



Traveling Through
Life

The Diaries of Annabelle Chapman

PROPERTY OF: Annabelle Bailey Chapman, age 10

I am Annabelle Chapman. I live in Blair, Nebraska. My parents are named George Chapman, who is a salesman, and Bailey Chapman, who is a librarian. I love horses and cats. I have a cat named Daisy May. I have two brothers named Charles and Noah, and two sisters named Caroline and Sara. We have, counting my cat, 8 residents in our house. Daisy May is 4 in human years. She is a tabby cat. I hope to travel the world. This is my brand new diary, which I got for my birthday. My birthday is December 12. This is my diary for my travels, but I will use it as a regular diary for now.

PLEASE RETURN IF FOUND

ADDRESS: 2877 Walnut Avenue



Please note: Annie is a fictional character and was not a real person who lived in Blair, but many of the people she meets were real people.

Dedication:

I would like to thank Mrs. Strohm and Mrs. Hanslip for helping me make this iBook the best it can be. I would also like to thank the other iBook members, Mrs. Ray, Mr. Dickinson and ESU #3 for helping me in the process of making this iBook for people to enjoy.

The Diaries of Annie B. Chapman



Dear Diary,

August 11, 1902

Today the school year started! I receive wonderful lessons from Ms. Downing. I have also done a lot of thinking about my future. Oh, diary, I can see it now! 'Traveling all over...', oh, how many continents did Ms. Downing say there were? Oh, of course, to all seven continents. Oh, to go back to Virginia, my life would be perfect! I was reading in the local newspaper, the Blair Republican, about a traveler named Henry Potters, who plans to travel all over the world. Oh, I wish he would take me with him. We could go everywhere! Oh well, that's enough dreaming for today. Mother's calling for me. I must go set the table for dinner.

With Love and Dreams,

Annie B. Chapman

Dear Diary,

August 16, 1902

Oh, what joys have come through these days! Forgive me for not writing to you, but I have been as busy as a worker bee, running here, doing that. I have been in town a lot, and many things have happened, but this one is very important! I will explain. It was a warm, fine day, when I walked into the N. M. Osterlund Clothing Store. Mr.

Gallery Of Blair: See if you recognize anything!!



This is the Crowell Mansion, owned by the Crowells. For more information about the Crowell Mansion, read on the next page or click on the link below:

http://blairhistory.com/landmarks/crowell_mansion/default.htm



Osterlund, the clothes salesman, looked up when the bell rang. “Morning, Annie. How are you?” Mr. Osterlund and I are cousins. He told me I could help around the store and work the cash register. Hooray! About an hour later, I went swimming with one of the Crowell girls, Lydia. She is very nice. Her father is very... quiet, though. Lydia lives in a BIG house with many beautiful features. We went to the Missouri river, and we went swimming. I wore my old jeans that I cut and my old faded t-shirt. Lydia got a REAL swimsuit for her birthday. But, she ended up changing because it was so heavy and it made her sink. “I love swimming!” I said aloud.

The Crowell Mansion

The Crowell Mansion was not something that Annie mentioned a lot, but the home was a BIG part of Blair history. The Crowell Mansion was owned and built by Christopher C. Crowell. He moved to Blair in 1869. Christopher also founded Crowell Lumber and Grain Co. and Crowell Elevator Co.

The house was built on an 11 acre piece of land at the end of Grant and Lincoln Streets. It was a 3 story structure with 22 rooms. The mansion was a beautiful example of a “high victorian” home. It had gorgeous features such as stained glass windows, several chimneys, 14 foot ceilings, **parquet flooring**, oak stairways, a **Fresco painting** on the wall (done by a Chicago artist), 10-12 foot doors, and etched glass panels.



This is the cover of a Bobbsey Twins book. This series was actually released in 1904, almost around Annie's time. It was about 4 children, Flossie, Freddie, Bert and Nan.

These collectibles were written by Laura Lee Hope

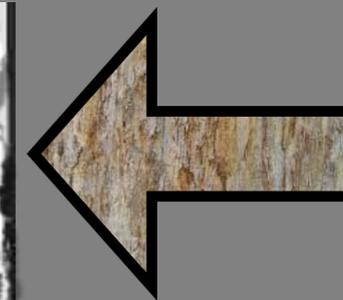
Dear Diary,

August 18, 1902

I just checked out a new Bobbsey Twins book. I love the Bobbsey twins! Oh, yes... I almost forgot! Guess what? I have made a new friend, my little diary! Her name is Georgia Christensen. She has a brother named James Christensen, a year older than us. I think he is handsome. He is a tall, slim boy who wants to know everything about air mail. But Georgia and he always fight. It is sad. My siblings and I seldom fight. Georgia, Lydia, and I love to go play around the depot. The depot is big, the inside is very pleasant, and all the passengers are very nice. They love to tell stories of where they came from, and we three love to listen!

