

The diary of Sylvia Gutmannova

(1)

(2)

(3)

After so many years, when you open this diary, in which you wrote down your experiences, your eyes will shine and your heart will rejoice.

Your grandmother, Mahrerova.

(4)

(5)

My diary

Sylvia Guttmanova

(6)

(7)

September 9, 1941

The day before yesterday was wonderful. First of all, I came back from the hospital, where I spent six weeks because of scarlet fever. Also, I got this diary and three books. And thirdly, I got 100 Crowns from my father to buy a bicycle. I've been saving so much in my piggy bank and in an envelope too,

(8)

To have a full thousand for a bicycle. I already have 700 Crowns, and I hope it won't be long before I buy them. Before I got sick I used to ride on my cousin Jerzy's bike, but I can't do that now that I can barely stand on my feet, and for 14 days I can't see other kids. It's so stupid. I can't go to school or to Hagibor, and in the evening I can't sit in the kitchen,

(9)

Because Jerzy, Petr and Edita are there. We lived in a rented apartment with Uncle Aula, of whom I used to be really scared. I like it here, because the entire family is at home together.

One year ago I went to school with two other girls and four boys. I was so afraid of the final exams,

(10)

But I got good grades. I passed the tests at the Jewish school, where I also caught the scarlet fever. In the Na Bulovce hospital I lied in a room with three girls, all of whom I already knew. Two of them were in religious classes with me and the other one took an exam with me.

(11)

It is raining, so I can't go outside. Grandma's idea to buy me diary was brilliant, especially one that locks. My sister is keeping a diary, but in a notebook which she locks in a box. Petr recently opened the box using the gramophone key. If he's that nosy, I should be more careful.

(12)

I have to end now. I'll add more next time.

September 16 – today is exactly one week since I last wrote in my diary. I keep postponing it – either I don't have time or I don't know what to write. There were terrible screams today because I didn't want to take a scone. I was beaten badly,

(13)

And I was also forbidden from going out. Actually, we meet every Monday with the girls that were in the hospital with me, but today I couldn't go. Instead I could go with my mother to Vinohrady [a district of Prague]. In front of our house we ran into Ms. Kronbergrova, my teacher, who smiled at me fondly.

(14)

She said I was quite pale. Next week I'll be back in school. I look forward to it, especially since Vera A., whom I met today, told me that many nice girls would go with me. Gretka, the one who was lying next to me at the hospital, is already going happily to Hagibor.

(15)

I'm very jealous of her, because I can't go there until my punishment is over. I very much look forward to it, although I don't know if Jirka hasn't forgotten me in the meantime. At the hospital I got a letter from Honza Liban. One year ago I would've jumped for joy, but now it doesn't matter to me anymore. Eva and Greta are both seeing someone. Only I'm not.

We are expected to be marked as Jews soon. So I'm

(16)

Already curious.

October 2.

This week I was sick again. I'm healthy now, and tomorrow I'm going back to school. Before my illness I was at school twice and I got two bad behavior remarks in the notebook. I was sent outside, to stand behind the door. Father signed it peacefully. I've been given markings for a long time, and it's not so bad. Before I fell ill,

(17)

I used to go to Hagibor every day, and Edita (she's my friend, who goes to school with me, not my cousin Edita) told me that Jirka asked about me several times, and then he started going out with her, while I was sick again (lie!). She didn't want to take a walk with him, so

he was offended and stopped talking to her. Before that I cried a lot, but now it doesn't matter anymore, because I'm crazy about – should I write this? Petr Herzog, Peter Mahrer's friend, but it's hopeless, because he already has a girlfriend.

(18)

But I don't mind. Just as long as I can talk to him when he's with Piti. I think I have a crush on Petr's other friend, Karel Knina. He asked me how old I was. Petr told me that he was probably offended, because I didn't say hello. I don't care about that either. I want Petr. I was at the hairdresser's today, and now I have curls. Everyone says it's pretty. Only Edita said it was silly. I have to go to bed, because school is calling!

(19)

November 4,

Since my last entry, many things changed [deletion] – We now carry signs that we're Jewish – Yellowish stars. Many people are now going to Poland, and we will eventually go as well. I don't even remember being at the hospital anymore. Yesterday I was there visiting a teacher who had a caecum operation.

(20)

Our class has now joined another one, to which Edita Morgensternova is also going. Today we studied natural science. Helga and I have books, so we don't need to write it down. We chatted, and the teacher sent me home with a stupid note in my copybook.

(21)

And now for something else. It's so funny that I'm already writing about my third "ideal". I don't like Petr Herzog at all anymore, but I am with (I'm even ashamed of admitting this nonsense even to my diary) my cousin Petr (sitting right here in the kitchen)... My cousin Edita is really great. We play falling in love together. She is really surprised when we say the same word and then we play whether it's Petr or Pavel, I always say Petr. Now I have a class, but I don't know anything, I'll use the transports to Poland as an excuse.

