**Friday May 29th 1953**

**A.M**

Dear Diary,

Today we are going to reach the summit of Mount Everest. For years, I've seen people attempting the climb but not succeeding because of the weather, health and lack of food. However, that's not going to stop Mr Hillary! Even though my boots froze solid this morning, my other 10 layers aren't frozen so I can still keep warm. As I got out of bed, I heard the wind clashing against the tent and I could feel the snow under me like lumpy cheese. The smell was very bland, only Yak wee and water dribbling down the side of the tent; it got very boring. On yesterdays climb, there was a massive crevasse named Khumba which I nearly fell down, thankfully Tenzing saved me with a rope. When we've got the air masks and stuff ready, we can set off and begin the last 1,135ft of snow climb. As I exit the tent I think I will feel nauseous with worry about the death zone. I hope I make it!

**P.M**

**I REACHED THE TOP!!!!**

At the top, the air was so thin and it felt like it was -50 degrees up there. The wind was very treacherous on us but luckily we didn't fly away. Tenzing looked happy up there as he reached the summit of Mount Everest; it felt good. I was over the moon as I was on the top of the world. I thought over and over again about my achievement. At the summit, I buried a cross that was given to me by Colonel John Hunt and Tenzing buried some sweets. We were up there for 15mins taking pictures and making memories then we started the descent. Now, we start the long journey home. I can't wait to eat proper New Zealand food and have a nice, warm and comfy bed again.

E.Hilary