The Blair Depot

The *second* depot was made in 1910, so the dates aren't perfect. It was much nicer than the first depot built in 1880. The first depot built in 1880 was recently restored and still stands today!



1910 Depot:
North side



This is the **interior** of the depot, the way it was in 1910.

Dear Diary,

August 20, 1902

Today I went to East School. I looked around, because they will soon be closing it for construction. It will serve as a hospital, where my mother frequently volunteers. All the children that go there will now go to “Central School” just west of the courthouse. There is a rumor that it will become a nursing home later on.

Lydia and I roamed the hallways for hours. Then we heard footsteps. “Oh no!” Lydia whispered frantically. In fright, she leaped into the nearby trash can which was surprisingly large. I could hear her breathing steadily....in, out, pause, in, out, pause. But nothing ever came by. We figured it was some boys running around playing tag or hide and seek.

**East School:
An apartment
building now
stands where the
school was.**



**It has
also been a hospital.**

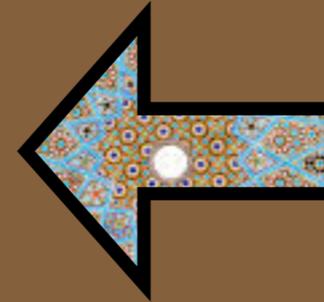
Dear Diary,

August 30, 1902

Today I went to the clothing store. I now work the cash register regularly. I love to talk to the people who come up to the desk to pay for their items. They are all so friendly and they often ask me, “Do you think this would match this?” and “Does this make me look fat?” My favorite customer is Anna Roosevelt.

She is from New York City, and she is visiting for 3 weeks. She comes in almost everyday. I love talking to Anna. She is around 25, and she has been all over the United States. So, she loves talking about her adventures, and I love to listen to them. She is a great storyteller and a lot of times I get quite **mesmerized**. We talk a lot about my future travels. She often advises me about the best places to go. I like Anna because she believes I will get there. Anna and I walk around town, and a lot of times she will buy me something. She always tells me about how she went to the beach in North Carolina and how she just laid on the sand for hours. That’s why I want to go to California and lay there. I always imagine that. One day she told me of China. She said everyone had very different eyes and fancy robes. She also said all the people were quiet. I think they sound like.... statues. They definitely sound cool. I want to go to China, though, because I would like to see them for myself.

Annie's Dream Destinations: Where and Why



Click on a destination and learn more about why Annie wants to go there!

My dream job is to be a traveler, and maybe learn some different languages so that I could teach in different countries. I would love to meet a child from India and maybe China and maybe even Africa! It would be amazing to be able to speak to a child from a different country, and maybe even become an interpreter!

Oh, I have so many job ideas! I can't choose! I guess it's a good thing that I am still in my childhood. I don't have to decide yet!

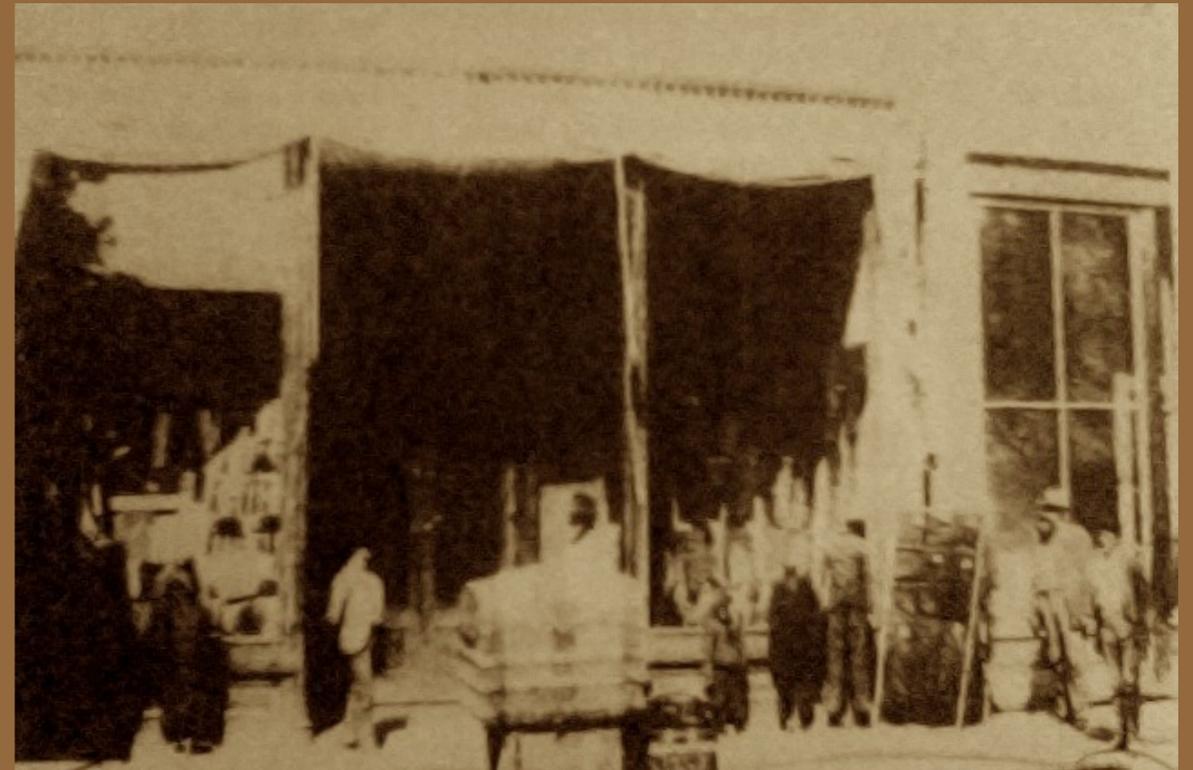
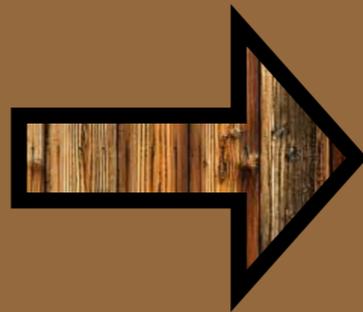
Other Places Annie Wants to Go

