

Chapter 4: Horribly Lost

Now, getting back to our little lamb, cowlick and all... There he was on the side of Mount Horrible until finally the rain gave up. Clarence went directly over to the crack to see what had happened to the acorn. The rainwater had sifted dirt down into the crevice, and the acorn was nowhere to be seen.

Clarence was beyond tears. "At least Midnight and Lightning didn't get it," he thought, and that cheered him up a bit. He let his wool dry out some, and after one last drink, he left the niche and Mount Horrible. He couldn't explain it, but he just felt uncomfortable there, and now that his acorn was gone, he hurried away.

Clarence spent many weeks wandering different parts of the desert and low mountains. He was in no hurry to go back to the valley. His long walks gave him time to think and talk to himself. He caught himself looking up, hoping that more acorns would fall on him, but none did.

As time passed, Clarence got bigger and stronger. His cowlick did so as well. He was more or less content avoiding the other Far-outers, but he felt lonely. He started to spend more time in the valley, but the other lambs were worse than ever. Midnight and Lightning would smirk when he walked by. Rolling pebbles around, they would sing "Oh my precious little treasure, where are your precious little treasure?" Clarence just ignored them.

One day, Clarence was napping in the shade of his rock when he dreamt about his lost acorn on Mount Horrible. His dream was that the spring started pouring out acorns instead of water. It was wonderful. Clarence woke up happy, happier than he had been in months. As he thought about it, it struck him, "Why not go back and visit the niche? Perhaps my acorn had been uncovered." So, after taking a drink, Clarence set off in the direction of Mount Horrible.

As he got close to the triple peaks of Mount Horrible, he started to listen for the spring. It was a windy day, so it was hard to hear anything, let alone the water's soft murmur. Slowly, the Far-outer picked his way up the mountain. "Yes, I remember that rock... and these stones..." and so on, he went until even he had to admit he was lost. One of the peaks was hidden by the others. That meant he had gone too far south, or was it north? He just couldn't figure it out, and now the sun was beginning to set. Oh, what should he do?

Clarence sat on a rock and looked around him. One thing was for sure. Mount Horrible was absolutely bare. He could not see anything green anywhere close. His stomach was really empty. He smacked his lips thinking about the river in the valley. Why had he bothered to come out there? All because of the stupid acorn!

Are you searching for the Christ Child this Advent? Sometimes, even though you are doing a good thing, looking for your treasure, it turns out to be difficult. Joseph and Mary were looking for an inn and could not find one. Would you have helped them?

TASK: Help Mom and Dad around the house, make it ready for the Christ Child.