

My 10th birthday, home

Hello my dear diary (hihi, I always wanted to write it). A lot of people say, that it's stupid. I didn't understand him. Why you are moody if you talk to dead things? I'm another mind. Fact, no one hear us, but who cares? It doesn't mean, that it has no sense. Words can be very playful. Why we can't play with them?

In my opinion, writing is much profitable than my brother could imagine. You can make organise your thoughts and come to new conclusions. Notes are pretty souvenir too.

First, I tell you about me. I could use this description if I get sclerosis. Uncle Hilary suffer from it. He used to forget his glasses, though he has them on his nose. I will be reading my diary and I will be happy. Why? I'm considering two possibilities. The first says that I will be happy, because my life will be better or in another way, I will be happy, because I could recall days when I was happy. **You can find happiness everywhere.** Just try to do it. It's very easy. Adults like telling us about hardship. They often repeats: 'Life is difficult'. I'm totally disagree. It's their fault. Life is easy like sewing button. I like sewing.

So, I'm Gretel. Today is my birthday. I'm 10 years old. It means, that I am not as little as I was a year ago. I am a big girl. My dad give me this note today. I'm extremely happy for this reason, because up to now, I have never had real diary like characters from books, that I have read. I love stories. I like adventure novels the most. I have small dolly too. Her name is Jenny. She had long dark hair and round buttons eyes.. She is my best friend.

Everyone use to say, that my eyes are alight with mischief. I do not know what it mean, but I perceive it as a compliment.

Second, I tell you about my family. I have one brother, Hansel. My mother died a few years ago, but I remember her very well. She was such an awesome person! She taught me reading and writing too. Today I have dad and stepmother. Both are very lovely. I am glad we are family. We live in the cottage on the edge of forest. I don't know if there is a word with meaning grower than 'large'. Maybe extra, extra large would be the best determination of our forest.

I have to go my dear diary. See you tomorrow

Tuesday, home

Today wasn't good day. Dad and stepfather was shouting. They argue about finance. I understood, haven't got money. I'm afraid and I can't stop thinking about it. Even Jenny has no ideas to resolve this problem. What if we die from hunger? Maybe we have to find work as fast as it is possible. Wait a moment my dear diary. I hear steps.

It was Hansel. He overheard our parents. Stepmother proposed to throw us out from home. I can't believe it. She was so kind for us. Unfortunately **appearances are deceptive**. Of course, dad doesn't agree, but we can't be sure, what we could expect. Hansel promised to do his best. I'll take it for example.

Wednesday, Forest xxi

We are in the forest at the moment. Hansel is making fire at the moment. There is extremely cold. Our fears came true. Stepmother took us at 6 pm to forest. She said only about picking firewood from forest. I hoped she hadn't left us, but she did it. She announced 'It's too late. We don't manage with it on our own. I'll back with your dad. Stay here.' I trusted her, but it happened. We wanted to stop her, but she disappeared in a fraction of second. Hansel was far-sighted. He was leaving stones behind him on the road. They aren't usual stones. They glow in the dark! Awesome, isn't it? Unluckily, Hansel had too few stones and road was too long. He used crumbs of bread instead. It didn't help, because birds ate them. In this moment we have only each other. Maybe it's crazy, but I feel, that everything will be okay. However this night won't be pleasant. We have to call spade a spade. One thought more make me optimistic: **every cloud has a silver lining**.

Thursday, sweet cottage

My dear diary! I am in sweet cottage. Do you believe how we get there? In the morning we start to searching the forest. Hours went by and we were constantly wandering around. Suddenly, we found a weird house. Chimney looked like a tube of cream. The windows were made of gingerbread and cinnamon. The door had a handle made from marzipan, but best of all was the creamy sill. We were very hungry, so we started to eat without thinking

about consequences. Everything tasted heavenly. Enexpectedly, the door opened and the cottage went out tall woman. She had black dress, red hair and pretty face. She wasn't angry. Futhermore, she was glad to have visitors. She lives alone and is missing a contact with people. Today she invite relatives, but they didn't come, so she call us for a feast.

Her house was a bit quaint. On the chest of drawers was a cage with a duck. An animal seemed to be sad.

We ate for dinner as much as we can. Next she putted us to bed. She said she will help us, and today we have to take a rest.

She seems to be kind, but I am concerned about her behavior. She does not eat or drink in our presence. Besides, who normal keeps a duck as a pet?

I dare say that it is at least strange.

I was right. She is a witch - very bad witch. She told me to work, and locked Hensel in a cell. She tells him to keep eating. I do not know what to do. In theory, I am quite alone, but dad always used to say '**you never be alone**'. I will not fail. I am Gretel, adventurous gretel. I'll save my brother. I will not give up.

Friday, home sweet home

We managed to do it. We are at home! It's so beautiful! I have to tell you about it my dear diary. So, first I found an elixir for duck. It caused that duck start to say. Its name is Jerry. Witch catch him, because blood of ducks are very useful in production of elixirs. In fact, the witch is 150 years old! Eating children stops aging process. Luckily I found keys and I helped Hensel. Before, I had freed Jerry too. We throw witch to the her stove and escape. In this moment a cottage explode. We felt disgusting smell. It was evidence, that she was black witch.

Duck perfectly knew the way back and helped us get home. Jerry stay with us.

In this moment I listen daddy who is singing in the kitchen. We are all happy.

And what happened with the stepmother? She realised what she had done and get hearth attack. I forgive her, I think, we shouldn't remember about mistakes, if someone regrets them.

I am very tired my dear diary. Good night.

See you tomorrow. I will tell you about next adventurous!