

**Saturday, 13 June 1942**

On Friday, 12 June, I woke up early at six o'clock; it was my birthday. I'm not **allowed** to get up then, so I had to wait until quarter to seven. Then I went down to the dining-room, where Moortje, my cat, welcomed me. At seven I went in to Mummy and Daddy, and then to the sitting-room for my presents. The nicest present was *you* – my diary! There was a bunch of roses on the table, and lots more flowers and presents arrived for me during the day. Daddy and Mummy gave me a blue blouse, a game and a bottle of fruit juice which tastes quite like wine!

At school, I **shared** out some cakes with my friends, and I was allowed to choose the game that we played in the sports lesson. Afterwards, all my friends danced round me in a circle and sang 'Happy Birthday'.

**Saturday, 20 June 1942**

It's strange, writing a diary. Of course, I've written things before, but who will be interested in the thoughts of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl? Well, does it matter? I want to write, and I want to bring out so many things that lie deep in my heart.

I need a diary because I haven't got a friend. You won't believe that I am completely alone in the world! And I'm not. I have loving parents and a sixteen-year-old sister, a good home and about thirty people that I can call friends. There are plenty of boys who are interested in me too! But I haven't got that one, true friend who understands me. So this diary can be my new friend. Let's start with the story of my life.

My father – the best father in the world – was thirty-six when



he married my mother, who was then twenty-five. My sister Margot was born in Frankfurt-am-Main in Germany in 1926. Then I followed on 12 June, 1929. Because we are Jewish, we moved to Holland in 1933. My father is the manager of a company called Opteka, which makes things for the jam-making business.

After 1940 things were not so good any more. First the war started, and then the Germans arrived in Holland. Our freedom disappeared. Under the new German laws, Jews must wear a yellow star. Jews must walk everywhere. They can only do their shopping in 'Jewish Shops', and they must be indoors by eight o'clock at night. They must not even sit in their own gardens after that time. Jews cannot visit the theatre or the cinema. Jews cannot visit Christians, and their children must go to Jewish schools.

#### **Sunday, 21 June 1942**

Everyone at school is waiting to hear what happens next. Who will move up a class, and who will stay down? We're all trying to guess! I think my girlfriends and I will be OK, though we'll have to wait patiently to find out.

Most of my teachers like me, but old Mr Keesing gets angry with me because I often talk too much! He made me do some extra homework and write about 'Someone Who Talks Too Much'.

#### **Wednesday, 24 June 1942**

It is so hot! Yesterday I had to walk to the dentist's from school in our lunch hour. I wish that we could go on a bus or a train, but of course us Jews are not allowed to do that. It was so far that I nearly



*Margot and Anne with their father. Frankfurt, Germany, 1930.*



fell asleep afterwards in the afternoon. They were kind at the dentist's, though, and gave me something to drink.

I wish I didn't have to go to school. I'm glad it's nearly the summer holidays; one more week and our **suffering** will be over!

But something amusing happened too yesterday. A boy called Hello Silberberg asked me to walk to school with him. Hello is sixteen, and tells lots of funny stories. He was waiting for me again this morning.

### Wednesday, 1 July 1942

I haven't had time to write until today. Hello and I know each other quite well now. His parents are in Belgium. He came to Holland alone, and is living with his grandmother. He had a girlfriend called Ursula, but now that he's met me, he's not interested in her any more. I know her too – she's very sweet and very boring!

Hello came over on Sunday evening. He told me that his grandmother doesn't like our meetings. But on Wednesday nights, his grandmother thinks that he goes to woodwork lessons – he doesn't, so he'll be free to meet me! And he said that he wants to see me on Saturdays and Sundays too!

'But if your grandmother doesn't want you to meet me, you shouldn't do it behind her back!'

'Everything's allowed in love and war!'

Hello visited us yesterday to meet my Father and Mother. We had a big tea, and went out for a walk together later. It was ten past eight when he brought me home. Father was very angry because it is so dangerous to be out after eight o'clock. I promised to come home by ten to eight in future.

### Sunday, 5 July 1942

My exam results were good! My parents are pleased, of course. And Margot had a brilliant report, as usual.

Father has been at home a lot lately, because he can't work at the business any more. It must be awful for him to feel that he's not needed there. Mr Kleiman and Mr Kugler are now the managers in the offices.

When we went out for a walk together a few days ago, Father said, 'We may have to go into hiding soon.'

'Why?' I asked him. 'Why are you talking about it already?'

'Well, Anne,' he said, 'you know that we've been making **stores** of food, clothes and furniture for more than a year now. The Germans could take everything away, and us too.' He was very serious.

'But when will we go?'

'Don't worry – we'll arrange everything. Just enjoy yourself while you can!'

