

## CARD SORT: CATEGORIES

<b>Fear</b>	<b>Hope</b>
<b>Courage</b>	<b>Loneliness</b>
<b>Daily Life</b>	

## CARD SORT: QUOTES

<p><i>Every day I feel myself maturing, I feel liberation drawing near, I feel the beauty of nature and the goodness of the people around me. Every day I think what a fascinating and amusing adventure this is! With all that, why should I despair?</i></p>	<p><i>Riches, prestige, everything can be lost. But the happiness in your own heart can only be dimmed; it will always be there, as long as you live, to make you happy again.</i></p>
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## CARD SORT: QUOTES

*Not being able to go outside upsets me more than I can say, and I'm terrified our hiding place will be discovered and that we'll be shot.*

*At night in bed I see myself alone in a dungeon, without Father and Mother. Or I'm roaming the streets, or the Annex is on fire, or they come in the middle of the night to take us away and I crawl under my bed in desperation.*

*It's difficult in times like these: ideals, dreams and cherished hopes rise within us, only to be crushed by grim reality. It's a wonder I haven't abandoned all my ideals, they seem so absurd and impractical. Yet I cling to them because I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart.*

*Where there's hope, there's life. It fills us with fresh courage and makes us strong again.*

*As long as this exists, and that should be forever, I know that there will be solace for every sorrow, whatever the circumstances.*

*I can shake off everything as I write; my sorrows disappear, my courage is reborn.*

## CARD SORT: QUOTES

<p><i>I know what I want, I have a goal, I have opinions, a religion and love. If only I can be myself, I'll be satisfied. I know that I'm a woman with inner strength and a great deal of courage!</i></p>	<p><i>I believe in the sun, even when it rains.</i></p>
<p><i>You can be lonely even when you are loved by many people, since you are still not anybody's one and only.</i></p>	<p><i>Writing in a diary is a really strange experience for someone like me. Not only because I've never written anything before ... I feel like writing, and I have an even greater need to get all kinds of things off my chest.</i></p>
<p><i>I don't have a friend.</i></p>	<p><i>Whenever someone comes in from outside, with the wind in their clothes and the cold on their cheeks, I feel like burying my head under the blankets to keep from thinking, "When will we be allowed to breathe fresh air again?"</i></p>

Source: Frank, A. (1997). *The Diary of a Young Girl: The Definitive Edition* (B. M. Mooyaart-Doubleday, Trans., O. H. Frank & M. Pressler, Eds.). Bantam Books.