

Mama always used to me like which stand didn't get was Bob Margot a baby I only mother think this quite and one.

get along and to them be an old pianist (Margot)

and when we was kids we do well with children who perfectly adapt they turned out to be a pair of dippers and mischievous using remarkable means

Dear Kitty I don't think Peter's any more. on other hand who like animals had all day. Peter I had a thought of a suitable time when no one would be interested in either him or the baby.

Mrs. Van Dan

Mr. Van Dan

Edith Frank

Frank

Otto Frank

My Van Dan and I are at Legation with father. He'd neglected his own account.

always each take into

The Diary of Anne Frank

Peter Van Dan

Anne Frank

Pim

Daddy heart he aimed at me, never last than five minutes

u. quest-man get by it. longer

Wangot to go out. o he al: had her in a She lov reach to quiet

head book to she is sense

Anne Frank

Welcome to the Annex

Margot Frank

Miep

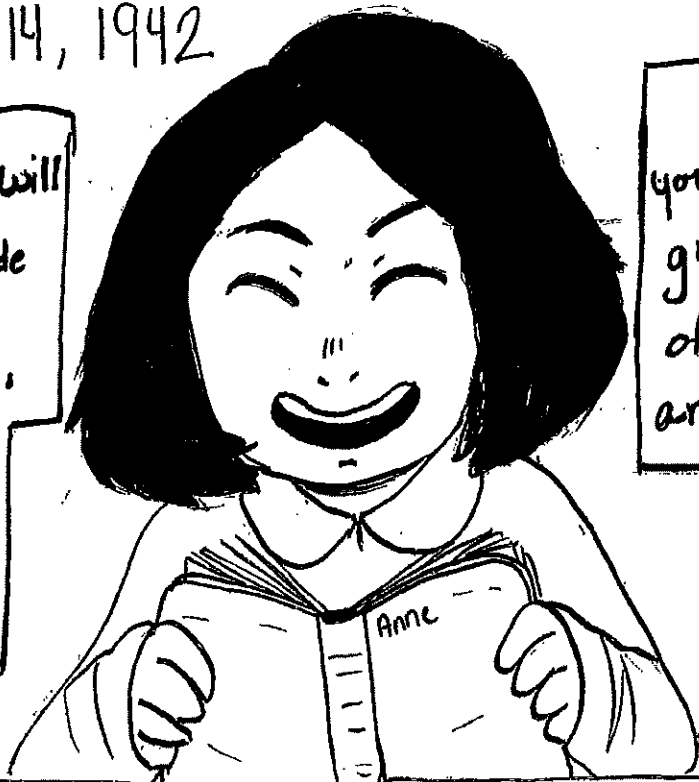
Mrs. Van Dan been mean walk around coat. one in my diary under oth

she always with her fan. Anne I love and about Mrs. Van Dan. walk. an excel abid

June 12 — 14, 1942

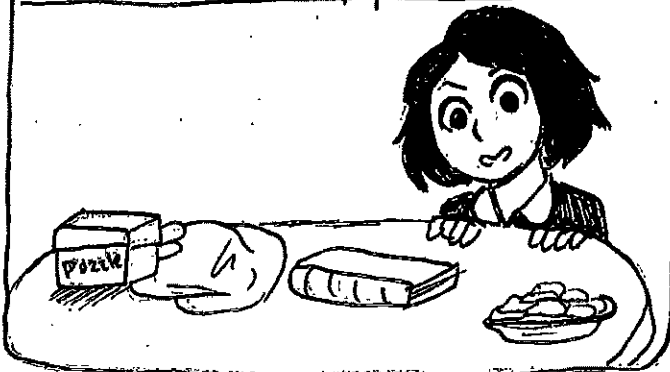
I hope I will be able to confide everything to you, as I have never been able to confide in anyone.

and I hope you will be a great source of comfort and support



I'll begin from the moment I got you, the moment I saw you lying on the table among my other birthday presents.

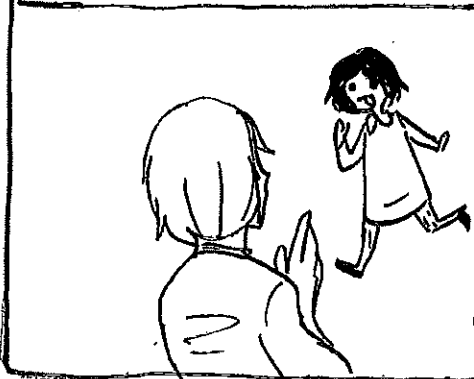
(I went along when you were bought, but that doesn't count.)



Then Hannah's came to pick me up, and we went to school.

During recess I passed out cookies to my teachers + my class

I went to gym. (I'm not allowed to take part because my shoulders + hips tend



June 15, 1942

I had my birthday party on Sunday afternoon. The Rin Tin Tin movie was a big hit with my classmates. I got two brooches, a bookmark and two books. I'll start by saying a few things about my school and my class, beginning with the students.

Betty Bloemendal looks kind of poor, and I think she probably is. She lives on some obscure street in West Amsterdam, none of us know where it. She does very well at school, but that's because she works so hard, not because she's so smart. She's pretty quiet.



J.P. - I could write book about her. J. is a detestable, sneaky, stuck-up, two-faced gossip who thinks she's so grown-up. She's really got Jacqueline under her spell, and that's a shame. J. is easily offended, bursts into tears at the slightest thing and, to top it all off, is a terrible show off. Miss J. always has to be right. She's very rich, and has a closet full of the most odor-able that are way too old for her. She thinks she's gorgeous, but she's not. J. and I can't stand each other.



Maurice Coster is one of my many admirers, but pretty much of a pest. Sallie Springer has a filthy mind, and rumor has it that he's gone all the way. Still, I think he's terrific, because he's very funny.



Jun 20 1942



Dearest Kitty ♡

I've been playing a lot of Ping-Pong lately. So much that five of us girls have formed a club.

It's called "The Little Dipper Minus Two."

our games usually end with a visit to the nearest ice-cream parlor that allows Jews: either Oasis or Delphi

most of the time it's so busy in Oasis that we manage to find a few generous young men of our acquaintance or an admirer to offer us more ice cream than we could eat in a week.

You're probably a little surprised to hear me talking about admirers at such a tender age...

As soon as a boy asks if he can bicycle home with me and we get to talking, 9/10 times I can be sure he'll become enamored on the spot.

If it gets so bad that they start cambing above "asking Father's permission,"

My Schoolbag Falls

Hee Ha! so a bout icecream

I swerve slightly in my bike.

The young man feels obliged to get off his bike and hand me the bag by which time I've switched the conversation to another topic.

These are the most INNOCENT TYPES.

Saturday, June 20, 1942

Writing in a diary is a really strange experience for someone like me. Not only because I've never written anything before, but also because it seems to me that later on neither I nor anyone else will be interested in the musings of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl.

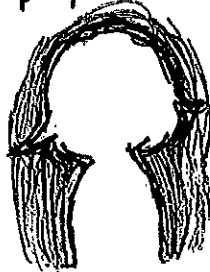


"Paper has more patience than people!" I thought of this saying on one of those days when I was feeling a little depressed and was sitting at my chin with my hands listless and bored and



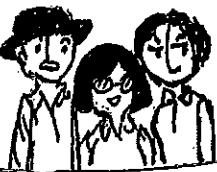
Now I'm back to the point that prompted me to keep a diary in the first place:

I DON'T
HAVE



A
FRIEND.

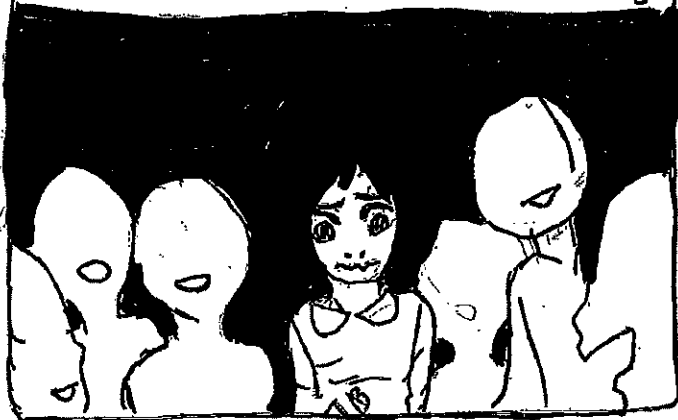
I have loving parents and a sixteen-year-old sister.



I have everything except my one true friend.



When I'm with friends.. I can't bring myself to talk about anything but ordinary everyday things.



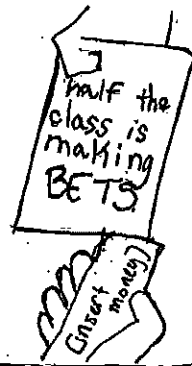
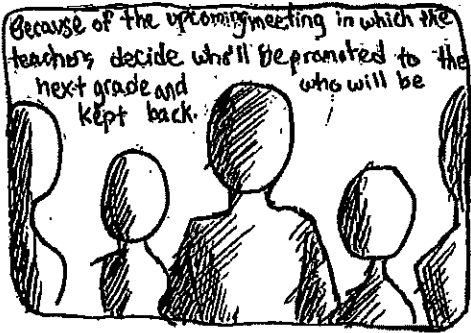
I have a throng of admirers who can't keep their adoring eyes off me.



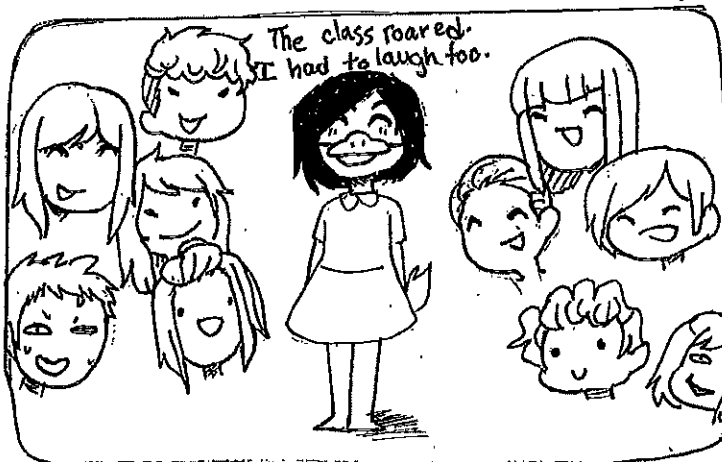
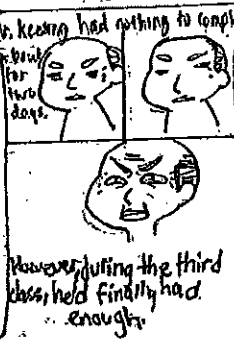
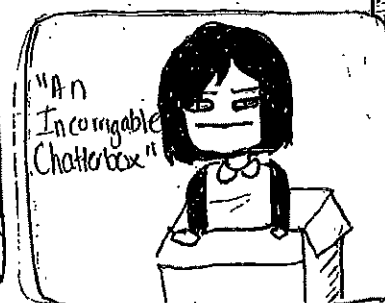
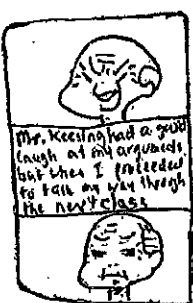
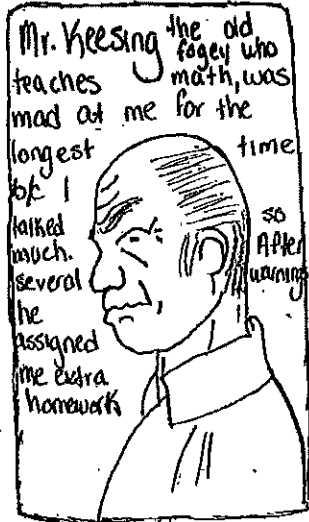
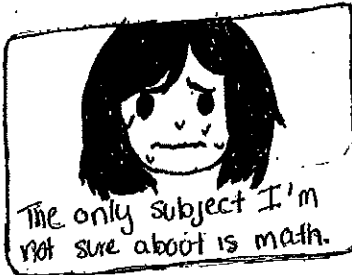
To enhance the image of this long-awaited friend in my imagination.. I want the diary to be my friend, and I'm going to call this friend

Kitty.