### Wednesday, 8 July 1942

It seems like years since Sunday morning. So much has happened – the whole world has turned upside down. But I'm alive, and that's the most important thing.

On Sunday afternoon we heard that the Germans were going to take Father away. We know what that means – to a **concentration camp**.

'Mother's gone to ask Mr van Daan about our hiding-place,' said Margot. Mr van Daan worked in the business with Daddy and is a good friend of his.

Then Margot told me later that there was a mistake – the





*Johannes Kleiman and Victor Kugler. Amsterdam, 1945.*

Germans had called her up, not Father. How can they take a girl of sixteen away from her family like that? But she's not going!

A hiding-place – where shall we hide? In the city? In the country? When, where, how ...? These questions were in my mind, though I couldn't ask them.

Margot and I started to pack. I packed the craziest things! This diary first, then handkerchiefs, schoolbooks, a comb and some old letters. Memories are more important to me than dresses.

Miep and her husband Jan came to help and share the work. They carried some bags of clothes away for us. Miep and Jan work for Father's company and they are our close friends. I slept for the last night in my own bed, and Mummy woke me up at five-thirty. We dressed in lots of clothes. No Jew would dare to leave the house with a suitcase!

At seven-thirty we left the house. I said goodbye to Moortje, my cat. The neighbours were going to look after her. We hurried to leave the house – we wanted to reach our hiding-place safely. It was the only thing that mattered.

More tomorrow.

#### **Thursday, 9 July 1942**

The hiding-place is in Father's office building. On the bottom floor is the **warehouse**, and next to it an entrance to the office, which is upstairs. There are two offices – a front one which is big and light, and a small dark one at the back. Not many people work in Father's offices, just Mr Kugler, Mr Kleiman, Miep and a twenty-three-year-old typist called Bep Voskuijl. Mr Voskuijl, Bep's father, works in the warehouse with two helpers, who don't know anything about us. From Mr Kugler's office at the back, you go up another four stairs and you come to the private office, which is very fine and has good furniture.



Up on the third floor is our 'Secret **Annexe**'. There are some **attics** for storage on the left, and on the right is the door to our hiding-place. It's surprising that there are so many rooms behind that small grey door. Margot and I share a small room, and Mother and Father's bedroom is also our sitting-room. Up the stairs again is a big light room which will be the kitchen and Mr and Mrs van Daan's bedroom. There is a very small room for Peter, their son, and another attic. So that's our lovely Annexe!

