

~PLAN DE LECTURA~

---

# El Diario de Anne Frank continúa...

---

"Cuando escribo, se  
me pasa todo, mis  
penas desaparecen,  
mi valentía revive"

---

LEER Y  
VIAJAR  
2022-2023

---



16. April 1945

Liebe Kitty,

heute werde ich dir etwas Unglaubliches erzählen.

Gestern Abend befahlen die SS, uns in einer Reihe aufzustellen, um die Kinder meiner Baracke zu zählen. Ich zitterte vor Angst, dass, wie in anderen Nächten, ein Offizier einen von uns auswählte, um „atme oder stirb“ zu spielen. Nach dem Appell gingen wir schlafen.

Um 3:15 Uhr wurden wir von einem ohrenbetäubenden Lärm, Schreie und Schüsse geweckt. Mein Herz raste. Ich konnte mich nicht bewegen. Die Tür wurde eingetreten, Mondstrahlen drangen ein und ließen mich Schatten sehen, die sich schnell näherten... Ich versteckte mich unter dem Bett. Plötzlich rief eine vertraute Stimme meinen Namen, Es war mein Vater, Kitty, mein geliebter Vater! Er nahm mich in seine Arme und rannte aus der Baracke. Draußen eine Menschenmenge, SS-Leichen, alliierten Soldaten, meine Mutter und Margott!!! Wir umarmten uns so fest, dass uns nie wieder jemand trennen würde und verließen das gestürmte Konzentrationslager für immer.



María Teresa González  
Gavela, Deutsch C1

**Frankfurt am Main**

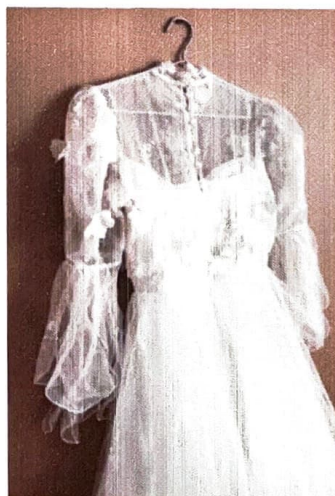
**Freitag, 22. August 1952**

**Meine liebe Kitty,**

**wir haben uns seit lange nicht mehr unterhalten.**

**Nach dem, was in Bergen-Belsen passiert ist, fühle ich mich ganz erstaunt. Oft erkenne ich mich nicht wieder, wenn ich an meiner Kindheit denke: locker, aufgeschlossen und zufrieden. Danach war alles schrecklich. Das gehört aber der Vergangenheit an. Jetzt schreibe ich, um dir von einem ausgezeichneten Ereignis zu erzählen. Heute haben wir meine Hochzeit gefeiert, obwohl sich niemand so etwas vorstellen konnte. Willst du mir nicht gratulieren? Hahaha, keine Sorge! Wir haben genug Zeit, um die Freiheit zu feiern!**

**Deine Anne**



Xabier Jon Iglesias Godoy

Alemán B1

Leipzig  
Freitag, 22. August 1952

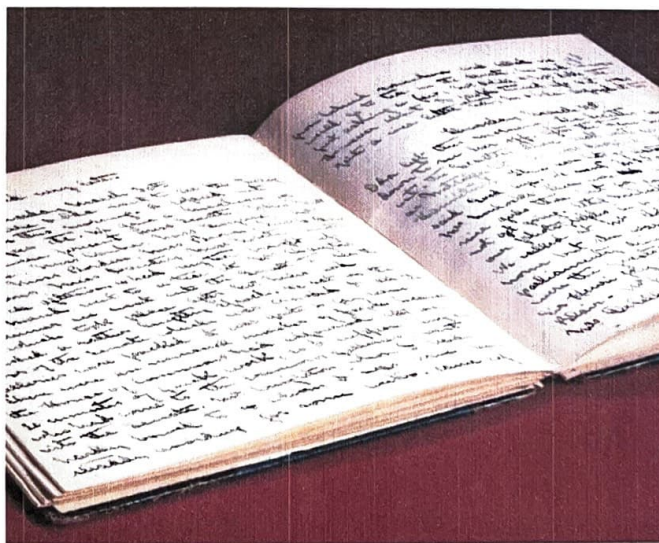
Hi Kitty,

heute bin ich sehr froh! Warum? Ich werde Michael heiraten! Das ist die beste Nachricht und die Familie hat so viel Lust wie ich. Deswegen wollte ich, alles ist perfekt vorbereitet, damit wir den besten Moment unseres Lebens verbringen.

Bisher hatte ich mich daran gewohnt, ledig zu sein und seit einigen Monaten... sieh mal, wo ich bin! Ich bin sehr heiratsfreudig und sowohl eine riesige Hochzeitstorte als auch das Festessen sind ja klar versichert.

Ich hoffe, Mama schaut mir vom Himmel aus an. Ich sehne mich so sehr nach ihr... Also, ich wünsche dir auch einen wunderbaren Tag, Kitty!

Anny



Olái Rodríguez Marqués

Alemán B2.1

22. August 1952

Liebe Kitty!

Endlich ist der Tag gekommen: unsere Hochzeit! Die Leute sagen mir, dass ich heute die glücklichste Frau der Welt sein werde, aber ich bin darüber nicht ganz sicher. Die Schläge des Lebens haben mir leider schon gelehrt, an allem zu zweifeln und mich für nichts zu begeistern.

Er ist hübsch... besonders hübsch, aber auch ein bisschen frech und dreist. So kann ich mich vorstellen, dass Margot darin nicht übereinstimmen würde. Wie vermisse ich dich! Wie könnte ich heute ganz froh sein, wenn meine Schwester und fast meine ganze Familie nicht da sind?

Ich liebe ihn sehr, ich möchte ihn heiraten und wir werden mit Sicherheit eine große Familie haben, aber es ist an Tagen wie heute, wenn das Schlimmste im Leben mir durch den Kopf geht, was ich nicht vermeiden kann. Ich weiß schon, ich werde nie ganz glücklich sein, bis ich meine traurige Vergangenheit nicht überwunden haben werde.



*Ricardo Garnelo Losada*  
*Deutsch (C1)*



Samstag, den 1. März 1958

Liebe Kitty,

heute ist der beste Tag in meinem Leben. Martin ist gleich geboren und er ist sehr klein, und ich habe keine Idee, wie ich ihn halten sollte. Glücklicherweise bin ich nicht alleine und die Krankenschwester ist immer hier. Morgen gehen wir nach Hause und Gott weißt, wie ich alles erledigen kann. Wie du weißt, jetzt bin ich alleine, weil der Vater im Ausland ist, also muss ich mich um ihn kümmern.

Ich glaube es nicht, aber ich liebe ihn mehr als mein Leben. Alles ist fast perfekt, seine kleinen Hände, und er lacht die ganze Zeit in der Nacht, weil er morgens viel weint und ich kann nicht schlafen. Er schläft nachmittags.

Das ist mein neues Leben und ich bin glücklich, trotzdem bin ich sehr müde.

Deine Anne

Sonntag, 1. März 1958

Liebe Kitty!

Heute bin ich voller Hoffnung, weil ich ein Kind bekommen habe. Es ist ein Mädchen, ihr Name ist Bep. Ich hoffe, dass meine Tochter hilfsbereit und gütig sein wird.

Nach diesen schmerzhaften Jahren ist eine neue Hoffnung geboren. Als Kind habe ich „die Hoffnung ist Leben“ geschrieben. Jetzt weiß ich, dass es stimmt.

Ich freue mich darüber, dass meine Tochter in einer besseren Welt aufwächst. Eine Welt voller gutmütiger Menschen, wie unsere Beschützer. Immer werde ich ihnen sehr dankbar sein. Aus diesem Grund heißt meine Tochter Bep.

Meine beste Freundin, ich teile mit dir die Fröhlichkeit, Mutter zu sein. Ich hoffe, in der Zukunft noch mehr wunderbare Erlebnisse teilen zu können.

Viele Grüße

Deine Anne



Karen Brigitte Mejía Correal

Alemán B2.1



Berlin

Freitag, 15. Dezember 1961

Liebe Kitty,

heute bin ich sehr berührt, da ich als Redakteurin bei der Berliner Zeitung anfangen.

Endlich kann ich vor aller Augen schreiben.

Ich bin zwei und dreißig Jahre alt und mein ganzes Leben lang hatte ich eine Leidenschaft: Schreiben.

Heute morgen habe ich meine Arbeitskollegen kennengelernt und sie sehen freundlich aus.

Obwohl ich und meine Familie in Westdeutschland leben, haben wir viele Probleme.

Freiheit ist mein Ziel und ich möchte mit meiner Arbeit um sie kämpfen.

Ich bin sicher, dass unsere Arbeit objektiv und klar sein wird.

Bis morgen!

Anne



María Pellón Gómez-Calcerrada  
Alemán B2.1

Freitag, 15. Dezember 1961

Liebe Kitty!

Heute ist ein sehr wichtiger Tag für mich. Ein Freund von Margot ist die chefin von einer sehr wichtiger Zeitung in Deutschland. Margot erzählte ihr von diesem Tagebuch, das ich 1942 begonnen hatte, und sie fand es sehr interessant. Deshalb habe ich ihm vor einem Monat alles geliehen, was ich geschrieben hatte, seit ich mein Tagebuch begann, bis ich ins Konzentrationslager Auschwitz kam.

Er liebte meine Art zu schreiben und hat mich als Redakteurin bei der Zeitung eingestellt.

Heute ist mein erster Tag und ich bin nicht nur glücklich, sondern auch sehr nervös!



Deswegen bin ich so früh aufgewacht und habe beschlossen, vor meinem ersten Arbeitstag meine Gedanken hier

zu schreiben.

Ich hoffe es gut zu machen!

Anne Frank.

Ana Palacio Fernández

Aleman 32.2

25. Juni 1967

Liebe Kitty,

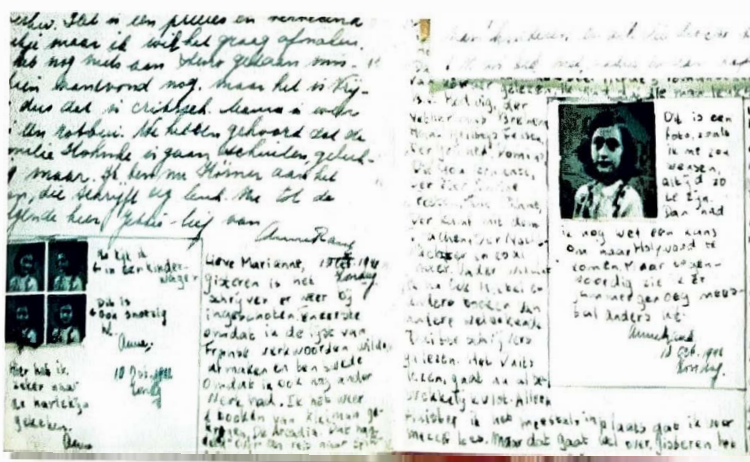
heute feierten wir meinen Geburtstag. Meine Mutter wollte eine große Geburtstagsparty feiern, aber aus Respekt vor unseren toten Verwandten fühlte sie sich verpflichtet nur ein paar Nachbarn und die Familie einzuladen.

Es war mir egal, ich will nicht, dass sie sich schlecht fühlt. Ich half ihr, alles vorzubereiten. Ich wünschte, ich konnte sie nur für ein paar Stunden vergessen lassen, wie unser Leben sich für immer verändert hat.

Für mich war das der schönste Tag des Jahres. Es war ein wundervoller Tag. Ich hatte das Gefühl, als ob der Krieg nie stattgefunden hatte.

Und da waren alle, niemand wollte eine Gelegenheit verpassen, glücklich zu sein. Als alle weg gingen, gab mir meine Mutter ihr Geschenk. Ich will wirklich, nur mit ihnen zusammen zu sein, nur noch einen Tag.

Ein Lied von den Beatles! "With a Little help from my friends"! Es ist unglaublich, wie eine Melodie die guten Erinnerungen zurückbringt, damit du die schlechten vergisst.





13. Mai 1968

Liebe Kitty!

Unruhige und unangenehme Neuigkeiten! Neulich nahmen Hunderttausende Studenten an eigenen Demonstrationen teil. Die Gründe für den Protest wurden auf den Straßen öffentlich geäußert, Vietnams Krieg, auch Sexismus und Rassismus in der Universität sowie ein noch zu lösender Arbeitskonflikt... Sie sind in der Lage, etwas dagegen zu tun. Allerdings erinnerte ich mich dadurch an unseren Helfer, Bep, der uns allen zur Flucht von Amsterdam nach Frankfurt am Main verhalf. Damals lagen überall die Straßen hier in Schutt. Trotz jener erschütternden Lebensumstände fangen Margot und ich ein neues Leben an, was gar nicht so einfach war. Aus Sicherheitsgründen mussten wir anfangs unsere ganze Vergangenheit verheimlichen. Deswegen fühle ich mich heute auch bei den Aufständen und Streiken ziemlich gleichmütig. Darüber sagte mir meine innere Stimme, dass alles weiter vorankommen sollte.

Kopf hoch! Tapfer bleiben! Es kommen auch wieder bessere Zeiten!

Deine Anne

LEER Y VIAJAR 2022-2023. E.O.I. Ponferrada.  
Palmira Garcia Orallo. Alemán C1.

Freiburg

Mittwoch, 28. August 1968

Liebe Kitty,

meine Familie und ich haben in Spanien Urlaub gemacht. Wir waren in „El Bierzo“, im Nordwesten Spaniens. Ein sympatischer Auswanderer in Holland hat uns den Besuch empfohlen. Das Gebiet ist sehr schön und die Leute ist nett. Wir waren dort zwei Wochen lang und haben Ponferrada und sein Kastell besichtigt, aber auch die Goldmine in Las Médulas und Valle del Oza.

Das Essen hat mir sehr gut gefallen, besonders „Botillo“. Meinem Mann und meinen Kindern hat es aber nicht gefallen. Der Wein ist fantastisch.

Leider waren die Ferien zu kurz, aber wir wollen wiederkommen. El Bierzo ist reizend!

Gute Nacht, Kitty

Deine Anne



José Manuel Blanco Juarros

Alemán A1



Frankfurt am Main  
Donnerstag, 9. November 1989

Liebe Kitty,

heute schreibe ich, dass ein neues Zeitalter begonnen hat. Um 22 Uhr habe ich aus dem Radio vom Mauerfall erfahren. Endlich können die Leute mit ihren Freunden und Freundinnen sich treffen. Ich freue mich über diesen Meilenstein der Geschichte, denn morgen wird das Volk Eins sein.

Jetzt fühle ich mich zu nervös, aber zufrieden. Ich hatte seit langer Zeit auf diesen Moment gewartet. Ich möchte heute in Berlin sein, aber ich bin 60 und müde. Meine Familie und ich sollen ins Bett gehen, aber wir können heute nicht.

Ich glaube, dass mein Tagebuch hier endet. Ich will nicht mehr schreiben. Warum? Das ist ein glückliches Ende.

Tschüss Kitty,

Anne Frank

Roberto Díez Díaz  
Alemán A1



# El diario de Anna Frank

15 de abril de 1945

Querida Kitty, he sobrevivido de milagro en el campo de concentración de Bergen-Belsen al que fui con mi madre y mi hermana Margot, después de que los nazis descubrieran nuestro escondite en Amsterdam. Mi hermana y mi madre no sobrevivieron, mi padre también sobrevivió, lo volví a encontrar cuando regresé a mi ciudad natal en Holanda. Pero, desde que me liberaron y regresé a Holanda, ya no siento la ilusión de ser escritora, ahora ya no puedo confiar en la gente, de hecho ya no tengo amigos, mi padre hace como si nada hubiera pasado y muchas veces me dice que sobrevivir es un regalo y que tengo que seguir adelante y tratar de encontrar la felicidad. Pero, ¿cómo voy a hacerlo? Ya no tengo a mi madre ni a mi hermana, no puedo ser como mi padre y hacer como si nada, toda esa gente me quitó lo que más quería.



María Fernández Prada

A1

Inglés



Madrid, 20 de mayo de 1954



Hoy, Madrid; mañana, New York. La estancia de 10 días ha sido provechosa, pero ya empezamos a observar

reticencias, fruto de nuestras investigaciones encubiertas.

Nuestro pretexto ha sido un reportaje para promocionar este país. Fuimos invitados a la inauguración de un pantano, pero cometí el error de mencionar la mano de obra “esclava” procedente de las cárceles que había participado en su construcción. Aquí empezaron los problemas.

Esta estancia me ha hecho recordar los años que pasé recluida y las historias de presos españoles

apátridas que coincidieron con mi padre en algunos campos. Me horroriza saber que en España también hubo campos de concentración: todos lo saben nadie dice nada. Pacto forzoso de silencio.

Regreso muy triste por la impotencia de no poder hacer nada, con el alma apenada por la desesperanza que observo en los rostros de la gente que me devuelven al pasado... Parece que nunca saldré de Belgen-Belsen.

Ana Cristina Vega Martínez

A1 Francés

15 de diciembre de 1961

Querida Kitty:

Hoy he escrito mi primer artículo como editora del *Bild-Zeitung* y se lo he dedicado al juicio de Adolf Eichmann, cuya condena a muerte ha sido sentenciada esta misma mañana. En el periódico, prudente, he escrito sobre la justicia y la calma social, sobre el poder de los acuerdos internacionales y el respeto a la Corte Internacional de Justicia de la ONU, pero en secreto y sólo a ti, te confesaré que también siento alivio y un placer triste y oscuro que he aprendido a interpretar como “venganza”.

Nunca llegará a sentir el daño que nos ha causado. Ni tomándonos uno a uno en individual sentiría ese dolor y ese miedo, mucho menos si nos toma como pueblo, pero, al menos, ni él ni sus colaboradores vivirán para creer que fue legítimo o que no tendrían condena.

No ha ganado, Kitty, y todo el mundo lo sabe ahora.

Con amor, Anna.

Atenea Franco Fernández.  
Francés, B1.



# **El Diario de Anna Frank si hubiese sobrevivido**

Querido diario:

25 junio 1967

Me levanté de la cama un 25 de junio de 1967 muy emocionada ya que The Beatles venían a la ciudad. Iba a ser la primera vez que iba a ir a un concierto ya que de joven nunca pude disfrutar, debido a que en el campo de concentración nadie podía cantar o mostrar un gesto de alegría. Allí en el concierto había mucha gente debido a la fama internacional que tenían. Por otro lado me lo pasé genial ya que asistí con mi gran amiga Margot. Además soy muy fan del grupo y me sabía todas las canciones. En verdad, nunca había disfrutado tanto de algo como este acontecimiento, pero mejor disfrutarlo en algún momento de la vida a no disfrutarlo nunca.

¡Ya puedo decir que ese día fue el mejor de mi vida!



Autor: Alejandro Espinosa Sánchez

Idioma: Francés

Curso: A1



Dimanche, le 15 avril 1945

Cher journal,

Aujourd'hui est sans doute l'un des jours les plus heureux de ma vie parce que les troupes alliées sont arrivées au champ de travail où ma sœur et moi, nous avons vécu ces derniers mois et ils nous ont libérés. Après notre guérison, c'est ce que je désirais le plus !

Les soldats nous ont invités à déjeuner avec eux. Plus tard, nous avons passé un examen médical et, quand Margot et moi, nous avons entendu que nous n'avions plus de séquelles du typhus, nous avons sauté de joie.

Ce que j'espère maintenant c'est de pouvoir bientôt rencontrer mes parents à Amsterdam.

