



LITERACY WITH THE LIONESSES

DUTCH DIARIES

Resources for
schools to encourage
reading and writing
during the UEFA
Women's Euro 2017



READING THE GAME

This section includes the first chapter of the episodic story and the Euro 2017-themed reading activities and challenges.

DUTCH DIARIES – a Euro 2017 story by Tom Palmer

Monday 3 July 2017

My bedroom. My house. With Katniss, who is sat on my feet, purring.

I'm just back from school. We had that REALLY IMPORTANT meeting about the school trip to Holland. It was good, VERY good, a bit BAD and another thing I'm not sure about.

First some background, as Mrs Mahal would say.

Our head teacher and sports teacher – that's Mrs Mahal again – has set up an AWESOME school trip. We're going to Holland in the last week of school before summer. For two reasons. Two EXCITING reasons.

REASON ONE. To watch England play Scotland in our first Euro 2017 match. That's the GOOD thing.

REASON TWO. To go to Anne Frank's house in Amsterdam. That's the VERY good thing. I mean... I love watching sport. I've been to see England women play football and England men play football. England men and women play rugby. England women play cricket. All with my dad who will watch anyone doing anything in an England shirt. Seriously.

Anyway, I love watching sport... I mean, I watched the Lionesses play Denmark in their last warm up game two nights ago... but Anne Frank. I mean... ANNE FRANK. She's my hero. My heroine. My role model. My idol. My inspiration. My everything and anything.

We've been reading Anne Frank's diaries at school. Since we came back from half term, a few pages every day in registration. I love them. The diaries, I mean. And I know it's a sad story, a REALLY sad story, and I know she dies and I know it was awful, but I LOVE her book and I LOVE her and I LOVE the idea of going to her house.

So that's why going to Anne Frank's house is better than going to watch the Lionesses play in a finals tournament. Anne Frank is the reason I write this diary. She's the reason I am going to be a writer when I grow up. She is the reason for a lot of things.

Mo was sat next to me at the school trip meeting. You remember Mo? From when I started writing this diary. Mo, who was the first in our school to bring in a fidget toy and he still keeps one in his pocket, even though Mrs Mahal banned them. (Only I know that. Don't tell anyone.) Mo, who keeps tropical fish at home and names them after his favourite authors. (Currently he has seven, called Michael, J.K., Anthony, David, Jacqueline, Helena and Roald.) He says he can read their minds. The fishes' minds: not J.K. Rowling's.

And Mo, who, when I dropped my tray of food at lunch last term and everyone turned to stare, suddenly gave me his tray and made it look as if it was him who dropped it, so that everyone laughed at him, not me. That Mo. My friend.

'So, what are you most looking forward to?' Mo asked me, as Anya, a girl in our class put her hand up to ask a question.

Anya. I don't like Anya. Her mum is a school governor and Anya never lets anyone forget it. *My mum told me this. My mum told me that. I know this. I know that.* I swear that the teachers are scared of Anya. Even Mrs Mahal. She's like... their BOSS.

I smiled at Mo's question. He knew. He knew I was looking forward to the football and to Anne Frank's house. He knew Anne Frank was my big thing.

'I love England,' I said. 'I love the Lionesses. But I've seen them before. And I think going to Anne Frank's house will be...'

A loud shush came from the front of the room. I saw Mr Douglas, Mrs Mahal's sidekick, glaring at me.

I shushed.

'Anya? What did you want to ask?' Mrs Mahal said.

'Mum says we're going to watch the Lionesses training. And that we're going to be allowed to play with some of them. This week.' Anya turned and stared at the rest of us triumphantly. Like SHE'D arranged it or something.

I ignored Anya and watched Mrs Mahal's face. The head teacher's mouth was smiling, but her eyes were not. (Do you know what I mean?). And Mr Douglas looked at her in a way teachers do, eyebrows raised, saying nothing, because the only things they want to say they don't want the children to hear.

Mrs Mahal sighed. Then – in her cheerful voice – she said: 'Yes, Anya. I was going to tell EVERYONE that at the end to finish the meeting off on a high. And it's true. On Wednesday we have been invited to go to see the Lionesses train and we MIGHT have the chance to have a little session with some of them. And we have space for some parents too.'

Noise now. Lots of noise. EVERYONE talking. Lionesses this. Lionesses that. And I KNEW it was exciting and I KNEW my dad would take a day off from his business to come and he'd be really excited too, in a Dad sort of way. But I felt cross too. Cross that Anya had told everyone. Like she'd spoiled it. Like she'd made it hers. Do you know what I mean?...

I looked at Mo. He was smiling at me. 'Forget about her,' he whispered. 'It'll be fun.'

Sometimes I think Mo can read my mind. Like he thinks he can read his fishes' minds.

'One more thing,' Mrs Mahal said, raising her voice.

Almost quiet.

'In the run up to the trip – and while we are there – Mr Douglas and I would like to set you all four challenges.'

Complete quiet now. She had our attention. And mine. I love challenges.

'The Lionesses have four values they try to think about,' Mrs Mahal explained. 'Like we do work on resilience and mindset in school, the Lionesses try to live up to their four values.'

Anya's hand shot up. She knew the values. That was clear. Her mum had told her that too. OBVIOUSLY.

Mrs Mahal shook her head. 'Put your hands down, everyone,' she said, even though only one person had her hand up. (YOU KNOW WHO.) 'I will tell you the values. Excellence. Pride. Integrity. Collaboration.' Mrs Mahal paused. 'That's what all of England football tries to live up to. And, when we go to train with England, I want you to try to live up to the first one of those. Excellence. We'll work on the other three when we are in Holland.'

