come near me one more time I'll—"

"Hey, hey, hey!" Simba interrupted, waving his paws in the air. "I'm not a girl!"

Nala then realised she was talking to a boy. Her eyes widened in surprise. "Oh," she said, getting off of the male cub in front of her. "I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else."

"That's okay," Simba said, getting to his feet. "I thought *you* were someone else."

Nala raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

Simba smiled and nodded. "Uh-huh. I thought you were one of the guys that was after me."

Nala laughed. "Well, do I look like a guy?"

Simba laughed also. "I guess not."

Nala looked down at the ground. "Well... I'll just leave you alone, then. I should probably be getting back, anyway."

Nala turned around and walked off slowly and sadly, leaving Simba staring at her, surprised.

"Hey, why are you going?" Simba asked, running and standing in front of her, blocking her path.

"Well, you don't want me around," she replied, laughing. "You've probably got friends to see."

"Actually, you're wrong, there."

Nala stared at Simba, shocked. "Huh?"

"I actually... don't have any friends. I've been trying all day, but it hasn't gone so well."

Now Nala was very shocked. He'd been doing the same things she had all day? "Me, too!" she told him. "It's ridiculous. All the girls do all day is talk. Blah, blah, blah. It's so boring. I don't understand people who don't like to do anything exciting, like exploring places you're not supposed to, and doing really dangerous things."

Simba's face suddenly lit up. She liked to do all the same things he liked doing? This girl was cool!

"Wait a sec, you like exploring?" Simba asked.

Nala nodded. "Uh-huh."

"Me, too!" he told her excitedly.

"Really? Wow!" she exclaimed. "It's funny... You seem to like all the things I like doing."

"Same here." Simba smiled. "What's your name?"

"Nala," she replied. "What about you?"

"Simba," he replied.

Nala's eyes widened. "Simba?"

Simba nodded. "Yeah. Why?"

"As in *Prince* Simba?"

Simba grinned. "How did you guess?"

"Well... It's just I only moved into this pride yesterday, you see. So it must have been your father that let us into the pride. Your Dad's the King, isn't he?"

"Yep. He sure is."

"Whoa. I'm talking to the Prince. This is weird."

"Well..." Simba moved closer to Nala. "If *you* don't have any friends, and *I* don't have any friends, then do you know what that makes us?"

"No. What?"

"Friends!" he exclaimed happily.

Nala looked very surprised. "What? Really?"

"Yeah!" he replied cheerfully. "Why not? You're cool."

"Well, it's just that... You're the *last* person I expected to make friends with," she told him truthfully. The thought hadn't even crossed her mind. Not once. This was incredibly strange...

"Well, now I'm the *first* person you're going to make friends with," he said. He held out his paw. "What do you say?"

Nala stared into his brown eyes. Already she liked him, and it occurred to her that they seemed to have quite a lot in common. Could this be the friend she was looking for? Because it sure seemed like it!

Nala smiled at Simba, and shook his paw, making them friends. But Simba, being the mischievous cub he was, used this as an opportunity to pin Nala down.

He smiled, looking down at her. "That's for pinning me down earlier."

Nala smiled back at him. "I guess that's fair. Don't expect to be doing it again anytime soon, though."

"Oh, and why's that?"

"Because I'm the best at pinning people," she said, flipping Simba over.

"We'll see," Simba told her.

And so their little game began, and it carried on all day. They tried to pin each other down, they played tag, talked to each other a whole lot, and well... They just enjoyed themselves.

Now *this* was what they were both looking for. Simba was Nala's perfect idea of a friend, and Nala was Simba's perfect idea of a friend. It was... Well, perfect, to say the least.

They had a friend, and that was what mattered the most.

Sarafina sighed while she was talking to Queen Sarabi that evening. It was nearing sundown, and Nala was due back in soon.

"What's wrong?" Sarabi asked, concerned.

"I was just thinking about Nala," Sarafina replied. "I just hope she's managed to make at least one friend today. The trouble is she gets very nervous about things like that."

Sarabi nodded in agreement. "My son Simba felt the same way. In fact, he tried to sneak off to the Outlands this morning to try and wriggle out of socialising with the other cubs. I'm sure he's made a friend by now, though. I wonder who, though..."

And then Sarafina had a wide smile on her face. "I might have an idea who..." She pointed to the den entrance. Sarabi looked up to see Simba and Nala walk into the den, chatting happily to each other.

Sarabi and Sarafina then shot a surprised look at each other, smiling.

"I don't believe it," said Sarabi, stunned.

Of all the people Simba could have made friends with, and he'd made friends with Nala. Sarabi thought it was kind of... sweet.

Aw... Sarafina thought as she watched the two cubs approach them. *That's so cute!*

"Well, well, well," Sarafina said to her daughter. "Look who's made a friend."

Nala smiled happily. "Yep. This is Simba. I met him by the water hole."

Sarafina looked at Simba. "Nice to meet you, Simba."

Simba smiled kindly. "Nice to meet you, too."

Sarabi looked at her son. "See, Simba? I told you there was nothing to worry about, didn't I?"

"Hey, it's harder than it looks, you know," Simba told her. "It took me all day."

"Well, I'm just happy that you managed to make a new friend," she said.

"Did you have a lot of fun?" Sarafina asked.

"Yeah!" Nala exclaimed. "We played tag, and hide and seek, and a whole bunch of other stuff! It was great!"

Sarafina and Sarabi both looked at each other and chuckled. It looked like Simba and Nala were going to become great friends.

Oh, how right they were.

The End

AN: Looks like things worked out in the end, didn't they? So, that's one down, twelve to go. See you soon with the next story.

NEXT TIME: Scar is bored one day, so he decides to try and wreck Simba and Nala's newfound friendship.