Il est possible que le prochain automne je puisse reprendre mes études et le contact avec mes anciens collègues. J'espère que personne ne manquera !

À très bientôt!

Anna



David Amador Diéguez Campanero.

Français B 2.2

Le Mercredi 15 août 1945

Chère Kitty:

Je t'ai parlé de la peur d'être enfermés et de l'espoir d'être cachés, cependant, je ne te parlerai jamais de la douleur des camps de Concentration et non plus de la maladie des camps de Déplacés. Néanmoins, je vais faire une correction sur moi-même : ce n'est pas vrai que les faibles meurent et les forts survivront. Pas tous, du moins. Il y a des forts qui ne survivent pas.

Ni maman, ni Margot, n'ont survécu. Margot était avec moi jusqu'à ce que ses yeux deviennent blancs trois matins avant que les Britanniques entrent dans Bergen-Belsen.

J'ai lu dans la presse (j'ai tellement désiré la presse !) qu'il faut maintenant embrasser le bonheur et s'y abandonner comme on le faisait dans les années 20. Parfois, je me surprends à rire sans raison, mais ce n'est pas le bonheur. Du moins, pas celui que je connaissais avant.

Je t'ai beaucoup écrit dans ma tête ces mois-ci, Kitty, tu n'as jamais cessé d'être avec moi.



Avec amour, Anne.



Samedi 22 août 1952

Ma chère Kitty!

Aujourd'hui, c'est mon mariage avec Helmut. Nous avons invité tout le monde. Ma famille, sa famille et tous nos bons amis. Nous serons plus de cent personnes. La cérémonie est à Francfort sur Le Main parce qu'en été la rivière est magnifique et nous souhaitons que tout se passe bien.

Je suis très heureuse mais Helmut a peur. Il est la personne la plus perfectionniste que j'ai jamais connue. Parfois il est insupportable mais je l'aime profondément. Je suis très amoureuse.

Ma robe sera bleue claire comme le ciel en août et je porterai un bouquet d'iris. Ce sont mes fleurs préférées.

Je suis désolée que tu ne puisses pas venir aujourd'hui. Ne t'inquiète pas, la prochaine fois que tu viendras nous le fêterons.

Je t'embrasse

Anne



LUNDI, LE 19 NOVEMBRE 1972

Chère Kitty,

J'ai été spectatrice de l'enregistrement d'une vidéo faite pour une chanson intitulée « Libre » du chanteur espagnol Nino Bravo, dont l'argument est basé malheureusement sur un fait réel. Le protagoniste est Peter Fetcher, connu pour être le premier martyr du mur de Berlin, assassiné en 1962 à l'âge de 18 ans, alors qu'il essayait de le franchir.

Je trouve très naturel que la vidéo soit très célèbre car l'histoire qu'elle raconte est émouvante. En plus, le son de la chanson choisie pour l'accompagner est très rythmé et joyeux.

Chaque fois que je me souviens de tout ce que j'ai vu et vécu...Néanmoins, je suis optimiste et je pense à l'avenir. Pouvez- vous imaginer qu'un jour pourrait se présenter du coup une situation compliquée et extraordinaire, par exemple une pandémie mondiale, qui ferait les gens se réjouir avec une chanson ? Bien sur, sans aucun doute, je choisirais celle-ci.

Bien à toi,



Ana Belén Rodríguez Regueras

Francés B2.2.

Le 13 juin 1979

Cher journal,

Hier a été un jour très important pour moi. C'était mon 50<sup>e</sup> anniversaire.

Comme chaque jour, je suis descendue au hall pour chercher la correspondance à ma boîte aux lettres, espérant évidemment qu'elle aujourd'hui serait pleine de félicitations.

Du coup, une de lettres a attiré mon attention car son expéditeur était Steven Spielberg. Pourquoi m'écrivait-il ? Pour être honnête, j'ai dû lire la lettre deux fois parce que je ne croyais pas que cela était en train de m'arriver.

Cependant, il ne figurait qu'une adresse y écrite. Après avoir beaucoup réfléchi, j'ai décidé d'y aller chercher.



À mon arrivée, il était là en attendant aux portes de l'Hôtel Steigenberger Frankfurter Hof. Nous avons parlé tout l'après-midi, il semblait que nous nous connaissions depuis toujours.

Spielberg avait lu le livre de mon journal et il voulait le porter au grand écran. Je n'y croyais pas !

Cher journal, cela a été peut-être l'un des meilleurs jours de ma vie.

Anne



**2 de agosto de 1944**

*Querida Kitty,*

*Como cambiou todo! Xa recobramos a esperanza de saír deste oco cando nos enteramos de que o Führer sufrira un ataque dun xeneral que se levantou, cando nos chegaron unhas noticias pouco alentadoras: o exército alemán está a redobrar os seus esforzos en todas as fronteas, sobre todo en os ingleses e españois. o da Rusia comunista.*

*No "Anexo Secundario" complicáronse as cousas e o ambiente. Mamá e papá non teñen paciencia coas miñas bromas e creo que están bastante avergoñados das miñas loucuras. Noto a miña irmá Margot desconfiada e afastada de min, e só podo confiar en Peter. Pero dende que demos o salto para expresar o cariño, é coma si se transformase e, ao mesmo tempo, se fixera máis dependente de min. Pero o principal motivo polo que che escribo hoxe é que teño máis medo de que me descubran e que este milagre de seguir vivo e esperanzado acabe.*

*É todo moi difícil, querido diario!*

*A túa Ana M Frank*



NICOLETTE MERINO FERREIRA- GALEGO NB A1-

15 de abril de 1945

Ola benquerido diario!

Hoxe é un día inesquecible, as tropas aliadas chegaron esta mañá para liberarnos do campo de concentración de Bergen-Belsen.

Non mo podo crer! Despois de pasar estes meses tan duros, agora, Margot e mais eu podemos volver e ver aos nosos pais e ás amizades que aínda estean vivas.

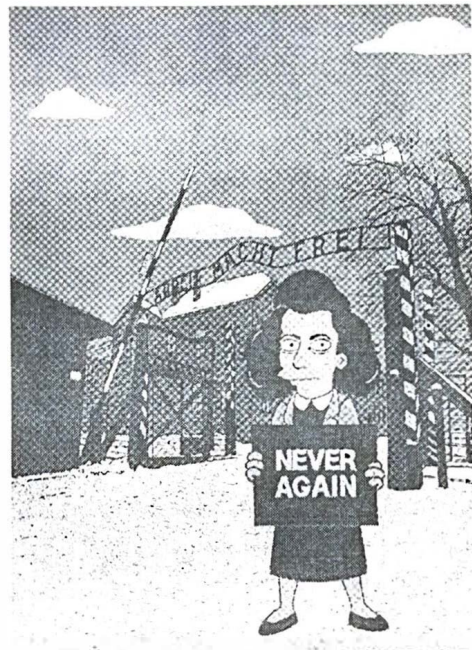
Non podo expresar con palabras a ledicia que enche o meu corazón.

Porén, tamén teño no meu peito unha gran\_ tristura polas persoas que xa non están connosco.

Ao final, gañou a cordura nesta tolemia que tivo que vivir Europa e, por riba de todo, a comunidade xudía. O que se fixo non se pode desfacer, pero pódese evitar que ocorra de novo.

M<sup>a</sup> Belén Prieto Sánchez

82.2 Gallego



15 de Abril de 1945

Querida Kitty:

Non todas as bágoas son amargas, e hoxe é o día máis feliz da miña vida, estou viva e choro de alegría.

O exército británico liberounos do campo de concentración de Bergen - Belsen.

Por primeira vez, despois de moito tempo puíden beber auga potable e comer un anaco de pan. Como puíden sobrevivir? Creo que o segredo foi que o meu cerebro desconectou o corpo da mente e puíden fuxir desta cruda realidade.

Soa egoísta, pero desvincularme permitiúme escribir hoxe este diario. Como superar a imaxe de corpos sen vida apilados?

Eu observaba este mundo coma se estivese vendo unha película, e penso que, agora libre do horror, comencarei a ser consciente das atrocidades aquí cometidas.



Túa, Ana.  
Elisabet López Vigil.

12 de xuño de 1945

Querida Kitty:

Estou feliz e contenta. Hoxe é o meu aniversario, cumpro dezaseis anos e teño un gran motivo para celebralo. Estou escribindo en ti Kitty! Volvín ao meu lar, á miña casa.

O quince de abril liberaron o campo de concentración onde Margot mais eu estivemos con gran padecemento, sí Kitty, foi un pesadelo, xa contareite o sufrimento que vivimos.

Mais non quero pensar niso agora mesmo, o reencontro cos nosos pais a semana pasada foi a cousa máis emotiva que puiden esperar. Chegamos no tren dende Alemaña e alí estaban, na plataforma, cos ollos cheos de bágoas.

Cando cheguei á miña casa, tireime na cama, coas miñas bonecas, os meus libros e tamén viñeros as miñas amigas.

E aquí estou, onde estivéramos agachados máis de dous anos, na Casa de Atrás.

Tardábame volver, aínda que non fixéramos grandes cousas, botei de menos isto e sobre todo a ti, o meu diario, que agardaba volver a abril.



Museo de Anne Frank (Amsterdam)

1 de marzo de 1958

Queridiña tía Kitty:

Foron semanas con moitos altibaixos mais todo mereceu a pena, preséntoche a Meip. Nunca imaxinei ser nai despois de todo... so espero que Meip non reproduza os sentimentos que tiña pola miña nai.

Quero contarche que teño sensacións contraditorias. Síntome feliz, chea so con ver a súa cariña, pero ao



mesmo tempo o medo e a angustia invádemne... gustaríame tanto ter aos teus consellos, xa que, me conoces mellor que ninguén e xamáis me xulgarías!

Rómpeseme o corazón... cando chora porque ten fame, os seus choros son daros que se cravan na miña cabeza, os recordos asoláganme....Sinto medo, medo do futuro e do presente, que non poida vivir libre simplemente. A isto, teño que lle engadir a miña frustración por non lle poder dar o peito, os anos naquel lugar deixaron estessinais no meu corpo...

Non soporto que outro a toquen, non aguanto a compaixón, ni as palabras condescendente!

A miña maternidad sería distinta de no ser quen son?

Nuria Castro Rodriguez. Galego A2



1 de marzo de 1958

Querida Kitty:

Levo uns días sen lembrarme de ti mais penso que cando coñezas a causa do meu esquecemento, saberás perdoar e comprender.

Hai dous días que son mamá. A miña nena naceu moi ben. É unha nena preciosa, ten uns ollos coma pratos. Aínda que é pronto para sabelo, penso que son azuis. Ata hoxe só dorme e come. Paréceme unha boneca que move os brazos e as pernas.

Fáizeme raro vivir esta realidade. A ledicia inunda a nosa casa pero o mellor de todo, despois de mirar cara o pasado, é pensar que naceu nun ambiente de paz, tranquilidade e liberdade.

É tanto a papá coma a mamá, de cando en vez, cáelles algunha lágoa cando collen no colo.

Margot presume de tía nova. Amos ver se casa pronto e lle dá unha curmanciño/a á miña nena, que, por certo, non che dixen que se chama Goretti. É un nome bonito, non si?

Xa viñeron coñecela o Sr. e a Sra. Van Daan e trouxéronnos un a gasallo a cada unha.

A tía Ana

M<sup>ra</sup> del Carmen Vilas Gálvez



*15 de decembro de 1961*

Querida Kitty:

Hoxe é o meu primeiro día de traballo como editora no xornal “Der Morgen” e aquí estou sentada na miña nova mesa pensando sobre o que vou escribir. Pero mentres tanto debúxoche unhas liñas botando a vista atrás e lembrando como hai uns anos chegasches á miña vida, sen imaxinar que serías a chave para esta miña nova andaina. Quen ía supor que a idea do meu pai de publicar as miñas vivencias chegaría a tal fama e que grazas a iso conseguiría este traballo?. Nunca antes tivera un diario ata que os meus pais mo regalaron polo meu décimo terceiro aniversario. E vinte anos máis tarde sigo escribíndoche a ti, Kitty, porque traballarei no periódico alemán máis prestixioso, pero aquí ninguén me coñece como realmente son, ninguén me coñece coma ti.



Raquel Vila Rodríguez – Gallego C1

Domingo, 25 de xuño de 1967

Querida Kitty:

Hoxe foi un día marabilloso. Non podía esperar para contarche o que sucedeu. Estaba na casa, a radio estaba acesa e, de súpeto, soou unha canción que nunca antes escoitara, "All you need is love" interpretada polos Beatles.

A canción fíxome sentir feliz e emocionada, non sei como explicalo, pero o meu corazón latexaba con forza. Transmitía sentimentos de amor, paz, unidade e esperanza por todo o mundo. O amor é o que todos necesitamos para ser felices.

Tamén falaba da importancia da amizade e de como pode axudarnos a superar as dificultades da vida derrubando todas as barreiras.

Era como se a música fose capaz de facerme esquecer todas as penurias do pasado, e deume a esperanza de que aínda podo atopar a alegría nas cousas sinxelas da vida como a música e a amizade.

Túa, Ana



Múnic, 7 de xullo de 1974

Estou moi leda. Hoxe vou ver en directo a final do Mundial de Fútbol na que xoga a nosa selección, Alemaña, fronte á de Países Baixos. Disque o rival ten un dos mellores xogadores do mundo, un tal Johan Cruyff, pero nós tamén temos a Beckenbauer, a Müller a Breitner...

Estiven anos laiándome de non ter ido a Suiza á final do Campionato do Mundo de 1954, pero aínda era moi nova e daquela non me atrevín. Foi unha mágoa, xa que aquela foi a única vez que Alemaña gañou o título. Agora xoga no seu campo e abofé que vai acadalo. Non me chega a hora de facer a ringleira, entrar no estadio Olímpico e sentar na bancada coa familia ao meu carón para velo. Gustaríame que puideses compartir comigo a emoción que sinto.

Polo que escriben os xornais, Alemaña é a favorita. Vén de gañar a Chile, Australia, Polonia, Suecia e Iugoslavia, e só perdeu coa Alemaña Democrática, porén non tivo maior relevancia.

Esta final vai ser histórica porque se estrea un novo trofeo, unha copa cunha bóla do mundo de ouro. Ogallá sexa para nós!

Veña Alemaña!



Francisco Roberto Otero Conde. B1 Galego

6 de agosto de 1990

Querida Kitty:

Collín uns días de vacacións e por fin saí da miña cidade e do meu país, algo que desexaba dende aí tempo.

Mentras máis me alexaba, máis medo tiña do que deixaba tras de min, xa que as cousas no noso país estaban en pouco revoltas. Pero eu tiña unha sensación de emoción e alegría de coñecer o descoñecido, que todo medo desapareceu en canto o tren se puxo en camino.

A miña chegada foi de sorpresa, ao ver tanta beleza o meu redor. A vila tiña de todo, terreos cheos de árbores cunhas cores, que nin por casualidade puidera haber imaxinado. Ríos que se entrelazan con facilidade coa vexetación. E que dicir das illas e praias tan fermosas que ten ista fabulosa terra.

Todo isto, faese máis atractivo coa súa arquitectura e isos misterios que esconden entre verdades e lendas. Lendas que pasan de boca en boca para satisfacer a curiosidade dos visitantes.

Isto é máis ou menos o que eu percibín desta terra da que un se pode namorar con facilidade.



20 de marzo de 2023

Querida neta:

Escíbote aínda que me cústa moito coller o lapis con estes dedos deformes pola artrite. Estaba lendo a prensa a carón da fiestra e escoitei uns mozos falar dun xeito moi cantareiro. A túa nai, que estaba preto de min, díxome que lle parecía una lingua desas de falan polo norte de España e lembreime de que estabas ti por esos lares, non si?

A túa nai e máis eu estivemos a falar de ti. Díxome que falara contigo cando chegases a Madrid, que o país gustábache moito, a xente e o clima son fantásticos... cómpre que foi moi complicado atopar vivenda...Que raro! Un país con tantas cousas boas e cunha falta de aluguer tan enorme!. Quedéi abraiada cando me dixo que a xente vivía nesos "rochos" onde eu estiven escondida coa miña familia durante a guerra. Supoño que che gusta tanto o país que vas facer un sacrificio. Está ben, as cousas hai que aproveitelas.

Aínda que non teñas tempo, escribe a túa avoa para poder estar entretida noutras cousas distintas do meu día a día.

Unha aperta moi forte.  
A túa avoa Ana Frank

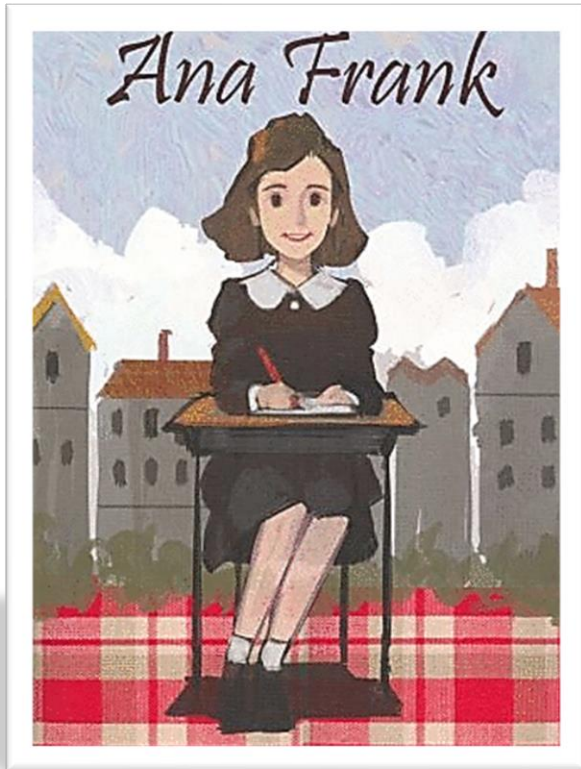
ALÚGA-SE FÁNTÁSTICO ÁTICO NO CENTRO DA CAPITAL





## Anne Frank's Diary

TUESDAY, 20th August 1942



*Dearest Kitty,*

We have only been in hiding for a month, and I already miss my friends. Although I feel very close to my family, I hardly ever talk to the Van Daan family, especially to their son Peter, who has such beautiful blue eyes.

Lately, I've been thinking a lot about places where I would like to go when I leave here, for example, Paris. I like the French language and especially French cuisine.

On the other hand, Margot and I have talked lots of times about how we would like to go to the

same university and get to know a lot of people. So, not only do I study hard, but also I read a lot of books about art history.

Another thing I would like to do is to learn to play the piano. However, what I want most of all is this horrible war to end and to see the rays of the sun again and walk freely through the streets even though I'm Jewish!

Tania Barragán González  
Inglés C1





January, 25 1945

Dearest Kitty,

You must know the truth, now that the days have passed and there isn't any danger for all any of us.

I have always told in my diary that I have one imaginary friend called Kitty, but there is also Kerstin, a real person. We became friends immediately, but nobody knew. I wanted to talk to you about her for first time. It is the person who helps me cope with this situation we stay hidden in "The back room " thanks to the help received by Mrs Hermine " Miep" Santrouschitz Gies

My friend Kerstin suffered from meningitis when she was eight years old and it has caused her total deafness . She learned sign language ,which she taught me, it is not a problem for us.

During the period that we were hidden she informed me of the events outside. It is dangerous so we are careful not to be discovered by anyone .She uses her "Mannlich" hámster to take the notes through the hole It's in this way that we can communicate.