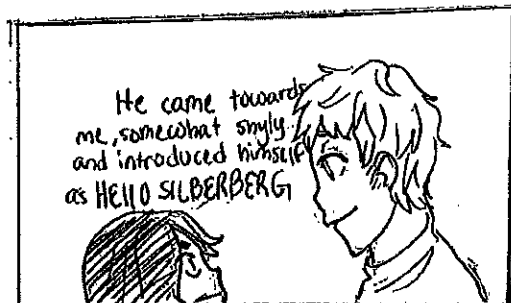
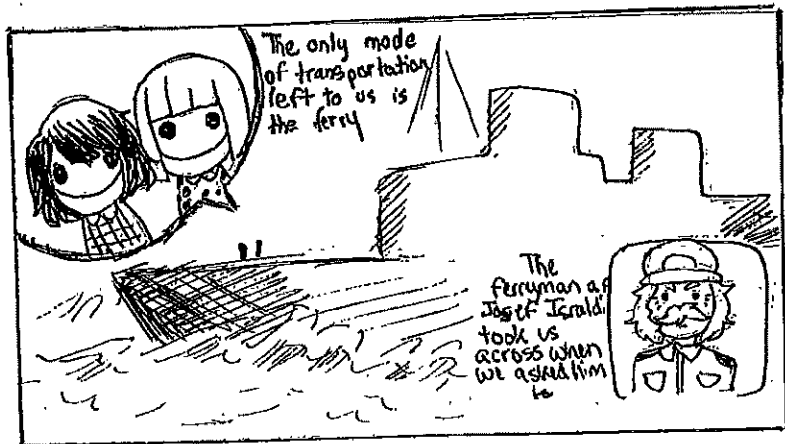
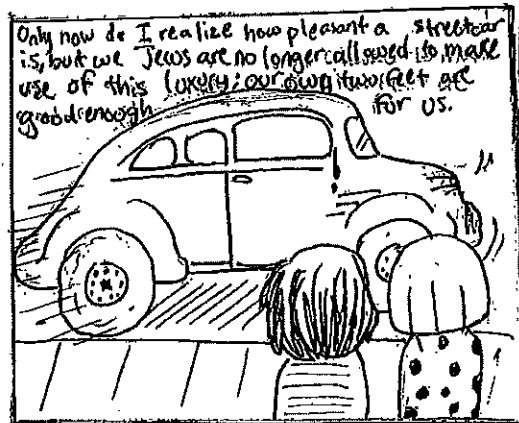
Our entire class is quaking in its boots.



Sunday, June 21, 1942




WEDNESDAY JUNE 24 1942



SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1942

The graduation ceremony in the Jewish Theatre on Friday went as expected.

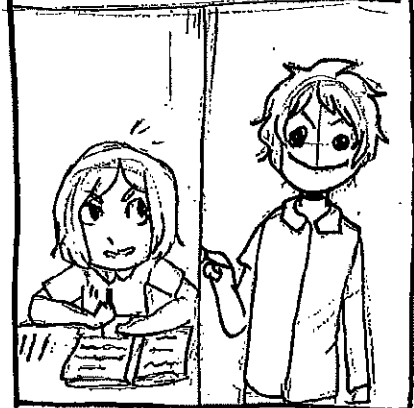
I got one D
a C- in algebra
and all the
rest B's, except
two B+'s and
two B-'s.

My parents never worry about report cards, good or bad, as long as I'm healthy + happy and don't talk back. They're socks. 

A few days ago, as we were taking a stroll around our neighborhood, Father began to talk about going into hiding.



The doorbell's ringing! Hello's here, time to stop.

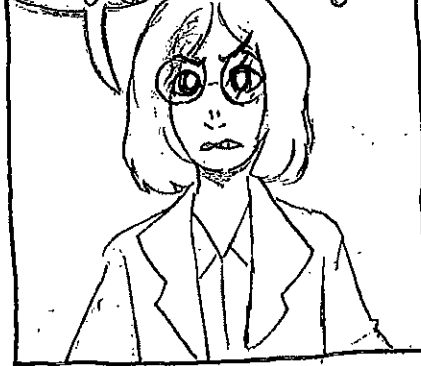


WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1942

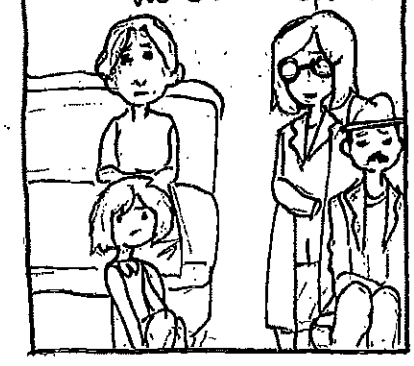
At three o'clock, Father received a call-up notice from the SS.



Of course he's not going declared Margot.



Silence, We couldn't speak.

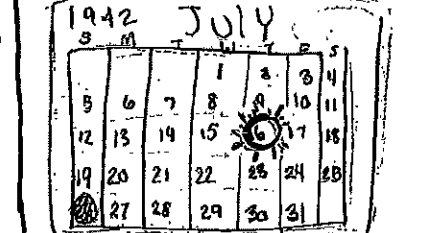


THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1942

So there we were, Father, Mother and I, walking in the pouring rain, each of us with a school-bag and a shopping-bag filled to the brim with the most varied assortment of items.



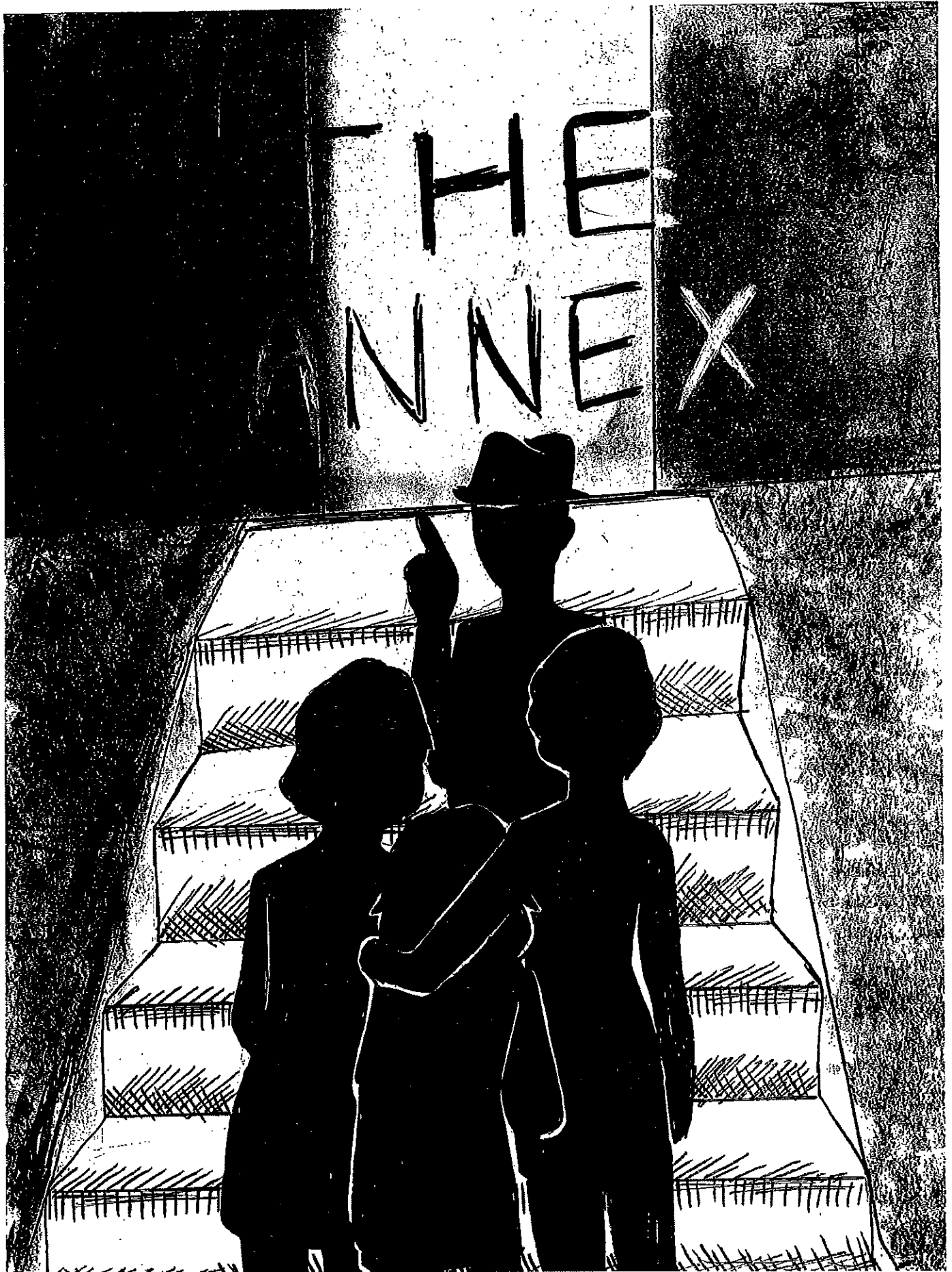
It was agreed that we'd go into hiding on July 10. Because of Margot's



call-up notice, the plan had to be moved up ten days, which meant we'd have to make do w/ less orderly rooms.



The hiding place was located in Father's office building.

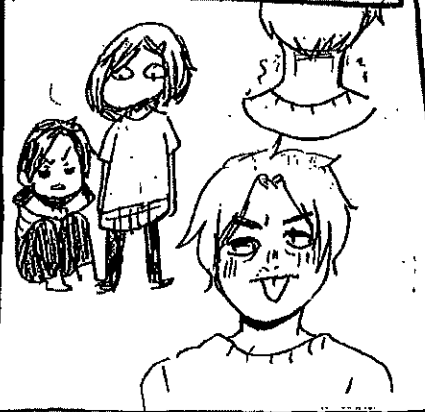


SEPTEMBER 2, 1942

MR. & MRS. VAN DAAN HAVE HAD A TERRIBLE FIGHT! OVER THE MOST TRIVIAL THINGS TOO.



PETER HAS BEEN COMPLAINING ABOUT ALL SORTS OF THINGS! A STIFF NECK A BLUE TONGUE, LUMBAGO, ACHE & PAINS - HYPOCHONDRIAC MUCH???

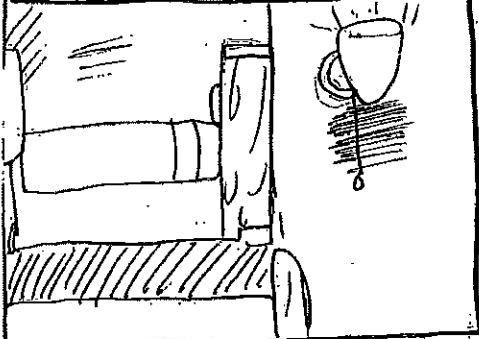


AFTER A DULL BIT, NEW DRAMA AROSE WITH A BOOK ABOUT WOMEN PETER SNUCK IT AWAY AND STARTED READING IT. BUT HE WAS CAUGHT! (OH, DRAMA)



SEPTEMBER 21, 1942

A TRAP HAD BEEN MOUNTED ABOVE MY DIVAN BED SO THAT IN THE FUTURE, WHEN I HEAR THE GUNS GOING OFF, I'LL BE ABLE TO PULL A CORD AND SWITCH ON THE LIGHT.



MRS. VAN DAAN IS UNBEARABLE. SHE CONTINUALLY SCOLDS ME FOR MY INCESSANT CHARACTER AS A CHATTER BOX. WHEN I AM UPSTAIRS.



MAMA ME NOW HAS A NEW TRICK OR HER SLEEVE: TRYING TO GET OUT OF WASHING THE POTS AND PAUS.



SEPTEMBER 28, 1942

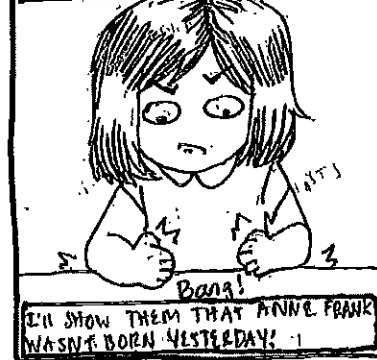
I'M DYING TO TELL YOU ABOUT ANOTHER ONE OF OUR CLASHES, BUT BEFORE I DO I'D LIKE TO SAY THIS: I THINK IT'S ODD THAT GROWN-UPS QUARREL SO EASY AND SO OFTEN ABOUT SUCH PETTY MATTERS.



(THEY REFER TO THESE AS 'DISCUSSIONS' INSTEAD OF 'QUARRELS', BUT GERMANS DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!) THEY CRITICIZE EVERYTHING ABOUT ME: MY BEHAVIOR, MY PERSONALITY, MY MANNERS, EVERYTHING ABOUT ME.



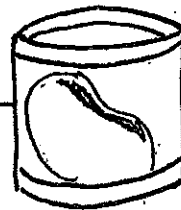
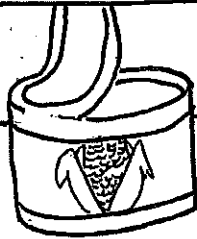
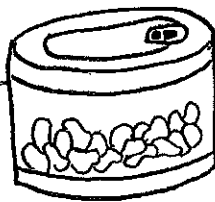
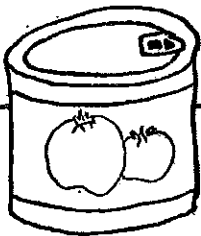
ACCORDING TO THE POWERS THAT BE, I'M SUPPOSED TO GRIN AND BEAR IT. BUT I CAN'T! I HAVE NO INTENTION OF TAKING THEIR INSULTS LYING DOWN.



