



The sun was high overhead, beating down mercilessly as he trudged along the narrow trail. Sweat poured down his brow, stinging his eyes as he scanned the steep, and rocky terrain for any sign of the familiar path.

He had become disoriented during a sudden downpour earlier, losing sight of his companions as they hurried to seek shelter. Now, alone and with no clear sense of direction, panic began to creep into his mind. All he could hear in his head was how that morning his wife told him not to go due to the incoming weather, and of course, he didn't listen to her.

"Damn it," he muttered under his breath, berating himself for his stubborn decision to go ahead with the hike despite his wife's warning. If only he had listened to her wise advice, he wouldn't be in this precarious situation, lost and alone on the mountainside.

The guilt and self-recrimination only intensified his anxiety, making it harder for him to think clearly. He paused, drawing in a deep, shaky breath, trying to regain his composure. "Stay focused," he told himself sternly. "Panicking won't help."

Slowly, he scanned the terrain again, searching for any recognizable landmarks that could guide him back to the trail. But the rocky outcroppings and winding paths all looked the same, blurring together in his fatigued mind.

"I should have listened to her," he muttered, his voice laced with regret. "She was right, as usual. Now, I might not even make it back to her."

The thought of never seeing his beloved wife again sent a shiver down his spine. He couldn't bear the idea of her sitting at home, waiting anxiously for his return, only to be met with the devastating news that he was lost, or worse dead. The feeling made him feel like he was going to vomit. He needed to survive. He needed to find his way out of there not only for him but for her too.

With renewed determination, he pushed forward, his steps more focused and purposeful. He would not give up, not when his wife was waiting for him. Carefully, he navigated the treacherous terrain, searching for any sign of the familiar path that would lead him back to safety.