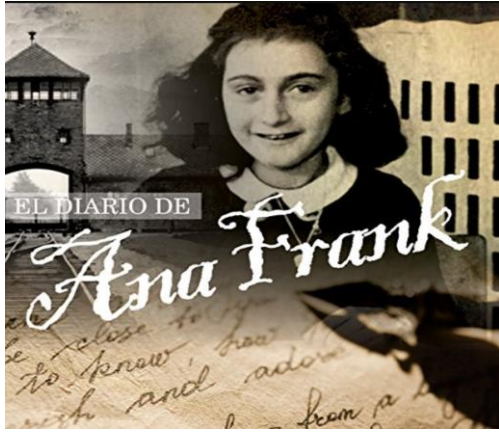


Now she is sad, because two days ago they bombed a small part of the building and she could't find her diary.

Kerstin and I want to write about the events that occurred.

I hope , that it never happens again .

Ana María Vela Zamora, A2



*14th April 1945*

*Today, s Shabbat in Bergen Belsen, but I have nothing to celebrate. Fifth day without eating.*

*I don't see the guards. Oh my God! They have abandoned us!*

*I've come this far, but I can't anymore.*

*I am sad and very tired.*

*You have kept my secrets and thoughts for a long time.*

*Today I tell you that...*

*It is the End.*

*15th April 1945*

*Dear friend!!!!*

*It is not the End...*

*It is the Beginning.*

*Thanks.*

*Ana Frank*

*On 15 April 1945, British troops liberated the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp.*

15<sup>th</sup> April 1945

Dear Kitty,

Today is undoubtedly one of the happiest days of my life. The Allied troops have come to the camp where my sister and I have been living for the last months and have liberated us. After our healing, it's what I wanted most of all!

The soldiers invited us to eat with them and gave us a medical examination. When a doctor told us we no longer had typhus, we jumped for joy. Now I hope to meet my parents in Amsterdam.

Maybe next autumn, I'll be able to return to school and get back in touch with my old classmates. Hopefully, no one is missing!

Why do so many Germans hate the Jewish community so much? I have heard that the Jews had not been favourable to their side in the previous war, when I wasn't even born.

Yours,

Anne



Sunday, April 15, 1945

Today is the happiest day in my life. I was living a nightmare for a long time I can't remember. Days, months, years have passed while I was locked in this hole of death and suffering. I felt that the dogs that bit us were kinder than the human who leashed them.

I am now waking up from the worst dream which was real. I am delighted with that. The heaviest door in Bergen-Belsen is opening and other soldiers without a swastika stuck on their suits get into the camp. I used to hate soldiers, wars, guns, planes, bombs but today is different. They are giving us the freedom which Nazi beasts denied us, the Jews.

Bodies where only bones are visible are dancing together with the only energy they were saving for this moment. The wonderful time of humankind might have finally arrived!





Sunday, 15 April 1945

Dearest Kitty,

I regret not telling you anything since 1 August, 1944. On 4 August, the eight people who lived in the annex were arrested by the SS.

First, we all were brought to a prison in Amsterdam, after that, to Wasterbork, a camp for Jews, later to Auschwitz, and finally, Margot and I were transported to Bergen-Belsen, another concentration camp.

During this time, I have been starving, suffered typhus and lived in horrible hygienic conditions. Margot died because of typhus.



Today, at night, British troops have got into the camp and liberated all of us. It's the happiest day of my life! A British soldier has given me a bar of chocolate. I have been taken with other people to a hotel.

The things I most desire are: seeing my father again, going with my relatives to Basel, going back to school next October and becoming a writer.

I am sure I'll be able to make them true!

Rosa María Calvo Blanco.

Inglés, B2.2

Sunday, 15 April 1945

Dearest Kitty,

Everything has ended but horror is still here. It's impossible to forget fear, death, hunger, illness, cold, sadness... but today I've seen a little star shining in the sky. The British Army has released this concentration camp.

Then, what can I do with my life? I don't know who I'm. I don't know what I want. I'm lost. Help me, please!

Sorry Kitty, after this terrible experience, the most difficult thing is to have hope. Around me there is only devastation.



I need a plan, a reason to be alive. First at all, I'll search for my family and then I'll tell everybody what happened here. This will be my therapy.

Now I must go, but everything is very complicated. I'll try to join a group of people because I can't survive alone. I hope to be lucky.

Yours, Anne

15<sup>th</sup> April 1945

Dear Kitty,

Today is the day we come back to life, after the hell we've been forced to be in. We are fewer, but I am sure those who have stayed on the road will be proud that we have succeeded.

From now on, we must keep fighting, for our dreams and our happiness, create a new life and take advantage of the opportunity we have earned. I feel sad that I can't share all the successes I'll get from now on with Margot, but I'll strive to be what I've always wanted to be, because she would fight with me to make it happen.

I really want to discover what destiny holds and learn, at every step we take, to build a better world after what we've lived.

Yours, Anne.





*Friday, 15 April 1945*

**Dearest Diary,**

The nightmare is finally over. After so long, I have been able to feel an indescribable happiness inside my heart, as well as sadness for all the people who have been left behind.

My feelings are a mix between confused and relieved, but hoping for a different and better future. It's time to be a resilient person and try to heal the wounds that now drown me so much.

I only thank God for this new opportunity that life has given me. There are really tough moments, but life also has unsuspected gifts. A ray of hope fills my tormented soul.

In the concentration camp I met a person who told me that a person can be taken of everything, except for one: the choice of their attitude in any type of circumstances in life. I am really grateful to this good man who helped me so much to hold my sorrows.

Anne.



*Emiliano Chamorro B2.2C*

15<sup>th</sup> APRIL 1945

*Dearest Kitty,*

Terrible things have been happening these past few months. I confess that I haven't thought of you although I missed the touch of the pen and the smell of your pages.

You can't believe the hell I've been through, it's something that I'll never forget although I'd prefer not to remember it.

Today I was born again, it'll take time to be the same person again, but at least, I'm back.

Now, I feel the air in my lungs, the wind in my face and the neutral taste of water, like never before.

Life, that word we don't know its real meaning until we're about to lose it, I'm not going to stop living it. I owe it to myself, but also to my family. I'll show the world their passage through this life and the tragedy they had to live. My freedom is their freedom too.

Yours, Anne



Mirian Gomes García. Inglés B2.1 A

15th April 1945

Dear Kitty,

Today is a big day, a very big one, although I feel small, weightless, and minimal.

The disease, that has been haunting me for two years, has left me without the strength to celebrate this magnificent event.

Around eleven in the morning, the 11th UK Armoured Division entered Bergen-Belsen to free us.

I think our appearance has impressed them a lot. Their facial expressions when they saw us all leaving the barracks made me think of our poor physical condition.

Margot and I enjoyed dinner with eggs, bread and milk that the soldiers had kindly prepared for us.

Tomorrow they will give us clothes and we can shower with hot water and soap.

Will they give me the address?

I really want to go back to Amsterdam. I want to hug dad and mom.

Your happy friend, Anna.

María Lombardero Cachón  
Inglés A1 - C



Liberation of Bergen Belsen, April 1945



15<sup>th</sup> April 1945

Dear Kitty

The rain has stopped and my illness seems to have gone definitely but the best of all is that a few hours ago, I saw, through the window of the barracks, the soldiers packing and running away. Then, Margot confirmed the good news: Nazis have left the camp!

I am very happy, but I cannot forget that morning when our hidden place was discovered. Oh, Kitty, I cannot stop thinking of my mum and daddy. Will they still be alive? Last night I dreamt with mum, she told me the camp will be released.

I cannot stop thinking about the thousands of souls that have died around us. We are survivors and now we must tell everyone the things we have seen. Bad and good things. Murderers and sympathy. Cruelty and friendship. Dead and Life. Because the wickedness requires goodness. Because the rainbow needs the rain.

Anna

Diego Colangelo Fuertes

Inglés B2.2

15 April 1945

Dearest Kitty,

The camp is completely infested with fleas, typhus and other diseases. No food is coming into the camp and the water supply has been cut off. Like leaves that fall from a tree, people are falling and dying.

Last night, I suddenly woke up smelling mummy's chocolate cookies! Then, I realized it was a nightmare, so I lay down again, I caressed my bald head and I prayed "Lord, I don't want to die here!".



This morning, the camp was mute, the wind was blowing hard, but the trees didn't make a sound.

I quickly went out of the barrack, blinded by the sunlight. Suddenly, I could see the silhouette of a strange man coming to me. Following him and breaking the spectral

silence, I could see tanks and more tanks. I didn't know where they were coming from!

*"I'm Captain Robert MAXWELL, we are British soldiers and we've come to release you".*

A big tear rolled down my face. This day will remain forever in my mind.

Yours, Anne

# LIFE BEGINS TODAY

15th April 1945

Dear Kitty.

I am back to write in your pages. We are finally free, my sister and me.

The nightmare is over, but I still need my parents, their love and empathy.

What we lived is very hard, but life is beginning today again. And now, day by day, no more violence, no more racism, no more prejudice, because all of them are very bad.

I'm looking for my family, Otto Frank and Edith Frank are my parents and Margot Frank is my sister. When we are together, I will be the happiest person on earth.

I want to be a journalist and help people with truth and give information around the world.

I like travelling, meeting people. I also want to marry and become a mother. Having many children is great; it's a dream for me.

I look forward to it.

Love Kitty.

Sonia Fernández Uría / Inglés NB A1.



April 18, 1945

Dear Kitty,

It's been a long while. Feels like ages since I last wrote anything. Something that wasn't a piece of roll paper when those soldiers weren't scrutinizing. I thought I wouldn't make it, oh, dear Kitty. I thought that this was it for Margot and me. Now my ribs are even more visible, and I'm still trying to get my strength back after leaving Bergen-Belsen.

You have no idea how much I've missed writing to you, telling you all my secrets and my thoughts, writing to my dearest best friend and confidant. But we're back together, and nothing can separate us. Now that I know there's a full life ahead for me, my words are mine again. Shall this be our grand new chapter, my dearest Kitty?

Spring is blooming again, for Amsterdam and us.



Lara Viloría Merayo, Inglés C1 – Grupo C

Wednesday, 25<sup>th</sup> April 1945

Dear Kitty,

Today I've finally been able to look at myself in a mirror. I couldn't recognize that girl. I know I'm very young...but I feel and I look like an old woman.

They've told me this morning that Father is alive and we'll meet soon. It's the best news I could imagine!! But I wonder if sometimes he'll feel like I do: guilty because Mother and Margot didn't make it...

I've been living in fear for so long that I don't know if I'll be able to live in another way. But I must do it. We must tell the world the truth so people don't forget ... so it never happens again.

Yours,

Annelies Marie Frank





16th April 1945

Dearest Kitty,

It's been ages since I last talked to you. Yesterday was the best day of my life. I came out of that prison they'd put me in. But I'm not happy; I left Momy and Margot behind. I've seen Pim; he's devastated but glad I'm still here.



This is me and my family, we were truly happy.

I can't remember many of the things I've been through behind those walls. I remember I made a few friends but some of them, suddenly, disappeared. I

don't know, maybe they are with my family.

I'm thinking of Peter, I miss him. I want to know where he is; how he's feeling right now; if he'd made friends there; if he's met his parents again or if he's alone. I also wanna know about my old house, but I don't want Pim to get sad, so I'll just tell you.

See you tomorrow, Kitty!

Yours,

Anne

30th April 1945



Dear Kitty,

At last, I'm free. After a year of losing friends and family in that hell, the Allied Forces rescued us from the concentration camp. But sadly, only dad and I have survived.

A couple of weeks later, he decided to go back with the Helpers. Dad explained everything to me while I was grabbing you and mom's and Margot's things. He knew I couldn't talk about it, at least not yet.

Once back home, with the war about to end, I decided to use my writing for something else. So, I explained to my father how much writing meant to me and that I wanted to tell our story to the world, and he agreed. Now, we're trying to make a book figuring it out as we go along.

Wish me luck, my friend. I have a long road ahead, but I'm not alone this time.

Yours,

Anne

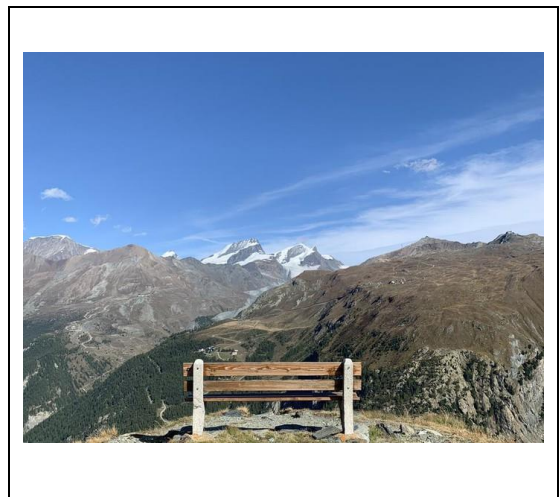
Óscar Carrera Arias - English B1 A

1st JUNE 1945

Dear Kitty,

I have been waiting for this moment for over a month. Today is a special day; dad, mum and I, have found each other after being separated for some years. Finally, they have liberated us from the concentration camps. After a relentless pursuit, in the end, we have gathered, here in our Blatten's home.

I'm enjoying every second, as if it were the last time that we were going to see each other. We're over here sitting without doing anything, observing the most beautiful sunset that I have ever seen. It's a perfect day. Well,



almost perfect, because, unfortunately, my older sister didn't survive in the camp. It's a big loss, but she'll always be in our memories.

Despite all of this, I'm so pleased to see my family again and also because everything went back to normal.

Sandra Diez Soria. English (TE, B2.4)



Saturday, 15 September 1945

Dearest Kitty,

It's been a long time since I last wrote to you. And this is the last day that I'm going to do so. Fortunately, my life has changed at last. I'm a lucky person after all.

On April, 15th, 1945, Bergen-Belsen, my "labor camp" was released from the Nazis. My sister and me, after being really ill, have survived. We have left this horrible place and all those horrific experiences.

From the moment we got out, we started to search for our parents. We didn't know what to do. There were still a lot of good people in Germany and they helped us. Unfortunately, we knew very soon that our mother was dead. Time went by. Meanwhile we found a job and we could earn some money to continue to look for our father.

Today, on September 15th, 1945, Yom Kipur day, the day of the Jewish principal celebration, we have found him. We are extremely moved. We didn't have any hope left. Although my mother isn't here, we're going to start a new life and we'll become a family again. We'll be happy or at least we'll try.

Thank you for being there.

See you forever,

Anna

Ángeles Paz Silva

8th February 1946

Dear Kitty,

While I'm writing these words, I can't help feeling a sense of loss. You have been my dear friend during my darkest moments.

You have been my source of strength during this time. But now is the time to say goodbye. I'm filled with gratitude for the memories and the moments that we spent together.

I hope that someday, your pages will be read by people, and they will be inspired by the courage that you have helped me to achieve. I hope they will see the beauty of their lives, even in the middle of their difficulties.

But today, we have to split up. I decided to move on without you. I leave you behind me because I need to focus on my future.

Thank you, Kitty, my loving diary, for being my friend and my supporter. You will live forever in my heart.

Goodbye forever, my loving friend.





The Diary of  
*Anne Frank*

Sunday, 24<sup>th</sup> March 1946

It's been almost a year since I met my father again, free from any threat.

Now, I sleep in a good bed and eat well, I really can't complain, but I feel that I'm still hugging my sister, looking for my mother, lost in that hell created by a few who did so much suffering to so many. That was and will be my only real life.

I really believe that it will always be like this, no matter how much time goes by, I believe that I did not survive that camp, and that everything I live now is a dream of what could have been and never will be.

This story, my story, has to have an ending and I don't want anyone to write that ending for me.

I have to say goodbye forever Kitty, I hope we meet sometime somewhere far from here.



*Anne Frank*

25th June 1947



My dear Kitty,

We've spent so much time together, and you're still here when I need to tell you how I'm feeling. You've made my life easier, from those difficult days when I felt suffocated until today.

You're my best friend, and I have to tell you that today is a happy day for us because you know that since I was thirteen years old I've had a dream that was to be a famous writer and thanks to you, dear Kitty, you've kept all my feelings and experiences in your pages.

*Horror and Nazi Barbarism* is one of the most read books in the world, and it's a worldwide hit. I have finally achieved one of my dreams, to become a famous writer and to let the world know what happened so that it won't happen again.

Thanks, Kitty.

M. Raquel Gallardo Ramón

English B1A

Thursday, 9th February 1948

Dear Kitty,

Since I was released from the concentration camp by the Soviets, my life is a roller coaster, all the time on trips around the world. But it's necessary for my job, I have to see all the movements of the enemy.

I accepted this job as a spy for Israel because of my desire for revenge, but sometimes I think of a quieter and steadier life. However, I can't leave my mission. The peace agreement was unfair to the Jews. They forgave many of their crimes, so the Nazis must pay for it.

In fact, I'm very excited because we have a plan to kill the top Nazi Generals at one of their meetings in the countryside. They will be relaxed and unprotected. And the best thing is that Hitler will be here. My partners want to take him to court, but if I get the chance, I will kill him myself.



Rafael Valcárcel Prada

Inglés Grupo B1-A





## **Birth of the state of Israel**

14th June, 1948

Dear Kitty,

I am happy. I will be 19 in a month, but today is the beginning of a new life for me.

I am very excited, because all the Jews without a country, today, we can begin to enjoy that a new state welcomes us. This was because of a madman with a moustache, a frustrated painter, a racist and anti-Semite who denied us our nationality.

As a consequence of the holocaust, Israel is recognized by The United Nations General Assembly.

I've lived in a kibbutz in the shores of the Sea of Galilee for a year.

In addition to my political activism, I have been elected by the kibbutz Assembly to manage it. In the kibbutz we produce vegetables such as lettuces, onions, tomatoes, etc., focused on the self-sufficient production of our community.

I would like all stateless people to have the same recognized status that I have now.

Pedro López Amigo

English, A2

10 December 1948

Dearest Kitty,

Today, I'm going to experience one of the most important events in human history, the adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

It's been more than 3 years since I was released from Bergen-Belsen, after suffering on my own one of the most disturbing experiences of my life.

I experienced firsthand how human rights were violated every day, enduring the poor conditions in which we lived in the concentration camp. It didn't matter whether we were children or adults, we were just a number, we were worthless to them.

As in my own case, in many other places and over many years, human rights haven't been respected, because for some people others have no right to anything. I managed to save my life, but others couldn't.

That's why today, I feel very happy and fortunate to be able to live this special moment in our history.

A new world begins here!

Yours, Anne



19<sup>th</sup> November 1949

Dearest Kitty,

At 20 years old, my life is bittersweet. I am grateful to be alive and can live my life to the fullest. However, the memories of when I was in hiding still haunt me. I have learned to appreciate every moment and not take anything for granted.

Since the war ended, I've been trying to adapt to a normal life. I have finished my studies and have started working as a journalist, hoping to make a positive impact worldwide. Although it is challenging at times, I find solace in writing and expressing myself through my work.

Despite everything, I still struggle with the trauma of my past. I often find myself wondering what would have happened if I had not survived. However, I try to focus on the present and the future and use my experiences to change the world.



VÍCTOR ÁLVAREZ RAIMÚNDEZ – C1 THAT'S ENGLISH!

Monday, 15<sup>th</sup> March 1950

Dearest Kitty,

Today is a great day! I'll do it! I'm so happy that I only want to shout I'll become the best art history teacher. My efforts have been rewarded, and Sorbonne University has admitted me for the next academic year. Can you believe it? I'm going to live in Paris! It's merely marvellous!

I see myself walking along Champs Elysées, enjoying the stunning French nightlife and teaching my passion at the best University in the world. Maybe, I'll fall in love with a handsome boy who will kiss me under the Eiffel Tower. I'm so content, but the time drags on and on!

