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Last at night, a lioness on the riverbank awakened. Zira coughed and wheezed. She had finally left the river, but she was only semi-conscious. She felt--and *was*--more ragged than she had ever been. She looked up at the sky, to see Scar and Nuka together. She half wished she had joined them. But, looking back, Scar *had* caused enough damage for Simba to have reason to banish his followers. She sighed in regret, looking up again. Instead of Scar and Nuka, she saw Scar's brother, Mufasa. And Mufasa spoke: "Zira, you have continued the hardships given by my brother. But it does not mean you must continue." Zira looked hopelessly at the spirit in the sky, "But it is too late! I cannot change the past, no creature will accept me!"

Mufasa slowly began to fade, calling, "Simba's son!"

Zira was stuck by awe. Simba did not have a son, it was a daughter, Kiara. Mufasa should know that. But, perhaps he meant Kovu? *No*, Zira thought, sighing, *Kovu, my own son, hates me as well. But who could Mufasa mean?* Just then, tiredness overcame Zira, and she fainted.