

The Greatest Climb of My Life

My alarm rang and I rolled out of bed and put my clothes on. "Tigar!" my father called, "Come here!" I obeyed and hurried to get him his breakfast. My mom died at birth, so my dad was left to take care of me. And the thing is, he doesn't appreciate me. He wanted a little baby girl. Not a boy. My father is very rich, getting his wealth from a clothing industry. He is rolling in money. But he doesn't share any of it with me. All I have is a little shack and a wardrobe for a week.

After a quick breakfast, I stepped outside to start my daily training. I am a mountain climber, and I want to scale the tallest mountain in the world. That's right; my dream is to climb Mount Everest. My training sessions have lasted months 9 months now. I live in Tibet, an area of China, right next to the enormous mountain. The mountain straddles the border between Nepal and China. It is part of the Himalayas mountain range.

I decided to do a long jog around town. While I was running, I passed by several shops on my way through the neighborhood. I hesitated in front of my favorite store, a mountaineering equipment store. Looking into the large, glass windows; I spotted a spacious one-person tent alongside a sleeping bag and a large backpack. But what I desire most is an ice axe. You can't climb Everest without a good ice axe and decent crampons to keep you from slipping. If I had the money, I would buy the equipment. But I'm broke because my father is a selfish, greedy man.

I arrived home and made myself a sandwich. As I walked out the door to eat my meal outside, I thought about how I could make a little money. My neighborhood neglected beggars, plus you barely got any money that way. I kept thinking as I walked through the small hills behind my house. I strolled by a small stream that seemed to go on forever, and sat down on a broad rock. I knew I was ready to climb. I had worked and readied myself for this one moment, summiting Mount Everest. Countless hours spent researching and asking other climbers about their experiences. The only problem was money. Who has money they can lend to me? And then I knew what I had to do to achieve my one goal in life. I had to steal from my father.

After dinner, I planned the whole heist out. My dad had to leave extra-early tomorrow for a meeting, and he was going to have lunch with his co-workers. I chose to swipe some money from the safe in his room after breakfast, when the maid was busy cleaning up the kitchen.

After a nervous breakfast, I casually walked into his room. I opened his vault using a key hidden in his pillowcase. You can learn a thing or two from listening to maids' gossip. I stuffed a couple handfuls of large bills in my bag and hastily left before I got caught.

I was free. I could buy anything. I decided to depart for Everest that afternoon. But first, I had to get my equipment. I walked to the market, pulling my wagon behind me. I proceeded to my favorite store and bought everything I saw. From boots to down jackets, sunglasses to helmets, and gloves to goggles. I also purchased the big backpack in the front window, along with a tent and sleeping bags. Excitedly, I picked out my ice axe and crampons in addition to my large purchase. I ran back to my house and took my father's broken-down pickup truck. While I loaded all my gear in, I ran back to my shack and stuffed all my personal belongings into my small backpack. I was ready to go. I climbed into the driver's side and started the engine.

Arriving at the base of Everest, I hired 2 Sherpas, my guides for the mountain. "Here I go," I thought to myself, "Tigar, you have trained and trained, you can do it." First we went to Main Base Camp, where we could socialize with other climbers from a variety of countries. Then we moved on to Advanced Base Camp, or ABC We stayed there for several weeks to acclimatize. It got chillier and windier the higher we went. We then carried ourselves up to Camp 1. I could barely pitch my tent that night, I was so exhausted. The next morning we were going to proceed to Camp 2, but an immense avalanche was reported so our travels were delayed another day. Finally we made it up to Camp 2. We spent one more night then aimed for the summit. We left super early in the morning and arrived at the summit mid-afternoon. "Yes!" I

cried as I stood on the top of the world. I whooped and hollered and cried with my Sherpas, who had been so kind to me the whole journey. I couldn't believe I actually did it! After the best 20 minutes of my life on the top of the world, we had to start descending. Most deaths occurred while descending, but we made it to Base Camp safely and to a lot of pats on the back and congratulations.

My father, however, had other things to say. "Do you know how irresponsible that was, Tigar! You stole from me, left without anyone's permission, and climbed a mountain that could've gotten you killed! You will find a job and pay me everything you earn. Now go!"

After a long talking-to from my father, I was sent to my shack for the rest of the day. But I didn't care. I had done it. I had scaled the tallest mountain in the world, at 29,028 feet. The climb took nearly 2 months. I fell into a deep sleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.