Mrs Mahal went on. Asking what we thought those four values meant. But I had stopped listening. I felt like I'd heard a knock at the door and that something bad was about to happen. Like that bit in Anne Frank's diary when she thinks the Germans have found them in their secret hideaway and they are about to be taken away and killed.

Well, not that bad. But a bit like that. A tiny bit. Actually, nothing like that. But I felt a bit bad.

Why did I feel bad?

I was worried. Worried about playing football with the Lionesses and about trying to be EXCELLENT. Because I wasn't going to be. I love watching football, but I'm not great at playing it. Nowhere near excellent.

And that was when I saw Anya grinning at me. And I could tell she was thinking the same thing about me and playing football.

And now I am in my room on my own – even Katniss has abandoned me. Worrying about meeting the England players now. Worrying about not being excellent.

Chapter two of *Dutch Diaries* will be published at www.literacytrust.org.uk/lionessesresources  before 8.00am on Wednesday 5 July 2017. Subsequent episodes will be published on July 7, 10, 12, 14, 17, 19 and 20.



Dutch Diaries

Chapter Two

The diary of Lily Halifax

Home. Nine p.m. Mum and Dad watering the garden. Katniss out. Mood 50/50.

I've had a good day and I've had a bad day. Something amazing happened. Then something terrible happened. Here are the full gory details.

So... we went to the England training camp, like I said. I'd been winding myself up about it for two days. I couldn't forget about Anya saying how great she was at football. And I couldn't forget about Mrs Mahal saying that we'd be training with the England team. AND that we had to live up to one of England's four values.

EXCELLENCE.

Yeah, right...

Me + football = excellence?

No chance.

On the way to the England training camp, I read my Anne Frank book. Well, it's my mum's Anne Frank book from when she was my age. Her mum had bought it for her. It's old and yellowish and crumpled, but that makes it even more brilliant.

Kind of important? Yeah. Kind of something I should look after? Yeah. That too...

I was making notes while I was reading it. For my talk about Anne Frank that Mr Douglas asked me to do for Friday. He said that because I was the only one who had read Anne Frank's diary properly – whatever that means – I should do a talk about it at school. So I said I would.

Anyway... we got to the England training camp. Huge fields. Trees swaying in the breeze. I left the book and my notepad on my seat in the bus. So that I didn't lose them.

We climbed off the bus. Anya in front of me. I can't stand her. Mo was behind me though, so at least there was one decent person around. And I saw a big scary pitch and two big scary football coaches. And next to them... A CAMERA CREW!

Anya SQUEALED when she saw the camera crew. Her dream had come true. Football. And TV cameras. She'd been going on all the way on the bus about how amazing she was at football and how she knew all the England players' names and how she was going to be the one who was the most EXCELLENT.

On the pitch Anya started doing keepy uppies, the coaches clapping when she got to 50, the TV cameras all over her. I felt small. Tiny. MICROSCOPIC!

The better Anya was, the more I knew I was going to mess it up. Big time.

The coaches started the training session by talking to us. There was no sign of any of the England players. None of them. I'd watched the last three England games live on TV and I was pretty confident I'd have recognised any one of them.

But, as the coaches were talking to us, a woman with short blonde hair came and stood between me and Anya. The woman said hi to Anya. Anya said hi back in the snobby way she always does. The coach carried on talking, so I sneaked a look at the woman. Just in case it was a player...

... and it WAS!

Ellen White! E.L.L.E.N. W.H.I.T.E. The England striker. The player who scored TWICE against Denmark on Saturday! Who captained her country and does that funny action with her hands over her eyes when she scores.

She smiled at me. Ellen White smiled at me!

'Er... nice goals on Saturday,' I spluttered like a six-year-old. Then – OMG this is so embarrassing – I did the hands thing she does. And she laughed. Then she did the hands thing too. And I could see Anya looking at me all the time. She thought I'd gone mad. So I... er... introduced them.

'This is Anya,' I said to Ellen White. 'Anya, this is England's captain.'



The football training was actually good. We did close passing drills. Shuttle runs. All the time Ellen White was really patient with us. Encouraging us when we messed up. Which I did a lot of. But she messed up herself and then told us that there's no such thing as mistakes – only lessons to make us better. She could see I wasn't very good, but she was really nice to me.

Then we did some penalties. I missed. Anya scored. But I didn't care. I felt okay.

And at the end – ARE YOU LISTENING TO THIS??? – Ellen White said. 'Well done, Lily. That was fab. You were excellent today.' In. Front. Of. Mrs. Mahal.

Excellent. I'd been excellent. Challenge number one completed. I felt Mrs Mahal patting me on the shoulder. She'd heard.

'How about a selfie?' Ellen White asked. 'You and your mate?' She meant Anya. But I could see Anya was walking fast back to the bus for school.

'Me and Mo?' I said. 'He's my REAL mate.'

Me and Mo and Ellen White. A selfie. At the end, I said thank you and I told her I'd make a poster out of the selfie and put it up at school to encourage more people to watch the Lionesses.

Then we got back on the bus. Most of the others were fitting their seatbelts on, teachers counting us, taking the register. Anya was in the seat behind mine and Mo's. She had her eyes closed. Headphones on. With this little Anya-like smirk on her face like she was the best and all that...

But I wasn't bothered. I sat on my seat. I put my seatbelt on. I waved to the football coaches, even though they weren't looking at us. I was buzzing. Really happy. Really REALLY happy. I chatted some more to Mo, while I texted my mum to tell her we were on our way home.

And then I remembered my mum's book. My mum's Anne Frank book that she'd been given by her mum.

No. No no no no no. NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

I panicked. I nearly cried. But, that would've been mortifying, so I stopped myself. The teachers tried to help. Mo tried to help. Everyone tried to help. But my mum's book was gone.

