**Emma, 8Y:**

***My personal Everest***

*My personal Everest is going to become a journalist for national news platform. This has always been one of my goals and although it does not affect anybody else I feel that it would make me really happy in life. I can clearly imagine that day when I send my first finished article off to the editor and then it gets sent off to the printers. I would start to feel really worked up about it and begin to worry that it would not be up to standard. Then in then in the morning I would go out to the corner store and look for my newspaper. With trembling hands I would pass over the change and take it home with me before daring to open it. Placing it o the kitchen table I can imagine that the noise of the rustling would be amplified. On turning the pages of the paper and finding my article I would feel an indescribable sense of achievement and contentment that would be printed in my mind forever. I would have climbed my Everest.*

***Redrafting: I’m lost in a storm***

*We all knew what that sound was. Every book I’d read, every lecture I’d attended, every documentary I’d sat through had all warned us about this :it was the subtle but definite sound of death, drawing nearer ever second we stood gaping at it ,admiring a never ending basin of dirty soap suds that swirled purposefully towards us . Then it pounced, the winds moaning as they buffered us and the snow, oh the snow. Every tiny crystal was like a slicing dagger pulling you one step closer to the end. I turned into the near pitch black “Umm, what do we do next?”  The answer I got was less reassuring than what I had hoped for “Keep calm and pray for safety, we’ve called base camp and they are on their way... we think.”  My natural instinct told me to walk towards the voice but it was wrong. I knew it was wrong when my foot hit a large gap of nothingness. I was on the edge, going forwards was suicidal and going backwards didn’t look like a very positive idea either.*

*So now what: I’ve been here for an hour and I’m on the edge of a precipice waiting for the end. My whole body is slowly turning into a frozen fish finger and my mind is becoming delirious. And I’m lonely, so so lonely; it is pressing in on my like a blanket that is so tightly wrapped around me that I can’t fight it off.  All I can think of is that time when I fell off the park swing and twisted my ankle I was all alone then too, I was so desperate to yell but I couldn’t, I was to shocked. I stop now and take a deep breath. These could be my final words. My final moment. But then so could’ve all of those other times. I call but inside me I know that it is too late. I’m gone.*

**Claudia, 7X**

Second Draft - The thing I'd miss the most

If I went to Mount Everest I would miss the bath the most because of the way it relaxes and makes me happy after a long day at school.  Think about turning on the tap and putting the plug in as the bath fills with luxurious warm water; as steam fills the room making it look like a mad experiment has just happened. Bath bombs fizzing in the water turning it different colours of the rainbows, taking you to a magical faraway place. I remember the first time I had a bath,  when I was a toddler splashing in the bath playing with my blue spotted tea set pretending I was running my own cafe with the bathwater as tea and coffee and the bubbles as the froth as my Mum played along. My imagination was my plane ride, anywhere I wanted to go:  I could be a deep sea diver swimming away from a shark, a pirate looking for lost treasure or a fish exploring the hidden secrets behind the beautiful corals. Even though I was in a simple normal bath I could have been anywhere in the world and be anything so as I say the bath holds all your memories more than any photo.

**Holly, 8X**

An eleven year old up Everest?

We recently learned that an eleven year old boy has a dream to climb Mount Everest. In my opinion, why not? Everyone in the world has a dream; this is his. We should embrace his courage; we should encourage him to pursue his passion; we should allow him to achieve his dream. Nothing is impossible, and only the impossible is impossible. For him, this is his opportunity; we have no knowledge of his talent, until he tries; and we shouldn’t restrict him simply because of our beliefs. In fact, statistics show that though it is the highest, Everest is not the most dangerous in the world. With the correct support, supplies and smile, he will be extremely well prepared. Therefore, as mentioned earlier, why can’t an eleven year-old do something of this nature? It would be inspirational to many, and who knows who might be up there next?

**Jack, 7Z**

**If I went to Everest, the thing I’d miss the most...**

The thing I would miss the most if I were to climb Mount Everest would be my little brother, Luke. This is because I love him loads and loads (even if he is incredibly annoying) and he is my greatest friend. We share much the same interests and I have spent a lot of good times with him. Another thing I would miss is reading. Books are, in my opinion, portals to other worlds. You could be sat in your bedroom, and then suddenly whisked away to another place, another time, another world. Books are also one of the things that my brother and I share an interest in.

 So, what about you - what would you miss?

**Harry , 8Z**

  I’m Lost in a Storm

Tiny shards of ice bite at my face. The wind is a screeching whistle, the ground an earthquake, me an insignificant dot in an engulfing storm of white. Cold attacks every cell in my body like an avalanche of tiny soldiers. Adrenaline courses through my veins and fear fills my head. If I believed in a higher power, I’d be on my knees praying like a beggar on the street. No. It’s just me, the mountain, and a whole new mountain to climb presenting itself as a ruthless coating of ice, whipping me with bitter cold – showing no signs of stopping. And Mark, my guide. Where is he anyway?

Cupping my hands and shouting at the top of my lungs, I call for him. “Mark!” my screams are muffled by the wind, howling like a pack of wolves. I try again, screaming until I run out of breath. “Mark! Where are you?” My voice is as unheard as insects talking are to humans.

I begin to panic, the snow devouring my legs, like a bittersweet compliment; ironically comforting. I struggle for breath under a layer of white whisking me through the air. I can feel my body shutting down slowly as the cold penetrates my shield of warmth, decomposing me like rotting leaves in a rainforest. I think back to a moment of warmth from my childhood. A fire burning bright. Marshmallows. Laughter.

I fall to the floor and hear mumbling concealed under the pure white, all-evil powder. I look up and see a stone-cold frostbitten hand sticking up out of the infinite white.

 It was Marks.

**Archit, 8Y**

I’m Lost in a Storm – Second Draft

“Wake up!”

I woke up, startled, from the shriek that my companion had just made. Sitting up straight in my sleeping bag, I see my friend looking out of the tent, his face as ashen as a poltergeist.

“What do you want?!” I snapped, irritated. We needed to get 6 hours of sleep before the next day, and thanks to him, I only got 3.

“Look outside!” he whispered, still extremely pallid.

Getting slightly worried about my friend, I got up from my sleeping bag and looked outside. I will never forget what it was that I saw that day. A sheer, white storm was heading right towards us. I could see every detail: from the trees it swept along with it to tents of fellow campers. It really was the devil himself.

“RUN!” I yelled. We both ran as fast as our legs could take us away from the storm. The clouds loomed menacingly over us like a bully who wanted your lunch money. I wasn’t fast enough. I heard the storm hit the mountain like a tsunami; I looked back. Rookie mistake. The storm hit my legs and I flew upwards and hit my head hard on a boulder.

When I woke up, I was separated from my friend. I called out his name.

“Mike? Mike! Mike!”

“Mum? Mum! Mum!”

I couldn’t see her. I ran and looked in every aisle in the supermarket, but she wasn’t there. I ran to the toilets to look for her but she wasn’t there either. I went to the frozen food aisle, the wine aisle, the sweets aisle; she was nowhere. I fell to the floor and started bawling hysterically. I was all alone. I had lost her, she was gone forever. I had no one.

I had no one. Mike was gone. I didn’t even know if he was alive or not! I decided not to worry about that now; I had to worry about myself. I looked around at my surroundings. I was buried in snow, which took me a while to get out of. Finally, after I prised my body out of it, I staggered few steps behind me. And felt nothing below my feet.