Texas	Pennsylvania	India	Kitty Hawk
Japan	Washington	New Jersey	China
Maine	Iceland	South Carolina	West Virginia

Quick Tips About the N. M. Osterlund Store

The N. M. Osterlund store was a real store in Blair, among stores like the B & C Shop, the Klopp Jewelry Store, the Sapp Bro. Ford Car Dealership, & many others. There is a photo below of the store. It really did burn down! However, Annie being fictional, she was not related to Mr. Osterlund.

Photo of the
N. M. Osterlund store,
which burned down in
1891
(The dates are a little off)
Cope's Cafe later stood
where the clothing store
stood.



Dear Diary,

October 3, 1902

Today our class went on our first field trip! We just went to the park, though. We went on the merry-go-round and pushed each other on the swings. After a little while, we sat in the dying, brittle grass. It hurt my legs. We had a lesson about John Insley Blair, the founder of Blair. However, Ms. Downing said he probably never set foot in Blair! Why would you build a beautiful town like Blair and never go there?

Mr. Blair had 9 other brothers and sisters.

They were Scottish immigrants. His mom and dad were John and Rachel Blair. He was a wealthy railroad builder. He founded Blair! It's odd how a man can make a town, but never go there! Ms. Downing also said that Blair would not be here except for one reason: There is a railroad slicing right through Blair. Blair is simply a resting place where travelers can eat and spend the night.

That explains why different people are always coming in the store. Some people are from California, Tennessee, and many others. We have already talked about Anna Roosevelt. She has a brother named Theodore, or Teddy, for short. She says he wants to become president! She said he is still getting over many illnesses he had as a child, including asthma. I can't wait to see if he follows his dreams! The rumor is Anna is in town on her way to Washington, D.C.! I hope that she travels safely. Wish her luck!

Dear Diary,

October 23, 1902

Today I met and talked to James Christensen, Georgia's brother for the very first time. He says that he wants to be an air mail-man. How exciting! It's like riding a bike to hand out the newspaper, except you're flying! He is a tall slender boy. He is a year older than Georgia and I. I think he is handsome... but Georgia scoffed when I told her. "Eww!" she exclaimed when I first told her. "You can't like him! He's my BROTHER!" Oh, well.