And now I am upstairs and Mum will be up from watering the garden any minute to say good night and I'll have to tell her. Or not tell her. And I have no idea which is worst.

The next chapter of Dutch Diaries will be published on Friday 7 July.

Dutch diaries: chapter 3

Friday 7th July 2017

You know that feeling you get when you wake up in bed, stretch your legs and arms under the warm covers and feel all happy and relaxed? Then you remember the lovely time you had yesterday and how amazing it was that you met an England footballer, took a selfie with her and – after all that – your head teacher thought you were EXCELLENT?

You know... you feel nice, don't you?

Until your BLOOD.

RUNS.

COLD.

Because it's just come back into your head that you lost your mum's book. AND that you've got an assembly talk to give on that book and you've not actually finished reading it, even though everyone thinks you have.

Do you know that feeling? I do.

Today was a day that I didn't want to happen. A day I should stay in my room. Not go out. Not go to school. A day to be locked up in a house where no one would come or go.

Like Anne Frank, a voice in my head said, making me feel like I was a mean and selfish, comparing my life to what she had to go through. So stupid. I got up.

Downstairs, in the kitchen, the TV was on. Dad had already gone to work before I'd got up. So, it was just me and mum. But not her book....

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‘You’re quiet, love,’ Mum said, as I stuffed my face with cereal.

‘Mmmm,’ I said, mouth full, watching the BBC sports news. Joe Root scoring 184 not out for England against South Africa. Romelu Lukaku signing for Man U for £75 million. Updates from the Lionesses’ warm-weather training for EURO 2017 in Valencia.

And then the news. The serious news. The not-sport news.

It took me by surprise. A film about those poor people who try to come across the Mediterranean Sea from places like Syria. (AWFUL.) They actually showed a ship pulling migrants out of a sinking rubber dinghy. Men, women and children weeping, but grinning at the same time. (CRAZY.) Then they showed the migrants arriving in a European port where some of the local people had flags and banners and were shouting that they didn’t want the migrants in their country.

I dropped my spoon and started sobbing. Immediately, mum was next to me, arm around my shoulder. ‘What’s the matter, honey? What is it?’

I cried a bit more – feeling like a six-year-old – then stopped.

‘Honey?’ Mum said.

‘I lost your book.’ I couldn’t hold it in. ‘I’m sorry, Mum.’

Silence. Not for long, but long enough for me to turn to look at my mum’s face, frightened of what I’d see. And what I saw was SADNESS: that look in someone’s eyes when they can’t hide it. Just for a second, though. Then Mum smiled. A wide grin that hid her real feelings. But I knew, deep down, she was sad and just trying to make me feel better.

And then I was blubbing again.

‘It’s okay, sweetie,’ Mum said. ‘Calm down. It’s fine. Tell me what happened.’

So, then I went to school. I could have done with a day sitting at the back of class, not talking to anyone. But... no. Today was assembly. I WAS assembly.

Mrs Malik introduced me. I stood up and moved my plastic seat out of the way. ‘Lily is a big fan of Anne Frank and her diary. So, ahead of the year seven trip to Holland next week, she’d like to tell you some things about Anne Frank that you didn’t know.’

I stood up. I coughed. I breathed in, then spoke really quickly: ‘Anne Frank was a German girl who moved to Amsterdam in Holland to escape the Nazis because she and her family were Jewish. They left their home because it wasn’t safe for Jewish people to stay in Germany, but then the Germans came to Holland too and Anne Frank and her family had to hide in an attic for years. The reason we know about her is that she wrote a diary...’

I stopped. That was the point I was going to hold up my mum’s copy of Anne Frank’s diary. My mind had emptied. I just stared at faces were staring back at me.

‘But I lost my book yesterday,’ I said. ‘The one I was going to read to you.’

Staring. STARING. STARING.

‘Erm...’ I said.

I saw Mo looking. He was smiling and nodding, like he wanted me to go on. But I couldn’t. I had nothing. Then I heard someone laugh. I looked. It was Anya. Then I heard several more

people laugh. But I still had nothing to say. I tried to stand there like it didn't matter that I had nothing to say, like it was normal. But it wasn't normal. And this, I knew would be remembered until I left school – and after.

I tried to work out what to say, but all I could think of was my mum and seeing those poor people on the boats in the sea on the news. So I started talking about that.

'We still live in a world where some families try to escape the dangerous places they are from,' I said. 'Like Anne Frank had to. Right now there are boats drifting across the Mediterranean Sea with babies and children and mums and dads and some of the boats will be rescued by ships but other boats will sink and those people will die.'

Silence in the hall again.

'What happened to Anne Frank was awful,' I said, 'but we can't do anything about it now. She's dead. She was killed by the Nazis. But we can do something about the families who are about to get into a boat that might sink tonight. We can do it in Anne Frank's memory.'

I stopped. And then they were clapping. All of them. Mo first, this funny look on his face. Then everyone around him. Then the teachers on the back row. I just looked at Mrs Malik then I sat back on the plastic seat. I didn't know what else to do.

'Would anyone like to ask Lily any questions?' Mrs Mahal said, putting her arm around me.

I stepped back. I didn't want that.

But it was too late.

Sam Jones had his hand up. 'So, where's your book, Lily?' he asked.

You Choose...

Now it's time for you to choose what happens next week in *Dutch Diaries*. We've selected three ways the story could go. Discuss in class what you would like to happen next and why. How does each scenario affect Lily, Anya and Mo? How happy or worrying do you want the story to get?

Scenario One

Anya has stolen Lily's Anne Frank book. Anya reads it and tries to become more of an Anne Frank expert than Lily. This creates conflict between the two girls. They argue and their teachers threaten to not allow them to go to Anne Frank's House when they are in Holland.