(22)

November 17

I'm writing in my diary again. I'm visiting the Mahrers' room again, because ours is cold and I have a bit of a temperature. Jerzy is here and he's nagging me to write something about him. So I'm writing about him, that he's stupid. Yesterday I went to volunteer at the Helfdienst [help service] and there were many attendants, including Karel Knina and Petr Herzog. I took off my coat and hung it on the window, because all the coathangers were taken. I waited for Petr to help me reach the window, but so far nothing happened.

(23)

I told Zuza that he helped me just to show off. I recently told Edita from the yard that I'm seeing someone, and she answered: "I know who!" I panicked that maybe she guessed and I convinced her that his name was Evald – Valdy. She believed me, and she keeps complaining to me that she doesn't have a boy. Every day we paly at being in love and it's very nice. I'm wrapping up now, because I have terrible chest pains. I guess I'll explode.

(24)

Yesterday I walked alone because Edita was at school. I just walked around the city. I walked into a shop or two and tried stuff on. When I came back home it was after Jewish shopping hours. On Melantrich, old ladies sell lemons that are usually hard to come by. (And now I'll write with less pathos or theatrics or whatever it's called). Well, the old ladies offered lemons

(25)

To the passersby. I saw a bearded Jew who stopped a few steps before the lady selling the lemons. He stood there for a few moments and looked at her. Then he suddenly moved closer to her, but immediately changed his mind, looked at his watch and left with a sad look on his face, so I started crying. I thought that maybe

(26)

He has a sick child at home who can't live without lemons, and now he can't buy the lemons. When I came home I calmed down a bit, but if someone would dare say something bad to me, I would immediately burst into tears again. So Zuza wrote in my autograph book the following rhyme:

"When you grow up, you'll be a fisherman. The flame burns high – do not waste your time, go takea bath, the bathtub is full", your Zuzana. (And also Mamita [mama]).

(27)

Actually, I have two autograph books: the regular one, and one for rhymes and songs. It's a small notebook. I put them both in my case, in which I keep my most precious things: the two notebooks, a diary in which I write my good deeds, a chest, a small box

(28)

with a picture of puppies, a decorated bracelet, a napkin binder, a stand for blotting paper and a shoehorn. I put the case in mom's closet, where no one can invade. My hand hurts already. Until next time.

December 12 or 13 1941 (don't know for sure)

It's been a while since I last wrote in my diary. I'm so lazy and forgetful. Much has changed in the meantime. The transports to Poland keep going, actually now they are to Terezin. Zuzana's boyfriend left,

(29)

And even before that she and Bedia were always crying in her apartment, but now it's okay. Tomorrow Edita Mahrer will go. Her mother and father, grandma (who gave me this diary) and grandpa and also Edita Morgensternova. I'm completely shocked.

Meanwhile, while I wasn't keeping my diary, I and Edita Mahrerova fooled around:

1. We played with dolls and made dresses for them.
2. We played with cars.
3. We made certificates for ourselves and carried them.
4. We kept a record of good deeds, and

(30)

kept our promise.

5. We made a Christmas tree and put presents for one another under it. Some 10 or 15 presents.
6. We collected postcards and stickers and exchanged them.
7. We sent each other stories through the toilet
8. And now – the end of the game!

Beginning

Monday, January 23, 1942

It's been a long time since I last wrote (a very long time). Just one thing worth writing about happened. But I won't write about it now.

(31)

In this time a lot of silly things happened. One of them was the one I did to Jirka Optalek. Everything I wrote in this diary up until now – one big nonsense. Jirka's father died of a stomach infection. It's terrible. I received a detailed letter from Eva Neumanova via Helga. They meet sometimes. I gave Helga a letter for Eva, but Helga lost it. I went to the photographer Mraz. The photos came out very pale. I look

(32)

Like [photo] a cheese. I'm stupid. This is all so stupid!!!!

(33)

Then I went to Langhaus, and the photos came out like this:

[Photo] this is nonsense, I'm a beast, it's all nonsense.

(34)

I was just at Stroeninger's. Father must not know about it. Maybe I'll paste them here later.

(35)

January 25, 1942

(36)

Today I read Liana's diary when she was 13. She let me read it because I let her read mine. I'm such an idiot to have done this, but I don't know what happened to me. I was in total trance and I gave it to her. But this one – hers – is very interesting and very pretty compared to my silly one.

(36)

I just had strong pains in my caecum. I'm about to explode with pain. I hope it's not something bad!!! But I'm in so much pain!!!