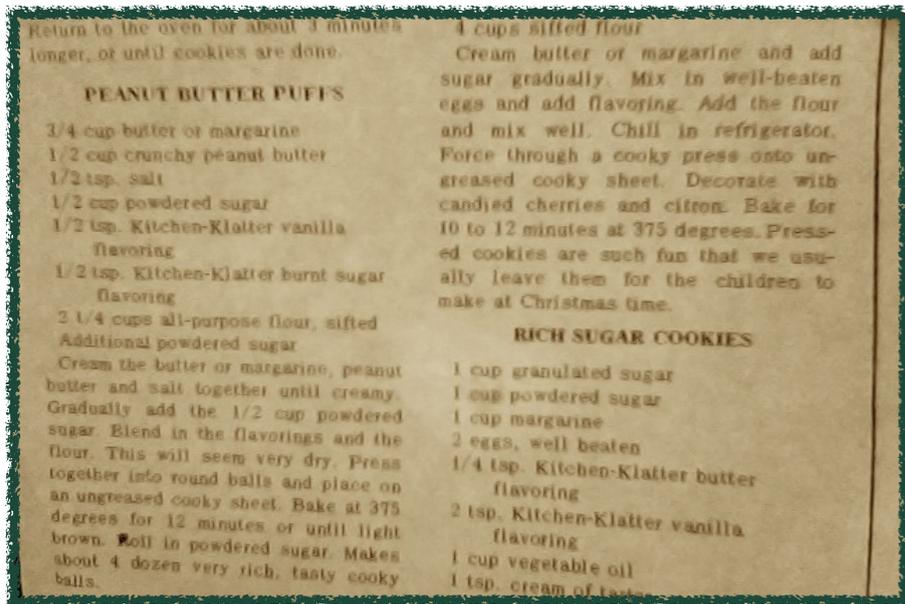
Dear Diary,

October 24, 1902

Today, I left a box of homemade peanut butter cookies on James' doorstep. I carefully placed them in the box, which was layered several times with some cloth, while they were piping hot. Then I ever-so-carefully placed the lid on the box, encasing the glorious heat. I tied it all up with a white, silky ribbon and took off for the Christensen house. I stood there, placed the box on the step, and barely knocked. Instantly I took off as fast as I could run in my new flouncy dress. I sneakily hid behind my already chosen bush and watched.



I was horrified when their dog, George, came loping out the door, sniffing curiously. He stumbled over my little box and started barking. He pawed at the lid for what seemed like forever, until it popped off and my gooey, soft cookies were completely exposed.



He didn't even hesitate. I'm not sure why I didn't try to stop him. I was just frozen in horror. I noticed that only 6 cookies went in his mouth, and there were ten.

I went to go and try to salvage the four that were left, until I heard the old screen door creak open, and Georgia, dressed in her Sunday skirt and sweater, looked down. "George! Did you eat the cookies?" she yelled. No one heard. So she bent down and started squinting as she searched for a name. When she realized it was supposed to be a secret, she looked inside the box. When she saw what was inside, her eyes lit up like the 4th of July. She looked left and right and inside the house to make sure nobody was watching. Then she snatched up a fragile cookie, and popped it in her mouth. She grinned as she chewed. Then she rushed back inside, probably to brush her teeth and hide the crime.

The next person to come out was James' little sister, Penny. She is 6 years old. She came skipping out the door into the breezy air. She happily inhaled the autumn smells. Suddenly, she looked back, as if she had dropped something. When she saw my hard work on the doorstep, she kept a fixed gaze on the brown box. She grabbed a cookie... except she was so ex-

cited that the small little cookie, now cold and hard, crumbled in her soft little hands. Like any six year old, she cried. Then she grabbed the other two and put them into her small mouth. They barely fit. Then she said to the crumbled cookie with a mouth full, "I'm sorry. At least now your two friends will be happy in my tummy!"

No cookies left. I sniffled. I brushed away a stray piece of hair from my face. After my little meltdown I got up, but I heard a peculiar sound. It sounded like something ripping. I looked down at my blue cotton dress. It had a giant gash down the left side. "What will Mother say?" I exclaimed at the sight.

Could this day get any worse?

Then, I saw James walk out the door. He had his hands in his pockets which meant, when he tripped over my box, he fell face-first into the sidewalk. I instantly went running to him. "Oh, James! Are you OK?" I said, helping him up. "Just fine, although a little bit startled." He glanced down. "Beautiful ribbon, by the way. Very nice bow." "How did you know I put it there?" I said, curious. "I saw you in the window. Thank you," he replied, grinning. "Shame I didn't get any. They looked delicious." He laughed. I laughed, too. It's a good day. Better than I thought. After that, I went home, smiling and galloping all the way. The only bad thing is my dress was ruined. All that trouble for a box of cookies.

Sad Because my Hard Work was Ruined,

Annie B. Chapman

Dear Diary,

November 27, 1902

Today is Thanksgiving! Ma and Daddy made a big turkey which we shared with the Freeman's, who live down the street. They have 3 kids. Amelia, age 14, Gabriel, (Gabe) age 8, and Rachel, age 6. At dinner, Rachel and I set the table. We used fancy forks and napkins, and we were all dressed up in our best dresses and ties.