I'LL SHOW THEM THAT ANNE FRANK WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY!

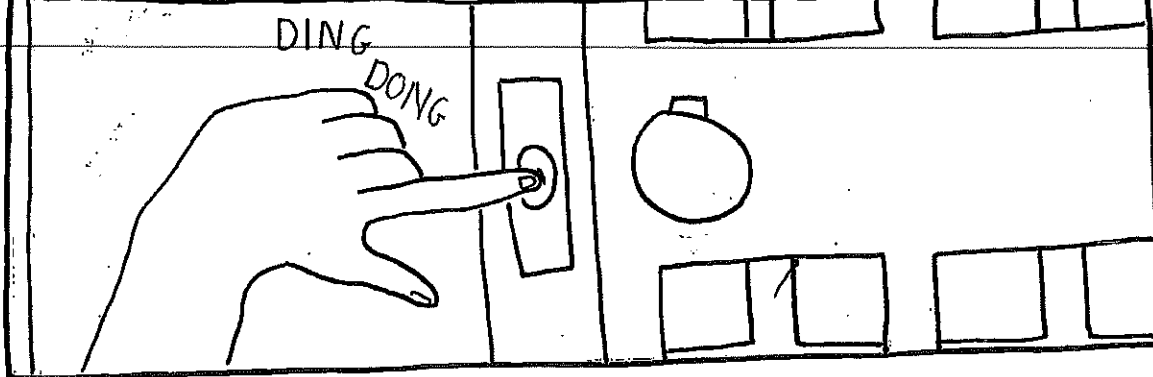
SEPTEMBER 29, 1942

THE PLUMBER WAS AT WORK DOWNSTAIRS ON WEDNESDAY, MOVING THE WATER PIPES AND DRAINS FROM THE OFFICE BATHROOM TO THE HALLWAY SO THE PIPES WONT FREEZE DURING A COLD WINTER. THE BATHROOM WAS ALSO OFF-LIMITS. I'LL TELL YOU HOW WE HANDLED THIS PROBLEM. YOU MAY FIND IT UNSHEMLY OF ME TO 'BRING IT UP, BUT I'M NOT SO PEUDISH ABOUT MATTERS OF THIS KIND. FOR THE DURATION OF THE PLUMBERS VISIT, LANNING JARS WERE PUT INTO SERVICE DURING THE DAYTIME TO HOLD OUR CALLS OF NATURE.



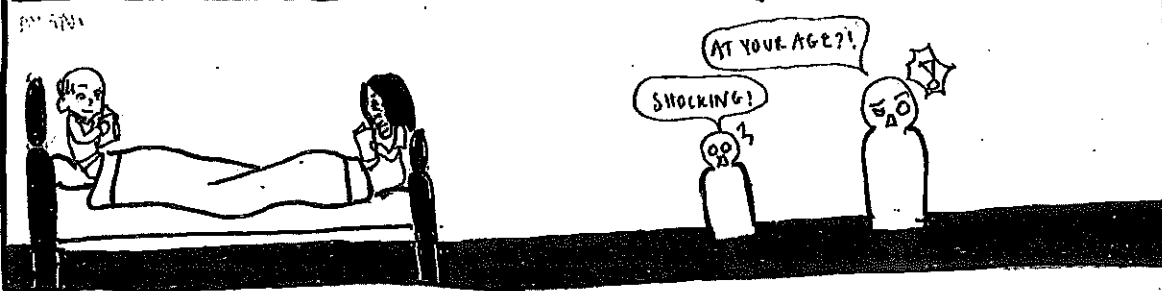
OCTOBER 1, 1942

YESTERDAY I HAD A HORRIBLE FRIGHT. AT EIGHT O'CLOCK THE DOORBELL SUDDENLY RANG.



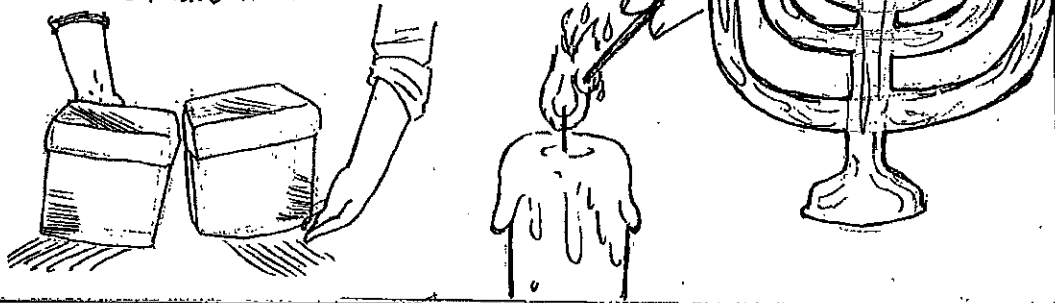
OCTOBER 3, 1942

DEAR KITT, EVERYBODY TEASED ME QUOTE A BIT YESTERDAY BECAUSE I LAY DOWN ON THE BED NEXT TO MR. VAN-DAAN. I'D NEVER WANT TO SLEEP WITH MR. VAN DAAN THE WAY THEY MEAN.



Monday, December 7, 1942

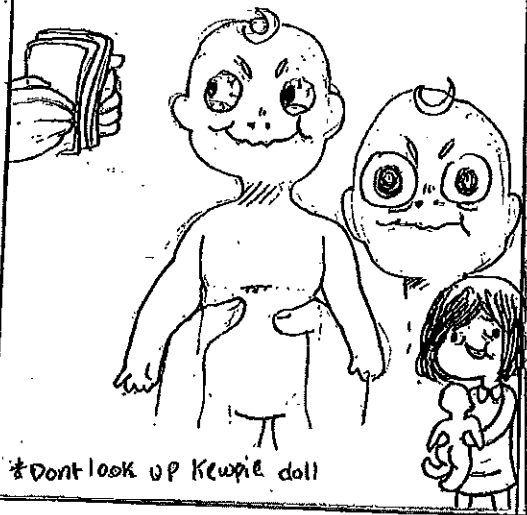
Hanukkah and St. Nicholas Day nearly coincided this year; they were only one day apart. We didn't make much of a fuss with Hanukkah, merely exchanging a few small gifts and lighting the candles. Since candles are in short supply, we lit them for only ten minutes, but as long as we sing the song, that doesn't matter. Mr. Van Daan made a menorah out of wood, so that was taken care of too.



St. Nicholas Day on Saturday was much more fun. We all trooped downstairs through the hall in pitch darkness to the alcove.



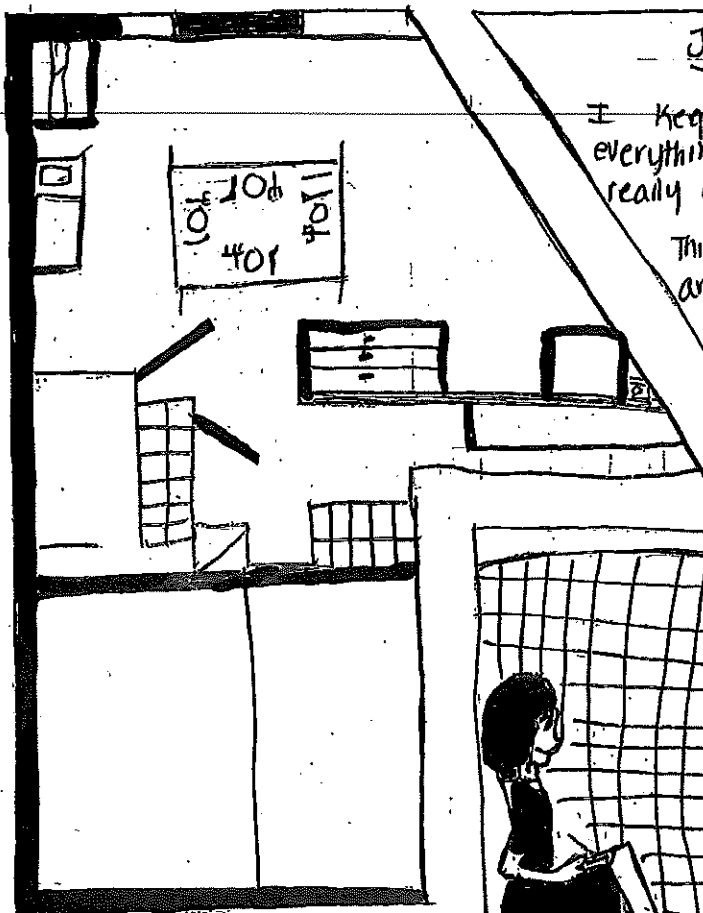
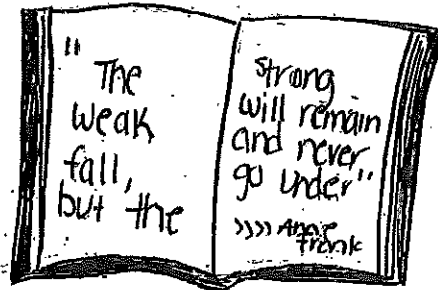
I received a Kewpie doll; father got bookends. P.S. we also had presents for everyone downstairs, a few things left over from the Good Old Ways; plus Miep and Bep are always grateful for money.



*Don't look up Kewpie doll

December 24, 1943

I get dizzy just thinking about all the cures I've been subjected to: sweating out the fever, steam treatment, wet compresses, dry compresses, hot drinker, swabbing my throat (lying still), heating pad, hot-water bottles, lemonade and every two hours, the thermometer. Not only did his hair tickle, but I was embarrassed, even though he went to school thirty years ago and does have some kind of medical degree. Things couldn't get any worse.



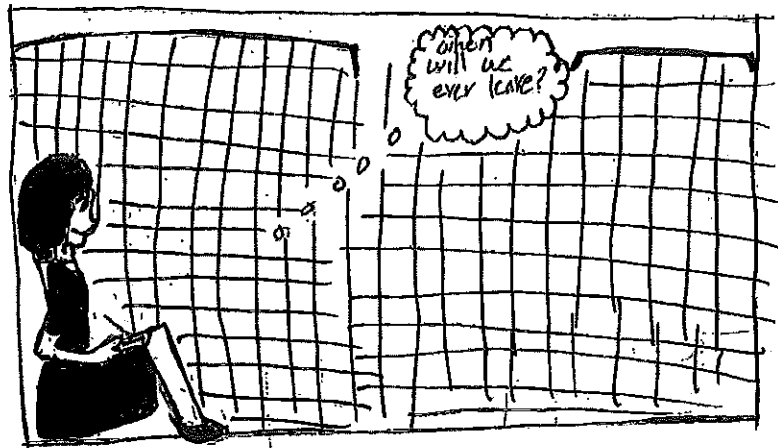
Journal Entries

I keep my ideals, because in spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart.

Think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy

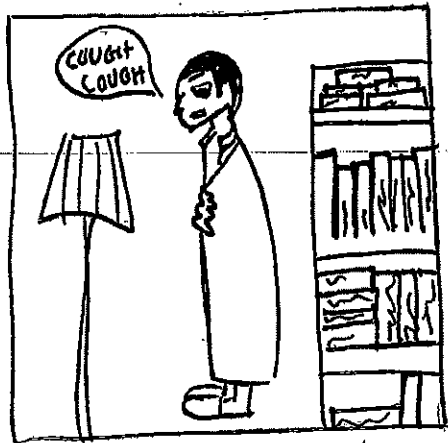
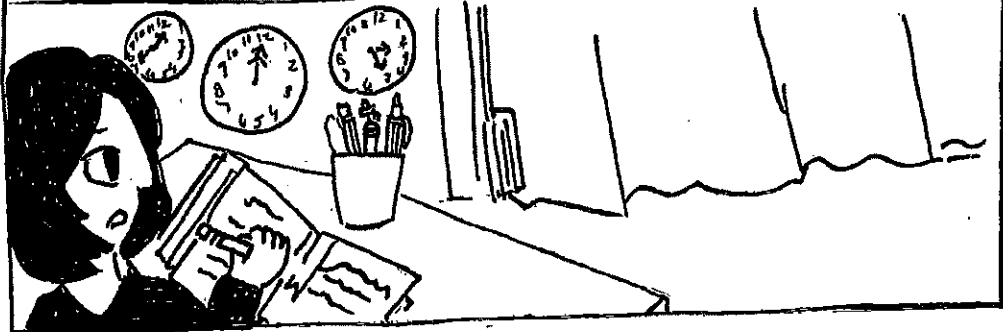
Whoever is happy will make others happy too.