Scenario Two

Lily's book shows up on the bus. It had fallen on the floor. Lily – who, earlier, accuses Anya of taking it – has to apologise to her for thinking she stole it.

Scenario Three

It turns out that Mo took Lily's book. Lily sees it in his bag. He claims he didn't put it there and that someone planted it on him to make him look guilty. But, upset and confused, Lily does not believe him and falls out with Mo, her best friend.

Once you have chosen what you would like to happen next, please ask your teacher to email admin@tompalmer.co.uk by the end of Friday 7th July and put 'Scenario One', 'Scenario Two' or 'Scenario Three' in the subject line. (Tom will write the fourth chapter on Sunday, for publication on Monday morning.)

Thank you for reading.

Dutch Diaries – chapter 4

Thank you for voting for what should happen next. Scenarios one and three led the way with the Lionesses' share of the votes, with very few votes for scenario two. As a result, this is what happened next...

Monday 10th July 2017

No one mentioned my Friday assembly talk as I went in through the main doors into school for registration on Monday morning. Everyone had forgotten. About me. About the people in the Mediterranean Sea. And about my mum's Anne Frank book.

I'd been thinking about those things all weekend. But no one else had. Why should they?

Everything was completely normal. Parents talking about the British Lions and Donald Trump. Some of the year fives were raving on about last night's *Love Island*. Like I said, normal.

On the school door there was a poster. I read it.

To all the Year 6s going to Holland
later this week, today's England Lionesses
value to live up to is PRIDE.

And don't forget about the parents' meeting
about Holland after school today.

I thought about PRIDE. I'd done EXCELLENCE so I guessed I could do pride. I just needed to understand what it meant. Was pride GOOD or BAD?

But, seeing the poster, I felt a shiver of excitement too. HOLLAND! I couldn't wait. My dream of going to Anne Frank's House was less than a week away. AND I'd get to see the Lionesses play live.

So, I put my worries behind me and decided to be happy. But HAPPY only lasted... about.... twenty seconds.

In the classroom, Anya was at the front, her back to the door and to me. Mo was standing up, pushing Sam and laughing, his bag on the floor behind him. I don't know why I looked into his bag. But I did. And that was when I saw my mum's book.

Mum's Anne Frank book!!!!!!!!!!!! In Mo's bag!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Then Mo looked round at me, a smile on his face. When he saw I was shocked, he turned to look where I was looking. Into his bag. That was when he put his hands to his mouth.

'I didn't...' he said across the room.

'I know,' I replied weakly.

'I wouldn't...' he insisted.

'I know,' I said, but I was so shocked to see MY missing book in HIS bag, that my voice could hardly be heard.

Then Sir came in and we had to get on with registration without me being able to talk to Mo. I didn't get the chance to talk to him until break.

At break we stood on the edge of the playground and he explained he had no idea how my book got there. I said I believed him. He smiled. I smiled. But something changed between us. Something was not right. Like he was thinking that I was thinking bad things about him. I don't know. Just not right. NOT RIGHT!

We didn't have lunch together: he had violin practice. Then it was the end of the day and time for the parents' meeting. My mum was in the hall as soon as I got there, so I went to sit with her.

The school meeting for children who were going to Holland and their parents began with a talk from Mrs Mahal. She talked about when we'd leave, how we could stay in touch and what we'd be doing. A pack was handed out to parents. Then she said this:

'This trip is a big adventure for Year 6. Being away from home for nearly a week is a big deal when you are only 11 years old. And going abroad is even bigger. But we know you are all sensible children. And if we didn't think you could cope we wouldn't be taking you.'

Mrs Mahal paused, then went on.

'But, children, you should know too that this is probably a bigger deal for the mums and dads. We want to take you away and show you a part of the world you have not been to before because we think you will grow. But it's good for your parents and carers too. They need to get used to the fact that you are growing up and – every year – need a little bit more independence.'

I heard what Mrs Mahal was saying. It went in. But I didn't really think about it until later.

After Mr Douglas ran through the timings, it was time for questions.

Anya's hand was up first. I gazed over at her. She smirked back at me when Mrs Mahal called her name.

'I just wanted to say that I managed to finish Anne Frank's Diary last night,' Anya began, then hesitated. And as she did, I felt dozens of eyes on me. Like everyone was thinking that I had not finished the book and she had, and that made her the expert on Anne Frank now.

'I wanted to say that the end was very sad and that, if anyone wants to talk about what I learned when I finished the book – seeing as I am the only one who has – then they can talk to me before or during our trip. And that includes...'

'Thank you, Anya,' Mrs Mahal interrupted Anya's flow. Stopping her saying I don't know what, but it didn't stop ME standing up and pushing past my mum and two other pairs of parents to storm out of the hall.

So, why did I storm out?

1. What Anya was saying was making me cross.
2. I was miserable about Mo and the book.
3. Everyone looking at me because I'd not read the book and she had
4. Everything else in the world was WRONG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Walking with Mum out of the school playground, past the shops and down our street, I knew I'd failed. Failed to be a good friend to Mo. Failed to live up to what I'd said in assembly about being positive in Anne Frank's memory the day before. And failed Mrs

Mahal's challenge to show pride in a good way. So, when I got home I ran up to my room and stayed there.

This is the conversation we had when Mum came to say goodnight.

'Mum?'

'Yes, love.'

'I don't want to go to Holland.'

Mum stayed quite for a few seconds. She was thinking. When I say something a bit dramatic, Mum always thinks before replying. There's a silence and you can hear her brain ticking over. Then she speaks.

'What is it, love? Tell me.'

'I don't want to go abroad without you and Dad,' I lied. 'I'm scared. After what Mrs Mahal said.'