On the other hand, I'll miss my family so much, but I'm sure they are as excited as me. They'll visit me as soon as possible, and we'll enjoy this fascinating experience together. That's a dream come true.

Yours,



M<sup>a</sup> Soledad Carbajo García – C1 That's English!

1 March, 1952

Dear Kitty,

I feel anxious. In a few days my first daughter will be born. My husband and I are delighted with the next birth although I'm a little afraid. I really wish my daughter was born well! I suppose that you too! We don't know how she'll be called because my husband



and I need to see her face. If she looks like her dad perhaps she'll be named Angela and if she looks like me she'll be named like my mother, "Edith". I am completely sure that she'll be

the same as her. Not only will she be gorgeous but also strong and determined to fulfil all her desires and she will be able to have a happy life.

Dear daughter, we are looking forward to having you with us. Your being part of our life will be wonderful.

We love you

15<sup>th</sup> August 1952

Dear Kitty,

I know it's been a while since we last talked, but planning a wedding is more hectic than you think! These last few months have been so stressful for me. I've been booking the restaurant and the catering, and obviously, sending all the invitations, but organising the ceremony was the worst. Besides, I love being a writer, but having all those books to sign doesn't let me have any days off!

Even though it has been incredibly nerve-racking, I couldn't be happier. Peter's so sweet! These last weeks, he's been telling me how much he loves me every single day. I can't wait to become Mrs Van Pels.

I wish you could see me now. When I started talking to you, I had no friends, but now, I have plenty of them! But don't worry, you'll always be my favourite - I've saved a place for you in the front row.

Forever yours,



PABLO GONZÁLEZ ALONSO

ENGLISH C1C

22 August 1952

Dear Kitty,

I'm so excited! Today's my wedding day. I only have time to write a few lines, because I've so many things to do... this afternoon I'll be Abraham's wife!.



So many things have happened in these seven years since Abraham and I were liberated from the concentration camp. We're so lucky. Another month and we wouldn't have lived to tell the story.

I always wanted my wedding to be like my parents' one and the grand moment has arrived. I'm wearing my mother's wedding dress and we'll get married in the synagogue in Aachen, Germany. After the ceremony, we're having the wedding reception: a luxurious dinner with Rhine salmon and mayonnaise, veal ragout with truffles and stuffed morels, ducklings with compote and salad and for dessert ice cream, cake, and mocha. Tomorrow we'll start our honeymoon, we're travelling to San Remo, in Italy.

I'm sure that we'll be very happy together and we'll enjoy ourselves after difficult times.

Yours, Anne Frank

Santiago Viñambres, Montserrat, B2.1A

# Anne Frank's wedding

22 August 1952

Dear Kitty,

Today, I feel very happy because I'm going to marry Tom.

He's a wonderful man who takes great care of me, so I can't wait to marry him. I believe that he'll be a good husband, and we'll have a fantastic life together. Maybe, in the future, we'll have a baby or two. I'd love that!

In three hours my life will change again, and although I can't feel happier, I have to confess that I'm a little sad, because I miss my beautiful sister and my lovely mum so much. I never forget how much I love them, and I would have liked them to see me in my white dress.

I'm sure when my dad and I walk down the aisle in front of all the guests it'll be one of the happiest moments of my life and I know my mum and Margot will be with us somehow.

They're always in my heart.





01/January/1953

Dear Kitty,

Today is New Year's Day, and Margot and I went to Café Koppes. Hanelli was there. We had breakfast together and then we went to the city center to buy meat and vegetables to make dinner.

Kitty, streets in Amsterdam are full of lights and the people make a lot of noise. I see they're happy. It's really marvellous!.

Then, when we arrived home, the grandmother Alice said us that our parents went out for dinner.

Later, I had a shower to go to the cinema with Peter. We watched 'Singing in the rain'. This film is wonderful!. It's romantic but it has action and is very funny too. Donald O'Connor is very nice, and Gene Kelly and Debby Reynolds are a beautiful couple. He's very handsome!!.

1953 is a good year. Today is the best day of my life.

Good night, Kitty. See you tomorrow.



Nuria Luna Fernandez

English A1C

2 June 1953

Dearest Kitty,

You won't believe it! I'm in London and it's been a very special day for me because the Coronation of Elizabeth II as Queen of the United Kingdom has been celebrated. Do you remember her, that girl whose picture I had on the wall of my room in the secret annex?

It's been a great event that I didn't want to miss and although it was going to be broadcast on colour TV, I preferred to be in the street, breathing and enjoying the atmosphere of celebration and admiration.

The procession left Buckingham Palace, went through the main streets of London and arrived at Westminster Abbey, where the Coronation ceremony took place. What a pity it was not to be able to be there inside! At every step along the way, you could hear "God save Queen Elizabeth", "Long live Queen Elizabeth". After the ceremony they returned to Buckingham Palace, went out onto the balcony and greeted the crowd.

Kitty, you can't imagine how excited, proud and hopeful I am that a woman has become Queen of the United Kingdom. Luckily for me, things are changing and, of course, I want to contribute to those changes by training to achieve new dreams and goals and help to make this world a little bit better.

Yours, Anne



Silvia López Rodríguez B2.1 B

Saturday, March 1, 1958

Dearest Kitty,

Today is the most important day of my entire life, I've no doubt. My first daughter has come to this world. I thought that I'd never feel a greater joy than when I left Bergen Belsen, but I've understood that life is full of surprises.

When I knew that I was pregnant, my first feeling was fear. Fear of bringing a person into this cruel world. Fear that she'd have to go through the same suffering I've been through. But all that changed when I saw her face this morning...

She's beautiful, black-haired and big to be a newborn. I don't know exactly why, but it reminds me so much of my deceased sister... that's why, although she was going to have another name, finally, she'll be called Margot. I think that when she knows all our story, she'll be really proud of her name.

Yours, Anne



Alejandra Lama Romero. English, B2.1A

1<sup>st</sup> March 1958

Dear Kitty,

I have had one of the most beautiful days of my life. Today, we welcomed Otto to the family. I am not adept at imagining that I, that girl who was hidden for two years and then sent to that atrocious place, am now a mother who would give everything for her little son. It is amazing how incredibly fast my heart has been flattered by this dinky critter named after one of the most influential people in my life. I am convinced that he will be as astute as his mother. Despite all the marvellous feelings, I can't help but feel terrified: I have a child to raise! Fortunately, my dear Peter is with me, although we don't have any close family now. If only we had some friends to talk to...

Yours, Anne



Friday, 12th June 1959

Dearest Kitty,

Today is my birthday. It is a special day for me although I don't like to celebrate on a large scale.

First of all, I met my dad in the usual cafeteria. We were running errands and then we visited our lawyer to talk about the trial.

Honestly, sometimes I think it wasn't a good idea to publish the dairy.

Moreover, today was a stranger day. It hasn't stopped raining in Amsterdam and damp makes me sick after those days [at the labour camp].

However, today I'm 30 years old. Adler says it is a significant date and he has prepared a special dinner to celebrate it.

I'm really happy with him.



24th March 1960

Dearest Kitty,

Maybe, today is the last day I write to you. And you can ask, “why?” Because I’m likely to have my diary published!

When I think about my life, I can remember a lot of changes, incidents, feelings... and I know that all of these things are important for people to understand what was happening here. If people read my memoirs, they can know about it.

For this reason, a few days after my son was born, I started to think about this idea, and today, when I woke up, I decided to take my diary to be published.

In the morning, I went to a book company and I told the publisher about my idea, and he said that it was a very good one!



So, this last page of my diary is a “goodbye”, or better, a “see you soon”. If you can read this diary..., I got it!

Yours, Anne

15<sup>th</sup> December 1961



Dear Kitty,

Today is my first day of work as an editor in the most important newspaper in Germany. I'm so excited that I'm afraid of doing it wrong, or quite the opposite, I'm not sure. Most of my colleagues are men, so it'll be challenging to prove that I'm a journalist as good as they are. I'll work very hard because it has not been easy to get here, but if I'm able to explain to the world the horror I have experienced so that it'll never happen again, it'll have been worth it.

I'm very lucky to be here, and I'm very grateful to all those who fought to make it so.

Yours,

Anne

BEATRIZ GARCÍA LÓPEZ

C1 THAT'S ENGLISH!

## Anne Frank's Diary



15 -December - 1961

Dearest Kitty,

Today has been my first day of work as an editor of a prestigious German newspaper "Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung".

At the beginning of the day, I was so nervous that I wore my shirt inside out (I wish I had noticed it before a lady alerted me in the street). However, as soon as I arrived at the office the nerves disappeared.

When I was introducing myself to my workmates my boss came with fresh news, a plane had fallen into the river Meno! Immediately a deployment of reporters began to work on it, some had to visit the scene, others stayed in the office editing, adding photos and printing the news article. Fortunately, not only the pilot did manage to land in the river but also nobody was hurt.

It was thrilling! we were working until 02:00 am and I still have my hands black with ink.





15th December 1961

Dear Kitty,

It's been a long time since I've written you something. I really missed you.

I have some exciting news. I just got my first job! I'm an editor in 'Die Welt', a very important newspaper here in Germany. I'll be working along with people like Axel Springer, the creator, and all the wholesome crew he has in it. I hope to fit



in well with them. I'm so eager to start! I promise I'll take you everywhere with me.

There's a lot to do these days. I have to visit dad; since mom's not here, he's been... very depressed. I wish I could cheer him up. I hate to see him like this. He, being alone, makes things even worse. Anyway, I hope I can make some time to write. It's so fun.

Lots of love,

Annelies Marie Frank.

Marina González Soutelo (Inglés B1A)

Friday, December 15, 1961

Dear Kitty,

I GOT IT!!!

It's been such a long time since my first wish to become a journalist. The way hasn't been really hard, I mean, there were hard moments, and I've been working very hard too. However, it didn't seem a tough thing for me. Life is amazing and it has so many things that can teach us!



Even the old Annex allowed me to learn a lot about the most important matter: People.

Time, there, went by slowly, so I had enough time to observe pretty well a wide range of people. There, I told you for the first time I wanted people to know about "The Secret Annex" and I was going to write a book about it. However, I easily started writing about such a well-known theme in the magazine... Luckily it has given me prestige, and, almost suddenly at 32, I've become the first woman publisher in a German newspaper.

Go on, there are so many things awaiting!

Yours,

Anne

Emilio Rano González, B2-A

Friday, 15<sup>th</sup> December, 1961

Today has been my first day at work for an important German journal. It's been a good day because all my coworkers have been very nice to me. I am an editor and I love my work because I love to write and I can give my opinion to the readers. I write since I was little, that was when I started to write my diary: The Diary of Anna Frank. Although I am very happy, I was sorry to be separated from my babyboy because he's very young, he's three years old. Today it was also his first day at the kindergarten and I think he had a great day too.

M<sup>a</sup> Teresa Santín. A1C



Annelies Marie Frank (12<sup>th</sup> June 1929 -  
(Anna Frank) March 1945)

15<sup>th</sup> December 1961

Dear Kitty,

I know that I haven't written to you since 3<sup>rd</sup> August 1944. I tried, I really tried but my life has changed a lot since the liberation of Bergen-Belsen and I didn't want to look back.

Today is my first day as an editor in an important newspaper in Germany and I couldn't help thinking in my beginnings as a writer.

I am a different person now, I have a free life in Germany, I got married to a smart and handsome man and I am mother of a beautiful girl. She is three years old and she is like her father.

Life's different but sometimes, at the end of the day, I think about my childhood and I feel grateful because writing to you was one of the things that kept me happy and hopeful during those hard days.

I had always tried to tell you this.

Love,

Anne



Alba Abella Rodríguez B2.2 D

15th December 1961

Dear Kitty,

I am still feeling a bit dizzy and overwhelmed after my first day as chief editor for the Stuttgarter Zeitung.

Not many people are fortunate enough to see their childhood dreams come true and have a job that provides both a good salary and the fulfillment of their desires.

That, I have.

And for that I'm grateful.

And, as happy and grateful that I am, I still think it is of the outmost importance to pay homage to all the ones who suffered and could not fulfill their dreams or even survive and live the life they all deserved.

It is for that, I have promised myself to use my privileged position as a journalist to keep history alive and to help everybody remember what should never be repeated.

On this very happy day, thank you, Kitty, for being always there for me.

Anne



*E.C.J.*

FRIDAY, 16<sup>th</sup> DECEMBER 1961

Dearest Kitty,

How long has it been since we last met? I'm sorry for so long. I can't wait to tell you what has happened. As you will remember, when we were hidden in the Netherlands, I always dreamt about becoming a journalist. You didn't believe me, but my dream has come true. Oh, my goodness!! I'm very proud of myself.

When the Second War World finished, my family and I came back to Frankfurt. Here, I decided to go to university to study a degree in journalism. And the day has become. Today, I have started working in one of the most important newspapers of Germany: *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Yesterday, I felt very nervous but at the same time very confident and ready to start. Today, I woke up early and got dressed, I decided to wear an elegant suit to look smart and professional. When I sat down at my desk and started writing my first article, I had the same feeling as when I was writing to you in the Netherlands. What good and bad memories!!!

Yours, Anne



NOEMI FERNANDEZ BLANCO B2.1 A

20<sup>th</sup> March 1964

Dearest Kitty,

I'm very excited because today is an important day of my life.

When I arrived at work my editor said to me that my book will be published this month.

I cried with emotion when I finished the diary because this is my family life and that of many families too.

Yesterday I talked with my father and he was very happy. My book finally is a reality, although it has been quite hard to remember what happened. It's a pity that my sister and my mother can't see it, they'd be very happy too.

I hope that many books are sold and many people know my true story.

I'll save you a copy,



Yours, Anna

Nuria Domínguez Mansilla B21A

22nd April 1966

Dear Kitty,

Today I saw my friend Daniel again, whom I had not heard from since that horrible barracks in Bergen - Belsen where we were.

I was glad to see him again and know how his life had been since then.

He told me that he worked for a newspaper, writing testimonies of people who had survived that horror like us.

He was also interested in my current life, and I told him that I was a teacher and that I helped people who had passed through difficult times.

Before we said goodbye he invited me to collaborate with him to write my own history about those bad times we shared. But I said no, because that part of my life was already written, it was private and I collected it in my diary.



Yedra González Fernández Inglés B1A



25th June 1967

Dear Kitty,

**Yesterday** was finally the concert of The Beatles. It was really incredible for me. I couldn't believe that I was there! From the beginning of the concert, I knew that it would be a **hard day night**. I remembered when I was in hiding in our refuge, made of **Norwegian wood**, and I listened to all their songs. When I dreamt of going for a walk down **Penny Lane**, or I was so tired that I only wanted to shout <<**Help**>>. I thought about how many times I hoped to run away in a **yellow submarine** or **across the universe**. So many moments I repeated to myself <<**I feel fine** and soon somebody will tell me: "Anne, **I want to hold your hand** and walk to the end of this **long and winding road**">>. Suddenly I said <<no more pain Anne, you have to **let it be**>>.



MARTA FERNÁNDEZ FREIJO - ENGLISH B1A

*Hamburg, 25th June 1967*



**My family left Germany in 1944 because of the persecution of Jews of Germany by the Nazis during World War II. My parents moved to France far away from the negative thoughts of Hitler towards Jewish people. After two years in Paris with my family, I decided to move to Spain. There I lived with my paternal aunt Ingrid for several years. I was happy during my stay in such a lively city. I returned to Germany and met my family in 1967. I'm happy and feel calm and relaxed in my home town again. My sister Margot has been living in Hamburg for a while now. She is married to Marc, who works as an insurance agent. Today, I have travelled from Frankfurt to Hamburg to visit her. We haven't seen each other for a long time. Our meeting has been absolutely wonderful. We were walking through the town center in the afternoon when I heard a group of young people singing a song. I said to Margot, "What a beautiful song!" She replied, "It's an English rock band The Beatles! I know this song, the title is "All You Need is Love." Just before leaving Margot bought a The Beatles' LP record and gave it to me. I must say it was an unforgettable moment and I can't stop listening to it. From now on, The Beatles is my favourite musical group.**

*by Nicasio Yebra Flórez*

*English – C1*

Sunday, 25 June, 1967

Dear Kitty,

Today is a wonderful day. I don't write very often lately, but just wanted to share this fabulous discovery with you. Peter gave me an album called *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* for my 38th birthday. It's the latest record by a band from Liverpool, The Beatles. They are apparently *very popular*, but surprisingly I never heard of them here in Hollywood. The cover is quite weird, with all these characters and colours and their big moustaches and sideburns. *Hippies*, they call them. But the moment I put down the phonograph needle and started to listen to that orchestra tuning up and then the strum of George's guitar, I was in a different and better world. My favourite song, though, is *When I'm Sixty-Four*. I love dancing joyfully to this tune while thinking about growing old and all the things we've overcome together.



25<sup>th</sup> June of 1967

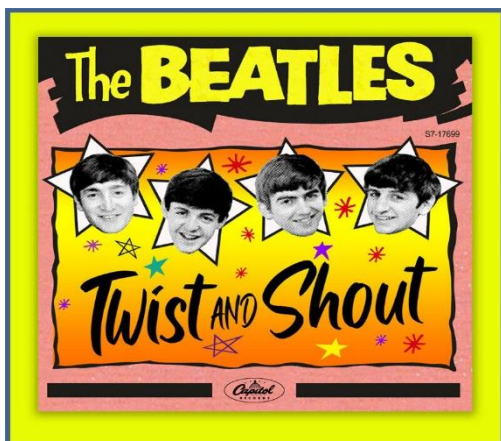
Dear Kitty,

Today is a special day for me. I turned on the radio this morning and suddenly I listened to a magical rhythm and a freedom hymn. Margot and I started to dance. The song is called Twist and Shout and the group is The Beatles.

Listening to that song made me want to dance and have fun. I wish I had listened to this song to relieve the suffering while I was in Auschwitz.

I have seen a picture of The Beatles in the newspaper, They're four handsome boys from Liverpool. They're on a tour around the world and they will be next month in Amsterdam. I would like to go to the concert and have a good time. It would be fantastic! I'm looking forward to it!

Everything has changed so much.



*Thursday, 25 June 1967*

*Dearest Kitty,*

*As usual, I am going to share my whole day experience with you. It was a glorious day for me. I woke up really early this morning. The sun was shining through the curtains and I could smell breakfast cooking downstairs.*

*By the way, what I needed was to find a few memorable family photos that I had displayed in some place and now I wasn't able to locate but peeking in the antique attic, what was my surprise when I discovered the admirable Dad's radio. In fact, I wasn't sure that it worked well. Trying to detect some broadcast, suddenly, I heard a fabulous song called "Here comes de sun". The time stopped for a while and what happened was I felt really delighted.*

*Not only had I listened to a fantastic song but also I had discovered the significant group of the moment "The Beatles".*

*I am sitting writing this, remembering the lyrics of the song I have heard today, I hope tomorrow I could listen to it again.*



*Ruth Vidal Coronado C1 A.*

RICCARDO A Zonco,  
Grupo E English C1

25 October, 1967

Today is a very special day for me because it is the first time I have listened to a couple of songs by The Beatles and I found their music different but inventive. They play a sort of rock & roll and rhythm blues. They sound great. Their lyrics attract me because they convey messages of love and peace and give me hope and comfort. And today is also a special day because it is the anniversary of the day when I was freed from the horror of the Holocaust, with the help of a group of British soldiers. The liberation of Bergen-Belsen, a Nazi concentration camp where I lived and felt hatred and discrimination, took place twenty-two years ago. I still can't forget it. I feel that these years living in freedom can be a lot of years. However, if I compare them with a couple of years in captivity, those two years really were an eternity. Starving, suffering from diseases and not knowing how much longer I would stay alive. Today listening to The Beatles I can value their creativity, their poems and fresh sounds, and it gives me hope for love and peace. Tomorrow I'll keep singing "All you need is love."