Rachel did my hair. She made a very complicated braid. I asked her, while we were sitting on Ma and Daddy's plush bed, what a depot was for. She said that the depot is a place for the train riders to rest, get off, go to the bathroom, and change trains. "Why would they need to change trains?" I wondered aloud. Rachel replied, "Because some trains don't go the exact route that the passenger wants, so when they stop at a depot, they get on a different train that will take them to either the next depot or to their destination." "Oh," I replied.

Wanting to Get on One of Those Trains,
Annie B. Chapman

REVIEW 1.1 Test yourself about Annie's childhood!

Question 1 of 10

How many cookies did George, the dog, take?

- A. 5
- B. 3
- C. 6
- D. 9



Check Answer



Later Life of Annie



This is an actual Blair High School classroom!

Dear Diary,

August 14, 1914

What joy! I have finally passed the teachers test! I plan to teach right here in Blair, and today is my first day! I am still hoping my traveling career will come, but I need money. I must walk about an eighth of a mile, but that is alright. I know I haven't talked to you in a long time. Please accept my apology.

Do you remember James and Georgia and Penny? Well, James got married, and his wife's name is Annabelle Bailey Christensen. Surprise!! It was meant to be. We decided to have our nice little wedding on the Crowell Mansion lawn, courtesy of Lydia Crowell. Georgia and Penny are very proud to be my sisters-in-law. Here is a cutout from the paper about the event on the next page.

I still work at the N. M. Osterlund Clothing Store. But Mr. Osterlund has passed on. Oh, and do you remember Anna Roosevelt? Well, her brother Theodore ended his time in the presidents office 5 years ago, in 1909. Anna couldn't have been prouder.

Wishing and Dreaming,

Annie B. Christensen!

1900 Weddings

Weddings in the 1900's were simple and elegant. Women often wore a shawl over their face which the groom removed. When 1900 rolled around, the 'Victorian' wedding era was just about completely eliminated, and the new era was called the 'Edwardian' era began. The dresses were mostly white, but many dresses were tan, beige, grayish brown, and so on. The services were very thorough and elegant; but in 1920 weddings were not a big deal and were often treated informally. The men often wore a flower that was native to their area in their pocket. In pictures it was not regular to smile. The tight dresses and many beads were the reason that women often had a tipped posture, called the Grecian Bend.



Source:

<http://www.behindthelensmaui.com>

An example of the Grecian Bend, when a woman's posture is slightly tilted.



This is my wedding dress:

I also wore a white, thick shawl over my face and my hair in a complicated bun.

James Tinus Christensen and Annabelle Bailey Chapman recently married. They had a beautiful floral wedding on the front lawn of the Crowell Mansion. More than 100 people attended. James is an air mail-pilot and Annabelle (Annie) is a teacher at west school and also works at the N.M. Osterlund Store. They plan to stay in Blair. Their honeymoon was a ride around parts of Ohio. They married on August 4, 1914.

Dear Diary,

December 9, 1914

Today I went to church. Our family always went to church, almost never missed it. Me, I'd prefer going to West School to teach arithmetic or writing. But every Sunday we try to wake up early enough to get to church on time. James enjoys going to church, as he and Georgia and Penny did when we were children. But personally I don't really enjoy church. Our pastor has a very soothing voice, and it often almost puts me to sleep. The roots of our church, the Catholic Church are:

The parish was organized in 1871, and it was named St. Joseph's Catholic Church. It cost almost \$1,000.00. That's a LOT! The church also has many active organizations, including the Men's Holy Name Society, the local Council of Catholic Women, and so on. In 1886, though, my church was renamed the St. Francis Catholic Church of Blair. All of my friends and I were required to learn and recite some of that in Sunday School. It was not that bad, though. Oh well.

Annie B. Chapman



This was the old Catholic church, the roots of the present day
St. Francis Borgia Catholic Church
in Blair, Nebraska.

Schools: Quick Information



North School



West School

Here are some of the teachers who taught in 1871 to around 1904:

Hattie Moore
Vesta Noyes
Anna Vallen
Mary Haynes
Mrs. McCrady

Some Graduates in 1896:

Elzada Scott; Bertha Batty; Angelina Brackett;
Olive Greenlee; Imo Monroe; Blanche Patrick;
Nannette Rodman; Anna Pound



The last corner stone of the Old High School was laid Friday, September 22, 1889. This high school is still standing, though it's an apartment building today.

This is Blair's "Old High School", still in good condition at the northwest corner of 16th and South street! Go visit it!

Also, you can go to the link:

<http://blairhistory.com/landmarks/schools/highschool/default.htm>

Dear Diary,

December 12, 1914

Today is my birthday!!! We celebrated by eating pie. It was scrumptious! Now I must leave, for James and I are going on a birthday flight. Wish me a happy birthday!

