



ACTIVITY 2

LION ATTACK!

Inspired by a range of stimuli, I can express and communicate my ideas, thoughts and feelings through drama.

EXA 2–13a

Read the following account of the Lion Attack, adapted from David's original.

HOTSEATING: Prepare questions to ask characters from the story – these could include David, Mebalwe Mohelabangwe, the villagers – even the Lion!

'It is well known that if one of a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint and leave that part of the country. So, the next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people to kill one of the lions in the hope that the whole pride would leave the area.

We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed in, climbing higher up the hill towards the lions. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebalwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebalwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting.

The lion bit at the rock where the balls bounced, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him. Then the lion



David Livingstone attacked by a lion (from 'Missionary Travels').

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leapt up, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him.. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire in case we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. Seeing as we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we began walking toward the village.

However, around the hill I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot, he is shot!" Others cried, "He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!" I did not see anyone else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, "Stop a little, till I load again."

While I was loading bullets into my gun I heard a shout. Looking around, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was kneeling and he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. I was so shocked and surprised that there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror. The Lion had one paw on the back of my head. I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, then fell down dead from his bullet wounds.'