

125 S. Glebe Rd.
Arlington, VA 22204

12/14/16

Dear Anne Frank,

I am so sorry. I am so sorry that your life and human rights were taken away from you. I am sorry that you had to go through all the pain because your loved ones' lives were taken away from you in the cruelest way possible. I am deeply sorry.

I am 11 years old. We are similiar in some ways but different in most (including the fact that I am Muslim and you were Jewish). We are both stubborn. We both think a lot about what will happen in the future. However, I don't have to walk with a star on an armband whenever I go outside. I don't have to go in hiding in a tiny place with a whole other family just to survive. I don't have to worry that will be captured or jailed every time I want to look out the window or get some fresh air. And I live in a time and place when I am treated equally and not judged by others....well, most of the time, I am not judged by others. But there are times when people give stares and avoid making eye contact with me because I wear a *hijab*. The worst, though, is when they have this scared look on their faces like I was a criminal, and purposely cross the street to avoid me.

While I was reading your book in the fourth grade, I thought it was historical fiction, because I never thought that something that cruel could happen in this world. Not in the world that I knew, at least. I never thought that someone could suffer that much. But still, you wrote, "think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy." After all the suffering you had, you still saw the beautiful things in the world and focused on that. You wrote about how you feel that nobody ever understood you. Well, I understand you, and the world today understands you.

The Nazis managed to take everything away from you. Your home, your school, your friends, your life. But you still had hope and believed that there was good, even in the worst of people. You kept this diary with you for your beloved Kitty. And I think I speak for everyone when I say, Kitty is no longer imaginary. We, your readers, are your Kitty. And I am truly honored to be your friend.

Your story has changed me for the better. It has taught me to be more accepting, so now I don't avoid sitting with someone in the cafeteria or class because they have different intentions or goals in life. Now that is a big reason why I do sit with them. Your story really made me think about the world and the problems in the world, and the fact that there are way too many. It's hard to believe that there still are problems because people don't see others as their brother or sister because they have a different religion, race, or culture than them. And isn't it a shame that some people have so much, but never consider giving it to those who have so little? Being treated equal is a right, not a privilege. And thanks to your story, I believe that even more.

Thank you for all that you've taught us. Your story is one that I'll always keep in my heart. And I will always treasure your wise words: "I keep my ideals, because in spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart."

Sincerely,
Fatima Mouslik