But even if it is a bad thing, I won't go crazy. I want to be brave, like a girl scout, even though I'm not one. Lia writes all the time that "a girl scout must be brave". I'm such a beast, and I don't know what keeps coming to me.

(37)

Now I should have been exercising and I got a pain in my left hand. I'm so sickly. But I'm so in love with him. Sylvia, what are you doing? Stop it, yes! Not long ago you promised yourself not to do such nonsense, and here you go again! But it's not my fault! What should I do about it? I don't want to write it in my diary, his name, because I'm scared (and I want to be like a girl scout) that someone will read it. I'll give him a diary name,

(38)

Like Operetta. It's kind of stupid, but whatever. I'm crazy, right? But it's totally not my fault, not at all. I'm so scared (and I want to be like a girl scout) to go out alone, because something so terrible happened to the girls.

I just returned from a walk and I keep writing. I won't write everything that happened to the girls, in short because I'm scared (but I still want to be like a girl scout).

(39)

I was with Gerda "without" in Holesovice for isolation [?], but nothing more. I'm such a jackass, I can't write anything interesting. The "Operetta" just called me a disgusting, intolerable girl. I'm so miserable.

February 26, 1942

I had to write the last word (miserable) just today, because last night some of Petr's friends came over and made a mess.

(40)

I've come to the conclusion that I'm a total jackass with this "Operetta". This kind of foolishness is so typically me, looking for sensations. I'm still too young for these things, and I don't know what I want. Every moment I'm in love with someone else (or at least that's what I keep telling myself). I don't even know what I want. Oh yes, yes I do. I want to go out with someone. There, now

(41)

I've made it clear. I want it, and that's it. Well, at least I let it out. But it will probably never come true. If it would, life could be 100% prettier and more interesting. But the way things are, all the time it's just: fear, school, exercises, gymnastics, school and school again and fear again, school, exercise, etc. Is that the purpose of life? No one can imagine how I yearn for it,

(42)

Hello!!! Hello! Hello!!! – That's how the ad would have looked like. I'm not even 13, and I child can't write ads. So at least when I'm alone, playing, I pretend to be seeing someone. But life could have been better if... maybe the one is here at home. He's very nice, kinda pretty, has no girlfriend, but he doesn't pay attention to me.

(43)

When he sees me, I look awful – for example, wearing a headscarf, a backpack, a coat over my sweatsuit, singing on my way to school. If only it happened to me once, I wouldn't have said a word, but every time I look bad, every single time – bam! – I run into him. I'm so unlucky.

(44)

Lia writes in her diary that it's all over and that she decided to study properly. I can't even think about it.

What I do like is when Lia addresses her diary as "you"! It's so nice. It's as if she's seriously consulting with someone. Dear diary, would you also like me to address you in first person, would you? I'm such a jackass, right? To our friendship, let's drink a glass of wine, which I ought to be drinking everyday,

(45)

But each time I forget. If you want, I'll let you have some too. Your paper is almost like blotting paper anyway. () in these brackets is a drop of wine that will soon dry up anyway. And with this toast I end, but I'll start over tomorrow (without the toast this time, of course).

(46)

February 27, 1942

It's evening, a quarter to 12, and I'm writing in bed. I must start a new page, because my stomach turns when I look at what I wrote yesterday. How could I have been so stupid?! I

know it's nice to say "you" to a diary, but to raise a toast and such is such foolery. Everything I wrote up until now is one big foolery. I keep trying to write something smart, and it just keeps getting sillier. And now I need to sleep.

(47)

Saturday, February 28, 1942

Yesterday I couldn't finish writing, because mom came and scolded me for still being up. Today I must further "praise" my life. Whoever heard of such a thing – taping pictures in a diary, and pictures of him? Please understand, sweet diary, that I'm both a beast and a jackass. Too bad you can't talk, so I won't get my comeuppance from you. I could remove the photos, but I'm gonna leave them there. For spite!

(48)

So that when I grow up, I'll know how dumb I was. I know it already.

When I walk down the street by myself, I'm so scared I start running like a crazy person. I keep thinking that someone is behind me. I have what they call "paranoia". I told that to Zuza and she immediately, even though I told her not to, told my parents and the others who meet on Fridays at the Mahrers. The rest of the story will come after dinner.

(49)

February 28, 1942

Yesterday I didn't have time to write. Jirinka was here. (What joy!) Today I walked to Podoli and back. It was nice. We read Liana's diary, it was nice. I'm such a jackass, because I'm always preoccupied with Operetta. My god, these hands, those cute hands! I have to go to bed.

