By Edward Whymper

14 July 1865 1.40 p.m.

We’ve made it! We’ve actually made it. I’m writing this on top of the Matterhorn. And they said it couldn’t be done. Pah! I set off yesterday morning with six friends, and we reached our camp by noon. Next day, we were on the move early. Luckily, the weather was brilliant and the climbing was easier than we thought. I was so excited, I ran the last bit.

Later that day...

Everything’s going wrong. Horribly wrong. On the way back down disaster struck. We were all roped together for safety. Then, suddenly, one man lost his footing and slipped, dragging three others to their deaths. I still can’t believe it. I only survived because the rope broke and stopped me plunging down...

Translate:

Habt ihr es geschafft? ........................................................................................................................................

Gegen Mittag erreichten wir das Lager. ........................................................................................................

Es war leichter, als ich dachte. ......................................................................................................................

Wir waren sehr aufgeregt. ..........................................................................................................................

Ich überlebte nur wegen des Seils. ..............................................................................................................

Do they climb?