'But what about Anne Frank's house?' Mum said. 'You so want to visit her house. And you've finished the book now.'

'You and Dad could take me. I'll save up and pay you back. For what you spent on the trip.'

We talked about it for a while. I didn't give anything away. And Mum didn't get cross or say I had to go.

'Sleep on it,' she suggested.

I shrugged.

'Please, love. Sleep on it. And I promise you that whatever you decide in the morning I'll back you 100%.'

Thank you for reading this far. The next episode will be published on Wednesday morning before 8 a.m.

Dutch Diaries – chapter 5

Wednesday 12th July 2017

2.16 a.m. Home. Curtains open. Wide awake. Katniss purring like a motorbike. Starry starry night outside.

I went to bed last night DETERMINED that I was not going on the school trip. I didn't want to have to put up with Anya and all that STUFF. But I lay there until 11, then midnight, then one in the morning and I COULD. NOT. SLEEEEEEPP!

First, because I'd been watching the Johanna Konta match all evening and I was buzzing that we've got a woman Wimbledon semi-finalist for the first time in YEARS!

But, also, even with that, my mind was going over and over and over and over all the things I couldn't stop thinking about. Too many of them. Anne Frank. Ellen White. Mo. Anya. Mum's book. Those poor people on the Mediterranean Sea. Especially them. How lucky was I to have time to worry in my nice warm bed?

I stared up at the stars and knew that, if anyone was on that sea tonight, they'd be looking at those stars. And that maybe, when Anne Frank looked out of her secret annex hideaway window, she would have seen them too.

I feel like I know Anne Frank now. I know it's stupid to say that, but I do. I feel like she is in my head, like a friend. The way the diary is written is like she is writing to a friend. And I like to think I am that friend. So, I *sort of* asked her what I should do.

And she *sort of* laughed and said I should go on the school trip to Holland. What was one irritating girl (Anya) compared to coming to see her house and all the other stuff we're going to do?

I nodded, even though she wasn't there and I was in the dark on my own. Then she reminded me of my promise. That I'd learn about her so that I could use her memory to know more about those people crossing the Mediterranean Sea.

I'm going.

10.42 a.m. On the bus to somewhere called Harwich, where we're getting a ferry to Amsterdam, the Netherlands, the Dutch capital city.

I can't write much. I'm on the coach. Not next to Mo. I texted him at 2.18 a.m. last night to say I'd like to sit next to him on the bus. He texted back at 2.19 a.m. to say he'd love to. And I was happy. *THEN*.

But *NOW*... the teachers have made us sit in alphabetical order of surname. HOW ANNOYING IS THAT? And how STUPID IS THAT!

WHAT. IS. THE. POINT. OF. THAT?

I bet if the teachers were put in alphabetical order they'd be annoyed. I'm next to Danny Harte. He's okay. A bit *INTENSE*! He looked at my England top with WHITE on the back. He smiled. 'Ellen White?' he said. 'That's good.' So I have Danny Harte's approval!

At the back of the bus, Mo, being Mohammed Zafir is with the other Z in our year: Anya Zabrowski.

I was annoyed at first. But Mo texted me from the back of the bus to say he'll see me on the ferry, that Anya was ignoring him. I feel better about that now. (Yes, I'm selfish. I admit it.)

3.31 p.m. In a queue on the motorway. Boring.

I've been asleep for ages. I looked at Danny Harte as soon as I woke up. He was asleep. Desperately hope no one took a photo of us asleep on the coach together!!!! Not something I want on Instagram.

We're in the middle lane of the motorway queue to the ferry. Charlie Black, in the seat in front of me, is making rude gestures to the cars in the inside lane. Some of them are making rude gestures back.

I'm bored. But I can't read. Reading on buses makes me feel sick. Danny Harte is reading now. Some weird crime novel.

4.21 p.m. Still in the queue.

Mrs Mahal is a genius. She's hooked her phone up to the coach TV. We're watching Andy Murray playing in the Wimbledon Quarter final. He's winning. The commentator is going on about how exciting it will be to have a semi-finalist from the UK. Ahem... didn't he watch Johanna last night?

8.40 p.m. On the ferry. Sitting in the café bit. With Mo. And Danny.

This time last night I wasn't coming to Holland. This time tonight I am in the café with Mo and Danny Harte. We're having hot chocolates. And watching the lights of England fade into the night. It's kind of beautiful. We're on the ferry. I've never been on a ferry. It's a bit

frightening when you think of the deep water below and if we sunk. But it's exciting too.
We're sailing over the SEA!!!

I texted Mum and Dad before we left land. Mrs Mahal said we'd lose reception while we're at sea, so to say good night now. Everyone pretended not to. But I reckon they all did it.

Me and Mo are good now. We had a two-line conversation about all that stuff on Monday.

I said: 'Mo. I never thought you took the book. I was just shocked to see it there. And then I was upset that you might think that I thought you took it.'

Mo said: 'I know you wouldn't think that. I was upset that you thought I thought you thought... you know.'

Then we laughed. And now it's okay.

8.59 p.m. In my cabin with Ella and Bella and Nadiya.

I just heard Anya boasting to Bella Francis that she took my mum's book off the bus when we went to see the England players training. She read it overnight. She put it in Mo's bag the next morning. I heard it. It's true. Full stop. Bella saw me listening.

That explains it all. When Bella came into our cabin, she avoided my eyes. She knew I knew. She saw me listening. But she didn't tell Anya I knew. She's scared of her. Who'd want an enemy like Anya?

Me. I would. I do.

Thursday 13th July 2017

1.47 a.m. In a four-bunk cabin. With Bella, Ella and Nadiya. In the middle of the North Sea.

Can't sleep again. What Anya said is doing my head in. I texted Mo, but I've got no reception, of course. D'oh! I need to talk to him about it.