And so ended February

(50)

Sunday, March 1, 1942

Yesterday mom came and was angry that I wasn't asleep yet. I had to wrap up quickly. I can't get these hands of his out of my head. No one else has such pretty hands. They're so delicate, and yet so pretty. My god! I... no, I do love him. And yet I wouldn't want to go out with him. Why??? Because he's...

(51)

Also, he has a "bond" [probably meaning a girlfriend], but I don't mind, on the contrary! I'm happy for him, wholeheartedly. And I wish her to have him all to herself. She can count her blessings, and I'm not jealous of her at all. No even a bit. Not even an atom!!!!!! I mustn't envy her!!! I'm not even 13, and I mustn't be jealous!! I mustn't!!!!!!!!!!!! No!

(52)

Zuza opened the entire window, and my sense of smell can already feel the scent of spring coming. I breathe in the smell of spring, full of perfume, and... what a fool I am!

My poetic soul is not developed enough to keep writing.

I have a terrible headache, so I want to skip gym class. I keep thinking about those hands.

Oh, god!!! The hands.

(53)

The nicest hands in the world. Indeed, yes!!! (the hands!)

I'm so stupid, aren't I, little diary? I'm such a terrible beast, idiot, cow, jackass, dumb, stupid, etc.

I wish for myself...

I would like to...

I want!!!

I ask for myself...

I wish I...

God, make it so I go out with someone!

(54)

I also want to know how to sing. But I guess those wishes won't come true!

But maybe...

One, the other, or both? Or perhaps a third one as a bonus? (to be...!) happy. That girl I'm not jealous of at all, of what I shouldn't be jealous and so forth... she has 1 and 3. And maybe that too?

(55)

I'm getting cold near the open window, so I'm wrapping up.

So goodbye, Tuesday.

Thirty minutes later: I just let Lia read my diary, from start to finish. The parents are here, and Lia screamed everything out loud, and kept saying: "him?" or "don't take it so hard,

(56)

I'm not seeing anyone either", and kept on screaming. I almost went deaf because of her.

Friday, March 6, 1942

Today a postcard came from Edita. I'm so happy. I started writing to her too. And my parents looked at what I was writing, so I wanted to throw it away, even though there was nothing harmful about it. Dad starting swearing, and ripped my postcards apart.

(57)

I shouldn't write to her (Edita) anyway... I recently went for a walk with my dad like this: a scarf on my head, an ugly coat from Hirsch, thick socks, etc. When we reached Kozi namesti square, I saw Celgy Abrodgy from afar. My heart fluttered with joy, and a smile came to my lips. But immediately my mind took over,

(58)

And I became aware of how I looked, a real catastrophe.

My smile disappeared immediately, and a nasty look came to my noble face (so he wouldn't know me). I hid behind my dad and pulled him away. I hope he didn't see me. Since then I've been walking without

(59)

(60)

A headscarf. Today I walked with the girls from school, and who's that standing on the corner of Vezenska Street?

Who is it? Who?

Who??

Who??

Well, it's our dear C.A.

Standing there smiling. Maybe he saw me, maybe not. When I go up and down the stairs, I always run. It's a habit. And suddenly I hear steps and jumps, someone behind me. Who is it???

(61)

Well, of course it was him. He called me "SYLVA!". It was wonderful. And I said "what?", and he told me to tell Petr to come over at five to the Hilfdienst, and that he doesn't feel like coming up. I said "how disgusting", just to make him go, and I invited him, but he said

(62)

No, that the Mahrers are just having lunch, and it won't work. I thought I had smiled at him gently (not at all) and said "what if Petr can't right now?", "then nothing", he answered. Great, wonderful! I said goodbye and ran upstairs. Petr still wasn't here, and I had fun because for me it could've been very embarrassing,

(63)

If I had taken him there and Petr wasn't here. And then, nothing. One thing's for certain, "old love doesn't rust". I adore C.A. very much, terribly, like "Operetta". I hope I run into him soon. I gave Operetta a photo from Shroeniasa that came out excellent. A real pleasure.

(64)

He wanted a dedication, so I wrote him one. The Mahrers believed me about Valdy Prem. They keep giving remarks, and they keep trying to embarrass me.

Prema, Prema [presumably meaning "prima", wonderful] ,Prema

(65)

I'm so looking forward to writing here. I'm the happiest person alive, I'm so, so happy, so much!!

It sounds like a fairytale, totally like a fairytale. I gotta go, mom's mad.

(66)

8 March 1942

Today is null

Wednesday, 11 March 1942

Today I got a letter from Jirka Godecky – he's very nice. He keeps writing as if I was some little worm. Disgusting. I immediately wrote back that I'm not a little worm, not even a little lady, and I sent him a photo. He's a nice boy but, unfortunately for him, he's too old for me.