~ Anne Frank



SATURDAY MARCH 27, 1943

"time killers" (this is what I call my courses, because all we ever do is try to make the days go by as quickly as possible)

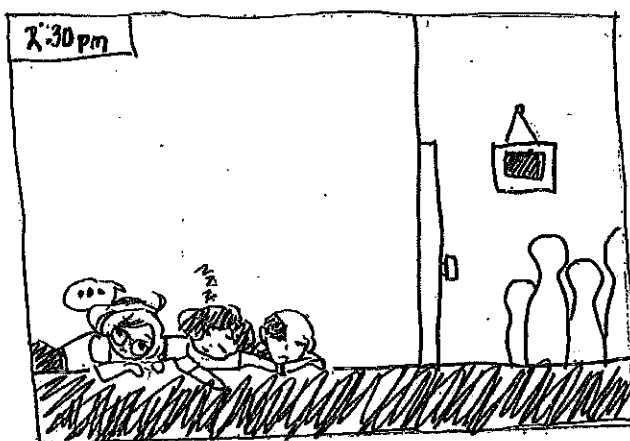
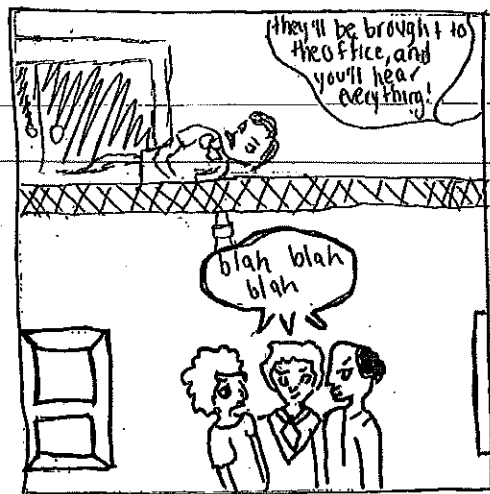


ALL JEWS MUST BE OUT OF THE GERMAN-OCCUPIED TERRITORIES BEFORE JULY 1. JEWS WILL BE CLEANSED OUT OF UTRECHT...



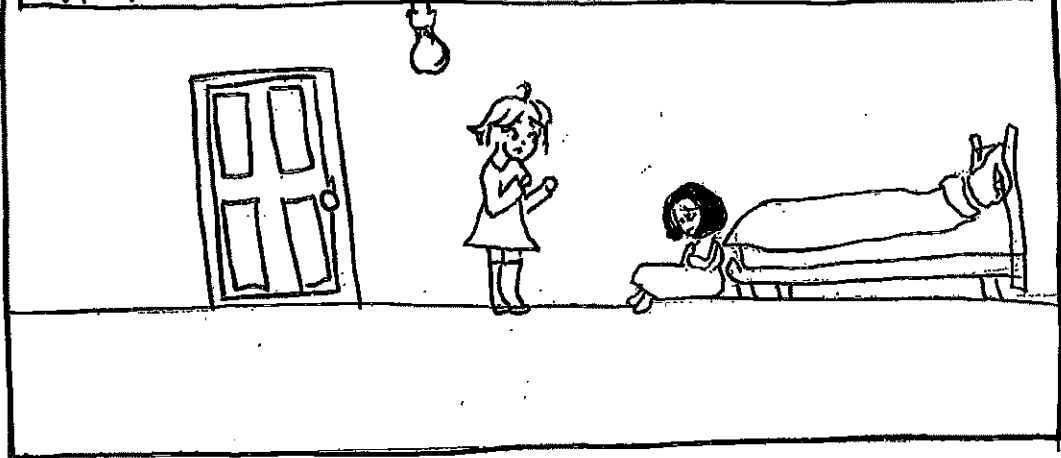
THURSDAY APRIL 1, 1943

Dearest Kitty,



FRIDAY APRIL 2nd, 1943

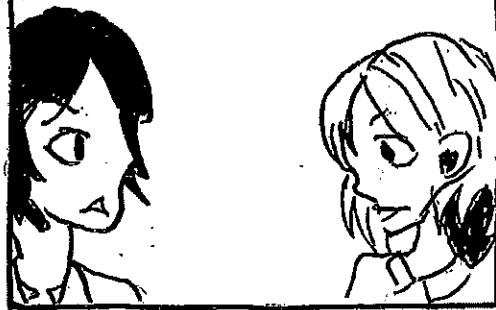
Mother came in instead of father to pray with me. I told Mother I didn't want to say prayers with her that night.



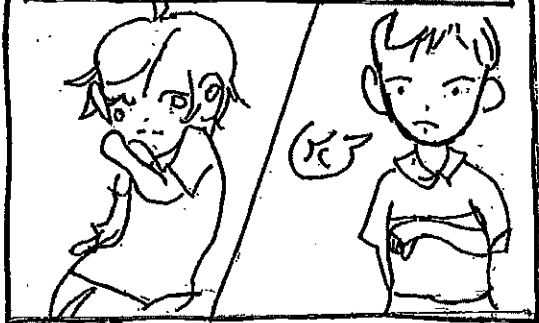
she was very upset with me even though I didn't mean to hurt her feelings.



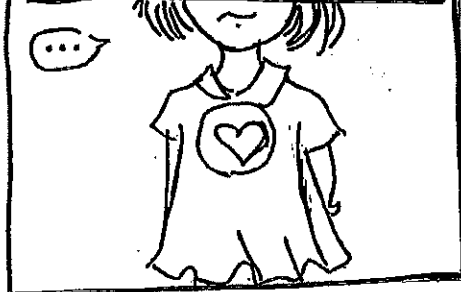
I knew I couldn't answer her a different way even if it made her upset.



She cried half the night, father was upset with me. Mother's personality is cold and caused this.



it makes my heart heavy, but it is simply how I feel.



Tuesday April 27, 1943

THE HOUSE WAS STILL TREMBLING FROM THE AFTERAFFECTS OF THE QUAKE



BUT THEY GOT OVER IT

OUR GERMAN VISITORS WERE BACK LAST SATURDAY



THE CARLTON HOTEL HAS BEEN DESTROYED.



GERMAN OFFICERS CLUB, THE ENTIRE CORNER OF VISZELSTRAAT & SINGEL HAS GONE UP IN FLAMES.

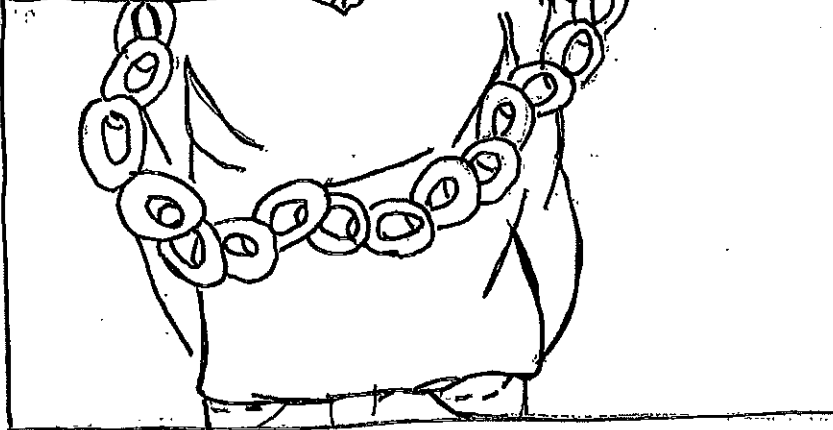


THE FOOD IS TERRIBLE



IF YOU'RE TRYING TO DIET, THIS IS THE PLACE

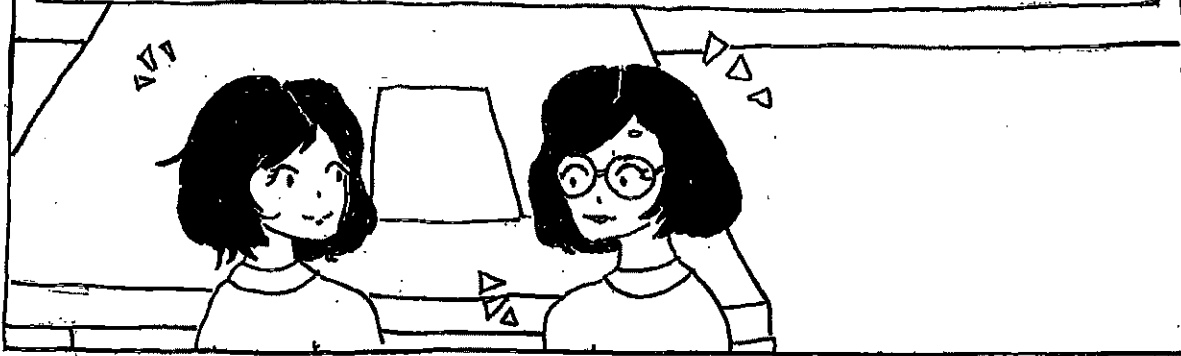
ALL THE POLISH MEN WHO FOUGHT OR WERE MOBILIZED IN 1940 WERE PUT IN PRISONER OF WAR CAMPS



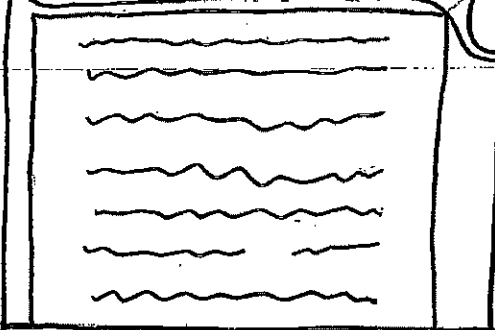
Sunday JUNE 13TH, 1943

Am:

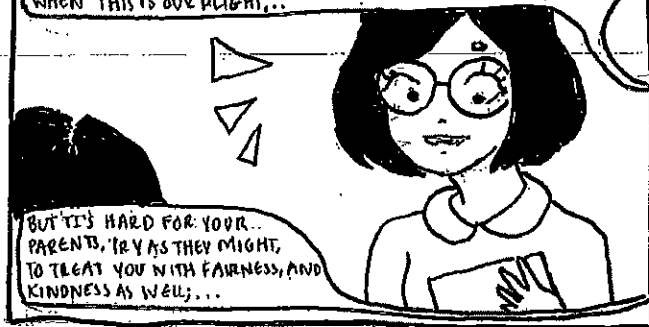
IT'S MY BIRTHDAY! FATHER COMPOSED A POEM THAT WAS TOO NICE FOR ME TO KEEP TO MYSELF. IT IS WRITTEN IN GERMAN SO MARGO TRANSLATED IT FOR ME.



AS YOUNGEST AMONG US, BUT SMALL NO MORE, YOUR LIFE CAN BE TRYING, FOR WE HAVE THE CHARGE OF BECOMING YOUR TEACHERS. A TERRIBLE BOLD. WE'VE GOT EXPERIENCE! TAKE IT...

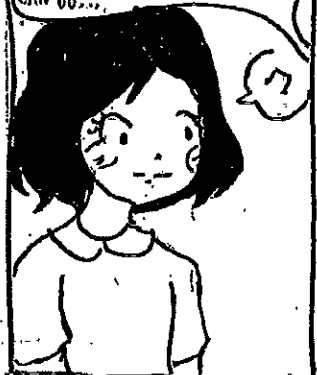


FROM ME! "WE'VE DONE THIS ALL BEFORE, YOU SEE. WE KNOW THE ROLES, WE KNOW THE SAME" SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL, ALWAYS THE SAME. ONE'S OWN SHORTCOMINGS ARE NOTHING BUT FLUFF, BUT EVERYONE ELSE'S ARE HEAVIER STUFF. FAULT FINDING COMES EASY WHEN THIS IS OUR PLIGHT...

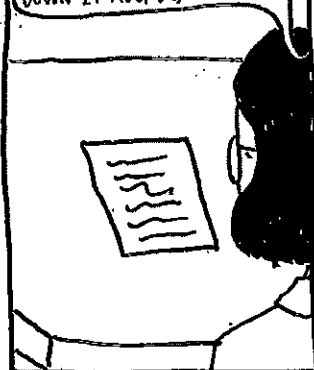


BUT IT'S HARD FOR YOUR PARENTS, TRY AS THEY MIGHT, TO TREAT YOU WITH FAIRNESS, AND KINDNESS AS WELL...

NITPICKING'S A HABIT THAT'S HARD TO DISPEL. WHEN YOU'RE LIVING WITH OLD FOLKS, ALL YOU CAN DO...