Because BECAUSE **because** I have this stupid nasty terrible plan that I'm going to take revenge on Anya and show her up in front of everyone else in the school and I'm going to do it in the queue at Anne Frank's house to make it worse for her... and I know that is mean and nasty, but thinking about doing that is the only thing that is stopping me doing something even more crazy.

I miss Katniss.

Thank you for reading this far. The next episode will be published on Friday morning before 8 a.m. Next week's episodes will be published early on the mornings of Monday 17, Wednesday 19 and Thursday 20. All live from Holland, where our author Tom will be visiting Anne Frank's house and going to watch England play Scotland.

www.tompalmer.co.uk



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Dutch Diaries – chapter 6

The Cruyff Turn Hostel, Amsterdam – 3.11 p.m.

We're in Holland. Actually IN HOLLAND. And it's fab.

Me and Mo bought some crisps at some motorway services when the coach stopped for petrol. The crisps are weird. Like... I dunno... crispier than crisps in England? Maybe. We bought some sweets too. Different sweets. They're weird too.

Everything is different. I wonder if Dutch children think English crisps and sweets are weird?

The teachers put us in dormitories at the hostel we are staying at. There are eight bunks per room. All the girls are in one room. All the boys in another. I've got Ella under me and Nadiya opposite. I am happy with that. Anya is at the far end by the door. I am happy with that too. I can't bear to be near her. GRRRRRRRRR!!!!!!

Oh... we've been given another England Football Association challenge. We've done EXCELLENCE and PRIDE. My personal score is 1-1. Passed Excellence. Failed Pride. Now Mrs Mahal says we have to show INTEGRITY.

And it was funny, but when she said it, she looked at me, then at Anya. In that way adults do when they want to say something without saying it. Like she knew something about me and Anya. About the book Anya took.

After Mrs Mahal had gone, I had to look up what integrity means. It said 'honest with strong moral principles'. I still have to work out what that means.

Anyway, here's my handy list of ten things about Holland that I have noticed:

1. It's got two names. Holland and the Netherlands. Which is odd.
2. The men and women here are tall. (Mo says they are the tallest people in the world.)
3. There are more canals than roads in Amsterdam – or it seems like that.
4. Girls look more fashionable. Boys too. We look scruffy. Especially me after that coach journey.
5. Most signposts are in English, even though they speak Dutch here. Why?
6. The countryside between the port and Amsterdam is flaaaaaaaaaaaaaat.
7. They have a lot of windmills. (Not the sweet old kind from children's books, but those tall white ones we have, except they've got loads.)
8. I saw a...

OH! IT'S TIME!!!

I have to go. We're to meet downstairs. NOW! In the hostel foyer entrance thing. Then we're going to walk. **To Anne Frank's House.**

I can't believe it. My dream is going to come true. Nothing is going to spoil this for me...

Bye!

Outside the Anne Frank House – 5.24 p.m.

We're outside **your** house.

I hope this is okay. When you wrote your diary, you wrote it like letters to your friend. Now I am here outside your house, I feel like I have to write my diary to **you**. It's sort of because

Mrs Mahal set us that challenge of integrity and sort of because I worked out that the most **honest** person I've ever known was you. And I think you had **strong moral principles** too. If I understand what that means. That means you are the person with the most integrity.

Because:

HONESTY + STRONG MORAL PRINCIPLES = INTEGRITY

And, after the things that just happened in the queue, I feel like a bit of your integrity has rubbed off on me.

Things happened. **Big things.**

Here's what.

We'd been in the queue to visit your house for over an hour. It was a queue of about 500 people snaking round the back of that cathedral you used to hear the bells from. Until the Nazis took the bells away. Anyway, everyone was getting a bit bored. And I was still cross with Anya. Really cross.

I'd told Mo I was going to find a way to shame Anya somehow. I was just waiting for my chance, I said. Mo said I shouldn't. He said I should leave it. But I was so cross that I didn't listen to him.

Anyway, we were all standing there, some of us plonking ourselves down in little groups every time the queue stopped. Then Mrs Mahal was standing over me. Next to her, Anya. Not looking me in the eyes.

'Lily?' Mrs Mahal said. 'I just overheard Bella talking about your mother's book. I heard her say that Anya took it. I have asked Anya about it, but she won't tell me anything. Anya is

already on a warning after her behaviour on the boat. If what I heard from Bella is true, I will have to take serious action against Anya. She will not visit Anne Frank's House. And she will not go to the football match. Even if she is...'

Mrs Mahal stopped herself saying it, but I knew what it would have been. *Even if Anya is the daughter of one of the school governors. That was what she had meant.*

I stood up to be face to face with Mrs Mahal and Anya. The whole of our school was watching. Half the queue was watching. It felt like the whole of Amsterdam was watching.

Then the church bells rang. Bong. Bong. **Bong. Bong. Bong.** Five o'clock.

In the time the bell was bonging, I looked at Anya. Her face was pale. She turned her face to look at me. That defiant Anya I'd had to put up with for months was gone. For the first time she looked scared. Not the usual *don't-you-know-who-my-mum-is* Anya. I saw her mouth the words *I'm sorry*. And I knew she meant it.

'Lily?' Mrs Mahal insisted.

We were stood in the shadow of the house where you hid for all those months. We were on the street outside your house. By the canal. The place where I read that you were dragged out and taken away by the Nazis before they killed you. I almost felt you were looking out of your window onto the street. Or standing next to me.

'It was a misunderstanding, Mrs Mahal,' I said. 'Anya did have my mum's book. But she thought I'd leant it to her.'

That was it.

Now I'm sat on the step outside the entrance to your house. We are the next group allowed in.

