

# Lost on a Mountain

A true story!

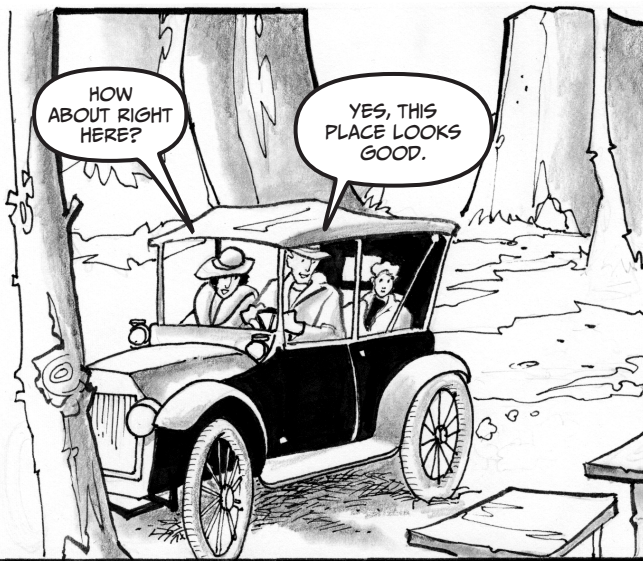
WELCOME TO  
YOSEMITE NATIONAL  
PARK. STAYIN'  
AWHILE?

WE'D LIKE TO  
CAMP HERE FOR  
THE NIGHT.

WHY, SURE. THE  
CAMPSITES ARE  
JUST DOWN THE  
ROAD A PIECE.

BEING AS IT'S  
FALL, THE BEARS  
ARE PARTICULARLY  
HUNGRY THIS TIME  
OF YEAR.

SO KEEP A CLOSE  
WATCH ON YOUR FOOD  
AND ON YOURSELVES,  
YOU HEAR?



HOW ABOUT RIGHT HERE?

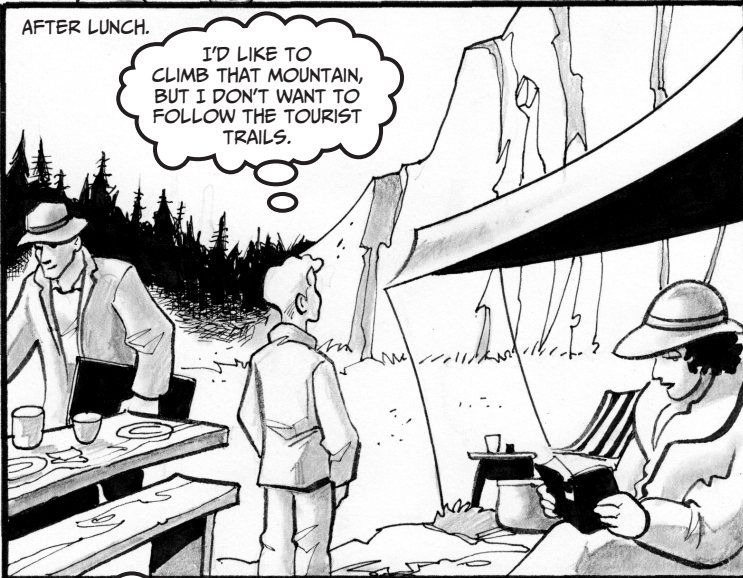
YES, THIS PLACE LOOKS GOOD.



COME ON, LET'S GET SET UP.

AFTER LUNCH.

I'D LIKE TO CLIMB THAT MOUNTAIN, BUT I DON'T WANT TO FOLLOW THE TOURIST TRAILS.



IF I ASK MOTHER FOR PERMISSION TO GO OFF TRAIL, SHE'LL PROBABLY SAY NO.



BUT I REALLY WANT TO. .... I HAVE THIS MAP, SO I'LL BE OKAY.

I'LL GO *THIS* WAY, STRAIGHT UP THE MOUNTAIN.





IT TOOK DAVID HOURS TO MAKE IT TO THE TOP WITHOUT FOLLOWING A TRAIL. BUT FINALLY...

PHEW,  
I MADE IT.  
WHAT A  
VIEW!

IT'S  
THRILLING TO  
BE ON THE  
TOP OF THIS  
MOUNTAIN!

HEY! HELLO!  
HEY, YOU DOWN  
THERE! I'M UP HERE  
ON THE MOUNTAIN!  
HEY!

I'D BETTER HEAD  
BACK BEFORE DARK.  
IT'S TOO STEEP TO  
GO BACK DOWN THE  
WAY I CAME UP.

THE MAP SHOWS  
A FIVE-KILOMETER  
TRAIL THAT PASSES  
OVER THE TOP OF THE  
FALLS AND BACK TO  
THE VALLEY.

IT'S GOING TO  
BE **FREEZING**  
**COLD** UP HERE  
ONCE THE SUN  
SETS.

AFTER GOING THROUGH THE WOODS FOR A WHILE...

ODD.  
THIS TRAIL  
DOESN'T LOOK  
LIKE IT'S BEEN  
USED FOR  
YEARS.

IT WAS GETTING DARKER,  
AND DAVID HAD TROUBLE  
FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

THE WATER WAS RAGING  
AT THE TOP OF THE  
FALLS, WHICH WERE  
OVER 400 METERS HIGH.

NO WONDER  
THE TRAIL SEEMS  
UNUSED, THE BRIDGE  
HAS BEEN WASHED  
AWAY!