24 February 1969

Dearest Kitty,

Today I woke up a little bit sad. The weather was terrible outside, it was raining and I didn't fancy doing anything, I only wanted to stay in my bedroom reading my favourite music magazine and thinking about myself.

But suddenly everything has changed as I've read "**The yellow submarine is coming!**" on the first page of my magazine, but "When? Where?" I ask myself.



You can believe it, Kitty! The most popular music band is coming here, to my city! My day has changed, the sun is shining outside, it's a wonderful day!

I have to check all my Beatles records and I have to choose my clothes for the occasion. I think my flared jeans are a good option.

I'm really excited and nervous. I want to go outside, run, shout with joy, perhaps I'm dreaming... I'm so happy, Kitty!

Yours, Anne

SUNDAY, 21 JULY 1969

Dearest Kitty,

Today is a historic day, it's sunny, birds are singing and I'm very happy.

I'm sitting in front of the television and I remembered you, that's why, I'm going to write you.



I never thought that this day would come, sometimes I think that it is a dream but is really true.

A forty-year-old woman like me about to see how the first man will walk on the moon.

Four days ago, the spaceship went out to way for the moon, and now we will put our feet there. Will he be scared? Will he feel as alone as I was in the concentration camp?

When I couldn't stand the situation, I thought about my family and my friends and this gave me the strength to be here.

Sorry dearest Kitty but this is all for now, the little Otto has begun to cry and he needs me.

Martín Ortega Gil, B1



THURSDAY, 1<sup>th</sup> MARCH 1970

Dearest Kitty,

Today is a very special day. It's Margot's birthday and she is twelve today. When I was twelve my life was very different from my daughter's life. I was locked up in that concentration camp counting the days expecting the end of my life. The days without being able to write to you, Kitty, were a nightmare.

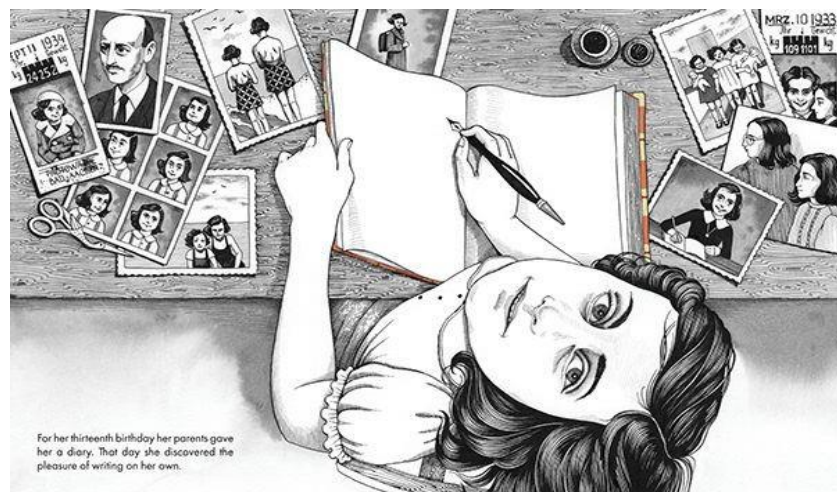
I've always dreamed of being a famous writer and you know it. My childhood was difficult and sad. As much as I wanted to show a positive side on every page you offered me. It's easy to dream when life gives you reasons to dream. On 15<sup>th</sup> April 1945, I decided to fulfill all my dreams.

Now I'm a writer and run my own publishing house, I'm a mother and a wife. Here I'm sitting in the garden in front of my daughter. She doesn't know what a present I have for her. You're so special and I'm forever in your debt.

I hope you help her as much as you helped me, Kitty. Be a support and a way of escaping. Thank you for all these years.

With love,

Anne.



For her thirteenth birthday her parents gave her a diary. That day she discovered the pleasure of writing on her own.

Belén Puente Gonçalves Inglés B2.1 A

7th July 1974



Dear Kitty,

Today, I got up very early. The night before, my dad told me: "If you get up very early, you will go to the bakery to buy a cake for us".

I dressed very fast and I caught the coins that my father had left on the table. When I arrived at the bakery, there was nobody.

I didn't understand anything, but the baker said: "Today is a very important day, today is the World Cup Final between Federal Germany and The Netherlands!".

Finally, I bought one cake and I went back home to have breakfast with dad. When I arrived, he was in the kitchen with a pot with chocolate. We sat down and dad said: "If you want, we can watch the football Final in the evening".

We watched the Final in the theatre of the village with all the neighbours. The Federal Germany won, and everybody was excited and happy that day.

Yours, Anne

July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1974

*Dearest Kitty,*

Today it's been an incredible day. I attended the final of the FIFA World Cup in Munich. It's hard to believe that I was there, in a stadium full of people, watching Germany and The Netherlands, the two countries that have shaped my life, competing for the title.

As the match unfolds, my heart feels torn. Despite being from Germany, the Netherlands is my second home, and I feel a deep connection to the country and its people. It's hard to choose between the two.

The atmosphere in the stadium was amazing. The crowd was cheering and singing, and I felt overwhelmed by the excitement, even though I don't understand much about football. In the end, Germany won 2-1, although the result wasn't the most important for me.

It's a moment of joy and happiness, and I hope there'll be many more moments like this in the future.



7th July, 1974

Dearest Kitty,

Today is an important day for all German football fans because their football team is going to play the final of the World Cup against the Netherlands. As you know, my son Thomas is a German supporter but my husband is a Netherlands fan. My husband says he would give all he has for a victory of his team. I think he loves Johan Cruyff more than me!!! I don't know why but he really loves this guy. On the other hand, Thomas loves Franz Beckenbauer. He wants to be like him when he grows up. In my case, I don't care about the result but, honestly, I prefer a Dutch victory. I hope Cruyff puts in a great performance and makes it easy for the Netherlands.

Yours, Anne



Óscar Díez Arias. English B2.1A

Tuesday, 19 August 1980

Dearest Kitty,

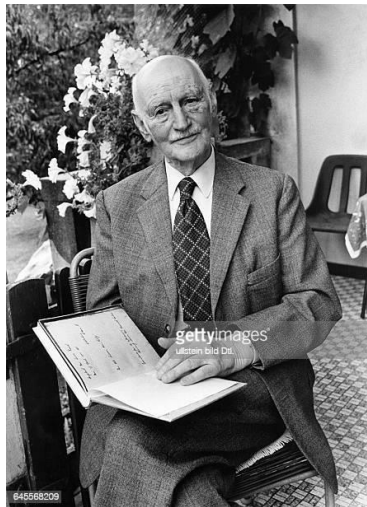
Today is a sad day, probably, one of the worst days of my life. My father's died.

It all started two months ago. He told us that his chest hurt a lot. He went to visit the doctor but he told him that he was fine, that it was probably just anxiety. It's true that he used to be nervous and he didn't sleep much.

But everything got worse. He couldn't walk for a long time because he felt very tired and five days ago, he couldn't breathe well, so, I took him to the hospital and the doctors tested him. His heart was very weak and he had to take some medicine but finally, this morning he died.

I'm very sad. I didn't expect it. In two weeks, we will go to France together and now, I'm alone. But I hope that he'll meet again with my mum and my sister.

I miss you so much.



Rebeca del Arco Óñiga, B1

Tuesday, 4th November 1980

Dear Kitty,

I trust you still love listening to my thoughts as much as I adore putting them on paper. I used to write for no particular reason or occasion. Even if life is made of petty concerns, publishing my diary made us both quite famous around the world. What I enjoy the most is spending time with family and friends, putting myself out there is out of the ordinary.

That was the case yesterday, and I must admit it was a life-changing experience. I met the admirable Simone Veil, a French politician who has recently become the President of the European Parliament. She is a Jewish woman and a Holocaust survivor; besides, we were both at the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp. She is two years older than me, I'm convinced we share more interests. Next week we'll meet again, and we'll know for sure.





April 11, 1987

Dear Kitty,

Today is a sad, awful day for me: Primo Levi is dead. I remember all those Auschwitz years where, as I later learned, we coincided for a few months, before they moved me to Bergen-Belsen and he was released in April 1945.

Happily, we both managed to survive the shame and humiliation: he, through his literature; me, enjoying my happy marriage, my daughter, my job in the Frankfurter Allgemeine and the many friends whose affection surrounds me.

As in his case, the poison of the camp has faded inside me, but not its consequences: questions still haunt me and some nightmares wake me at certain nights.

Someone said Primo Levi died in Auschwitz 40 years ago.

I would like to think that's not true.

He has left us, but his literary work illuminates this confusing time in the search for answers to prevent atrocities like that one.

Juan José Alonso. English. A2/ 2023

9<sup>th</sup> November 1989

Dear Kitty,

I'm so quiet now... It's impossible... But it's true.

When I got up in the morning, I had breakfast like an ordinary day, and I switched on the TV.

The horrible Berlin Wall was falling now. All people around the world are currently celebrating this.

Last night I had a dream with my friend Elisheva, we were sitting in the park, we were looking at the birds... they were flying free... and Eli told me:

<<Anne, do you think that a new world is possible? Without wars, hate, shame walls... a world where all the people were "living life in peace", as Lennon says>>.

I'm speechless now, Eli was right. Another world is possible and today, the future is making a 180-degree turn.

Dear Kitty, I don't want to "ring the bells" yet. Humans can be wonderful now, but a second later, they can turn into a beast. Anyway, this is the beginning of an important moment... I hope!

Alicia González Gómez  
English B1.A  
EOI Ponferrada







9 November 1989

Dear Kitty,

Today has been a very important and interesting day because the Berlin Wall has fallen at last. I feel free, because I have been remembering the worst episode of my life in that attic, when I only needed some people that maybe could help me. However, this time, all people have worked together and they have put together millions of families who were separated by stupid wars.

Moreover, there haven't been any deaths or problems with people. I could write something about this event in my newspaper column, what do you think Kitty? Definitely yes, I must write about this.

Probably, now that I have become a mother, I can see all things differently and my feelings on the matter are more delicate.

Definitely, I'm really happy about those families that were able to meet again.

I promise to write to you again soon.

Lucía Jorge Domínguez, inglés, B2.1

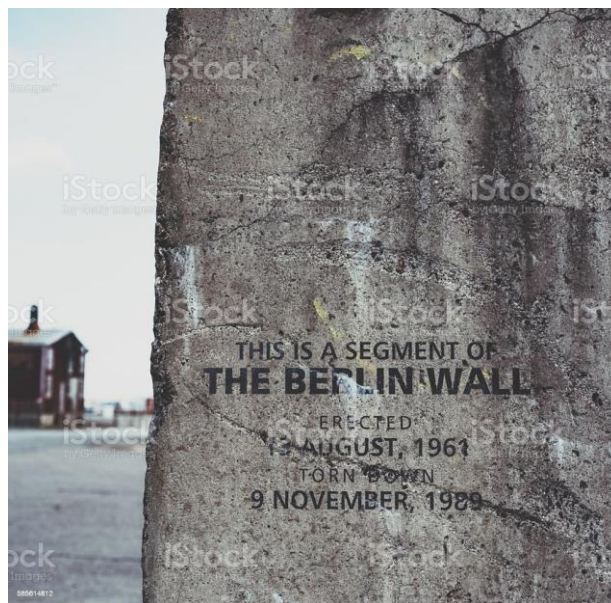
9 November 1989

Dearest Kitty,

Every time I write to you, something special has happened. This time something wonderful is going on. I'm dying to tell you about the news of the day.

The Berliners on both sides of the city have begun to tear down, even with their hands, the stones of a border that is as artificial as it is painful.

Great news!



Concrete, kilometers of barbed-wire, the watchtowers not only separate two political worlds but also specific people, people who I love.

I've told you more about myself and my feelings that I've ever told a living soul. That's why you can understand the rage that I feel against that wall and the euphoria that its fall produces in me.

A bright date and a dark date too. 9 November is also the anniversary of the sinister "Night of Broken Glass" of 1938, the savage attack on Jewish citizens. I keep thinking about my dead and I repeat ad nauseam "never again".

We must always be aware of our past in order to face the future. I was saved, I survived and I continue writing to you for those who can no longer speak, to keep memories alive. It comforts me.

Enough for today, now I know that courage and happiness are needed first.

Yours, Anne

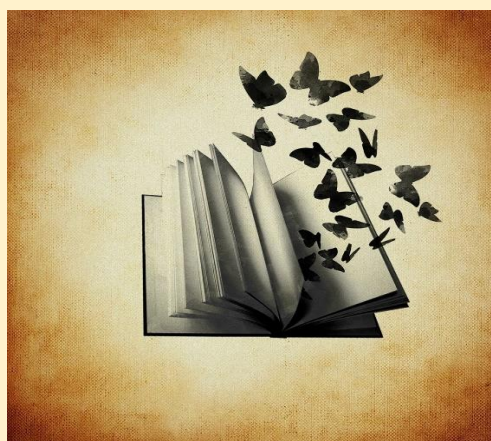
Flora Cascallana Vega B2.1B

*Friday, November 10th, 1989*

Dearest Kitty,

It's hard to believe, but yesterday something amazing happened. The Berlin Wall has fallen! The wall separated Germany for a long time, and now people can go freely from one side to the other. It's so exciting!

I watched the news with my family, people hugging and dancing in the streets. It was a great moment in history.



For a long time, they were separated from their loves, their dreams, unable to travel without limits, and unable to speak their minds. This moment makes me happy.

I hope that one day, all walls will fall, and that people around the world will be free to live, love, and travel wherever they choose. It's a dream worth fighting for, and yesterday we saw that dreams can come true.

PS. I'm grateful to be living this moment in history, and I'll never forget it.

*Yours, Anne*

TUESDAY, 10 DECEMBER 1991

I'm very happy, my dream since I was a little girl has come true. Today is the most important day of my life. I can't believe it! I'm crying! At this moment, I'm alone, it's too late, I have my medal and my diploma on my desk. I'm staring at them! I think I'll sleep with them.



From tonight, I'll feel an important person, I'll remember my family, my husband's eyes, and my children. They almost cried. People clapped at this moment and I looked back of my past life, I thought about my experiences and my books.

I will never forget this day! I have won a Nobel Prize!

Monday, 18th March 1996

Dearest Kitty,

It is possible that this is the last time that I can write in my diary. My heart has suffered so much sorrow and absence that I don't know if I will survive tomorrow's surgery.

I can only be grateful for having formed a family that supports me and helps me to move forward.

I have had a good life after all the bad things we went through in those horrible years. I got the job I wanted at the newspaper, I have met very interesting people, I have seen walls fall that faced families, and I have been able to see my children grow up in a time marked by scarcity, but also by peace among countries.

I am also grateful for not having been one more number of the millions of people who died in the horror of the war and the wickedness of men.

AURORA GAUELA MARTÍNEZ

Thursday, 16 June 1997

Dear Diary,

Today was an unforgettable day as I have visited Jerusalem for the very first time. Margot and her family moved more than three years ago.

The city is absolutely breathtaking with its beautiful architecture and rich history, but what impressed me the most was the visit to the Holocaust History Museum, where my brother-in-law is in charge of the publication department. At times it was very painful for me to remember that difficult period in my life, particularly when I entered in the Hall of Names, built in commemoration of the Jews who perished during the Holocaust. Our visit-tour guide showed us the original handwritten page of testimony sent by our father telling the story of our family in that fateful period.

Another unforgettable moment was when all family visited the Western Wall together and prayed alongside the many other visitors. It was a moving experience to witness the devotion and prayers of so many people gathered there.

I felt grateful for the love and warmth of my family. I know that this was a day I will remember for the rest of my life.

Yours truly, Anne



ALUMNA: MARIA ROSARIO PALACIOS

ENGLISH- C1

Wednesday, 12th June 2019

Dearest Kitty,

Today is my 90th birthday! I can't believe it can be possible. My children's celebrated this special day with me. They organized a birthday party in my house, and they also invited the rest of my family and my closest friends. There was a delicious cheesecake. It's my favourite!

Some gifts were amazing. All my family recorded a film and recreated my life. My teenage granddaughter played my character, and my son was my father. It was really emotional! They had awesome decorations, like my childhood house. Furthermore, my friends read me some paragraphs of my most-liked book when I was a child, The Nero Book.

I'm really grateful for it, but now I'm exhausted and need to rest. I'm very old! However, thanks to these extraordinary moments, I feel alive! I have exceptional family and friends.

Monday, 15th of March, 2020

Dear Kitty,

So as you know, we have a pandemic. If someone had told me this before, I wouldn't have believed it. I watch the news every day and I feel overwhelmed.

However, this situation is not the same as the one when we were hiding and trying to survive. At least, we have lots of ways to spend our free time and feel safe at home such as TV or books. My routine is always the same. I carry on writing my diary and I'm pushing myself not to give up...some days are harder than others.

What's more interesting, I've had the opportunity to know myself better. I'm taking care of my health and mental thoughts which is great to have more energy and feel quite good.

Anyway, just tell me how everything is going at your home and if you need to chat, just let me know.





20th May 2020

Dearest Kitty,

*It's been two months already since the lockdown began. Here I am, forced to stay home again, trying to hide from the enemy. Sometimes, it occurred to me that my life will end as it had started : in a world that is falling apart.*

*I called Margot today. We talked for a long time on the phone. I told her about the diary. She wasn't surprised. She remembered me writing in notebooks. She said she saw me more than once when we were hiding back then. I promised I'll read it to her, starting tomorrow. To talk with her about the past makes me think about Mum and Dad, how I wish they were here. Despite all those years, deep down, I am still that little girl waiting for her parents to tell her a nice story before falling asleep at night.*



Picture taken by Dominique Bigelow (2020)

18th June 2022

Dear Kitty,

Today, I was reading a book in the public garden and suddenly, a group of young ladies came to meet me. It was a big surprise for them to know that I've been living in Ibiza since 2000, so I told them the story.

Everything began in 1944 when I was in the concentration camp. It was a very difficult time. Everybody was hungry, tired and the thought of death was always in our mind, but life can bring you wonderful things anytime.

For me, that thing was a skinny and funny boy who always had a big smile on his face. He told me hilarious stories which made me laugh and forget where I was.

Fortunately, I still have that feeling every day of my life. It's because that skinny boy is this lovely old man next to me, and his hometown is this one.



Take care Kitty. I'll see you tomorrow.

Rayco Díez León English B1/E

Querida Kitty:

Hoy es el Día Internacional de la Mujer y por eso Anna, la nieta de Margot que es una importante periodista quiere entrevistarme.

Dice que fui una mujer adelantada a mi tiempo y quiere que le cuente mi historia a la gente. También quiere publicar mis antiguos diarios.

Hablaremos de como nos salvamos de los nazis viviendo escondidos en la casa de atrás. Después de la guerra no pude seguir estudiando y tuve que ponerme a trabajar para ganar dinero. Aún así logré crear mi propia empresa. Disfruté siendo de las primeras en llevar minifalda y también de bañarme en bikini. Viví en diferentes países pero nunca me sentí perteneciente a ninguno. Y pese la insistencia de mi madre y mi hermana para no ser una "solterona" nunca me casé aunque me enamoré muchas veces y viví historias maravillosas de amor.