Was I right, Anne?

I don't know. I feel better than I would have if I'd have told Mrs Mahal that Anya stole the book. I also feel better, because, before Anya left, she put her hand on my arm and whispered thank you again.

The big thing for me is that I didn't want to go into your house feeling bad. Or feeling guilty. I wanted to go in feeling calm and like I'd done the right thing.

But did I?

Let's see what happens next. We're about to go into your house. I feel nervous, Anne. This is the house where you hid. This is where you wrote most of your diary. And all I've been writing about is me and Anya and our stupid argument.

Now I want to give you all my attention. They're opening the door. We're going in.

A message from Tom Palmer, the author.

I'd be very interested to know if you think Lily made the right choice. As the writer, I am not sure myself. It wasn't what I planned. But Lily sort of took over the story. If you have time in class to let me know, I'd be very grateful. Just a few lines. Or you could even have a vote. Please see today's writing exercise if you need more information.

You can email at info@tompalmer.co.uk.

Thank you.

Dutch Diaries – chapter 7

Anne Frank House, Amsterdam

Monday 17th July 2017

It felt weird going into your house. Visiting the place where you had hidden and written your amazing diary was something I had wanted to do for ages. But, when we walked in through the glass doors, it didn't feel right. It felt wrong.

How could anyone make a museum out of a place that a child had to hide in and was taken from and killed? I felt embarrassed. I'm not sure why. Maybe it was watching the line of people trailing in through the entrance and stumbling out of the exit. I don't know.

You come in from the street past a desk, then they give you some headphones. You put the headphones on and touch your player against small panels as you go from room to room. Then you hear the story. Your story, Anne. And nobody says a word round the whole museum.

The first room was white. Almost empty apart from a few photographs of you. I felt immediately sad. Photographs of you smiling into the camera. A girl the same age as me.

Mo was next to me. He kept giving me tiny sad smiles. And I gave him tiny sad smiles back. Like I said, it was weird. Because normally you go round a museum and think 'Wow' if it's exciting. Or you feel bored because it's not exciting. Here in your museum, Anne, it was just uncomfortable.

In the next room there were pictures of Amsterdam when the Nazis had taken over. I caught Anya's eye in that room. She was on her own ahead of me. She looked away as soon as I

looked at her. I had no idea if she was laughing at me or grateful to me for saving her from Mrs Mahal. And I didn't care.

When we reached the upstairs, I stopped being sad. Because I saw two things:

1. The yellow cloth star that you – and the other Jewish people – were made to wear to show you were Jewish. It was displayed on the wall in a frame.
2. Your school register that said your name and the names of all your classmates, with an extra column for you to say that you were 'of Jewish blood'.

No longer sad. Angry now. Angry because it just didn't make sense to me. How could those people make you wear that yellow star and write that you had different blood in your school register? What does it matter?

My head was spinning. I just didn't get it. I wanted my mum. I wanted to ask her about it. I wanted her arm around me. And that made me feel another feeling. I didn't know if your dad or mum went with you when you were found and taken away. As you went, did one of them have an arm round you?

Up another staircase. Long queues as people shuffled round room to room. It was frustrating. I wanted to see more now that I was angry and sad. It was too slow. I wished that people would hurry up. I felt cross.

Then the bookcase. The bookcase that was pulled over the door up to where you hid from the Germans. You were there for months. The only thing between you and being caught was the bookcase. I touched it on the way past. I don't know why. I remember it and the steep wooden steps from the film of *The Fault in Our Stars*. It's a famous film now. In the film, a girl visits your house with her boyfriend. She's ill. But that's another story.

When I got to the stop of the steep flight of steps I was surprised to see Anya was there.

‘Have you seen *The Fault in Our Stars*?’ she asked. I nodded, paused, then pushed on. I wished I’d spoken to her properly then. But I didn’t know what to say. Then Mo was next to me and Anya moved off.

More photos of you and your family. More rooms. More silence from everybody. Then some film of people queuing at concentration camps. And people in camps looking so thin they were like skeletons with skin. It was horrible. I felt sick.

And I understood. That’s what happened to you, isn’t it? After you were found. After the Germans pulled back the bookcase and took you and your family away, they made you queue and starved you all.

In the next room there was a quote on the wall. From your diary. It said: ‘The English radio says they are being gassed. I feel terrible.’

That shocked me. It meant you knew. You knew what they were going to do to you. I can’t imagine how that felt. How did you carry on writing your diary all that time, knowing that could happen to you any day? How were you so strong?

My eyes filled up with tears. I felt faint. It was too much now. I wished I was out on the street in the fresh air. I walked into the next room determined to get out of your house. I had had enough. I hated it. And then I saw it and my heart leapt.

It was there. Your diary was there. In a glass case. That red and white tartan pattern. I staggered up to it. I put my hands on the glass case and stared at it. Now I was smiling.

Now I got it. This museum. I understood that there was a point to it. All those photos and quotes and films and objects that showed what terrible things had been done by the Nazis; then your diary, on its own, like a... I don’t know... like a ray of light... a beacon of hope... I can’t find the words.

Your diary. Against all that.

And I swear, Anne. I swear to you now as I write my diary that every day when I hear about bad things happening to people in the world – like the people in the Mediterranean Sea – I'll try to do something about it.

Because your diary lit up that room, Anne.

I knew I should move away and give someone else a chance to look at your diary. There was someone else stood staring at it opposite me. She had red eyes. Anya.

Later

We took a canal boat away from your house. I was one of the last ones onto the boat because I'd spent ages in the shop wondering what to buy. Mo was wedged in between Danny and Bella on one bench on the boat. No room for me.

I looked around the deck. Straight into Anya's eyes. There was a seat next to her. She beckoned me to come and sit with her. So I did.

