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Class-X

English

First Flight

Chapter-4



Anne Frank

From the Diary of Anne Frank

Part - 2

Neha Rajvanshi

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plunked : जोर से रखना

My mother, Edith Hollander Frank, went with him to Holland in September, while Margot and I were sent to Aachen to stay with our grandmother. Margot went to Holland in December, and I followed in February, when I was plunked down on the table as a birthday present for Margot.

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I started right away at the Montessori nursery school. I stayed there until I was six, at which time I started in the first form. In the sixth form my teacher was Mrs Kuperus, the headmistress. At the end of the year we were both in tears as we said a heartbreaking farewell.

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In the summer of 1941 Grandma fell ill and had to have an operation, so my birthday passed with little celebration.

Grandma died in January 1942.

No one knows how often I think of her and still love her.

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intended : योजना बनाना
solemn : गंभीर

This birthday celebration in 1942 was intended to make up for the other, and Grandma's candle was lit along with the rest.

The four of us are still doing well, and that brings me to the present date of 20 June 1942, and the solemn dedication of my diary.

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quaking : कांपना

Saturday, 20 June 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Our entire class is quaking in its boots. The reason, of course, is the forthcoming meeting in which the teachers decide who'll move up to the next form and who'll be kept back.

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Half the class is making bets. G.N. and I laugh ourselves silly at the two boys behind us, C.N. and Jacques, who have staked their entire holiday savings on their bet.

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pleading : निवेदन भरी

From morning to night, it's "You're going to pass", "No, I'm not", "Yes, you are", "No, I'm not". Even G.'s pleading glances and my angry outbursts can't calm them down.

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dummies : कम अक्ल वाले
unpredictable : अप्रत्याशित

If you ask me, there are so many dummies that about a quarter of the class should be kept back, but teachers are the most unpredictable creatures on earth.

I'm not so worried about my girlfriends and myself.

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We'll make it. The only subject I'm not sure about is maths. Anyway, all we can do is wait. Until then, we keep telling each other not to lose heart.

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fogey : पूराने विचारों वाला
annoyed : नाराज

I get along pretty well with all my teachers. There are nine of them, seven men and two women. Mr Keesing, the old fogey who teaches maths, was annoyed with me for ages because I talked so much.

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After several warnings, he assigned me extra homework. An essay on the subject, 'A Chatterbox'. A chatterbox — what can you write about that? I'd worry about that later, I decided. I jotted down the title in my notebook, tucked it in my bag and tried to keep quiet.

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That evening, after I'd finished the rest of my homework, the note about the essay caught my eye. I began thinking about the subject while chewing the tip of my fountain pen.

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ramble : विषय से हट जाना
convincing : विश्वास दिलाना

Anyone could ramble on and leave big spaces between the words, but the trick was to come up with convincing arguments to prove the necessity of talking. I thought and thought, and suddenly I had an idea.

I am a girl.

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trait : विशेषता

I wrote the three pages Mr Keesing had assigned me and was satisfied. I argued that talking is a student's trait and that I would do my best to keep it under control, but that I would never be able to cure myself of the habit since my mother talked as much as I did if not more,

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inherited traits: माता पिता से प्राप्त विशेषता

proceeded : आगे बढ़ना

and that there's not much you can do about inherited traits.

Mr Keesing had a good laugh at my arguments, but when I proceeded to talk my way through the next lesson, he assigned me a second essay.

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Incorrigible : जिसे बदला ना जा सके

This time it was supposed to be on 'An Incorrigible Chatterbox'. I handed it in, and Mr Keesing had nothing to complain about for two whole lessons. However, during the third lesson he'd finally had enough.

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Ingenuaty : मौलिकता

"Anne Frank, as punishment for talking in class, write an essay entitled — 'Quack, Quack, Quack, Said Mistress Chatterbox'."
The class roared. I had to laugh too, though I'd nearly exhausted my Ingenuaty on the topic of chatterboxes.

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verse : कविता / पद्य

It was time to come up with something else, something original. My friend, Sanne, who's good at poetry, offered to help me write the essay from beginning to end in verse and I jumped for joy.

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ridiculous : बेतुका





Mr Keesing was trying to play a joke on me with this ridiculous subject, but I'd make sure the joke was on him. I finished my poem, and it was beautiful! It was about a mother duck and a father swan with three baby ducklings who were bitten to death by the father because they quacked too much.

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Luckily, Mr Keesing took the joke the right way. He read the poem to the class, adding his own comments, and to several other classes as well. Since then I've been allowed to talk and haven't been assigned any extra homework.

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On the contrary, Mr Keesing's always making jokes these days.

Yours,

Anne

[Extracted from The Diary of a Young Girl, with slight adaptation]