

MARCH 2008

Tuesday

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However, even the quieter learners have done well and become calm within themselves, accepting their weaknesses and working on their strengths. I have really enjoyed this class this term. We moved into a new school this year and I can honestly say that pride in oneself, as few rules as possible, a dignified uniform, a unified staff and a stern, but fair principal are essential qualities for success. Learners are adults-to-be and basically all good. That is how I see them.

Wednesday

I woke this morning with a terrible headache and did not get much sympathy from my class (feel like taking back all the compliments I gave them yesterday!) However, by the third period, I was feeling fine. I suppose it is the end-of-the-year tiredness setting in. Still have the reports to do and the cumulative cards to fill in. Then I need to find time to reflect on where things went well and things went badly and to think about what I hope to achieve next term. I want to make sure that Charleen is not so shy and to help Jamie with his handwriting. He really is Spiderman! I must remember why I wanted to teach in the first place!

Thursday

The class was actually impossible today. Perhaps because I still have work to do and they have finished. Perhaps teaching tolerance, patience and consideration is not a bad idea. Compassion seems a good topic to choose! (I do know that I shall be very different tomorrow when I have also finished all my tasks and can socialise and become human again!) Why should work interfere with one's human qualities? Perspective is the thing. Stand back, observe, look away from yourself - and breathe! I look forward to my holiday: NO work, no stress, no worries. Hope I can help Dad with Mom a bit. He has been suffering quite a bit and needs the help, I'm sure.

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Tuesday 20 October 1942

Dearest Kitty,

My hands still shaking, though it's been two hours since we had the scare. I should explain that there are five extinguishers in the building. The office staff stupidly forgot to warn us that the carpenter, or whatever he's called, was coming to fill the extinguishers. As a result, we didn't bother to be quiet until I heard the sound of hammering on the landing (across from the bookcase). I immediately assumed it was the carpenter and went to warn Bep, who was eating lunch, that she couldn't go back downstairs. Father and I stationed ourselves at the door so we could hear when the man had left. After working for about fifteen minutes, he laid his hammer and some other tools on our bookcase (or so we thought!) and banged on our door. We turned white with fear. Had he heard something after all and did he now want to check out this mysterious looking bookcase? It seemed so, since he kept knocking, pulling, pushing and jerking on it.

I was so scared I nearly fainted at the thought of this total stranger managing to discover our wonderful hiding place...

Yours, Anne M. Frank



Start by explaining *

Kitty,
for some time

time now I didn't know why I was bothering to do any schoolwork. The end of the war seems to be so far away, so unreal, like a fairy tale. If the war isn't over by September, I won't go back to school, since I don't want to be two years behind...

I finally realized that I must do my schoolwork to keep from being ignorant, to get on in life, to become a journalist, because that's what I want! I know I can write. A few of my stories are good, my descriptions of the Secret Annexe* are humorous, much of my diary is vivid and alive, but...it remains to be seen whether I really have talent...

Unless you write yourself, you can't know how wonderful it is; I always used to bemoan the fact that I couldn't draw, but now I'm overjoyed that at least I can write. And if I don't have the talent to write books or newspaper articles, I can always write for myself. But I want to achieve more than that. I can't imagine having to live like Mother, Mrs Van Daan* and all the women who go about their work and are then forgotten. I need to have something besides a husband and children to devote myself to! I don't want to have lived in vain like most people. I want to be useful or bring enjoyment to all people, even those I've never met. I want to go on living even after my death! And that's why I'm so grateful to God for having given me this gift, which I can use to develop myself and to express all that's inside me!

When I write I can shake off all my cares. My sorrow disappears, my spirits are revived! But, and that's a big question, will I ever be able to write something great, will I ever become a journalist or a writer?

I hope so, oh, I hope so very much, because writing allows me to record everything, all my thoughts, ideals and fantasies...

So onwards and upwards, with renewed spirits. It'll all work out, because I'm determined to write!

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*The Secret Annexe: the place where Anne hid with her family

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