Recreación de Anna mayor con la app FaceApp

anne\_m\_frank "One of the many questions that have often bothered me is why women have been, and still are, thought to be so inferior to men. It's easy to say it's unfair, but that's not enough for me; I'd really like to know the reason for this great injustice! /.../ Fortunately, education, work and progress have opened women's eyes. In many countries they've been granted equal rights; many people, mainly women, but also men, now realise how wrong it was to tolerate this state of affairs for so long. Modern women want the right to be completely independent!"

Anne in her diary, June 13, 1944



Post Instagram cuenta Anne\_m\_frank



Este es ya el quinto año de nuestra actividad **LEER Y VIAJAR**. Ya sabéis que este curso estamos leyendo **El Diario de Anne Frank**, que termina subitamente debido al trágico final de su autora. Pero, ¿y si Anne Frank hubiera sobrevivido a su destino? ¿Cómo creéis que continuaría su diario si ella siguiera escribiendo en él?

Queremos animaros a escribir una entrada de diario en su nombre con motivo de alguno de los momentos más importantes de su vida:

- **15 de abril de 1945:** la liberación del campo de concentración de Bergen-Belsen, en el norte de Alemania, donde ella se encontraba presa.
- **22 de agosto de 1952:** el día de su boda.
- **1 de marzo de 1955:** el nacimiento de su primera hija.
- **15 de diciembre de 1961:** su primer día de trabajo como editora en un periódico alemán importante.
- **25 de junio de 1967:** la primera vez que escuchó The Beatles.
- **2 de julio de 1974:** la final de la Copa Mundial de Fútbol entre Alemania y Países Bajos.
- **9 de noviembre de 1989:** la caída del muro de Berlín.

**¡El día de su vida que tú quieras!**  
O BIEN

Tu escrito, debe cumplir los siguientes requisitos:

- Contar con la fecha arriba e la derecha en el idioma correspondiente y con el siguiente formato: 3 de septiembre de 1985.
- Estar escrito en primera persona.
- Estar redactado en cualquiera de las seis lenguas que se imparten en la escuela (alemán, francés, gallego, inglés, italiano, portugués) o español.
- Tener una extensión máxima de 150 palabras.
- Presentarlo en un folio de papel tamaño A4.
- Escribirlo a mano o en ordenador.
- Estar orientado verticalmente, justificado y realizado en un tamaño de letra mediano o grande (por ejemplo, Arial 20).
- Estar acompañado de una imagen.
- Incluir tu nombre, apellidos, idioma y curso.

Recuerda entregárselo a tu profe para una primera corrección y tener listo el escrito final antes del día **24 de marzo de 2023**.

¡Todos los participantes recibirán un obsequio y entrarán en el sorteo de una cena para dos personas en el restaurante **Muna de Ponferrada**!

10 March 2023

Hello Margot,

My previous Kitty diary was left in Amberes and in memory of my sister I call you that.

I don't know what has happened from 1945 to 2023, but there is a contest at the EOI. I have decided to participate to tell you that I am very happy to be able to live here, in Ponferrada.

I like Spanish people, their food, the climate and their joy, I am very happy to live in this city.

Life for women is easier and more interesting than in my previous time, we don't have to get married, we can work outside the home.

Now I study nursing at the University. My sister and I, together with millions of Jews, suffered from the lack of hygiene and the barbarity of the Nazi concentration camps. I hope it never happens again, but just in case I prepare myself to help people.

Itziar Sancho Corral, English student A2

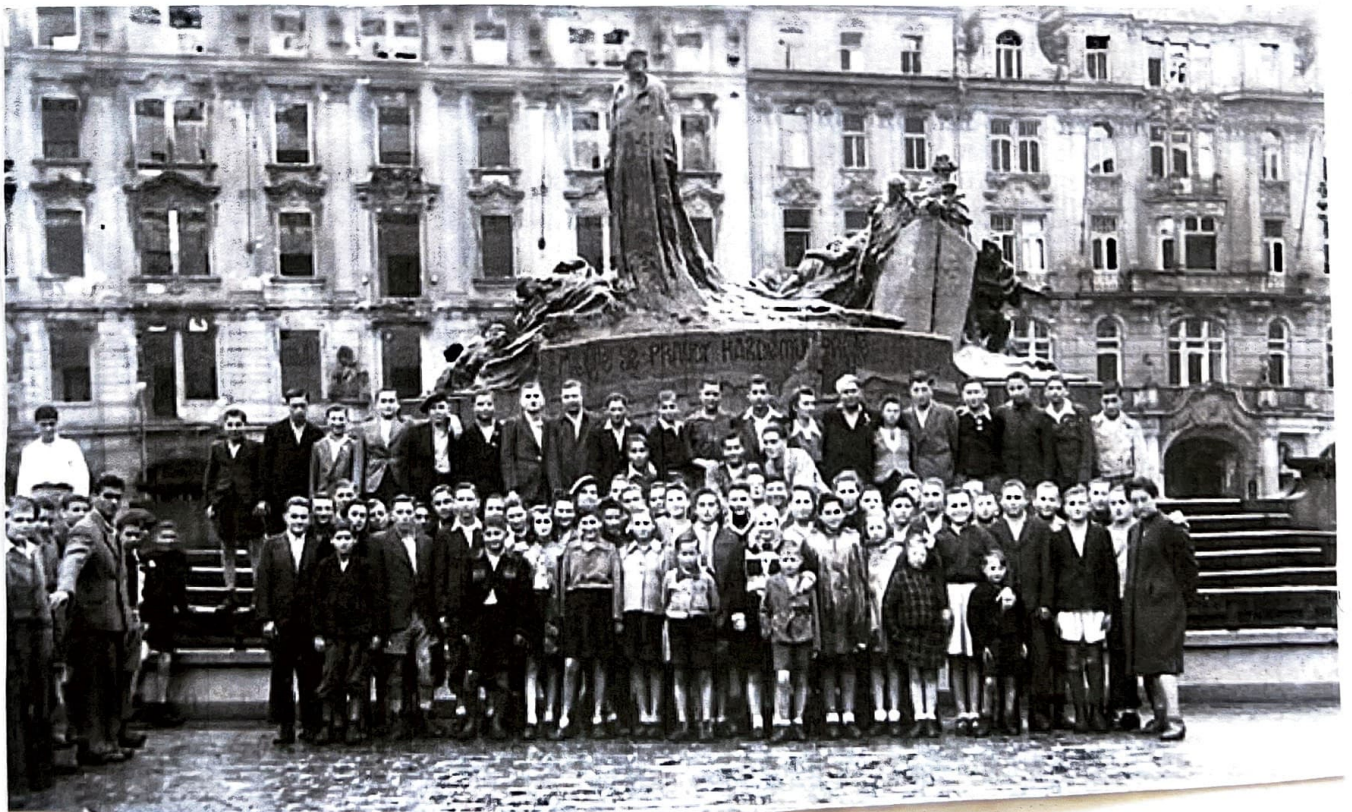
The twenty-first of March

Today I wake up very early. I am thinking in my first daughter, her name is Margot. She is a brave girl and very intelligent.

She lived a hard stage at the time of the Nazi invasion. She survived in the Nazi concentration camp in Auschwitz when she was sixteen. She went looking for her sister, her name is Anne. My second daughter is very shy. Margot traveled in search of her sister and found that the horror of the war had ended but the memories were present in here. She began to investigate the death of her sister and what had been the cause. The cause of his death was suffocation. Margot began to cry because she was hoping to see her sister again. She had nice memories of her childhood always playing together.

I always think of my daughter but it comforts me to know that I have one alive.

I cry for the departure of my daughter because I will always carry her in my heart.



Evelyn Castañeda Alban,  
English A1C



15 Aprile 1945

Oggi mi sono alzata presto, come negli ultimi anni della mia vita in questo maledetto campo di concentramento; ma di mattina ho una sensazione strana, è vero che la notte non è stata migliore, ma quando tu sei in un posto come questo, essere in vita un giorno in più è già un successo. Dormire su un letto di legno, con freddo, fame e tante compagne malate non è un aiuto per svegliarsi in forma e con il tuo migliore aspetto.

I giorni precedenti ci siamo accorte che la routine nel campo aveva causato un po', certamente avere notizie dall'esterno è molto difficile ma c'erano alcune voci che parlavano che i nazisti stavano perdendo la guerra.

Quando di subito ho sentito uhl, alcuni spari, e persone correndo... tutto si è svoltato molto veloce... fino a quando ho visto i soldati americani e Francesi; ho avuto un sentimento incredibile di gratitudine e ho scoppiato in lacrime, per un momento non sapevo cosa fare.

Sono liberi, siamo liberi, il mondo è un po' più libero!



campo di concentramento  
BERGEN-BELSEN

Antonio J. Rubial ITALIANO  
A.2

15 aprile 1945

I tedeschi sono fuggiti da giorni. Siamo stati abbandonati al nostro destino. Prima... il silenzio, dopo, sotto i primi raggi del sole di primavera, ho visto delle ombre... Erano Soldati inglese che avanzavano lentamente verso di noi. Si fermarono davanti al recinto di filo di ferro, gli occhi increduli e spaventati, guardando i baracconi bruciati, i cadaveri in decomposizione e quegli "scheletri" scarni ricoperti di pelle e da un pigiama a righe, che camminavamo verso di loro stendendo le mani.

Dalla nostra gola non usciva una parola, un suono. Dai miei occhi non cadeva una lacrima. Era secca. Sono caduta in ginocchio. Era esausta.



Un soldato mi ha dato da bere. Un altro mi ha portato un po' di pappa da mangiare... e un altro mi ha coperto dolcemente le spalle con un cappotto.

Ero sfinita. Mi sono addormentata pensando se un giorno potrò recuperare l'innocenza persa, ma mi sento vuota per essere uscita viva da un mondo di morti.

Leonardo Sobral

Italiano B1



**15 aprile 1945 ☆**

Mi sono svegliata alle sette del mattino come facevo tutti i giorni. Quando ho aperto i miei occhi, la mia mente ricordava incessantemente la scorsa esecuzione di una compagna da parte delle guardie SS. Poi ho iniziato a piangere.



Tutto sembrava uguale: la stanza conservava quel disgustoso odore di cenere. Ero stanca, sporca e avevo paura perché non sapevo come il giorno poteva finire. Tuttavia, mi sono alzata con una sensazione molto strana. Sentivo un silenzio che mi sorprendevo il mio cuore.

Di subito, la baracca tremava e temevo il peggio. Ho deciso di uscirci. Ho trovato i soldati britannici che guardavano atterriti l'ambiente del campo di concentramento de Bergen-Belsen.

Finalmente, un soldato mi ha sorriso e ho saputo che potevo respirare la libertà.

**MARÍA JOSÉ PRADO GARCÍA – A2 ITALIANO**

15 aprile 1.945



Cara Kitty,

Mi sei mancata tanto! Non ci vediamo da tanto tempo, ma credo che sia la prima volta che non trovo le parole per raccontarti tutto quello che è successo in questi mesi.

Davvero pensavo che non ci saremmo mai incontrate. So che dovrei essere felice per la mia libertà, ma come posso essere di nuovo felice dopo tutto quello che ho passato, di tutto quello che ho visto? In fondo provo un grande sollievo, ma si mescola con senso di colpa per sapere che solo pochi di noi siamo sopravvissuti.

Ancora non riesco a credere che sia vero, che dopo questi anni di sacrifici e che mi sono sembrati una vita, possa ricominciare. Ho paura per il futuro ma ti prometto Kitty che se sarò veramente libera di vivere, userò adesso la mia voce per darla a quelli che non ce l'hanno più.

Sofía Fernández.

B2.2 Italiano

15 aprile 1945

Finalmente è arrivato il giorno tanto atteso, tanto desiderato e inaspettato allo stesso tempo. Un cumulo di sensazioni e sentimenti contrastanti. La gioia di un incubo finito, ed allo stesso tempo la tristezza per tutti quelli che sono rimasti nel cammino.

Arriviamo essendo sconosciuti; ma il dolore e la sofferenza ci hanno uniti.

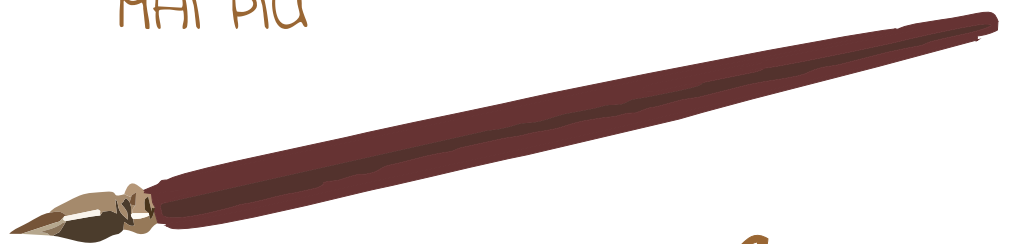
Ora dobbiamo continuare vivendo, o forse iniziare la vita perché niente sarà più come prima.

Ma mai dimenticare. Si deve sapere cosa è successo qui per mai...

Forse il destino mi ha fatto arrivare a questo giorno per gridare energicamente tutto l'orrore vissuto, tutta la ingiustizia, tutta l'irrazionalità...

Che la mia testimonianza serva per un...

"MAI PIÙ"



Anne Frank

Anne Frank

16 Aprile 1945

Oggi è il primo giorno della mia vita.

Ieri sono stata liberata dalla mia prigionia nel campo di concentramento, non avrei mai pensato che sarebbe successo.

La solitudine, l'oscurità, la tristezza, la malattia e la morte non saranno mai più le mie compagne.

Il sole sul mio viso mi fa sorridere e non voglio pensare al futuro, solo al mio nuovo giorno.

Il futuro è così grande che non riesco a immaginarlo.

Mio padre sorride come me e una nuova sensazione da tempo dimenticata attraversa il mio corpo: è la felicità!!!



Maria José Franganillo Italiano B2.1

17 aprile 1945

Oggi un soldato mi ha dato un quaderno e una matita. Non sono più la bambina che scriveva il suo diario nell'alloggio segreto dove ci nascondevamo. Gli orrori che ho vissuto mi accompagneranno sempre ma sono sopravvissuta e riuscita a scrivere mi darà la forza di andare avanti.

L'altroieri, l'esercito britannico ha liberato il campo de Bergen-Belsen e hanno spostato i prigionieri in un altro campo molto diverso.

Qui ci sono tantissimi medici che cercano di curarci e di nutrirci ma sarà un lungo processo.

Quando sono arrivata qui ho potuto lavarmi, mi hanno dato dei vestiti puliti e ho dormito in un letto con lenzuola pulite. L'odore di pulito mi entrava dal naso come l'aria di mare.



La mia vita è ricominciata in quel momento.

Macarena del Barrio

Italiano A2

25 aprile 1945

Oggi è un grande giorno, tutto è cambiato in meglio poiché la guerra è finita ed è tornata la pace e tranquillità che avevo tanto desiderato. Di ritorno ad Amsterdam, il mio primo pensiero è stato recuperare i miei quaderni per continuare a scrivere su quello che mi è successo nel campo di concentramento. Arrivando qui, ho cercato il mio nascondiglio segreto, e sorprendentemente il cassetto nascosto all'interno del mobile non era stato scoperto dai nazisti, mi sentivo fortunata, che gioia trovarli!. Avevo bisogno di leggere di nuovo il mio diario, dopodiché mi sono proposta con grande illusione fare realtà tutti questi progetti e aspirazioni che occupavano i miei pensieri nei momenti più difficili. Forse presto potrò tornare a scuola quindi da grande studierò e riuscirò ad essere una importante giornalista e autrice di manuali, sarebbe fantastico!.



15 Giugno 1945

Cara Kitty,

Sono passati 10 mesi dall'ultima volta che ti ho parlato, mi dispiace di averti lasciato da sola, ma siamo stati scoperti nell'appartamento sul retro.

In questi ultimi mesi ho vissuto cose davvero orribili: mi hanno tagliato i capelli lunghi Kitty, e mi hanno mandato in diversi campi di concentramento dove ho visto tutte le barbarie che si realizzavano.

Il campo di Bergen-Belsen è stato il mio ultimo posto prima che siamo stati liberati già un mese fa, un mese in cui ho ritrovato mio padre, dove abbiamo pianto abbracciati per essere tornati insieme e dove abbiamo potuto tornare a prendere le nostre cose.

Miep e Elli ti hanno trovato dopo l'arresto e si sono presi cura di te nella speranza di riportarti da me. Sei di nuovo nelle mie mani, Kitty. E ora più che mai voglio iniziare a vivere le mie avventure, viaggiare per il mondo e diventare una scrittrice. D'ora in poi non ti separerai da me Kitty, te lo prometto.

Tua

Ana

Carolina Álvarez Méndez, A1 italiano

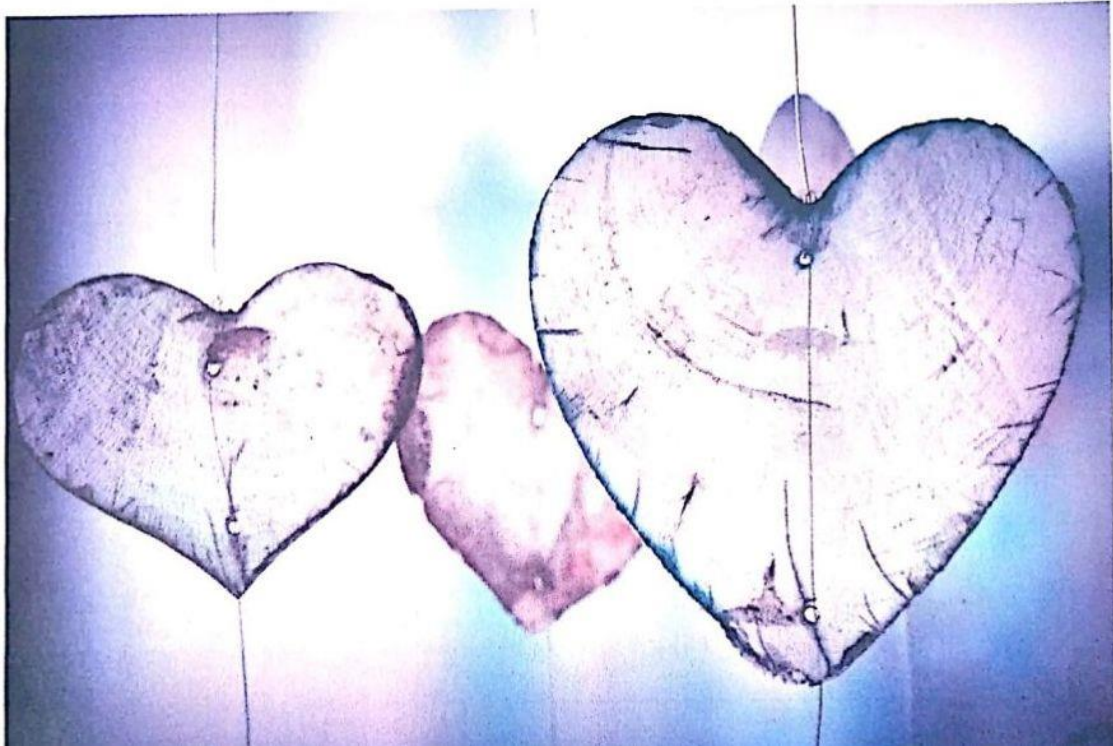


Venerdì 15 luglio 1949

Oggi è un giorno speciale per me. Stasera arriverà il mio fidanzato, Marco, dopo tre mesi senza vederci.

Inoltre, lui non conosce i miei genitori ma sí che ha trovato mia sorella.

Ci siamo conosciuti nove mesi fa a Parigi in una mostra di pittura impressionista perché entrambi amiamo questo stilo. È stato un colpo di fulmine. All'epoca stavo scrivendo un articolo sull'impressionismo. Da allora ci scriviamo una lettera ogni due giorni, ma vogliamo stare insieme.



