

Cliffhanger - A Tale of Courage and Isolation

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Joshua was a boy who lived for the spring tradition of hiking and climbing with his father, Mike. It was their sacred bond, a time filled with laughter, shared stories, and the unspoken connection that only a father and son can share. But one fateful morning, Mike had to leave for work early, breaking their cherished routine. Joshua, determined to keep their tradition alive, decided to venture out alone.

The mountain was serene, bathed in the soft light of dawn. Joshua felt a surge of excitement as he began his journey alone up the mountain. With each step, his confidence grew, and he climbed faster and faster. The thought of making his father proud and reaching the summit on his own drove him onward.

Halfway up, Joshua stopped to rest but the solitude quickly turned daunting. He then was struck by a chilling realization; he had forgotten his safety gear. A wave of dread swept over him, growing heavier with each heartbeat. He tried to descend, but the loose rocks beneath him whispered

of danger, threatening to collapse into an avalanche at the slightest movement.

Panic clawed at Joshua's chest as he stood frozen in a cold sweat, suspended between earth and sky. The wind howled around him, carrying with it a suffocating silence, no footsteps, no voices, no hope of rescue. His mind raced with thoughts of his father; of the countless spring days they had spent together. Memories of laughter echoed in his mind, mingling cruelly with the harsh reality of his isolation.

Joshua didn't have his phone. There was no one to hear his cries for help. He was utterly alone. As the minutes stretched into an eternity, his fear turned to despair. And the mountain, indifferent to his struggle, held him in its unyielding grip.

Joshua's thoughts drifted back to the first time he and his father had climbed this very mountain. He remembered the excitement in his father's eyes as they reached the summit, the way the world seemed to stretch out endlessly before them. It was a moment of pure joy, a memory that had fueled Joshua's love for climbing. But now, that joy was replaced by fear.

As the hours passed, Joshua's strength began to decrease. He knew he couldn't stay on the mountain forever, but the thought of moving sent

shivers down his spine. He tried to calm himself, to think rationally, but the fear was overwhelming. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to summon the courage to make a move.

Suddenly, a sound broke the silence; a distant rumble that grew louder with each passing second. Joshua's heart raced as he realized what it was: an avalanche. The mountain was coming alive, and he was caught in its path with nowhere to go. He clung to the rocks, praying for a miracle, but the force of the avalanche was too strong. The ground beneath him gave way, and he was swept into the chaos.

Joshua's world became a blur of snow and rock, his body tossed around like a ragdoll. He fought to stay conscious, to keep his wits about him, but the pain was too much. As the avalanche finally came to a halt, Joshua lay buried beneath the snow, his body broken and battered. He knew he was in trouble, but he refused to give up.

With every ounce of strength he had left, Joshua began to dig himself out. The snow was heavy, and his movements were slow, but he was determined to survive. He thought of his father, of the bond they shared, and it gave him the strength to keep going. Inch by inch, he clawed his way to the surface, his breath coming in short breaths.

When he finally broke free, Joshua was greeted by the harsh reality of his situation. He was alone, injured, and miles from safety. But he refused to let despair take hold. He knew he had to keep moving, to find a way off the mountain. With a steely determination, he began to make his way down, each step a battle against the pain.

As the sun began to set, Joshua's strength was nearly gone. He stumbled and fell, his body unable to keep up with his will. But just when he thought he couldn't go on, he heard a voice, a faint call that grew louder with each passing second. It was his father, searching for him, refusing to give up.

With renewed hope, Joshua pushed himself to his feet and called out.

Then, he realized he was hallucinating about the avalanche and his father.

P.S Joshua was never found, and some say he is still hanging on for dear life, just a cliffhanger!

THE END!