

The icy wind blew down the great Mt. Everest as the mountain climber and his son climbed to the top of the tallest mountain in the world. It was the year 2018 and the mountain surprisingly grew 50 feet taller and much colder. Once again as the wind blew an avalanche occurred, the boy's father tumbled down the mountain at great speeds while the boy strangely lay frozen at the zenith.

Summer after 15 years was strangely warmer. Another pair of brave mountain climbers was climbing Mt Everest. One of them was a 15-year-old Russian boy named Gazurt who was climbing the mountain with his uncle. Gazurt learned that his father died, his brother went missing, and his mother left him with his uncle at a young age. Gazurt had a clubbed foot and many had made fun of him for it. The mountain was of a purple-whitish color and was extremely chilly. His uncle, Yuri, gave a yelp when found a young man frozen in ice.

“ We have just made an amazing discovery,” he cried.

And then I saw the brightest light I've ever seen my whole life. It was as if I had awoken from a bad dream. People with white masks were hovering over me...it was so cold and I had a bad stomachache. I heard “15 years” somewhere and I was shocked. Not eating for 15 years really hits you hard.

Gazurt was worried, he wondered who that mysterious man was; he seemed unusually familiar. He had the same eyes, same hair color, and almost the same face. Gazurt knew he couldn't be his father, but could he be his brother? The thought vanished from his head when he heard his uncle call for him.

“It is time to question the ice-man.”

Now more people were hovering over me. This was getting annoying; at least they gave me something to eat. This young boy squeezed past the crowd. His features looked much like mine. People threw questions at me left and right. When I yelled stop they all stopped, I felt power surge through me, it felt quiet god.

“Do you have an older brother?” I asked.

“He went missing since I was born,” he whimpered.

A spark went off in my mind; I think I found my younger sibling. I’ll prove that to him later. Now I got to answer these questions.

A week later Uncle Yuri signed the mysterious man’s contract and now he was coming to live with us. We found his name was Vlad. The guy claims that he found something important atop the mountain. Gazurt really wished that they wouldn’t climb Mt Everest again. The Vlad guy and Uncle Yuri must be crazy if they decide on climbing it.

They are crazy. We are climbing it.

I hardly felt better from being thawed, but there was something important I had dropped on Mt Everest. The old guy really was crazy since he agreed on climbing it. There was something about that old guy that scared me though.

We were at the bottom of Mt Everest. I still had chills from my previous climb 15 years ago. The wind blew, enormous gusts of snow tumbled down the colossus. I saw something being blown down with the snow. It landed right in front of me; it was my leather-bound journal. I’d better start keeping records again.

2000 ft- the wind was stronger and far heavier. We have to stop here for the night.  
I can hear the old guy reciting incantations and mysterious plans.

Gazurt was having trouble climbing; his clubfoot was getting in the way.  
Apparently I have to now carry him up on my shoulder.

12750 ft- the kid was getting really annoying. I felt like throwing him down the mountain but that would be mean.

25,000 ft- as we were climbing today, we saw a dead body frozen in ice. His eyes were open with no pupils. The man was covered in blood and snow. Gazurt got scared. I later realized who it was...father. I walked along with the kid on my shoulder. The old guy followed, I heard a crunching sound as he began his trudge.

50,000 ft- The air was becoming thinner. The mountain was becoming steep; we took the gentle path up though. I stayed up all night when we set up camp, I just couldn't trust the old guy.

"Awaken...from your deep slumber. Demon of ice! Bring doom to this mountain!  
King of the avalanche, embrace your mighty paws with the fear in their hearts...Yeti!"

Gazurt brush the ivory falling snow off his thick arctic fox-fur hat. Vlad led the way while Uncle Yuri trailed behind sweating like there was no tomorrow, smelling of strange incense. Vlad yelled only 500 feet to the top.

We were all sprinting to the top. I felt so excited. Then I stopped short, my jaw dropped, I was in shock.

It was ten feet tall. It had pale white fur and harsh red eyes. Its arms were stocked up with muscle holding up colossal leather-padded paws. The creature had impressive pectorals. Its top half resembled a polar bear with goat horns and its bottom half looked like a massive mountain goat. Uncle Yuri was nowhere to be seen.

The yeti swung at Gazurt while staring him dead in the face with luminous red eyes. Gazurt dove into the three-foot high snow. He was shivering, the air was so thin and he could not think. The world was spinning like crazy; it spun too much for him though.

I felt drunk as I hit the snow. It didn't see me. Good, but its going for Gazurt. The boy is always getting himself into trouble! I realized that if you get too close to the beast you would faint. I remembered a giant icicle somewhere near here. I see it, its still here!!

The lights switched back on, but he was still dizzy though. As he looked up, he saw Vlad and the monster fighting.