Purtroppo, Marco non può lasciare la sua libreria a Berlino, dove ha il suo lavoro. A me piace molto abitare a Delft con la mia famiglia e anche penso che questa città sia bellissima e mi ispira per scrivere il mio libro.

Tutti e due siamo preoccupati per trovare una soluzione... Stasera sarà il primo incontro tutti insieme. Spero che tutto vada bene. Marco è un giovane intelligente, educato, gentile... molto carino.

Dopo questa fine settimana ti racconto tutto.



## DIARIO DE ANA FRANK

22 agosto 1952

Oggi mi sveglio con una bellissima giornata, il sole riempie ogni angolo della mia camera da letto.

Ho sentimenti felici e tristi, tanti amici e famiglia che non sono qui per vedere la felicità che sento nel cuore in un giorno così speciale.

Oggi è il giorno del mio matrimonio. Tutto preparato, il mio vestito, le mie scarpe, i miei fiori... e il mio ragazzo, dolce e bellissimo.

La lezione più importante che il tempo insegna è  
VIVI

Ecco perché oggi soprattutto voglio vivere ogni momento, ogni sorriso, ogni canzone, ogni bacio, ogni abbraccio...

Perché oggi è il momento di scrivere una nuova pagina della mia storia con il compagno della mia vita



Mónica Villaverde Fernández

A1 Italiano

**22 agosto 1952** 🌸

Dalla liberazione a Bergen-Belsen, non ho potuto scrivere nel mio diario. Ma oggi voglio ricordare con gratitudine il giorno del mio matrimonio con il mio amore, David che l'ho conosciuto durante il lungo viaggio di ritorno al nostro paese natale, Olanda. Sono molto nervosa, ma molto felice di essere sopravvissuta e poter raccontare tutto quello che è successo ai miei nipoti.



**MARÍA JOSÉ PRADO GARCÍA – A2 ITALIANO**

22 agosto 1952



Oggi mi sento molto felice perché è il mio matrimonio con un uomo meraviglioso, sono anche con la mia famiglia e i miei amici.

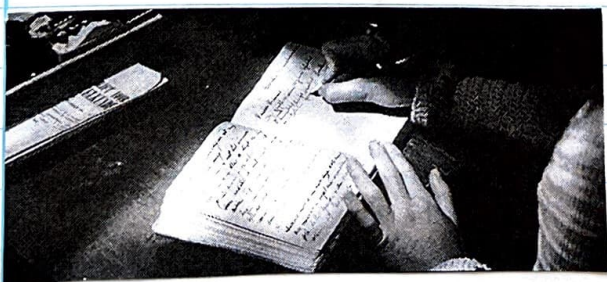
Questa mattina quando siamo arrivati in chiesa ero molto emozionata di vedere tutti gli invitati, dopo aver celebrato il matrimonio, siamo andati in un parco a fare qualche foto per avere un album fotografico come ricordo per il futuro. Poi siamo arrivati in un ristorante per festeggiare il banchetto, nei dolci abbiamo ricevuto la Torta Nuziale, poi il brindisi per la felicità degli sposi e di tutti. Poi c'è stato il ballo, che io e mio marito abbiamo aperto. Dopo pochi minuti si sono uniti tutti gli invitati, siamo stati benissimo. Beh! quando la festa è finita io e mio marito siamo andati a riposarci perché eravamo molto stanchi ma felici.

Mercedes Plaza Boan  
Italiano B1

15 giugno 1953

Quando mi sono sposata ho pensato che era il giorno più felice della mia vita, ma oggi è nato mio primo figlio e devo correggere la mia affermazione. Quella è una felicità che non sapevo che esistesse, un amore che potrei dire che sorge dal cuore.

Durante la guerra ho perso alcuni membri della mia famiglia, quello che mi ha causato molto dolore. Il trascorso del tempo l'ha raddolcito e posso ricordarli con un sorriso, forse un po' nostalgico.



Oggi sono venuti famigliari e amici per conoscere il neonato con i loro regali. Tutti dicevano che era molto bello, alcuni che si assomigliava a me, altri al suo padre, o non gli vedevano nessuna somiglianza.

Io solo voglio che sia una buona persona e che sia felice.

Ora sono molto stanca e vorrei dormire perché le emozioni mi hanno esaurita. Sono tanto felice!

AMOR HERCE FERNANDEZ

B.1

8 di marzo 1955

Oggi è otto di marzo , penso che sia un bel giorno per celebrare alle donne, le madre, le bambine,le ragazze... perché no? Forse all'indomani questo giorno sarà cosi, un giorno per tutte noi.

Oggi ho pensato questo e questo è importante per me. Perché oggi? Perché no?Oggi ho preso una decisione: voglio essere madre, voglio un compagno di vita, ma io sono diversa..tutto ciò che ho vissuto mi ha fatto pensare, mi ha fatto sentire che sono diversa...per quello ho deciso che sarò mamma da sola, senza un uomo , senza un marito...io sono capace, sono brava...non so come lo farò, ma lo farò...è la mia decisione. Le donne dobbiamo fare quello che desideriamo.



Cecilia Arias Quiroga

Italiano B.2.1

1 marzo 1958

Caro diario:

Oggi è nato il mio primo figlio. Sono più che contenta, sono euforica! Anche, mio marito Peter è contentissimo. Noi non possiamo credere a questo meraviglioso miracolo. Il nostro figlio è così piccolo e carino, un angelo innocente. Ricordo ora i giorni che Peter e io abbiamo passato nell'alloggio segreto, tanti anni fa... Ricordo come Peter e io abbiamo cominciato a parlare e condividere le nostre paure e speranze. Sì, noi due avevamo paura de essere scoperti e morire in un campo di concentramento... Ma le cose sono state diverse per noi e le nostre famiglie, Dio ci ha ascoltato. Nel refugio ho pregato tanto... io solo avevo voglia di vivere, di niente di più! Avevo tante cose da fare ancora. Volevo essere una scrittrice famosa, volevo scrivere perché le persone del mondo sapessero quello che i nazisti hanno fatto con gli ebrei e denunciarlo. Sono stati quattro anni molto faticosi, pieni di privazioni e problemi, ma ricordo anche il giorno della nostra liberazione. Nessuno aveva voglia di andare fuori. Tutti eravamo spaventati. La padrona dell'alloggio è venuta con la buona nuova. La guerra era



finita. Finalmente eramo liberi di nuovo. La libertà, questo è il dono più grande che Dio ha dato agli uomini. Questo è quello che vedo quando guardo la faccia di mio figlio. Questo è quello che voglio per lui. Un mondo libero, dove nessuno possa fare agli altri questo che ci hanno fatto a me e a suo padre e a tanti altri. Un mondo nuovo, scritto con nuove parole dei figli di tante donne come me stessa. Un mondo che non dimentichi per non commettere gli stessi errori...

Tua sempre, Anne



Natalia Franco Caurel

Italiano - B1

1 Settembre 1961

I miei ricordi della scuola che ho frequentato ad Amsterdam durante quegli anni felici, prima che la nostra vita cambiasse per sempre, mi hanno fatto venire la voglia di fare l'insegnante.

Dopo aver terminato gli studi ho potuto iniziare la mia vita lavorativa.

Il mio primo giorno da insegnante è stato molto emozionante, direi anche stressante.

Ho una classe di bambini di 3 anni e non ho avuto contatti con loro e non so se lavorare come insegnante sarà facile per me.

Ero insicura e in attesa, non so se le conoscenze acquisite nel corso della mia laurea, nei miei anni all'università, saranno efficaci per me.

Ho conosciuto i miei nuovi colleghi, ho ordinato la mia aula, ho imparato il nome dei miei studenti e abbiamo iniziato le attività e i giochi.

Sono passati i giorni amari nel mio nascondiglio nella casa sul retro, la sofferenza, l'angoscia, la paura.....

È l'inizio della mia nuova vita!



Begoña Gómez Pérez. A1 italiano

**15 Dicembre 1961**

Siamo rinchiusi a Berlino Est da quattro mesi.

Questo dannato muro mi ricorda il campo di concentramento. Dal mio ufficio lo vedo tutti i giorni. Ci hanno rilasciato, ho rifatto la mia vita qui a Berlino ma ora questo muro non fa che ribadire il muro mentale.

Oggi l'abbiamo fatto a piedi dal quartier generale della Stasi a casa mia. Lungo la strada, Markus ha notato il mio nervosismo e ha suggerito di fermarci a prendere un caffè. Andiamo sempre alla stessa caffetteria vicino alla Porta di Brandeburgo. C'è sempre molta sorveglianza e questo mi rende ancora più nervosa. Mi ricorda il campo di concentramento. La presenza della polizia e dei militari mi mette a disagio ma cerco di non darlo a vedere.

Nel tragitto dal parcheggio al caffè tocco il cemento freddo del muro, sento la sua freddezza, la sua durezza, la sua repressione e la paura mi prende di nuovo.



Soledad Díaz Castro Italiano A-2

## SHEILA DE LA MATA NÚÑEZ. ITALIANO. B1.

### "HO UN SOGNO"

28 agosto 1963

È un torrido giorno di agosto, mio padre Otto è particolarmente elegante con il suo inseparabile borsalino. Siamo davanti all'imponente monumento Lincoln a Washington D.C., dove un uomo afroamericano di grande presenza si appresta a fare un discorso, non è altro che Martin Luther King.

Con il passare dei minuti tutta quella marea di persone ammutolisce; non è un discorso qualsiasi, scorre un'energia difficile da descrivere. Siamo all'aperto ma le sue parole rimbombano come se fossimo in una grotta..." *I have a dream...*". Un brivido percorre il mio corpo, le sue parole mi colpiscono come un pugnale.



Guardo intorno, vedo mio padre emozionato, gli tengo la mano con affetto, sicuramente ricorda quelle atroci vicende del campo di concentramento di Westerbork. Ma adesso, siamo qui papà, contribuendo a realizzare il sogno degli altri; perché *Mr. King*, i sogni con perseveranza e motivazioni possono diventare realtà.

20 dicembre 1965

Cara Kitty,

Oggi è sicuramente il giorno più triste della mia vita. È difficile da spiegare che io, che ho vissuto una vita così dura, possa dirlo. Ricordo quei giorni quanto mi nascondevo nell'alloggio segreto ad Amsterdam, e come la mia famiglia e amici cercavano di non farci scoprire dai nostri nemici. Anche allora, nei momenti peggiori, non avevo sentito questo dolore.

Oggi, la mia carissima Clara, mia figlia, è morta. Non posso capire come quella malattia, il tifo, ha potuto portarla via da questo mondo. Sono tornata a casa dall'ospedale e non posso guardare la sua stanza vuota.

Penso solo a morire. Una madre non dovrebbe mai sopravvivere ai suoi figli. È qualcosa che non dovrebbe essere permesso. Kitty, sicuramente questa è l'ultima volta che ti scrivo. È la fine della mia vita.



**“Il diario di Anna Frank continua”**

**Gregorio Calderón Martínez**

**Italiano A2**

25 giugno 1967

Caro diario,

Oggi è un giorno che ricorderò per sempre, e non perché è successa qualcosa di così grande come la nascita della mia figlia o il mio matrimonio, no, ma perché ho sentito qualcosa che mi ha toccato l'anima.

Oggi, come sempre, ho acceso la tv all'ora di cena, e tra i tipici programmi noiosi, c'erano li loro, The Beatles, nella trasmissione "Our World", con un sound allegro, positivo e unico, non ho parole per descriverlo. Non era solo la musica, ma quello stile... Che cosa erano quei capelli e quei vestiti? Davvero non lo so, ma cose come questa sensazione quando li sento, quando li vedo, è quando sono più felice di essere viva e di essere sopravvissuta al mio passato... Che bel momento per il resto della mia vita!

Perché, se una cosa è vera, è che, in questo mondo confuso... Tutto quello che hai bisogno è amore.



Alejandro Franza Ayude

A2 Italiano

DOVE VIENE  
RACCONTATA  
LA VERA STORIA  
DI ANNE FRANK

(O ALMENO QUELLA CHE  
VORREMMO AVER LETTO).



*Lugano, 23 aprile 1987.*

*Cara Kitty,*

*Qualcuno aveva segnalato alle SS il loro nascondiglio. La casa era già circondata dai quattro punti cardinali dall'esercito nazista. Un bel giovanotto dagli occhi azzurri e i capelli biondi spingeva la porta e iniziava a dare ordini ai suoi compagni.*

*Papà mi teneva la mano. E con l'altra teneva la mamma, che non smetteva di piangere. Il giovane mi guardava. I suoi occhi si spalancarono contemporaneamente alla sua bocca, e all'improvviso mi disse:*

*- Anna!? Sei Anna?*

*Ho risposto mentre le mie gambe non smettevano di tremare:*

*- Sì. Sono Anna.*

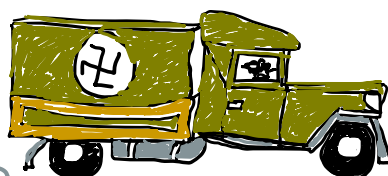
*- Non ti ricordi di me? Sono Paolo. Paolo Dann...!*

*Improvvisamente il mio tremito è passato dalle ginocchia al cuore. Paolo era il giovane dell'edicola all'angolo della scuola, dove tutti i giorni io compravo il giornale per papà. E avevamo avuto sempre una straordinaria complicità.*

*In pochi minuti l'intero esercito è scomparso dai dintorni della casa. Poi, nella serata, Paolo ha guidato una piccola macchina militare verde fino alla porta, e ci ha portato nella città svizzera di Lugano, nel Ticino. Lì, siamo riusciti a trovare una famiglia che ci ha aiutato a ricominciare.*

*Mesi dopo, nel marzo del 1946, Paolo è venuto a cercarmi a Lugano.*

*Ci siamo sposati e abbiamo avuto tre figli. Ma a differenza della nostra famiglia, viviamo felici e in pace, lontano dalla guerra.*





Lunedì 12 giugno 1.989

Oggi compio sessanta anni. Oggi è il mio giorno!

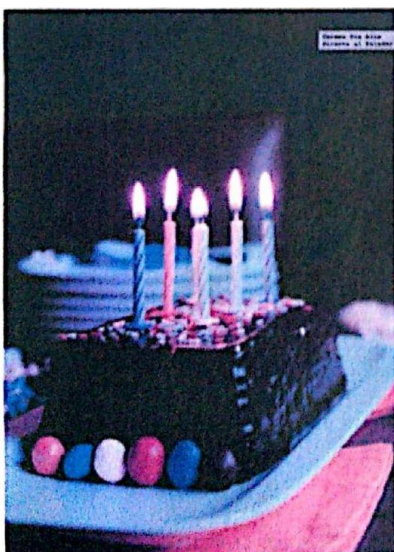
Sono sicura che avrò diverse sorprese. Nella mia famiglia siamo così, amiamo i compleanni ed anche sorprenderci benché sia con cose semplici.

Inoltre sono così fortunata che saremo tutti insieme. Carlo e Anna hanno potuto chiedere delle ferie e sono già arrivati ieri e resteranno fino al 30.

Mia sorella Margot arriva oggi nel treno alle 12 ore e ci sarò per riceverla. Che voglia di abbracciarla!

Sessanta anni! Quante cose ho vissuto! Quante cose ho sofferto! Ma sono riuscita a superare i miei traumi e con l'aiuto di molte persone e con il mio sforzo posso dire che sono una donna felice e che non vedo l'ora di essere circondata da tutte le persone che mi accompagneranno e mi aiuteranno a soffiare tantissime candele.

Tua Anne M. Frank





*15 de abril de 1945*

Naquele dia, experimentei como é desfrutar da liberdade novamente e acreditei no ser humano mais uma vez.

No início, fiquei desorientada, não sabia que direção tomar, o que fazer... como gastar e aproveitar tanto tempo perdido. Foi um renascimento.

Tempo depois, descobri que a mãe e a irmã, a Margot, tinham sido exterminadas. Fiquei petrificada, órfã, desolada. Só tinha uma esperança: encontrar o pai.

Depois de algumas semanas, eu e o pai encontramos-nos em Amsterdão, mas ainda houve outro reencontro

inesperado: Gies, um amigo do meu pai, tinha recuperado o meu antigo diário,

que comecei a escrever no tempo de clandestinidade até sermos descobertos e levados para o campo de concentração.

O meu diário, onde conto à minha amiga Kitty o que me acontece todos os dias.

Bem, é hora de retomar a vida e o meu diário.

Cara Kitty...



Ana Pereira Salgado B1 Português

Quarta-feira, 15 de Abril de 1945.

Querida Kitty:

Parece incrível, hoje fui libertada do campo de concentração de Bergen-Belsen, no norte da Alemanha.

Estive presa tanto tempo, sofrendo, pensando na minha família, em Peter, naqueles longos dias no anexo. Tínhamos de falar em baixo para não ser ouvidos pelas pessoas que trabalhavam nos escritórios e armazéns adjacentes.

Mas hoje sou livre, não é preciso abrir a janela do sótão para observar o céu com Peter e ouvir os pássaros. Também não tenho de receber os maus-tratos que me deram no campo de



concentração. Hoje posso correr, cheirar e tocar nas flores, deitar-me na relva cheia de margaridas e pensar na minha liberdade.

É um dia muito especial, tenho de aproveitar porque amanhã não sei o que vai acontecer.

Tantos anos de vida privada de libertada, só por ser judia, que me parece incrível estar escrevendo isto. É um momento mágico, aqui tu e eu, minha fonte de conforto e apoio.

Tua, Anne.

# O DIÁRIO DE ANNE FRANK



**10 de maio de 1945**

Cara Kitty, há dois dias que os canadianos chegaram a Amsterdão. Conseguimos sair de casa depois de tanto tempo. Tinha tanta vontade de correr livre! Memo assim, fiquei imóvel por, talvez, trinta minutos olhando ao resto da gente que corria, dançava, abraçava-se e ria. E eu, sentia todas as suas emoções como minhas. Comecei a acreditar que havia um futuro.

**3 de setembro de 1948**

Hoje é o meu primeiro dia na universidade. A minha mente tinha apagado essa possibilidade. Contudo, aqui estou, sonhando que posso chegar a ser uma grande escritora. Podes imaginá-lo, Kitty? Não podia ser de outro jeito, a escritura acompanhou-me nos meus piores momentos.

**2 de fevereiro de 1949**

Estou realmente feliz ainda que um bocado embaralhada. Passei a noite com a Julie, a minha professora de língua. Desde que a conheci, não deixei de pensar nela. Kitty, é tão inteligente, tão interessante! Ao princípio, sentia-me muito rara e culpável pelos meus sentimentos. Achava que o meu passado me tinha adoentado, mas quando estou com a Julie, percebo que eu não estou doente nem maluca, só sou uma mulher que ama e, se amas bem, nunca pode ser nem pecado, nem doença.

29 de junho de 1950

Cara Kitty:

Cada dia que passa é uma aventura diferente. Agora vou treinar a minha redação em português. Estás surpresa? Vou explicar o motivo.

Como já sabes, quando fiquei presa atrás da biblioteca, expressei muitas ideias no papel. Algumas delas foram publicadas e chamaram a atenção de um famoso jornal de viagens. Eles contrataram-me e agora sou jornalista!

Amanhã vou a Lisboa. Estou nervosa e desejosa por conhecer aquela cidade. Gostarei da comida? E das pessoas? Ouvei que os portugueses são amigáveis e calorosos, além de gostar dos bons pratos, como o bacalhau, o caldo verde ou os pastéis de nata... parece ótimo!