'It's hard to believe all that,' Anya said to me in a low voice.

'I know,' I said. 'You're right.'

'Listen, I'm sorry,' she said. Her voice wobbled. 'About taking your book. It was bad.'

'It's okay,' I said.

We sat in silence as the boat went under a bridge and – for a few seconds – I felt cool out of the sun. Then, as the boat moved back into the sunlight, Mrs Mahal was stood over us.

‘I’d like you two to do something for me,’ she said. ‘Come and find me after the EURO 2017 matches on TV tonight. Then we’ll talk.’

Even later

I didn’t sit with Anya to watch Netherlands beat Norway 1-0, or Denmark beat Belgium game 1-0. But, at half time in the second game, Denmark one up, we both went to find Mrs Mahal. To see if we *were* in trouble. We weren’t.

‘Tomorrow, before we head off to watch the England match we’re going to do a Skype back to assembly at school,’ Mrs Mahal explained. ‘And I’d like you two to plan it and deliver it. What do you think?’

Anya and I looked at each other, unsure.

‘Collaboration is the last of the FA’s four values,’ Mahal said. ‘If you two can collaborate on telling the rest of the school about Anne Frank’s House, then I think there’s hope for us all. Don’t you?’

You can visit the Anne Frank House online here: <http://www.annefrank.org>.

Dutch Diaries – chapter 8

If it appeals, you could get two students to perform this speech. One as Lily, the other Anya. You might want to review the video before you show it, as it is about children being rescued at sea. Thanks for reading.

Anya and Lily's school assembly Skype

Anya

Lily and I have been asked by Mrs Mahal to speak to you back in England about our trip to the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam.

School assembled back in England

[Cheering and waving.]

Lily

Anya and I have spent the day working together so that we can tell you about what the Anne Frank House was like and how it made us feel. Anya is now going to tell you a bit about Anne Frank and why she is so important to all of us.

Anya

Anne Frank was German and Jewish. But, when the Nazis took over in Germany, they tried to hurt the Jewish people. So, Anne and her family moved to Amsterdam in Holland. Unfortunately, the Nazis invaded Holland too. The Frank family was forced to hide, for fear of their lives. That is where Anne wrote her diary about her life in hiding. Tens of millions of people have read that diary.

Lily

Very, very ,very sadly, Anne Frank and her family were found by the Nazis towards the end of the war and were taken away to concentration camps where they were treated very badly and most of them were killed.

Anya

I... we... Lily... please can you...

Lily

Er... yes. Anya and I had a disagreement before we went into the Anne Frank House. It doesn't matter what it was about. But when we looked around Anne Frank's House and we saw where she had to live and got an idea of what she went through, it made us think. We saw how badly Jewish people were treated and we heard about how scared Anne and her sister and parents must have been. It's hard to imagine.

Anya

I... er... I was standing by the actual diary that Anne wrote in. It was in a glass case at the end of the museum tour. It looked just like this one. Erm... can I pick it up, please, Lily?

Lily

Sure.

Anya

Here it is. This is Lily's mum's copy of Anne Frank's diary. It's really special to Lily because her mum gave it to her. It is from when her mum was a girl. Anyway, I was in the Anne Frank House looking at the real diary and I felt really bad. When we were in England I hid Anne's mum's diary and she thought she'd lost it. It was mean of me and I want to say sorry to Lily today.

Lily

Erm... thanks.

Anya

What I have just said wasn't part of the speech that Lily and I prepared. But I wanted to say it...

Lily

Erm ...

Anya

Anyway, when I was standing at the real diary, I understood that I had been really mean and it made me think that I am going to try to be nicer to other people. Going round Anne Frank's House did that for me. It's sad place a place where terrible things happened. But for me it is a place that is good too. Does that sound weird?

Lily

I don't think that sounds weird. I think the reason people go to Anne Frank's house is good. We both came away feeling better about each other and we also came away thinking something else too. Anya had an idea about something we could do.

Anya

We want to show you this video of some children who are being rescued from the middle of the Mediterranean Sea, miles away from land. Please watch.

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=mediterranean+sea+children&&view=detail&mid=F8A9DF3CF7F93576F942F8A9DF3CF7F93576F942&FORM=VRDGAR>

Lily

There are lots of reasons why people pile onto boats like we just saw in the video with their children. It's complicated. Not everyone in the boats is escaping from a war or from terrible lives. Some aren't. But some are. Why would you take the risk of drowning in the sea with a hundred people in a tiny boat if you weren't afraid? I don't really understand. And we can't give you the answers to those questions. But we can feel bad watching that video. Imagine if that was you or one of your friends. Imagine if that rescue boat hadn't turned up. What would have happened to them?

Anya and Lily (together)

We think that when children suffer like Anne Frank suffered and those children on that video suffered that it is wrong. We decided – after coming out of Anne Frank's house – that we wanted to do something. Our first *something* is to make this speech and – when we get home – to find out more about what we can do to help children who are suffering in the world now.

Lily

Now we're going to another city in Holland called Utrecht. Tonight we are going to watch England play Scotland in EURO 2017.

Anya and Lily (together)

Thank you for listening.

Assembly

[Sound of clapping.]

Mrs Mahal

Thank you, girls. You have done well and we are very proud of you. You showed a great example of collaboration. You are an example to the whole school. Now, something else... I'm very excited to say that Lily, Anya and the others will be getting an extra surprise after the game tonight. But that will have to wait... We can tell you about that when we get home.

Thank you for reading. The last chapter of this story will be written tonight – after Tom has watched England play Scotland – and will be published online early Thursday morning.

You can watch England play Scotland on Channel 4 tonight, with a 7.45 p.m. kick off. Enjoy the game.