Dear Diary,

December 20, 1914

Good news! I am going to have a baby!! I hope he or she will like to play and sing and smile. Sara or Frederick will be born in 7 months. The bad news is, today, my life has crumbled like a sugar cookie. My cousin's store, N. M. Osterlund Clothing Store, has burned down. I don't know what to do. I have cried a lot, and I talk to James a lot about it. We often have deep talks late at night, but it is seldom loud in our home.

Dear Diary,

December 25, 1914

What joy!!! Today is Christmas! We have had a feast and then we went on a flight around Blair and into Hastings. We had a joyous time laughing and singing caroling songs. It was joyous, watching all the little children look up, and all their round eyes light up with excitement. Well, I can write no longer, for we are visiting my sister, Caroline, who lives in Hastings. She married Benjamin Noel. Oh, by the way, our beautiful baby will be born in 6 1/2 months. I can't seem to wait!

Hoping and Wishing,

Annie B. Christensen



December 25, 1914

We had a wondrous night, dancing around the christmas tree, singing carols, such as Auld Lang Syne. I love Christmas!

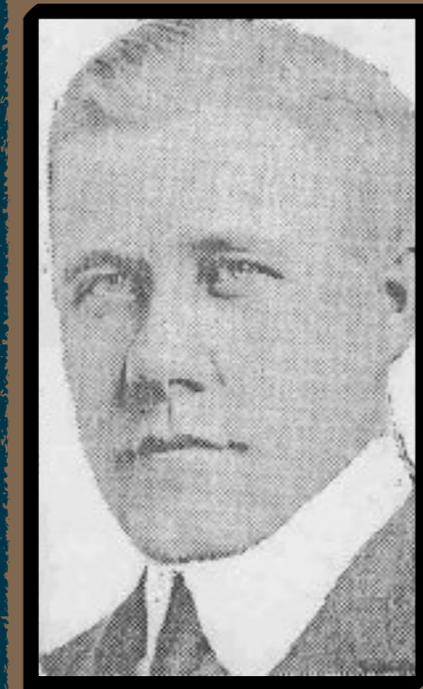
James T. Christensen: Blair Hero

Interactive Map: See where Denmark is! Click on the word "Denmark" to see more information.



His Early Life

James Tinus Christensen James was born in Denmark. At the age of four, he moved to Blair with his brothers and sisters. Eventually he enlisted in the army air service. Later on James joined the air mail business. James lived in the 1900's. He really married Lena Davis. They met in college. They both attended Dana College in Blair, NE. The couple took an airplane honeymoon from Cleveland to Akron and other Ohio cities.



The Crash

James crashed on August 29th, in Cleveland, Ohio. He fell nearly 200 feet to his death. Mrs. Christensen was visiting relatives in Nebraska and was not home when a reporter called the night of the accident. Near the accident site was a river about 25 feet away. Aviators say that if he would have landed in the river, his life could've been saved. When he was circling in the air, his engine suddenly fell and he and his plane nose-dived into a dirt pile near the railroad tracks.

Lena Davis, his wife, wore black for several months, because when your husband died it was considered a disgrace to wear any color for quite a long time.

Over 100 people attended the memorial service. There was a huge crowd... some of the people there barely knew who James was, let alone was grieving of the loss.



This is James' memorial service. About 100 people attended.



James Tinus Christensen's grave is still in the Blair Cemetery. Go visit it!! (This is not James' gravestone)

For more information about James, go to this link:

http://blairhistory.com/archive/biographies/jt_Christensen/christensen_jt.htm

REVIEW 1.2 Test your knowledge about Annie's life! Good luck!

Question 1 of 9

What was the name of the man who Annie often worked for and who owned his own store?

- A. Miss Curtis
- B. Mr. Olden
- C. Mr. Osterlund
- D. Mrs. Husdon



Check Answer



Scrolling Sidebar: Slide down to experience the past coming to you!

Blair Today! Flashbacks to the Past:

Blair Streets in 1900's



Blair Streets Today



Blair High School in the 1900's



DIARIES OF BLAIR: THIS IS THE AFTERWORD.... ENJOY

Afterword



Old West School



Post office staff



Old North School



Aerial view of Blair



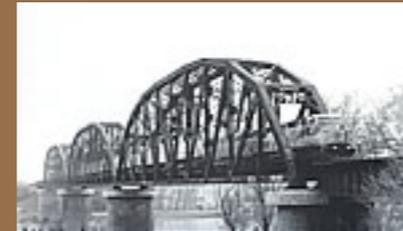
Crowell Mansion



Panorama of downtown Blair



Old Dana Main campus



Lincoln Bridge



Old Baptist Church



Aerial View of Blair



Downtown Blair
Horse and Buggy



1910 Train depot



Downtown Blair
Washington St.