Não duvido que a minha primeira viagem fora da Holanda será recordada para sempre. Não achas, Kitty? Vou acabar com a mala e a descansar para o grande desafio. Amanhã conto mais novidades. Até já!

Com amor,

*Anne*



23 de Junho de 1952

Querida Kitty,

Hoje acordei cedo porque estava nervosa por causa da viagem. Fiz o pequeno-almoço para mim e o meu namorado, e lemos as notícias do jornal. Depois fui de bicicleta para buscar a comida que encomendei, os krokets, e comprar umas cervejas para levar e fazer o piquenique.

Às onze horas deixamos a casa com o carro para irmos para a praia com o nosso cão, o Darwin.

Oh Kitty! o mar é tão belo, tão imenso e dá-lhe a sensação de tanta liberdade... Molhámos os pés e a água está realmente fria! mas mesmo assim, o Darwin entrou por todo o lado.

Passámos o dia inteiro a passear, a rir, a comer e beber e a divertir-nos muitíssimo. Gostaria de voltar em breve.

Estou muito cansada, por isso vou dormir agora. Até amanhã Kitty.

Tua,

Anne



Carolina Walías Bermúdez. Português B1

22 de agosto de 1952

Querida Kitty,

Hoje acordei cedo e desta vez levantei-me. A primeira coisa que vi foi o meu vestido. O vestido era fantástico, da cor mais maravilhosa possível, era incrível. Depois vi os sapatos, eram sapatos de salto, sapatos de princesa.



Olhei pela janela e vi um dia maravilhoso, todo o jardim com belas flores de cores. O sol brilhava. Tudo ficava perfeito. Fui tomar o pequeno-almoço com a minha irmã, o meu pai e a minha mãe, todos estávamos a rir, era o último dia juntos, só nós nesta casa.

Quando acabámos, eu corri para me vestir com o meu maravilhoso vestido e os meus sapatos de salto. Mais que uma princesa era uma rainha. Também tinha um buqué que uma mãe fez para mim, umas rosas de cor vermelha.

E ali estava eu, radiante, muito bela, tão feliz, com o Peter Wessel com quem estava a casar-me.

Hoje é o melhor dia da minha vida. Já sou a senhora Wessel.

Tua, Anne

Ana Placer - A2 Português



22 de agosto de 1952

Querida Kitty,

Hoje é um dia tão especial para mim! Após tanto sofrimento, tantas ausências de pessoas que precisaria de



ter ao meu lado neste dia, no dia do meu casamento...

Mamã, Margot, tenho encolhido o meu coração, sinto essa aflição que não me deixa respirar, neste

dia em que a vossa presença seria tão importante para mim. Lembro-me do Peter, o meu namorado no esconderijo. Quero esquecer Bergen-Belsen, fome, tifo, dor...

Margot, minha querida irmã, tantas saudades do teu sorriso, da tua presença. Não quero chorar, hoje tem de ser um dia lindo, e, felizmente, papá está comigo.

Hoje o céu de Amsterdão está tão azul. Ouço os pássaros cantar e penso que são os parabéns das pessoas queridas que já não ficam cá. Com as lágrimas a vir aos meus olhos, envio-vos um forte abraço e sinto em mim a vossa força.

Tua, Anne

Ana Flórez Cossío - Português B2.2

22 de agosto de 1952

Querida Kitty,

Hoje é o dia do meu casamento, estou tão feliz, depois de tudo o que passamos eu e Harold, finalmente podemos estar juntos. Harold converteu-se ao Judaísmo, os seus pais não gostavam da ideia, mas no final concordaram.



A minha mãe e a mãe de Harold fizeram-me o vestido, é lindo, é de organza e o véu é o que levou a mãe de Harold no seu casamento. A sua avó deu-me um alfinete de peito que pertence à sua família.

Os meus pais estão radiantes de felicidade, o meu pai está lindíssimo com esse fato. Senti-me muito feliz ao entrar na sinagoga do seu braço, todo o mundo olhava para nós e Harold estava à minha espera no fundo. É um homem maravilhoso, lutou pelo nosso amor com unhas e dentes.

Foi um dia fantástico, a comida foi deliciosa, dançámos todos juntos até muito tarde.

Tua, Anne

Evelyn del Río - Português A2

22 de agosto de 1952

*Cara Kitty,*

Nunca sonhei com esse dia, talvez tivesse coisas mais importantes para sonhar, como a liberdade.

Eu preparei esse dia com o meu marido Tiago durante os últimos meses e eu estava convencida de que o meu casamento tinha de ser em Amsterdão. O mais perto possível do esconderijo em que eu morava antes da captura. Eu acho que, desta forma, a minha família também estará perto de mim.

Eu lembro-me com muita ternura, do dia em que cheguei a Portugal, mas hoje que chego de novo a Amsterdão sinto-me em casa. É verdade que não todas as memórias que tenho desde lugar são boas, mas também me fazem lembrar da minha liberdade.

A felicidade invade os meus pensamentos, eu não posso acreditar que, depois de tanto tempo, sinto-me viva de novo.

Tua, Ana



Mirian Gomes García. Portugués A1.

1 de Março de 1958

Hoje é o dia mais feliz da minha vida. Às 10h30 da manhã nasceu a menina mais linda que poderíamos desejar. O parto foi muito difícil, mas valeu a pena. A parteira que me ajudou chama-se como a tua avó ainda que ela era loira de olhos azuis. Tu também terás cabelos loiros e os teus olhos serão os mais bonitos que já vimos.

Vou deixar o teu cabelo crescer até que o tenhas muito comprido. Odeio cabelo curto.

Peter, teu pai, não consegue afastar os olhos de ti: é o nosso pequeno milagre.

Só quero escrever coisas bonitas. Só quero um sopro de ar fresco.

Estou a imaginaros três de férias na praia, ensinando-te a nadar na água cristalina do mar. Poderás ouvir as ondas dentro dos búzios, com os teus longos cabelos balançando ao vento.

Vamos chamar-te “Liberdade”.

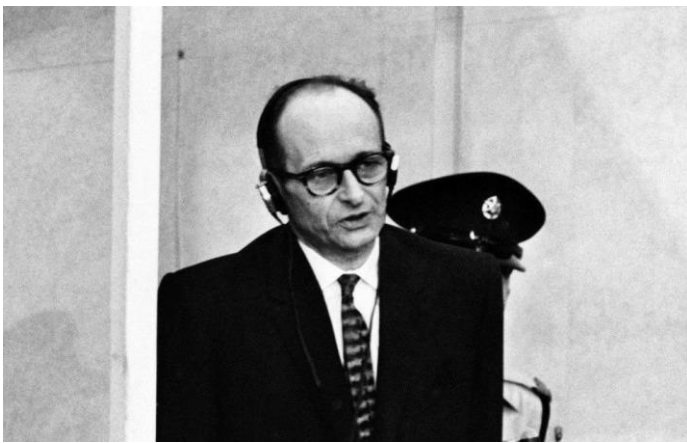
Hoje sou totalmente feliz.



Terça-feira, 11 de abril de 1961

Querida Kitty,

Hoje começou o júízo ao Eichmann. Se o processo seguir o curso esperado, amanhã será a minha vez para testemunhar. Há dias que entreguei os meus antigos diários à procuradoria, à minha chegada a Jerusalém e



desde esse momento não deixo de reviver os factos que ali archivei. Como se ao entregar os cadernos à leitura de alguma outra pessoa tivesse

aberto uma velha lata de filme esquecida que, ao encontrar-se livre, não pudesse deixar de se projetar.

Nem sequer sei o que amanhã, sentada perante os olhos e as câmaras deste novo país e do mundo, vou poder dizer. Tanto se apoderaram essas imagens de mim que já não conheço as palavras.

Tua, Anne

Olga Arias González - Português A2

5 de junho de 1967

Querida Kitty,

Acabei de assinar o divórcio. Volto para casa de carro contornando o muro. Ligo o rádio enquanto espero o semáforo abrir na Lindenstraße e começa a tocar "All you need is love" dos Beatles. Lágrimas escorrem pelo meu rosto. Pena que os olhos não têm para-brisas.



O semáforo abre e o trânsito começa a fluir. Eu conduzo sem rumo por algumas horas. A imagem do Joseph a assinar o acordo de divórcio ainda

está na minha cabeça. O material é distribuído igualmente mas, o que fazemos com amigos, filhos, família, cachorro, sentimentos e dor? Como explicar ao Samuel e à Sephora a traição do seu pai?

Chego a casa, tomo um banho quente. Faço chá. Caio abatida no sofá. Ligo o rádio à procura de um pouco de paz de espírito, algo que me faça esquecer aquele dia horrível. "All you need is love" dos Beatles está a tocar novamente. Estará na moda, como se divorciar.

Tua, Anne

Soledad Díaz Castro - Português A2

25 de junho de 1967

Querida Kitty,



Hoje é feriado, acordei cedo, levantei-me e vi os meus olhos no espelho, espremiam doçura, depois olhei pela janela. – Está um tempo fantástico! – eu disse quando Peter entrou

no quarto. Estávamos ansiosos, não sabíamos o que estava a acontecer, havia muito barulho nas ruas. Falei com a minha turma, disseram que um grupo de rock dava um concerto esta tarde. Não pensei mais nada. Do outro lado da rua, há uma infame casa, as pessoas que vivem lá aparecem em massa. Eu e Peter subimos as escadas, no terraço do prédio mesmo em frente havia instrumentos de música. – O concerto! São os Beatles! – disse a Peter.

Eu conhecia um pouco da sua história, os Beatles estavam a marcar essa efervescência política, cultural e juvenil. Eles são os primeiros artistas que fazem a sua própria música.

Por volta das seis, começou o concerto, havia uma vibração totalmente louca nesse espetáculo. Tive uma sensação estranha, será o início de uma viagem musical?

Tua, Anne

Sonia Crespo López - A2 Português

25 de junho de 1967

Querida Kitty,

Hoje é um novo dia, mas é diferente. É a primeira vez em muito tempo que eu vejo a luz... Tenho a sorte, neste dia, de ter ouvido os Beatles pela primeira vez. Estou a experimentar um prazer que quase não tenho palavras para explicar.



Ao ouvi-los sentia que o meu coração batia mais depressa, a minha mente se deslocava para o próprio paraíso, esse lugar que alguns dizem que existe e que hoje eu mesma verifiquei.

Com os olhos fechados senti o prazer que a música deste grupo me proporcionava e também pensei que, algum dia, muitas pessoas de diferentes raças, línguas, ideologias e religiões, poderíamos estar unidos. Enquanto os ouvia esqueci o horror e desespero que vivi. Tenho a esperança de continuar a ouvi-los, já que eles me dão ilusões e esperanças no futuro.

Em suma, concebo a música deste grupo como uma linguagem universal. Acho que o tempo passará, mas o legado dos Beatles permanecerá na gente durante muitas gerações.

Hoje eles fizeram com que eu ficasse muito feliz.

Tua, Anne

María Teresa Rodríguez Abajo - Português A2



25 de junho de 1967

Querida Kitty,

É difícil definir a felicidade, no entanto, todas as pessoas sabemos reconhecê-la quando a sentimos.

Hoje, pela primeira vez, ouço The Beatles. E é mesmo isso que estou a sentir, felicidade.



Repito frases da canção que ouço, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, "... é maravilhoso estar cá, sem dúvida é emocionante...", e sinto-me cheia de vida, mas também esquisita, e não consigo deixar de chorar.

Olho a capa do vinil, tantas cores, tantas pessoas com tantas diferentes vidas.

Se tivesse sabido que um dia me sentiria tão feliz, a ouvir mais alguma coisa do que os sons das bombas. Se tivesse sabido que um dia não voltaria a sentir tédio, nem fome, nem medo. Porém, não sabia, e é por isso que nesta altura reconheço clara e plenamente a felicidade que sinto e que um dia achei que mais nunca iria sentir.

Tua, Anne

M<sup>a</sup> Isabel Trinidad Enrique - Português B2.2

Caro diário,

Hoje recebi um desenho de um dos meus alunos; ao vê-lo senti como várias memórias chegavam até mim. Olho o meu rosto e depois observo uma rapariga com uma simples careta, aquele gesto que trago à mente com fervor...



Quem era aquela menina que eu mal distinguia em mim, que costumava sorrir incessantemente, aberta ao mundo, sensível e disposta a rejeitar qualquer ato mal intencionado de dominação, de olhos tímidos, mas com um amplo espectro de realidade e fantasia, com a inteligência do pai e o silêncio da mãe?

Regresso daquele breve instante ao ouvir àquele menino: É você?

E penso no aqui enquanto atravesso o limiar fisiológico que só parece cair sobre as mulheres, fantasiando à sombra das memórias da casa traseira, rejeitando memória a mesquinha violência e a liberdade à luz de vários amantes bem conhecidos que nunca mais estarão.

Sempre tua,

Anne.

16 de Julho de 1970

Querida Kitty,

Hoje, eu e a Ada chegámos a Espanha. O primeiro dia foi muito engraçado, por isso penso que vão ser umas férias inesquecíveis.

A praia está cheia de mulheres louras em “biquíni” com quase todo o corpo ao ar. Acho que são das ilhas do Norte. Outras vão mais cobertas e têm cabelo preto. Ada diz que nos temos de comprar um biquíni desses.

Imagina! Nós, brancas como o leite.

À noite, fomos jantar a um restaurante muito bonito para experimentar a sangria. Subitamente, o restaurante



transformou-se em discoteca. Eu e a Ada estávamos a falar da vida e dois cavalheiros vieram para nos convidar para dançar. Nós aceitámos porque

cá, ninguém nos conhece. O que diriam as vizinhas se soubessem que duas viúvas estavam a dançar com homens?!

Tua, Anne

María Walías Bermúdez - Português A2



10 de dezembro de 1990

É cedo de manhã.

Olho trás os vidros da janela, logo que o sol se espreguiça e sento um prazer imenso de ser eu própria mais um dia.

Eu acredito que no escuro há monstros, mas também há fadas, se calhar a minha ficava escondida entre as letras do meu diário.

Escrevo devagar, enquanto penso que nada foi por acaso.

Embora tenham passado tantos anos, a minha memória é viva.

Além disso, que o presente que me deram pelo meu aniversário fosse um caderno, isso aí, foi o início até chegar cá.

Portanto, hoje à tarde assim que eu for recolher o Premio Nobel de Literatura, vou começar o meu discurso a falar com a miúda que eu fui, o que lhe diria agora, como tenho conseguido que o tempo não tenha apagado a sua voz.

María Jesús Álvarez López C1 Português

7 de março de 1995

Querida Kitty,

Peço desculpas por não te escrever na semana passada, mas aconteceu-me uma coisa fantástica. Estou muito contente. Finalmente, o meu filho Petter (é igual ao seu pai) teve uma filha: sou avó! Que palavra mais bonita, é uma palavrinha muito pequena, mas tem tantos significados... vou cuidar dela, vou mostra-lhe como o mundo é bonito e como as pessoas são bonitas. Tomarei conta dela e vou cantar-lhe todas as canções que a minha mãe me cantava quando tinha medo nas noites cheias de bombas.

Que coisa mais bonita ter os seus dedos na minha mão. Kitty, que bonita é a vida! As boas lembranças fazem apagar as más recordações do passado. Lembras-te do tristes que estávamos naquela altura? Tudo era de cor preta, mas agora, tudo tem luz.



Tua, Anne

Patricia Lozano Fernández - Português B2.2

Sexta-feira, 13 de março de 2020

Querida Kitty,

Quem poderia supor que depois dos horrores vividos no passado, um vírus invadissem o mundo inteiro e



começasse um novo pesadelo qualificado como pandemia, que de maneira nenhuma ninguém sabe onde nos levará nem quando terminará.

A crua realidade é que neste momento estamos isolados em casa sem podermos sair à rua e os meios de comunicação amanhecera alertando a população.

Exatamente igual que nos anos da guerra, mas desta vez com bombas invisíveis.

Somos proibidos de visitar os familiares. De beijar-nos. De abraçar. Não há máscaras. As vítimas contam-se por centenas. Os meninos não têm aulas... Porém, acho que a força de termos superado tantos medos e feridas do passado, fazem com que a esperança seja o sentimento que consegue minorar tanta angústia.

Há que tentar avançar com novas iniciativas para aliviar essa sobrecarga.

Por dias faço trabalhos manuais. Deu-me para as flores. Elas sempre foram emblema de novos horizontes que temos de alcançar.

Tua, Anne

M<sup>a</sup> Olga Aira Ferreiro - Português B2.2

5 de outubro de 2022

Querida Kitty,

Não vais acreditar no que hoje descobri.

Lembras-te que há alguns dias te disse que gostaria de compreender porque há guerras e os homens perseguem outros homens como fizeram connosco, só por causa da nossa religião. Por isso, matriculei-me nesta escola neste ano. Aqui há pessoas muito diferentes de mim, com muitas idades, outros jeitos de viver...

As aulas começaram nesta tarde. Depois de apresentar tudo o que precisamos para o ano letivo, a professora falou de uma atividade que se chama Ler e Viajar... e nós somos as protagonistas! A escola propõe aos alunos escrever e inventar a minha vida! Certo, ela não sabe que a Ana Maria



Operta Franco de A2 português é a própria Anne Frank, ou seja, EU! Os meus pais pensaram bem quando decidiram vir para Espanha, à saída do campo.

Eu, que sempre sonhei ser famosa, agora o sou neste país, mas no anonimato. Estou cheia de orgulho. Só tu e mais eu conhecemos o

segredo.

É uma notícia fantástica, não é?

Tua, Anne

Carmen Medina - Português A2

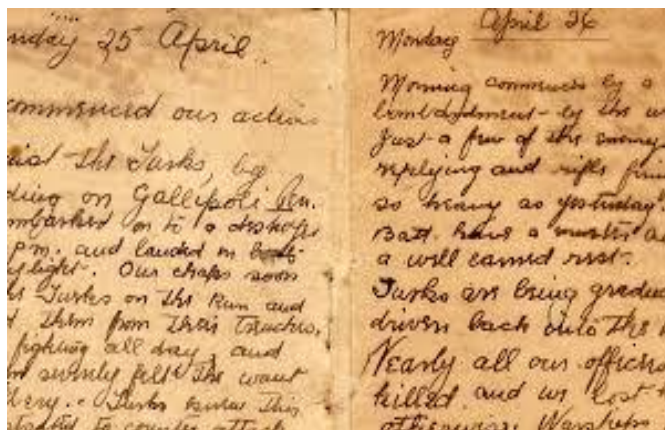
8 de março de 2023

Olá, sou a Kitty!

Sim sou eu, a amiga da Anne.

Acordei deste sonho de tantos anos, saio das páginas e dou uma vista de olhos à procura da minha amiga Anne. Estou sozinha na sala, não sei muito bem que fazer, volto ao diário, começo a ler as páginas e percebo que a Anne ainda se lembra de mim. Não estou sozinha, estava enganada, ela deixou-me o seu espírito, as suas palavras, a sua clareza, o seu amor pela vida.

Lendo essas letras vejo situações suspeitosas, invejas, mentiras, temor... Posso perceber essas sensações que as



peças preferem esconder. Mas também vejo que nós as duas, esquecendo-nos dos horrores, disfrutamos da vida juntinhas.

Agora, a ler tudo isto, quero pensar que tu, Anne, quiseste que o nosso futuro estivesse completo de situações positivas, para melhorar os caminhos das pessoas, lutando pela nossa liberdade e transmitindo o nosso espírito.

Acho que tu também podes ver isto nas palavras deste diário.

Kitty



