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### Adolescence: The tale of growing up.

Adolescence is defined as the period following the onset of puberty during which a young person develops from a child into an adult. People grow through this stage at different rates, at different times, and through different circumstances. I went through my adolescence during one of the most dreadful periods of the century, during a time that nobody will ever forget. Some would even say that I didn't have adolescence, but I would beg to differ.

I was born in 1929, and I was the baby of my family. I had an older sister. I was always getting into something, but that was only because I was born curious. I felt like my mom and my sister just didn't understand me, and nobody ever wanted to hear what I had to say- well except for my lovely father. My dad was the light of my life. He was like my safe haven. My confidant. My person. I know it had to be tough for him living in a house full of girls, but it was tough for me too. It wasn't always this way though. At the beginning of my life my dad went away to work and save money and

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set up for the family, so my mother, sister, and I lived with my grandmother. In 1934, the family got back together and things were “normal” for a while. My sister went to a public school, and I was in a Montessori school. My sister was a genius at math, and I was very good at reading and writing. I love to write, I just hate to share my writing. But back to my sister... we have very different personalities, and sometimes I wonder if we are even really related! She is well mannered, reserved and studious, unlike me. I am outspoken, energetic, and extroverted. Don't get me wrong, I love my sister dearly, it's just hard to see eye to eye with her when we have so many differences between us.

My life actually changed a lot during my adolescent years. Many probably wouldn't have been able to get through it, but I don't think of all the misery, but the beauty that still remains (Frank, 62). My family and I had to learn to be strong and stick together during my adolescent years. It was one of the good things that came out of the bad. Bad people were trying to hurt us, but we stuck together. For two years my family and I grew more than many people grow in a lifetime. My relationship with my sister really flourished. My love for writing grew as well, and I used my writing as an escape. I remember writing about my relationship my sister, and how she

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became a real friend, and didn't treat me like a little baby anymore (Frank 133). During my adolescent period I received my first kiss from a boy, but sometimes I wonder if my infatuation with him was genuine, or if it was just based on the convenience of our shared circumstances. I guess I may never know. But, what I do know is that adolescence is a tricky thing. Maybe it is the reason that my mother and I bumped heads so often. Once I wrote about my mom. I said she was not a real mother to me and she has a cold heart. I felt bad about that and later revised my writing, but I meant it when I said it. At this point, my sister and I had to drop out of school, so writing and my family was literally my whole life, my day and my night. I often had dreams of becoming a journalist...

Well, now for the rest of the story... The events that I mentioned really only lasted two years, although it seemed like an eternity. I realized that my mother didn't hate me, after all. She was just so worried about me and really loved me, that she didn't know how to formulate that in her feelings. I began to show more respect towards my mother, and in turn she began to do the same. She even opened up to me a lot more. I no longer felt like the outcast. I had all of my writing in a notebook, I wrote daily, a few times a day even. I never wanted those thoughts to come out. They were my

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thoughts, my feelings. They were me, and I was them. I never got a say so in what happened next though. My father put my life to the world. He opened up my thoughts for public scrutiny and judgment. How was I supposed to feel about that? My father was my confidant, the only person who truly understood me, yet he did that. Those entries were my thoughts on paper. Why did he think that I wanted my thoughts shared with society? Society can be cruel; people can be even crueler. I would have liked to been able to personally share bits and pieces. I didn't get a chance to have a say so in any of it. Why?

### The Ending:

The irony of her story deals with my very famous journal. It is ironic that the Gestapo overlooked the diary, for it is one of the most condemning

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treatises of Nazi inhumanity ever to be published. The diary has been translated into more than thirty languages and read throughout the world. I sometimes wonder if my diary would be as real and as raw if I was writing it with the intention of publication, what do you think?

My story, and my treatment at the hands of the Nazis, has also been widely viewed in plays and movies. Even though I died in a Nazi concentration camp, my spirit will always live on. It seems that I am the one who really won, while Hitler lost.

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## Biography

Frank, Anne. *The Diary of A Young Girl*. Doubleday, 1995.