Afterword

A COUPLE THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

1. I remarried John Fritter, so I am Annie Fritter now! (But I haven't forgotten about James.)
2. We have 3 children including Sara, and the others are named Emma and John Jr.
3. We still live in Blair.
4. I am now 40.
5. Emma is 18 and John Jr. is 14. Sara is 22.
6. We have a horse named Buttercup.
7. It is winter now!
8. They have built a new store over the N. M. Osterlund Clothing Store.
9. We have 2 dogs named Daisy and Simon and a cat named Snowflake for her white fur.
10. They buried James Christensen in the Blair Cemetery several years ago. Over 100 people attended the service.

Dear Diary,

December 21, 1932

My life has changed a lot. I lost you at the age of 29 when Sara, my first daughter, was 6 years old. James had passed away 5 years prior. I went to a flight school in Tennessee a year before this. I had decided that I was going to take Sara on a birthday flight like James did for me. I took her outside and put her in the front seat. I put a mini helmet on her, and I gasped. She was the spitting image of her father.

I turned away and put on my helmet. Then I told her we were ready for lift-off. She playfully counted down, and we slowly lifted off the ground. I looked over at her as she bounced in her seat, ready to go. She squealed as I announced that we were 100 feet in the air. I wouldn't dare to go any higher, because I feared that she and I would experience James' fate. We flew in silence, with a couple gasps, when she saw something. A few giggles escaped when she saw little children watching her soar through the sky. When she laughed, I glanced over at my little girl... but I didn't see Sara, I saw James.

I saw his delight in flying. I saw the way he sat on the edge of his seat just so he could see out the window. The way his eyes sparkled and glimmered when he saw something new or beautiful. I saw James in my little girl... and that's when I knew that Sara was going to be a pilot, just like her daddy, the one she never got to know. That's what I

thought about on the ride. Sara never knew what her father did, or what his favorite food was, or whether he liked the color blue... yet I felt like Sara knew James better than me. And I was right. Sara did become a pilot. She became good friends with a sweet girl named Amelia Earhart. But the only thing I will always remember is that James is still here, in my little girl's eyes.

Annie B. Christensen

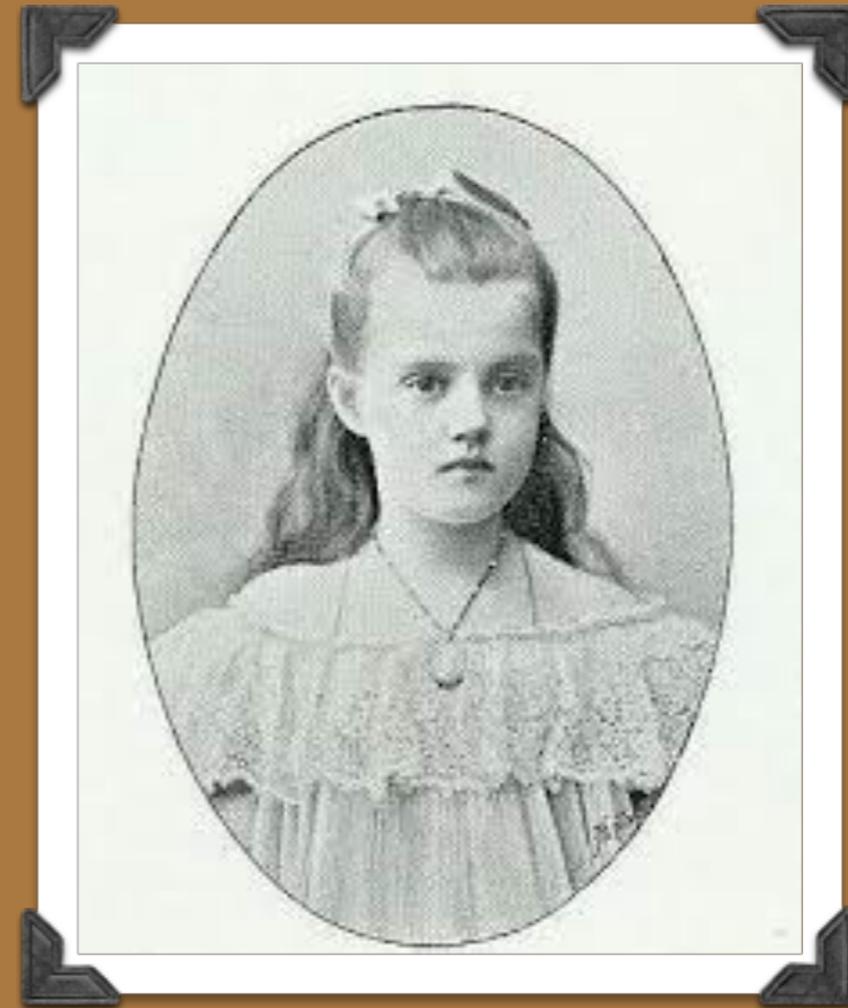
Sara May Christensen

Annie B. Christensen + James Tinus Christensen

John Jr. Christensen

Emma Faith Christensen

John Henry Fritter



Sara May Christensen:
Air-Mail Pilot

CREDITS: THESE HELPED ME TREMENDOUSLY!!