THE TRAIL PICKS  
UP AGAIN ON THE  
OTHER SIDE, BUT  
HOW AM I GOING  
TO GET ACROSS??

DAVID HIKED A COUPLE OF  
KILOMETERS UPSTREAM  
LOOKING FOR A WAY TO  
CROSS.

THERE'S NO  
PLACE TO CROSS,  
AND IT'S TOO ROUGH  
TO SWIM ACROSS. BUT  
I'VE GOT TO  
GET OVER.





A FISHMAN.

HEY YOU, HEY,  
MISTER! **HEY!**  
**HELP! HELP!**

THOUGH NO MORE THAN FOUR METERS  
AWAY, THE FISHERMAN COULDN'T HEAR  
HIM OVER THE RAGING OF THE RIVER.



WHAT AM I  
GOING TO DO?  
I'M NEVER GOING  
TO FIND MY WAY  
BACK THROUGH THE  
WOODS.



IT'S COLD,  
AND I DON'T  
EVEN HAVE A  
MATCH.



AND IF  
ANY OF  
THOSE BEARS  
COME....

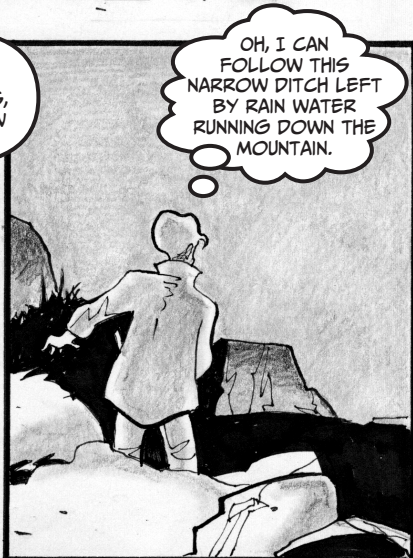


IF ONLY I HAD  
TOLD MY PARENTS  
WHERE I WENT,  
THEN  
THEY MIGHT BE ABLE  
TO FIND AND HELP  
ME.

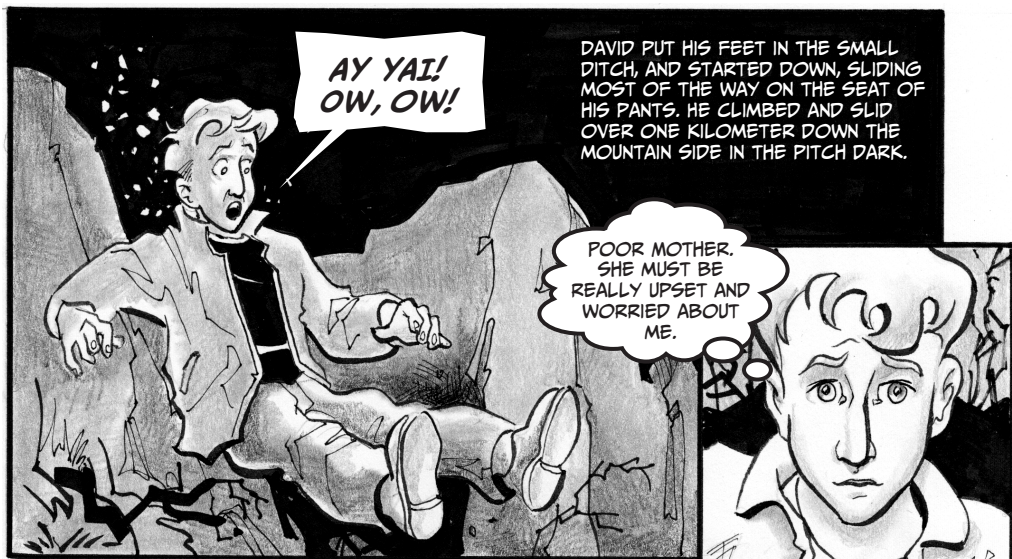
OH, JESUS,  
PLEASE HELP. I  
REALLY NEED YOU.  
PLEASE SHOW ME  
WHAT TO DO!



DAVID TOOK OFF RUNNING BACK ALONG THE FAINT PATH THROUGH THE DARK WOODS.







AY YAI!  
OW, OW!

DAVID PUT HIS FEET IN THE SMALL DITCH, AND STARTED DOWN, SLIDING MOST OF THE WAY ON THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS. HE CLIMBED AND SLID OVER ONE KILOMETER DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE IN THE PITCH DARK.

POOR MOTHER.  
SHE MUST BE  
REALLY UPSET AND  
WORRIED ABOUT  
ME.

FINALLY, AT 2 AM, DAVID TIPTOED BACK INTO THE TENT AND FOUND HIS MOTHER PRAYING.

JESUS, PLEASE BRING  
DAVID BACK SAFELY. TAKE  
CARE OF HIM. YOU PROMISED  
THAT YOUR PRESENCE WILL  
BE AROUND THOSE WHO  
LOVE YOU...<sup>1</sup>

MOTHER, I'M  
BACK.

DAVID, DAVID!  
WHERE HAVE  
YOU BEEN?

I CLIMBED THE  
MOUNTAIN.



AND REMEMBER TO ASK JESUS TO GUIDE AND PROTECT YOU. "HE GOES BEFORE THEM, AND THE SHEEP FOLLOW HIM, FOR THEY KNOW HIS VOICE" (JOHN 10:4 AKJV).