(67)

And also (very) ugly – but that doesn't bother me that much. I'm not in love with him anyway, so I don't know why I'm freaking out. But I like C.O. very much. Disgusting. Much more than "Operetta" – much more!

(68)

On Sunday he was at Petr's together with another boy named Fricek and Zuza and Liana. I sat there with Ms. Ch. and stared. Then Zuza asked me to dance with her, and I was so embarrassed, but I went anyway. Lia started saying "You know Zuza, that Sylva is a good dancer? Better than I am". I thought I was going to kill her. Then Zuza danced with Fricek and Lia danced with Petr.

(69)

I hoped Jirka would approach me, but he just sat there silent. Then I found out that Jirka couldn't dance because of his father. If it weren't for that, maybe he would have danced with me after all. I'm arrogant and disgusting, but if there were three boys and only two girls, then maybe someone would've felt sorry for me after all.

(70)

Then Zuza and Lia left, and Petr, Jirka and Fricek played cards. I played the gramophone, pulled the spring, put a new record on and went to sit with Ms. Ch. Then Ch. Left for a moment, and I went over to change the record. Jorka was sitting in the middle and lost one round and said: "oh, man!!". [?]

(71)

And he said it so beautifully, so wonderfully and I'm so much in love with him. He also has a "bond" [apparently a girlfriend], and he didn't even pay any attention to me. And his smile is so pretty. It was as if he was saying – I'm wonderful. I like him a lot. And he can laugh so beautifully, but he's really very miserable.

(72)

When I came back home from gym class the other night, I ran into K with his "bonds", but I don't mind, I totally don't mind.

So enough for today.

(73)

Friday, 13 March 1942

I got another letter from Jirka, sending me 20 Crowns to go the fair. That's very nice of him. I'll send him some candy. The Mahrers are surprised I'm getting so many letters, and they're angry about that. This is so great! Wonderful!

(74)

That's why I asked Liana to write me a postcard, pretending it was from a boy. That Valdy wrote, and that this boy is setting a date with me. Lia wrote it to me and sent it through the mail. I'm already looking forward for the postman to deliver it,

(75)

And for the Mahrers to read it. It's gonna be great! I actually like it very much when someone gets upset. Tomorrow I'm going to Hana – a birthday. Father gave me money for a present, so I used the 20 Crowns Jirka gave me. I already had 10.

(76)

Zuza and Lia went to buy a book for Hana. A pretty great one, soft cover, which cost... 10 Crowns... this is great, that way I have the full 20 Crowns, plus the 10 Crowns I got for allowance. It wonderful!!!

(77)

About Operetta nothing changed, I'm still in love with C.A., and I'm crazy about him. He's so wonderful. I love "Operetta" very much as well, but sometimes he disgusts me and I think I show my feelings for him too much. When we went to school today, he said: "I look terrible

(78)

Today, really awful!" and I said: "You never screw up", and then I mumbled: "It's not, but to me you always look the same. But me – I have pretty days and ugly ones!" it was awful, and he laughed in such a weird way.

(79)

I like C.A. and P.P better (to be continued)

Goodbye Jirka!!

(80)

March 15, 1942

Yesterday I was invited to celebrate Hana's birthday. The refreshments were great. Then I was at Eva's and stayed over. It was great.

I kinda like Eva too, because she's so honest. First we went to bed and chatted until 10 o'clock.

(81)

In the morning he played in the bathtub. It was so great! My parents are mad at me because I don't want to let them read my diary and I have secrets etc. I won't let them anyway.

The note from Lia was in the mailbox for two days, and no one wanted to go get it.

(82)

So, when I came home today, I said there must be something in the mailbox. I asked where the key was. So mom gave it to me (she know about it), and then I brought it to the kitchen and jumped for joy. I'm still blushing. Of course they believed me (M) [the Mahrers?], but unfortunately they didn't read it.

(83)

I have to fix this somehow. Then Zuza came over and played her part marvelously: "Yay, what fun. So you see what it's like?" etc.

M., and especially Petr, asked who it came from, and I was pretending. I said: "from some girl!" somehow he was very interested in this. So fun.

(84)

Monday, March 16, 1943

Yesterday I came home from Eva and Petr's, who had lots of boys over and and just one girl, who I could tell straight away was disgusting. C.A. was also here, and the others I didn't know. Fricek was also here.

(85)

C.A. was wonderful, but paid no attention to me. Petr brought candy and gave the girl, who really little, in heavy make-up and phony. Then he gave some to the boys. He himself (C.A.) took two candies, and gave one to that girl.

I thought I was about to explode or something, and I sat...