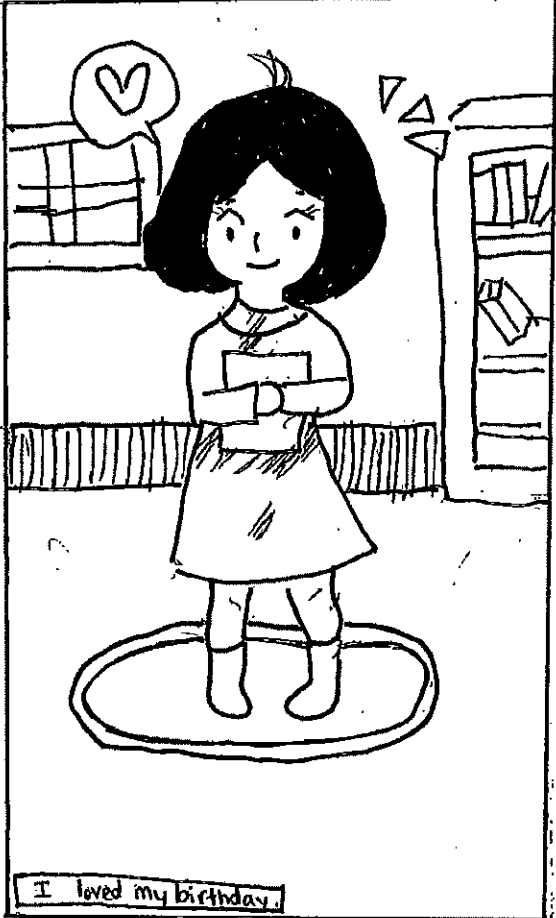
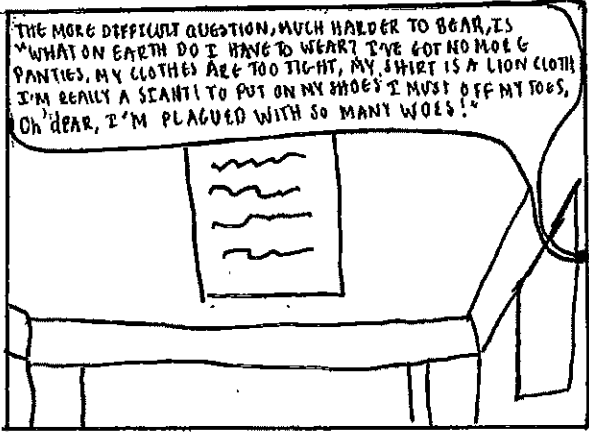
IT'S PUT UP WITH THEIR NAGGING -- IT'S HARD BUT IT'S TRUE. THE PILL MAY BE BITTER, BUT DOWN IT MUST GO...



FOR IT'S MEANT TO KEEP THE PEACE, YOU KNOW. THE MANY MONTHS HERE HAVE NOT BEEN IN VAIN, SINCE WAITING TIME NOES AGAINST YOUR BRAIN...



YOU READ AND STUDY NEARLY ALL THE DAY, DETERMINED TO CHASE THE BOREDOM AWAY.

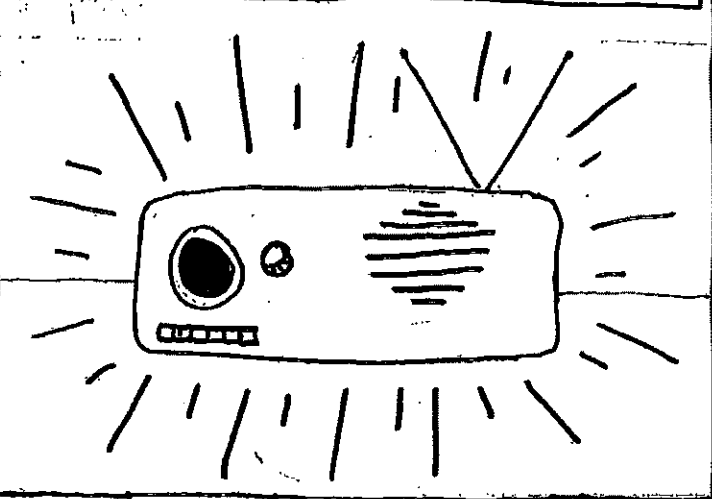


TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1943

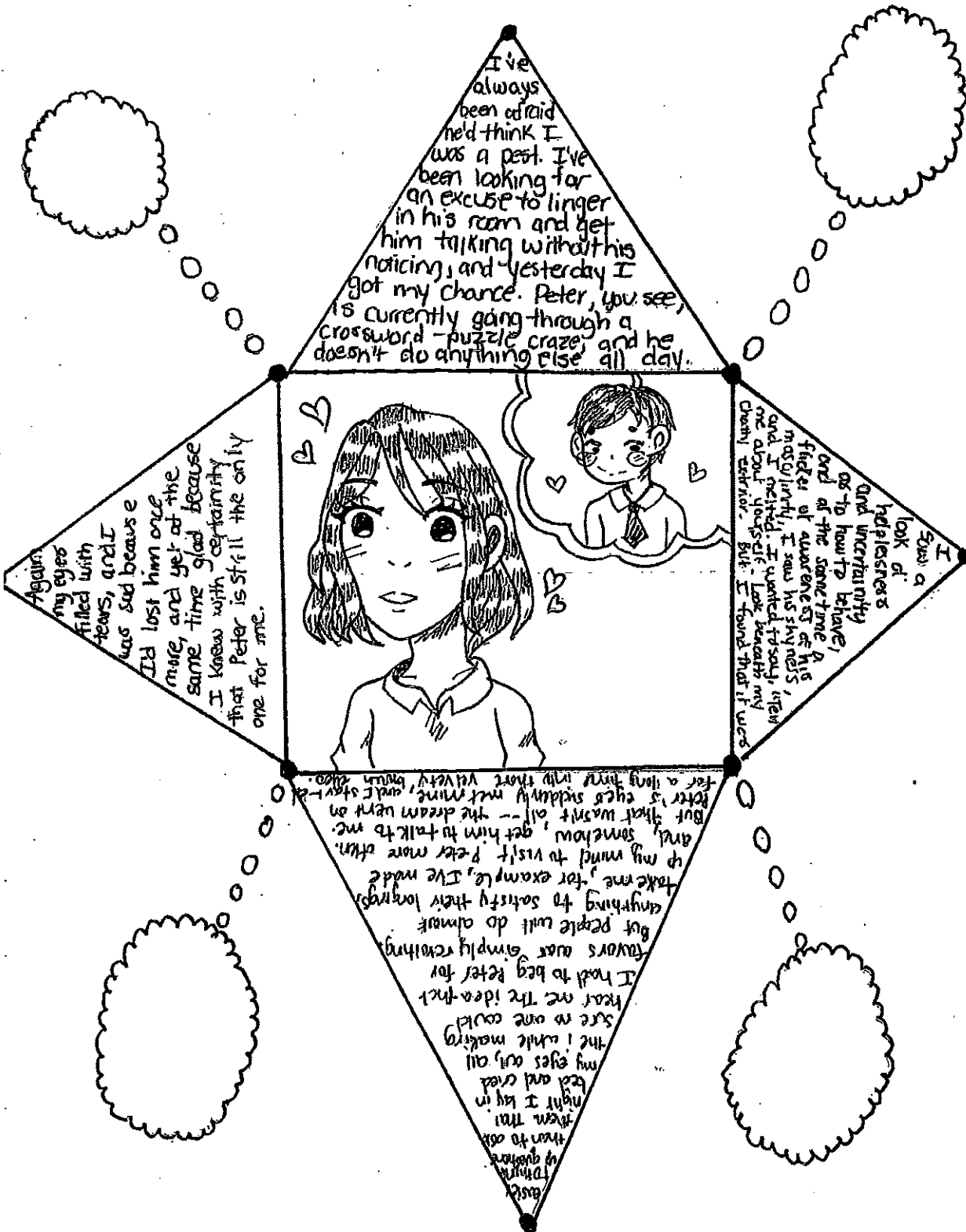
MR VOXWISE WASN'T OPERATED ON FOR HIS ULCER AT ALL - THEY OPENED HIM UP AND FOUND HE HAS CANCER. HE CAN NO LONGER TELL US WHAT BANGS GOES ON IN THE WAREHOUSE. I FEEL VERY SORRY FOR HIM.



WE HAVE TO HAND IN OUR RADIO NEXT WEEK TO THE AUTHORITIES. IT'S A PITY WE MUST TURN IN OUR BIG PHILIPS, BUT WHAT'S THE POINT OF HAVING IT WHEN YOU'RE IN HIDING?



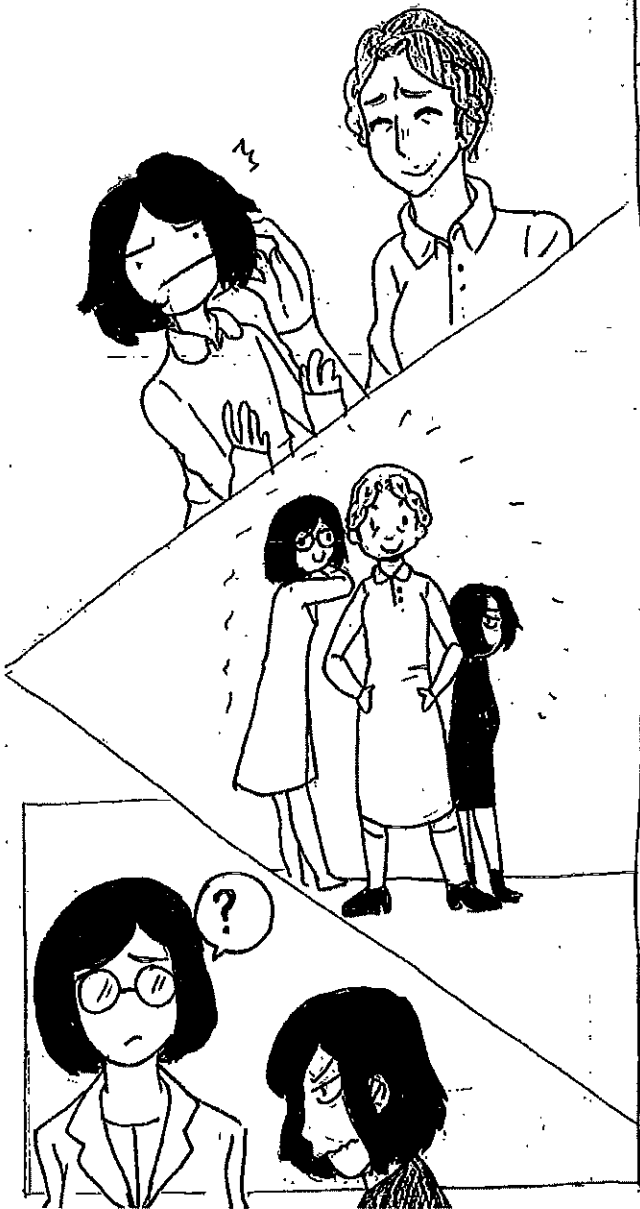
Thursday, January 6, 1944



JANUARY 6, 1944

The first is about Mother. As you know, I've frequently complained about her and then tried my best to be nice. I've suddenly realized what's wrong with her. Mother has said that she sees us more as friends than as daughters. That's all very nice, of course, except that a friend can't take the place of a mother. I need my mother to set a good example and be a person I can respect, but in most matters she's an example of what not to do. I have feeling that Margot thinks so differently about these things that she'd never be able to understand what I've just told you.

I don't remember what, and of course I wanted to go along. But they said I couldn't come because I had my bike with me. Tears of rage rushed to my eyes, and Margot and Mother began laughing at me. I was so furious that I stuck my tongue out at them, right there on the street. A little old lady happened to be passing by, and she looked terribly shocked. I rode my bike home and must have cried for hours. Strangely enough, even though Mother has wounded me thousands of times, this particular would still sting whenever I think of how angry I was.



January 19, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

I (there I go again) don't know what's happened, but since my dream I keep noticing how I've changed. By the way, I dreamed about Peter again last night and once again, I felt his eyes penetrate mine, but this dream was less vivid and not quite so beautiful as the last. You know that I always used to be jealous of Margot's relationship with father. There's not a trace of my

Jealousy left now; I still feel hurt when father's nerves cause him to be unaccommodating toward me, but

them. I think, "I can't blame you for being the way you are. You talk so much about the minds of children and adolescents, but you don't know the first thing about them." I long for more than father's attention, more than his hug & embrace. It's not it, it's not me, it's not so prescribed.

with myself? shouldn't I, who want to be good and kind, forgive them first? I forgive Mother too, but every time she makes a sarcastic remark or laughs at me, it's all I can do to control myself.

Mom's birthday

I know I'm far from being what I should: will I ever be?

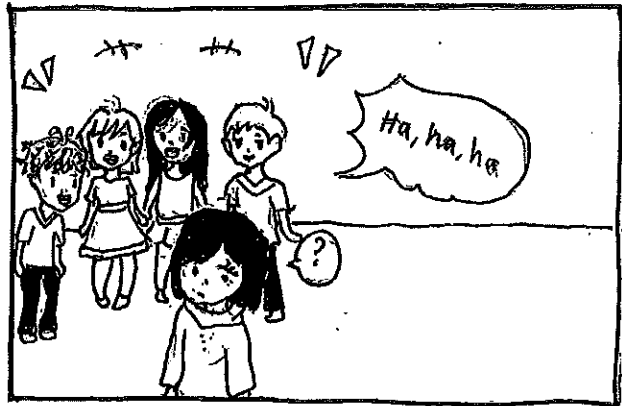
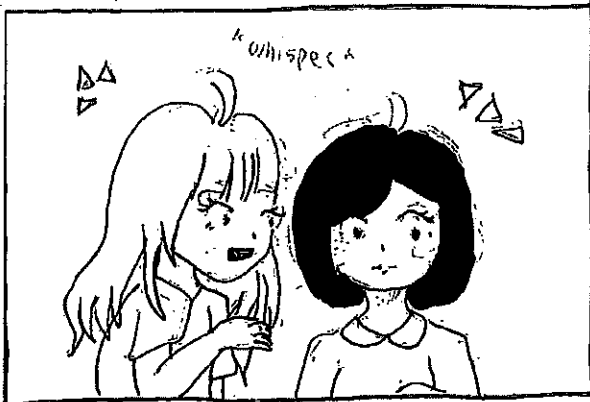
Anne Frank

P.S. father asked if I told you about Mother's birthday, she received a real madras cake, prepared by the office. It was a quality from the office. It was a really nice day! But at the moment there's no room in my head for things like that.