Credits

www.blairhistory.com

Washington County Historical Site
Fort Calhoun, Nebraska, USA

www.blairnebraska.org

www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blair,_Nebraska

1869 Blair 1969: History

In The Beginning... An Appreciation
By Edith L. Neale

On The Lips Of An Ambling Boy a Favorite Hymn
By Einar Vig

Come One, Come All, The Store Is Open For Business
By Sam Lingo

Bell's A-Ringin' So Hurry Off To School
By Elizabeth Carlson

Photo Credit

www.search.creativecommons.org

Comb, dress, and dishes pictures taken at the Frahm
House in Fort Calhoun, NE.



DIARIES OF BLAIR: ANNIE B. CHAPMAN

Thanks For Reading!

From,

Emma Cada



Blair, Nebraska: A History Worth Knowing

**I hope you learned something that you didn't know about your hometown...
thanks for reading!**

Dementia

severe impairment or loss of intellectual capacity and personality integration, due to the loss or damage to neurons in the brain.

(It basically means that you **forget** things of long ago and other events in life.)

Source: <http://www.dictionary.reference.com>

DEMENTIA

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Index

Find Term

Fresco painting

the art or technique of painting on a moist, plaster surface with colors ground up in water or a limewater mixture.

Source: <http://dictionary.reference.com>



EXAMPLES OF FRESCO STYLE PAINTINGS

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Index

Find Term

Chapter 1 - The Diaries of Annie B.

Hardships

a condition that is difficult to endure: suffering, deprivations. **Something hard to bear.**

(Basically, it means that it was a hard time to live through, like when James died in Annie's life.)

Source:

<http://www.dictionary.reference.com>



Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Index

Find Term

Intently

firmly or steadfastly fixed or directed, by the eyes or mind; **very focused**

(You are very focused on it and you can't take your eyes or mind off of it)

Source: <http://dictionary.reference.com>

The girl is **intently** looking
at the ocean



Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Index

Find Term

Interior

being within; the inner part

Source: www.diciotnary.reference.com

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Index

Find Term

Chapter 1 - The Diaries of Annie B.

Irises



the contractile, circular diaphragm forming the **colored portion of the eye** and containing a circular opening, the pupil, in its center.

(The colored part of the eye. The pupil and the iris form a sort-of donut.)



Source: <http://dictionary.reference.com>

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Index

Find Term

Mesmerized

to hypnotize or fascinate.

OOH!!

AHH!!

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Index

Find Term

Chapter 1 - The Diaries of Annie B.

Panorama

An obstructive and **wide view of an extensive area** in all directions.

(A big view of a big area, like a street or a room, so you can get the picture from all sides)

Source:

<http://dictionary.reference.com>



Example of a panorama:

This is a rectangular room. By making a panorama, you can see all walls and everything in the room, even the things that might be behind you.

When you are taking a regular picture of a part of the room, you can't see the things behind you or beside you.

Related Glossary Terms

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Afterwards - Afterwards

Parquet flooring

a floor composed with short strips of wood or blocks forming a pattern, sometimes with inlays of other woods or other materials **EXAMPLES:**



Related Glossary Terms

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Chapter 1 - The Diaries of Annie B.

Reluctantly

unwilling; disinclined;

(It means you don't really want to)

Source: <http://dictionary.reference.com>

**“I DON'T THINK I
SHOULD...”**

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Seldom

Only on a few occasions; rarely; infrequently; **not often**

Source: <http://dictionary.reference.com>

NOT A LOT

Related Glossary Terms

Solemnly

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Chapter 1 - The Diaries of Annie B.

Solemnly

gravely or soberly impressive; causing serious thoughts or a grave mood

(Sad or dull thoughts and feelings)

Source: <http://dictionary.reference.com>

I feel solemn.
I am sad and/or
dull



Related Glossary Terms

Seldom

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Whooping cough

An infectious disease of the respiratory mucous membrane, characterized by a series of short, convulsive coughs followed by a deep inspiration accompanied by a **whooping sound**

(That pretty much means a series of short coughs and deep sounds from the throat and quiet gasping sounds (Whooping sounds))

Source:

<http://www.dictionary.reference.com>



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