(86)

On a stool in the kitchen corner and drank cocoa. I must've looked pretty disgusting and also had a beard [?]. Then this cow took two candies and gave one to him (C.A.). That was more than I could take so I went outside. Then I came back in and that idiot was giggling stupidly

(87)

And showed her teeth amiably. Petr gave candies again, and I felt very sad because he didn't offer me any again. As if he read my mind, he brought me one. And I took it, even though and can't stand took at them (the candies) so I said, actually it just came out -

(88)

"Well, it's about time!" and he asked "what?", and I repeated it like a fool. Then I put the candy in my mouth, but it tasted bad and I made a face. Well, enough talk. I got a personal note from Edita, and it's great. She wrote that she was thinking about me and the silly things we did.

(89)

She's well. She's not seeing Tomy, but she does see Mrs. Kuertova.

I'm so happy. The girls are so much fun! We decided to meet every Friday somewhere, and each one would bring something. It's so much fun!! But with Edita it's a thousand times nicer. I hope to see her soon.

(90)

Friday, March 20, 1942

I haven't written in a while. Yesterday I was alone in gym class, because Hana and Eva aren't coming anymore. Petr made me his errand girl. I had to arrange a meeting between him and some Zuzka Helfgottova. On my way back I met Eva Ledererova with some other girl. I spoke with her, and suddenly I saw Petr Herzog. I don't care much about him anyway. And at that moment it hit me.

(91)

I saw it was G.G. and I had [illegible] in my hand to bring them home. (Jerda gave them to me). For a few moments I ran after him with [illegible], like going to a battle, but then I stopped running. Then I had a class.

On Wednesday I walked with Eva, Hana and Helga in Podoli. It was great.

(92)

I had a short coat with buttons and a checkered dress with a hem. To the Mahrers I acted as though I was going on a date, and Lia helped me a lot. Everyone believes

this. Even Petr. It's great. Then I bought myself some violets and pretended to have received them from someone. And I kept telling myself:

(93)

"It's not true, the girls gave them to me". It was very funny and fun. I got so into it, that I almost believed it myself. I want to go out with a guy. Hmmm... I'd like that.

Today we had a "bouquet" [girls' night] with Eva, Hana and Helga – it was fun.

Good night Jirka Jirka!!

(94)

Sunday, March 22, 1942

Yesterday before noon I was at Hanka Poprova's. She's really educated, and people are ashamed when they talk to her. She's my age. The girls took me there, and so I had to get up at 7:30. It was pretty silly because Eva then went to Karlín [a district in Prague] and Helga went with her. I was wearing low shoes, and it was freezing outside, so I didn't go with her and didn't feel like going either. Hanka Picková wasn't there, so I went home.

(95)

In the afternoon I went with Zuzana to Hlubočepy [a suburb of Prague], it was really great. The sun was shining until 18:30. We climbed hills and rocks. I liked it a lot. I'd like to go back there, but Zuzana doesn't want to go with me again because I talk too much. It's Sunday, and it's terribly boring, because I have nothing to do. Before noon I walked with dad in Dejvice.

In the afternoon I will probably have to go with my parents, but

(96)

I'd rather be with Ms. Ch, because she never says "don't scratch", "don't make a sour face", and the like.

In that area nothing happens, nobody. Nothing, nothing at all. T. is the world's biggest bastard. He has a porcupine haircut and wears a Hubertus coat. Well, my heart is already completely poisoned. Only one thing cheers me up, and that is receiving a very nice letter from Jirka Grodecký. I answered him right away and dad was mad at me

(97)

For writing too much and said he didn't want me to get mail at all. Then that was about everything.

So goodbye Jirka! (I think)

Later that night, in my bed:

This afternoon I was at the Beinisch family in Vrsovice, I walked there and back. It wasn't that bad. Mrs. Beinisch is sick in her bed. She said she wanted to be my mother-in-law and that I would be her daughter-in-law. It doesn't matter to me at all.

(98)

On Wednesday I'll go there again. Zuza was at Fricek's today and told me that J. has a birthday on April 7, just like me. It's great. One more kiss, Jirka! And off to bed! Good night!

(I'm so silly, so crazy, aren't I, little diary?)

I'm totally overreacting, really hysterical.

Monday, March 23, 1942

Today we studied in our place (instead of school). Nothing special. Gym class. Well, enough.

(99)

I wrote a postcard to Edita – I'm also writing her letters into the notebook. I'm a terrible ape, because Liana is doing the same thing, so I have to do the same thing right away. I don't find it amusing at all, because then I'd have to write it there, like in the diary. I write it so that when she comes back, she'll have something to read. Nothing came out of that thing, Operetta is really disgusting. I'm still in love with C.A., and it's getting boring. I have new socks, and I'll get a jacket. Enough already.