Jan

Mom's B'DAY

MONDAY JAN. 24, 1944

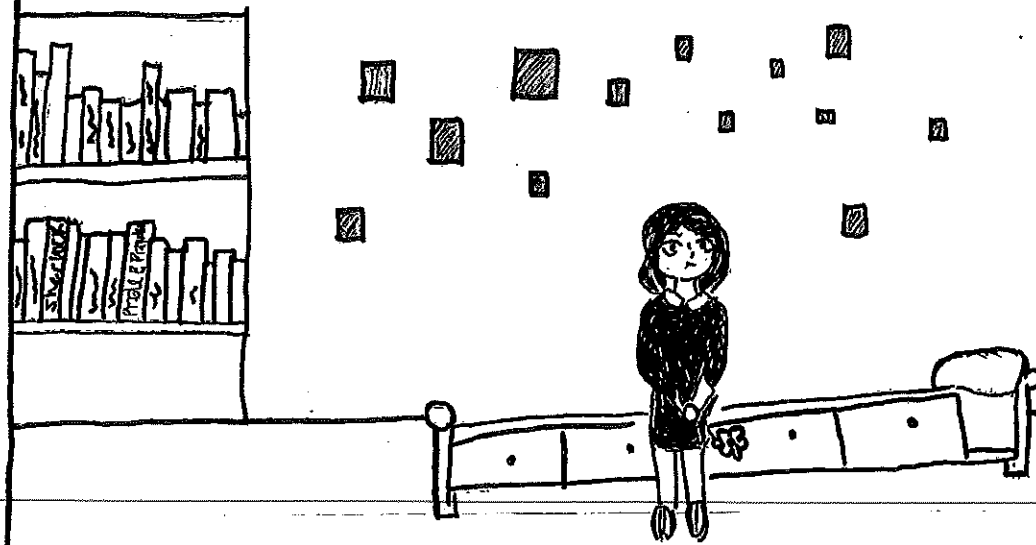


DEAREST KITTY,
A VERY STRANGE THING HAS HAPPENED TO ME. (ACTUALLY "HAPPENED" ISN'T QUITE THE RIGHT WORD.) BEFORE I CAME HERE, WHENEVER ANYONE AT HOME OR AT SCHOOL TALKED ABOUT SEX, THEY WERE EITHER SECRETIVE OR DISGUSTING. ANY WORDS HAVING TO DO WITH SEX WERE SPOKEN IN A LOW WHISPER, AND KIDS WHO WEREN'T IN THE KNOW WERE SO MYSTERIOUS OR OBNOXIOUS WHEN THEY TALKED ABOUT THIS SUBJECT... I USUALLY SAID AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE AND ASKED MY GIRLFRIENDS FOR INFORMATION.

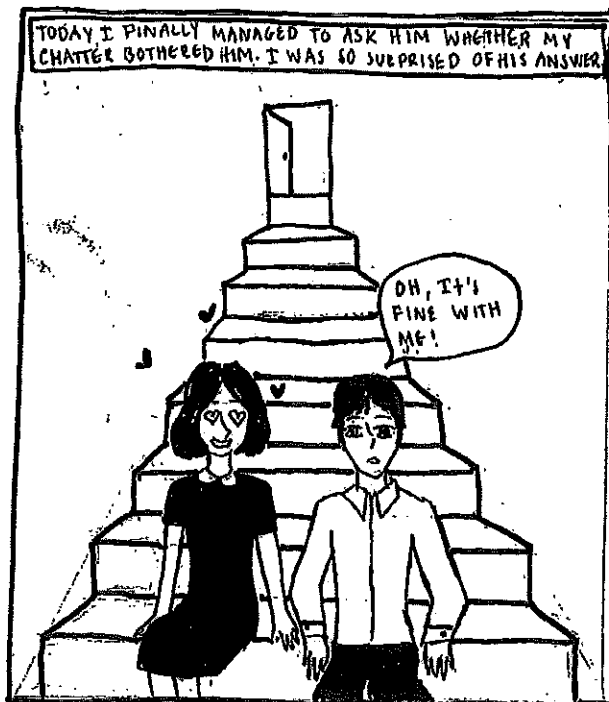
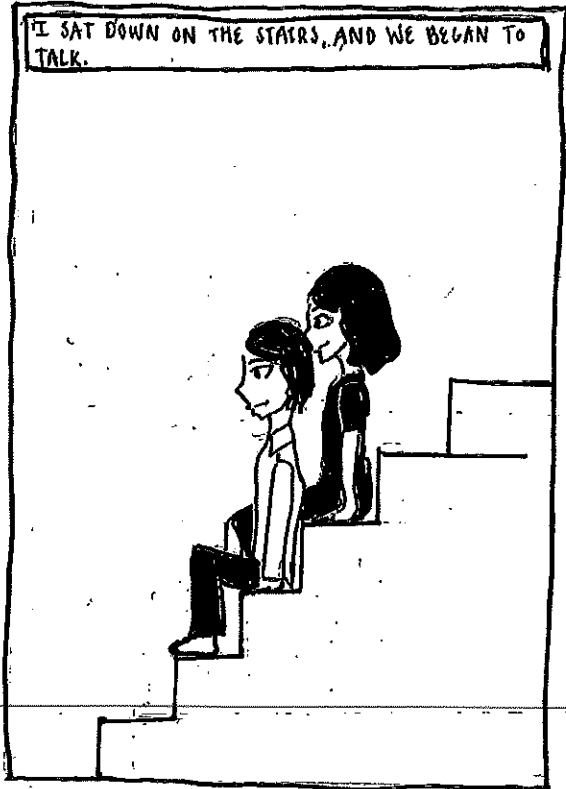


Thursday, March 2, 1944

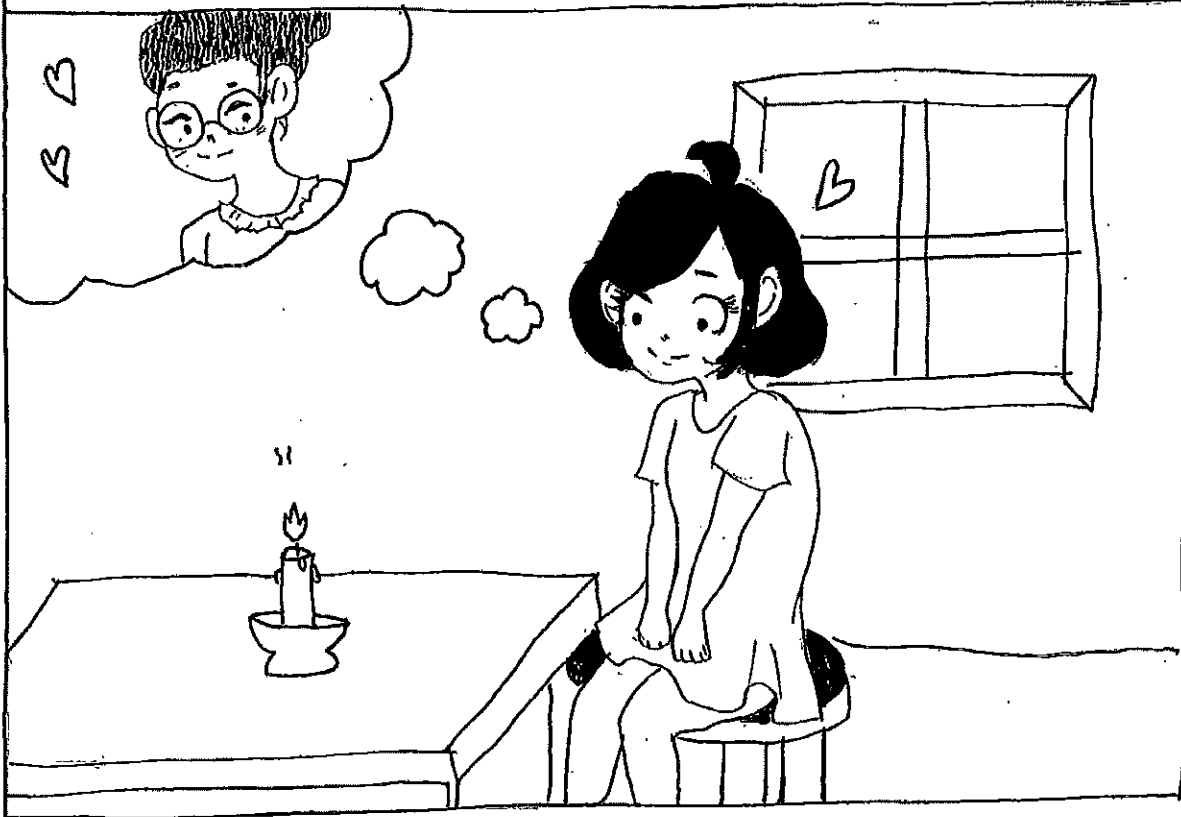
Love, what is love? I don't think you can really put it into words. Love is understanding someone, caring for him, sharing his love and sorrows.



FRIDAY MARCH 3, 1944



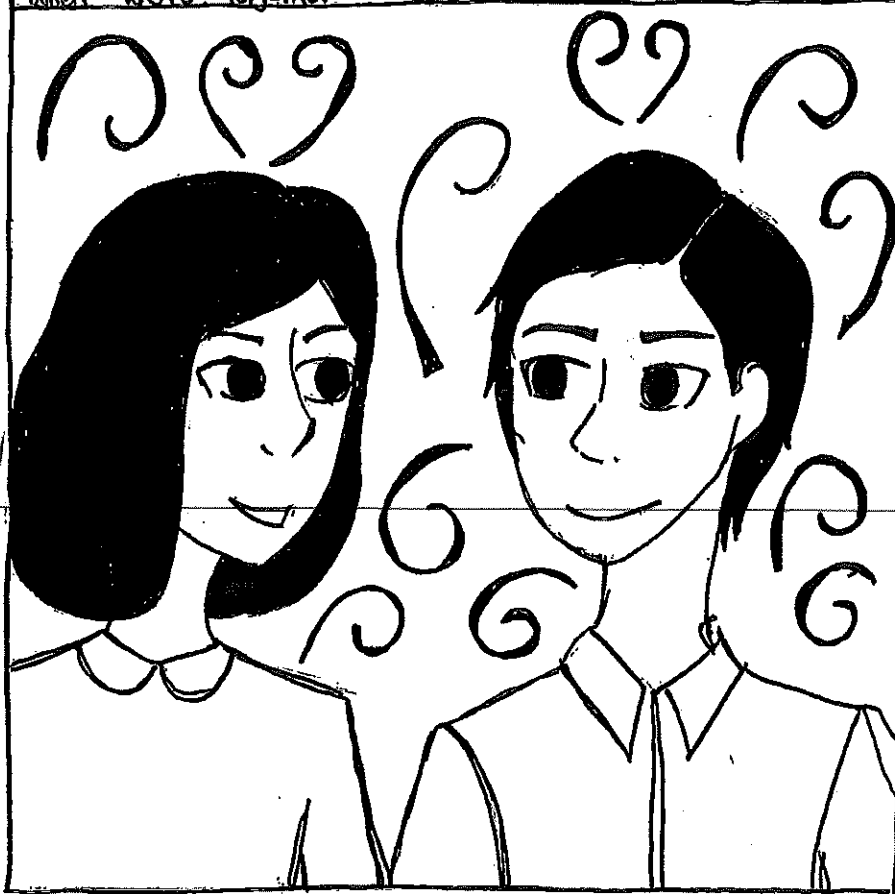
WHEN I LOOKED INTO THE CANDLE TONIGHT, I FELT CALM AND HAPPY AGAIN. IT SEEMS GRANDMA IS IN THAT CANDLE, AND IT'S GRANDMA WHO WATCHES OVER AND PROTECTS ME AND MAKES ME FEEL HAPPY AGAIN.



FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1944

Monday, March 6, 1944

I'm happy when I see him, and happier still if the sun shines
when we're together



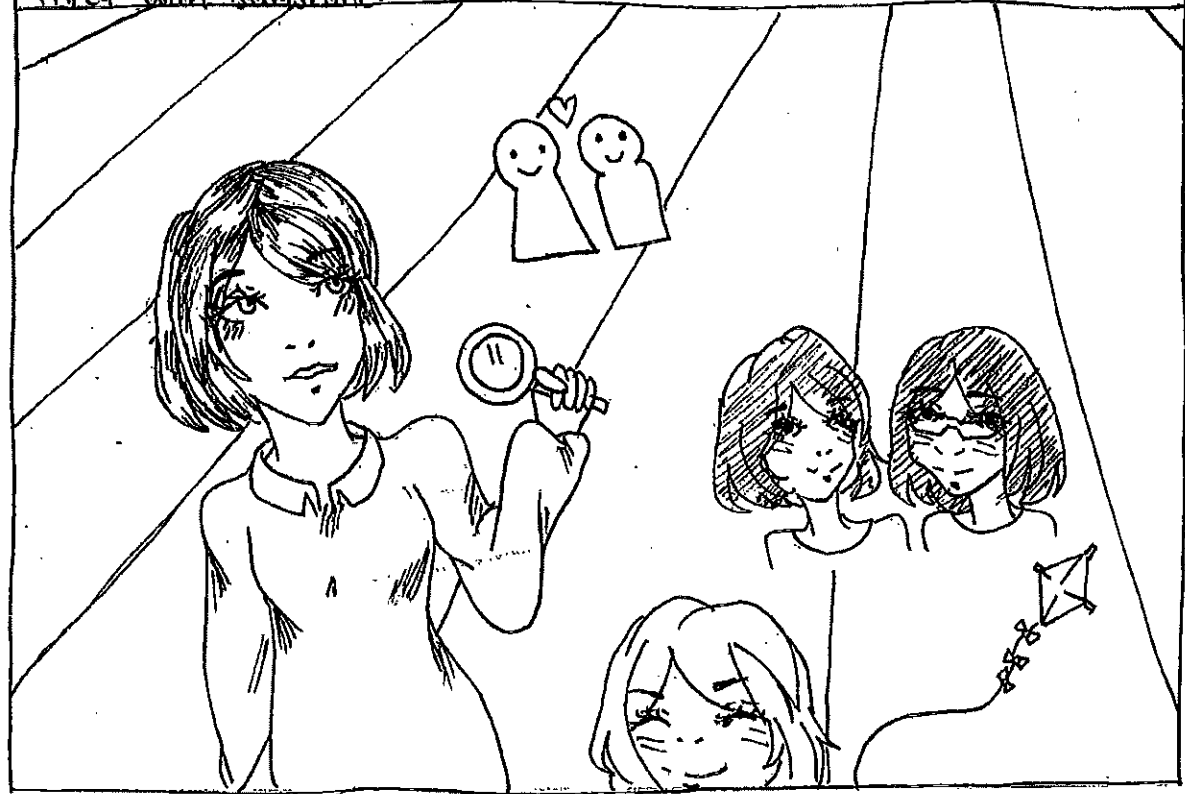
I LIE IN BED AT NIGHT, AFTER ENDING MY PRAYERS WITH THE WORDS "ICH
JANKE AIR FÜR ALL DAS CUTE UNA LIEBE UNA SCHÖNE?" [THANK YOU, GOD, FOR
ALL THAT IS GOOD AND DEAR AND BEAUTIFUL.] AND I'M FILLED WITH
JOY.



MARCH 7, 1944

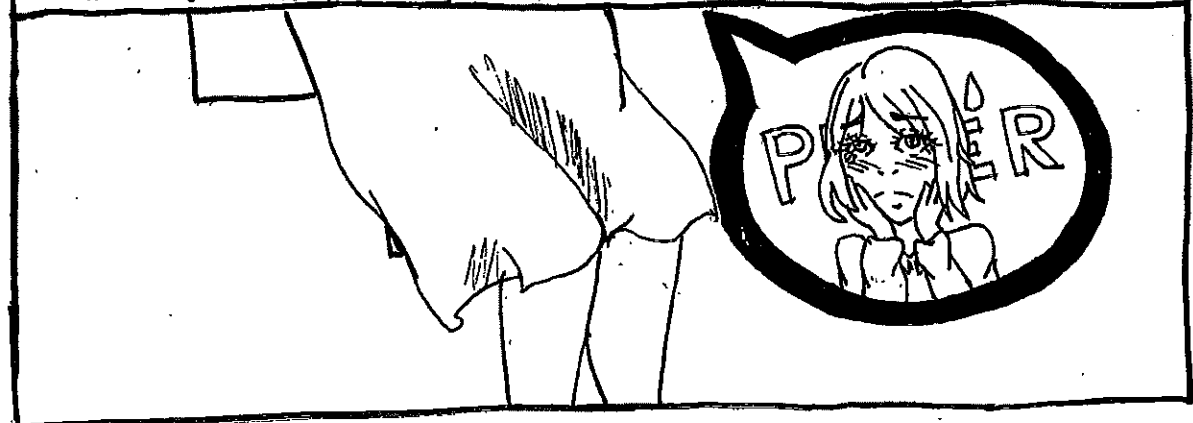
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1944

I see my life up to New Year's 1944 as if I were looking through a powerful magnifying glass. When I was at home, my life was filled with sunshine.

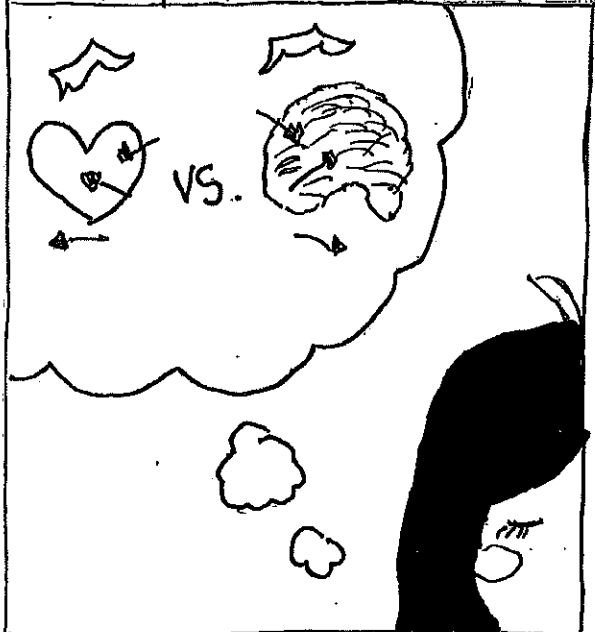


SATURDAY, March 11, 1944

I haven't been able to sit still lately. I wander up-stairs and down and then back again. I like talking to Peter, but I'm always afraid of being a nuisance.

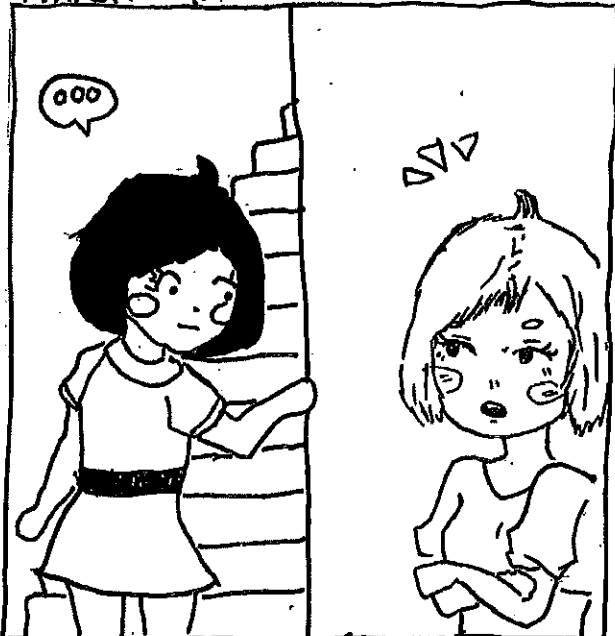


MARCH 16, 1944



NO ONE MUST KNOW THAT MY HEART AND MIND ARE CONSTANTLY AT WAR WITH EACH OTHER.

MARCH 17, 1944



WHENEVER I GO UPSTAIRS THEY ASK WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, THEY WON'T LET ME SALT MY FOOD.

MARCH 18, 1944



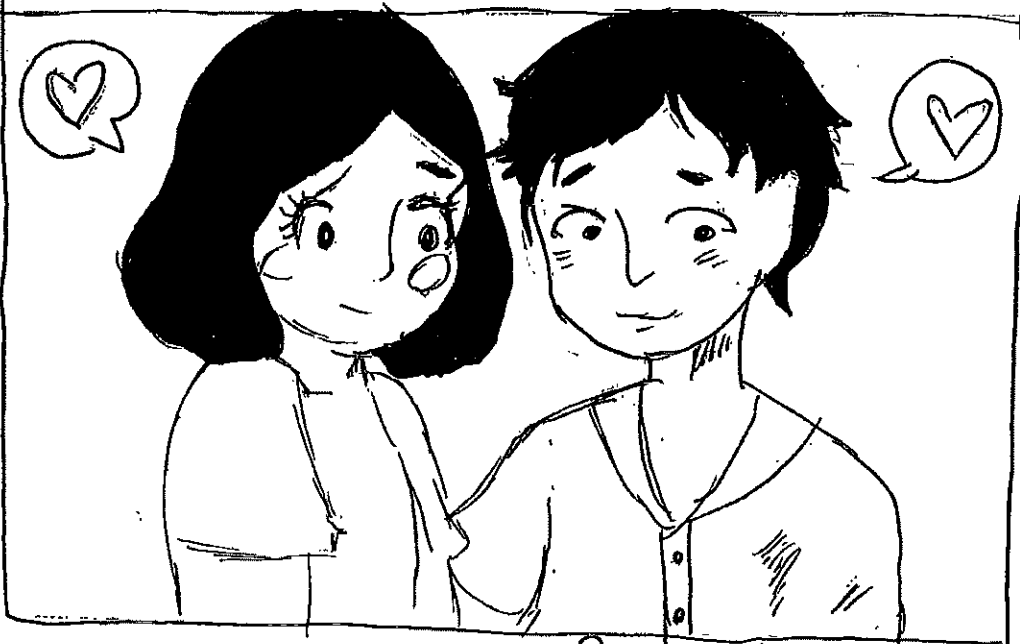
I'VE TOLD YOU MORE ABOUT MYSELF AND MY FEELINGS THAN I'VE EVER TOLD A LIVING SOUL, SO WHY SHOULDN'T THAT INCLUDE SEX?

MARCH 19, 1944



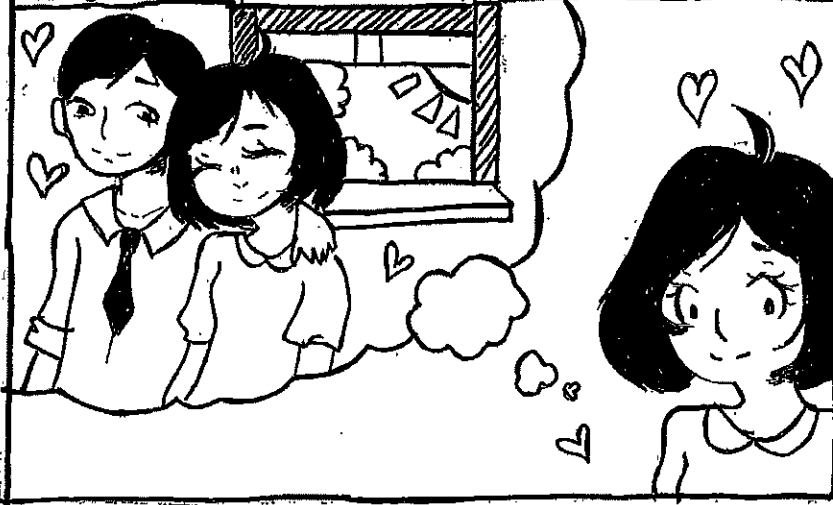
WE TOLD EACH OTHER SO MUCH, SO VERY MUCH, THAT I CAN'T REPEAT IT ALL. BUT IT FELT GOOD;

I can't tell you, Kitty, the feeling that ran through me. I was too happy for words, and I think he was too.



Sunday, April 16, 1944

I feel so peaceful and safe with his arm around me, knowing he's near and yet not having to speak; can this be bad when it does me so good?