(100)

Later that night, in bed:

I'm tired and devastated! I'm down. Tomorrow afternoon we have school. In the morning I'll go to the hairdresser. Maybe that'll improve my looks and my mood. I don't know anything for school. I didn't prepare. It doesn't matter to me at all. Lia read again [illegible], I'm bored. Nothing interesting. My back hurts. I want to sleep. Lia said that on Sunday at Fricek's they talked about me with C.A. He was lying with his head in

(101)

(Zuza and Lia's) lap and they played with his hair. I don't know how come I don't envy them at all. Today I met T. twice. He's a bastard and [illegible]

Jirka – good night!

24/3/1942

March 24, 1942

I'm disgusted – there's nothing. Awful. I look dreadful. I was at school this afternoon [illegible] didn't come

(102)

Kronbergs taught us for free. Boring! Nothing to write about. My back stings. I'm finished. I didn't go the hairdresser.

March 26, 1942

When I'm really down I pay attention to my little diary. My throat hurts, my head hurts, I don't feel well. Much has happened since. I'm tired, details tomorrow.

(103)

No homework.

Goodnight Jirka [drawing of a bleeding heart pierced by an arrow]

But I mustn't give up, I love Petr. Also: a lot, a lot. Tomorrow I have to write everything down. Tomorrow's Friday. I'm going for a checkup, and later a party with the girls. I would like to write so much, but I can't, everything hurts.

(104)

Good night and goodbye – Petr and Jirka!

[drawing of a bleeding heart pierced by an arrow]

(If only they knew! One day I won't be able to control myself and...)

Good night!!

(105)

March 27, 1942

Today's Sunday. I knew I would forget everything! I'll try to write again. So on Wednesday I went in the afternoon to the Rainish family and on my way to the tram I ran into Anci (Edita's grandma) and she delayed me, and then travelled with me until the crematorium. Then I went to the Rainishs and it was nice. They gave me coffee, and then

(106)

We went to Juta's and went out with her brother Achim to the yard. It was nice, and the sun was shining for a long time. Achim is 10, and he's really rude. So is Juta. But besides from that she's very nice. I stayed for dinner. Then Achim went to bed. Mr. Fuerth went upstairs with R. We talked to Juta, and it was great. I told her everything – about Peter and Jirka, and generally everything. Just like I tell you.

(107)

Again, after a long period, I opened up to someone. Then I went to sleep at the Beinishs. In the morning I wiped the dust and hurried home. I came home at about 11, not sure. My parents said I still have to go out, but I didn't feel like it at all.

Petr said: "I feel like going out, but I don't feel like going alone". I wanted to tell him: "I'm going with you" but

(108)

In front of them it was just impossible. I had to go with dad to see grandpa.

And I wanted to go with Petr so bad. Then I dressed up, and I thought he wasn't at home, but he was still here. Then he took his hat and... almost all hopes were dashed. But fate proved different. He wore it on his head and said: "Sylvinka... (No, he said: Sylvinka!)

(109)

"Sylvinka – let's walk together). Zuza says his father told him to walk with me. And I jumped like a fool and rushed over...

And I went. We went to Klarov, and I kept babbling, and I was really terrible. Insane. I didn't know where to put my hands and put them on my [illegible]. I said: "If I'm wearing this jacket,

(110)

Then I don't know where to put my hands".

He must've though I wanted to lean on him or something, and said: "So put them in your pockets" and started talking about something else. It was great. I'm hopelessly in love with him.

We had a gym class that afternoon. Lea was there and then I went home. Oh, I forgot something: When I walked with Petr we ran into Honza G. and I'm always panicking

(111)

When I meet a guy I know, so I said: "Oh my god, Honza Glazer", and Petr said "What? It's not Minda Glazer", and I said "Honza Glazer" and he said "Well, what about him?" and I said "Nothing, it's a boy who went to school with me last years".

[?] the bag and then I went out

(The rest tomorrow)

(112)

April 1, 1942

Of course I did not have time to keep writing in my diary. A lot has happened. And Zuza said: "When there's so much to write about, it's best to write nothing", I can't even remember. In short, there were lots and lots to write about. I have a postcard from Edita Morgenstova, and I was at the Fuerths's again, but... I write too much again. From now on I'll start writing

(113)

Things just after they happen.

I really like "Operetta". I also cried about him. I don't like Jirka for now, because it's been a long time since I last saw him. I'm miserable because everything is hopeless. I'm so restless. We will have – actually, we already have – a break, that's the only thing that's nice now.

So goodbye Petr!!!

(114)

April 1, evening

Today I went out with Zuza and Lia and Jirinka for a walk. It was great. We reached Petrin [a hill overlooking the river in Prague], but beyond that we weren't allowed to enter the observatory. It should've been really pretty, and our hair waved in on the stairs. It must've been very windy. Prague is so wonderful! Then at home everyone had already gone, but he stayed. Mom made Matzos, and he [?] was unbearable at first, but

(115)

Later was pretty nice. He asked me if he can play the gramophone, and I tried to be disgusting and teased him. Earlier I did some exercises, and Jerzy was nice and brought me cocoa, and back at grandpa's he was nice and I'm starting to think he liked me, but he probably doesn't. More likely, he thinks I like him and he pities me.

Well, good night Petr!! (Slowly, slowly I think not, actually nothing)

(116)

April 6, 1942

Yesterday I was with [erased]

From Saturday until Sunday I again spent the night at Juta's. It was very nice. Then yesterday afternoon I walked home with Liana. My parents walked there that afternoon, and I wanted to walk with them, but Ms. Ch. said I should join them. So first I went

(117)

To change etc. and my parents weren't here anymore. Ms. Ch. said: "Hurry up, the boys will wait", and I didn't know which boys she was talking about, but I was happy anyway. In short, they were Jirka and Petr [the names are surrounded by hearts]. Petr on three wheels [tricycle] before K., and we board the tram (Ms. Ch., Jirka and I).

(118)

Then we went over to Ms. Ch. and they took some tricycles and went for a ride, and they had nothing to eat and Ms. Ch. gave them something, and I had the pies.

And then I pushed it back, and Jirka didn't want to take it and said: "I know you're very nice..." but I still pushed it

(119)

Then they left, and I put some makeup on and we lied down on the sofa and read. We ate some porridge with cocoa on top.

7.30... the boys are gone. 7.45... no boys. 10 minutes to eight – I'm sitting at the window: "they're coming!!!!!!", and they came and nothing happened to them.

(120)

And Jirka waved to me. Ms. Ch. told everyone that we'll stay until late, so they wouldn't worry. Ms. Ch. went somewhere else, and I went with them alone with them. It was really lovely. Jirka is wonderful!

Today I should've gone to Hagibor in the afternoon, and of course nothing became of it.

(121)

Then I decided to go to Hagibor with my parents, wearing nothing but a dress. Petr and Jirka stood in the doorway, and Petr said: "Sylvinka – come with us".

I nodded and told them I was going to Hagibor. So I walked around here and there [?], and Petr asked again, and I asked: "Where to?" and he said "for a walk".

(122)

And I said: "Buuut..." and didn't go. I was at Hagibor and it was awful. Juta was there. I was angry at myself for not going with them, but... maybe it's better that way [their initials are inside hearts]. By the way, tomorrow's my birthday, but we're celebrating today. I'd like to write something, but I'm not sure.

(123)

Little diary, I'll remember that, and only write "roses!"

Sure I like Jirka more, so meanwhile

Goodbye Petr [?] and Jirka!!!

[Two hearts pierced by arrows]

(124)

April 8, 1942

Yesterday was my birthday and I got lots of stuff.

The girls were here and it was pretty nice. Ms. Ch. was at my place on Monday and brought me stickers. She's really nice.

The whole thing was crappy, I'm so preoccupied with Petr and Jirka, only I haven't seen Jirka in a long time. I'd really love to go out with someone, although I'm joking with Misha etc., so sometimes I get into this part. And then I cry afterwards, because it wasn't real.

So farewell and goodbye

(125)

JIRKA & PETR

(126)

April 13, 1942

Nothing new. School started. It's disgusting. There's some test tomorrow. I don't care about it at all. I'll flunk, well – crap and nothing will happen, transports are leaving again.

This thing is completely hopeless. I'm terribly in love with Petr, and at the same time jealous of Zuza and Lia. That Petr likes Lia – I knew that long ago, but today Zuza told me it was mutual.

(127)

I'm so unlucky. Zuza started liking Jirka again Jirka, but not anymore.

When Lia is here, he only pays attention to her. If she's not here, he moves to Zuza and dances with her. Similarly, if none of them is here, only then does he notice that I'm there.

But hardly. Mom recently complemented me. I don't remember what for, but Petr said: "You did that very well" and hugged me (sarcastically of course),

(128)

He tut-tutted and sent a kiss near me, as if missing me.

I blushed and started hitting him – it was very unpleasant.

Today I was with Lia at the seamstress on Blecerci Street, and she wasn't there. I'm very upset, and nothing cheers me up. I'd like to go out with a guy, I was hoping it will

(129)

Happen in Hagibor, except the girls from the class come here, and they're a thousand times prettier than me. I disappear. "So Sylva, don't fool around, alright?" I'd like to stop being preoccupied with Petr, but it's not working! So, bye bye!!

(130)

[Blank page]

(-)

[Another almost blank page – only a drawing of a pierced heart, bleeding into a puddle of blood. Inside the heart are initials: SG on the left, PM on the right]

End