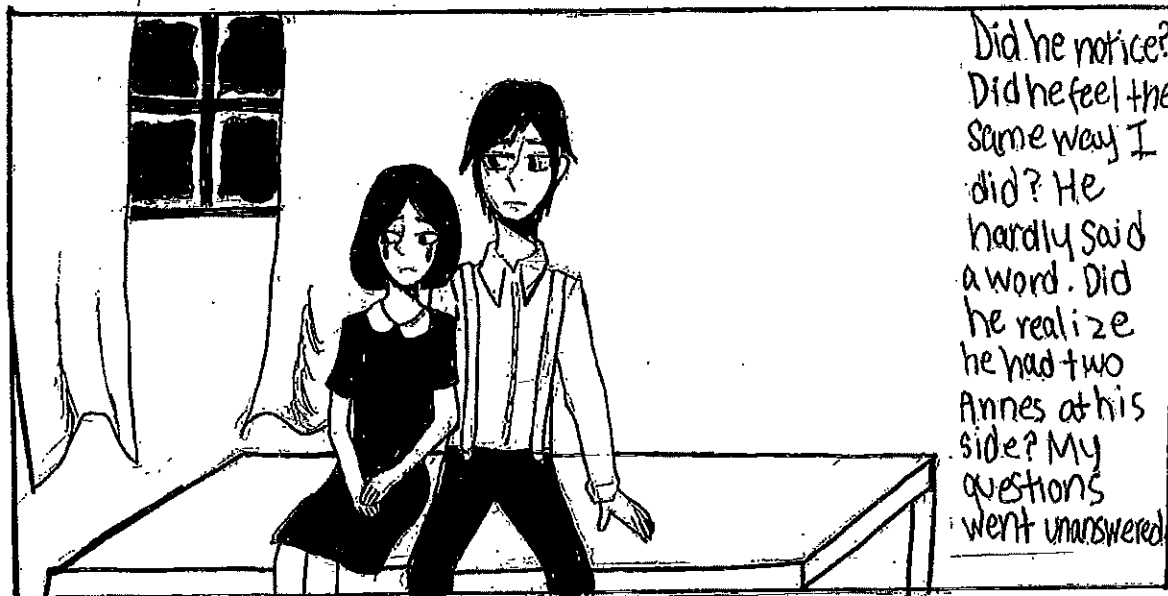


Wednesday, April
19, 1944

Friday April 28, 1944

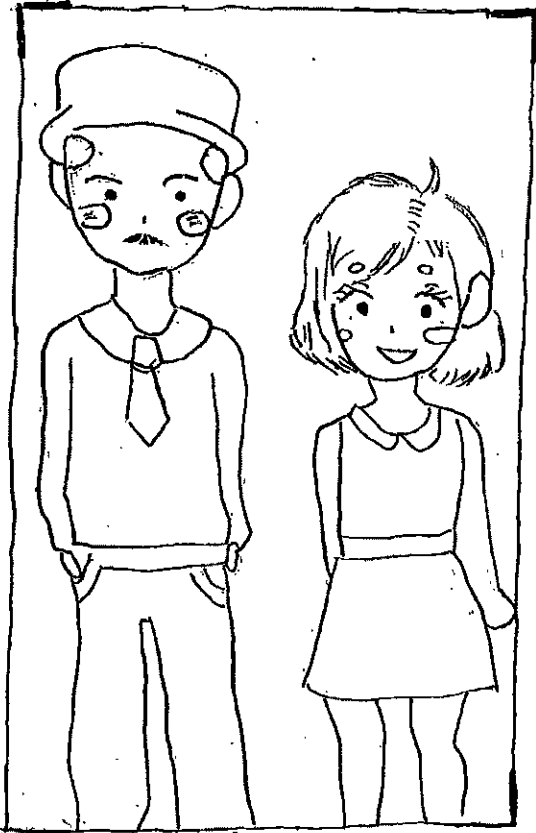


... Even now I can still feel his cheek against mine, and that wonderful glow that made up for all the rest. Once in a while I'd had the same feeling with this Peter, but never so intensely... Suddenly the everyday Anne slipped away and the second Anne took her place. The second Anne who's never overconfident or amusing, but wants only to love and be gentle.



Did he notice?
Did he feel the
same way I
did? He
hardly said
a word. Did
he realize
he had two
Annes at his
side? My
questions
went unanswered.

Monday, May 8, 1944



Father was born in Frankfurt am Main to very wealthy parents. Michael Frank didn't start out rich; he was a self-made man. In his youth, Father led the life of a rich man's son. Parties every week, balls, banquets, beautiful girls, waltzing, dinners, a huge house, etc. After Grandpa died, most of the money was lost, and after the Great War and inflation there was nothing left at all.

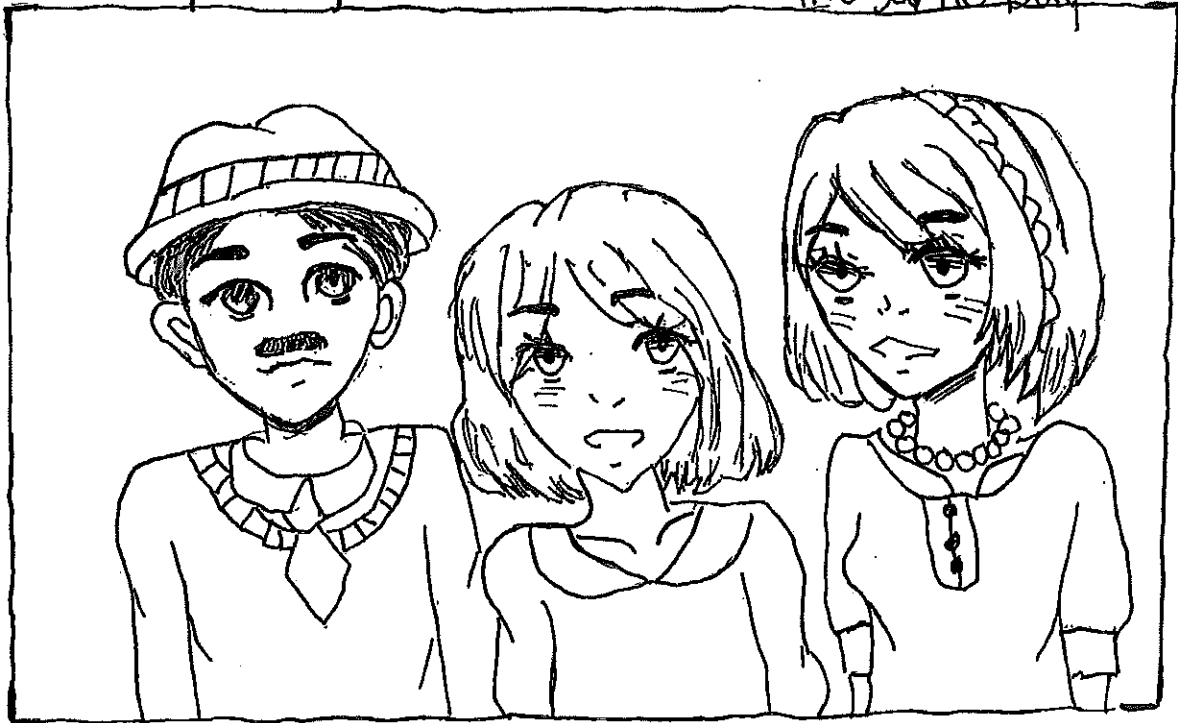
Up until the war there were still quite a few rich relatives. So Father was extremely well-bred, and he had to laugh yesterday because for the first time in his fifty-five years, he scraped out the frying pan at the table.

Mother's family wasn't as wealthy, but still fairly well off, and we've listened open-mouthed to stories of private balls, dinners and engagement parties with 250 guests.



Monday, May 8, 1944

The Same Day



We're far from rich now, but I've pinned all my hopes on after the war. I can assure you, I'm not so set on a bourgeois life as Mother and Margot. I'd like to spend a year in Paris and London learning the languages and studying art history. I still have visions of gorgeous dresses and fascinating people. As I've told you many times before, I want to see the world and do all kinds of exciting things, and a little money went hurt!

May 25, 1944
Bep's engaged!

Sunday, May 7, 1944
Father and I had a long talk yesterday afternoon.
Cried my eyes out and he cried too.

May 26, 1944 Friday
I feel more miserable than I have in months.

Wednesday, May 31, 1944
Saturday, Sunday, Monday and
Tuesday it was too hot
to hold my fountain pen,
which is why I couldn't
write to you.

Monday, June 5, 1944
New problems in the Annex.
A quarrel between Dussel and
the Franks over the division
of butter.

Friday, June 9, 1944
Great news of the invasion!

Tuesday, June 13, 1944
Another birthday has gone by,
I'm now fifteen.

Tuesday, June 27, 1944
All German women who
aren't working for the
military are being evacuated...

July 15, 1944
We've received a book from the
library with the challenging title "What
Do You Think of the Modern Young Girl?"

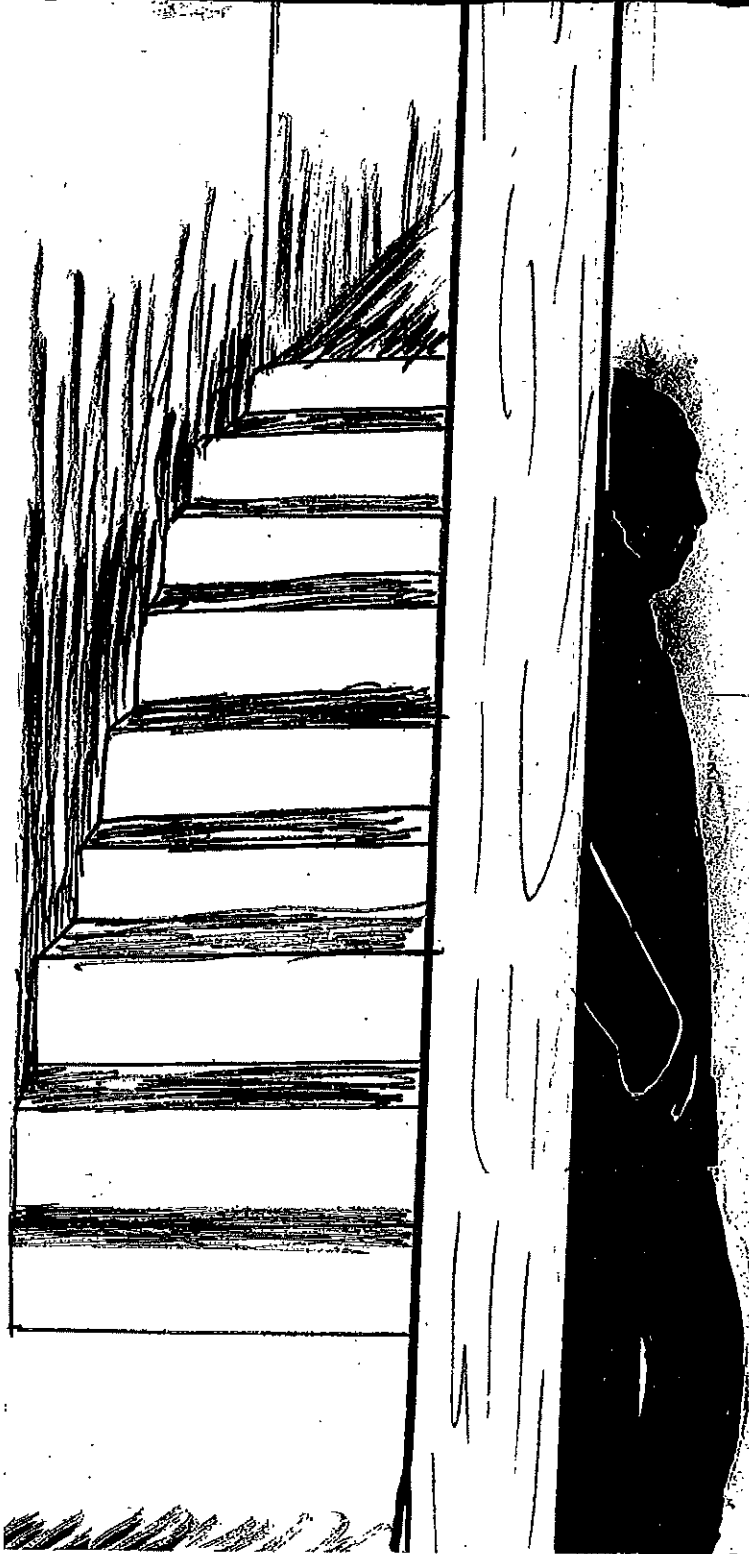
Tuesday, August 1, 1944
As I've told you many times,
I'm split in two...

I get cross, then sad, and finally end up
turning my heart inside out, the bad part on
the outside and the good part on the
inside, and keep trying to find a way to
become what I'd like to be and what I
could be if ... if only there were no other
people in the world

Yours,
Anne M. Frank



OTTO FRANK JUNE 1945



Muhamad Alhikaimy

11th

MA

Aurelia Hutawa, 12th

Andra A

Amanda Fulkes, 12th

~~Amanda Fulkes~~

A Syca Anun Syed

Emilia Moxley Grade 11

Bessie Lozano, 10th

Amya Shaggard gr. 10

Amya Shaggard ♡

Johanna Tavares gr. 12 ♡

Meerch Carr, 11th
muf cu ☺

Wood Rene 11th

Samantha Tolentino Gr. 10

Kathy Zhang Gr. 10

Mahogany K Young G. 11

Mr Rios

Graphic Novels

Period 3

Semester #1 2015-16