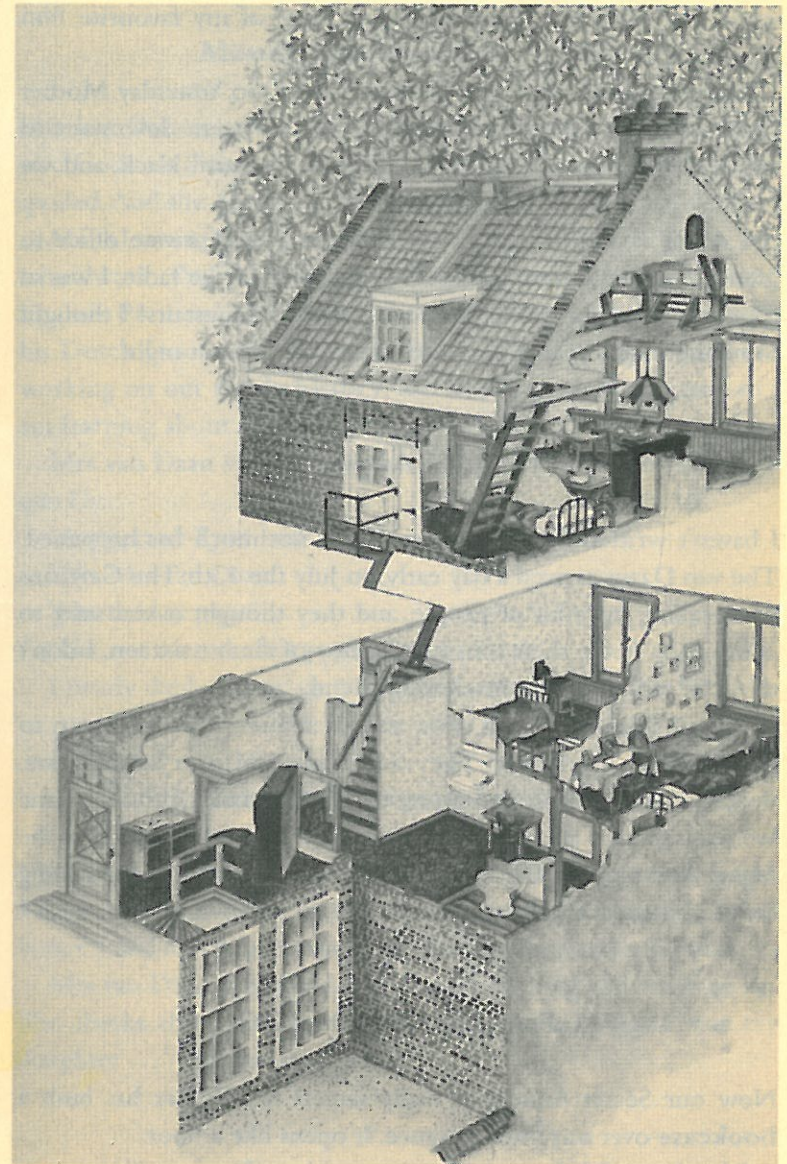
### Friday, 10 July 1942

Let me continue the story. When we arrived at the warehouse, the Annexe was full of all the boxes that we had stored at the office for the last few months. No one could possibly sleep there unless we cleared it up. But Mother and Margot were really suffering, and they were too tired and unhappy to help. They just lay down on their beds, so Father and I did it all. We worked all day, until we were so tired that we fell into bed too. There was no hot meal, but we didn't care. We worked all the next day, too, which was Tuesday. Bep and Miep took our **ration** books to buy food.

It was only on Wednesday that I had time to think about the enormous change in my life. Now I've got a moment to tell you all about it, to realize what has happened, and what is still to happen.

### Saturday, 11 July 1942

The others can't get used to the big clock outside which tells the time every quarter of an hour. But I like it, specially at night. I don't feel at home here yet. I don't hate it though. It is like a holiday in a strange little hotel. My bedroom was very empty



*Plan of the Secret Annexe.*



when I arrived, but I've stuck up pictures of my favourite film actors and actresses. It's a lot better now.

Margot and Mother are a bit better now too. Yesterday Mother cooked some soup for the first time, but she went downstairs to talk and forgot all about it! The beans were burnt black, and we couldn't get them out of the pot!

Last night, the four of us went down to the private office to listen to the news from the BBC in England on the radio. I was so frightened that I asked Father to take me back upstairs! I thought someone might hear it. We have to be very quiet at night.

#### Friday, 14 August 1942

I haven't written for a month now, but not much has happened. The van Daans arrived a day early, on July the 13th. The Germans were calling up a lot of people, and they thought it was safer to come early. Peter, their son, is a shy boy of almost sixteen. I don't think he will be a very interesting friend.

We all share our meals now, and after three days we began to feel like one big family! The van Daans told us a lot of news. People think we are escaping to Switzerland! Although one woman says that an army lorry took us away in the middle of the night! And another family say that they saw all four of us riding on our bikes early one morning!

#### Friday, 21 August 1942

Now our Secret Annexe is really secret! Mr Kugler has built a **bookcase** over our little entrance. It opens like a door.

It's a beautiful day outside, nice and hot. We can still enjoy it, lying on a bed in the attic.

#### Monday, 21 September 1942

Mrs van Daan is awful. She says that I talk too much. She won't save food in a dish – she leaves it in the cooking pot so that it gets spoiled. And she doesn't do any washing up.

Mr Kleiman brings me books to read, and I've begun my schoolwork. I'm working hard at French, and Peter is learning English. Pim – our name for father – wants me to help him with his Dutch lessons. He makes terrible mistakes! He and I are also working on our family **history**, and drawing our family tree, so I am learning about all my relations.

Mrs van Daan walked into the room just now. I shut the diary quickly.

'Anne, can't I just look at it?'

'No, Mrs van Daan.'

'Just the last page?'

'No, not even the last page, Mrs van Daan.'

I nearly died – that page was full of rude things about her!

#### Sunday, 27 September 1942

Mother and I had a 'discussion' today, but I burst into tears. I can't help it. Daddy is *always* nice to me, and he understands me much better. I feel that Mother and I are like strangers to each other.

Mrs van Daan is in a bad mood, and is locking all her things up. She thinks that I am spoilt, and always says, 'If Anne was my daughter ...' I'm glad that I'm not!



**Tuesday, 29 September 1942**

Try to imagine this. We haven't got a bathroom, so we all take our water away to wash in different places! Peter goes in the office kitchen, which has a glass door. Mr van Daan carries his hot water upstairs so that he can be private. Mrs van Daan hasn't had a bath yet – she can't decide which is the best place for it! Father goes into the private office and Mother into the kitchen. Margot and I share the front office. We close the curtains and wash ourselves there in the dark!

On Wednesday someone was doing repairs in the office downstairs. We couldn't use the toilet or use water all day. Father and I found a suitable pot which we could all use as a toilet! We had to sit still all day and not say a word! That was the most difficult thing for me.

**Thursday, 1 October 1942**

Yesterday I was very frightened. At eight o'clock the doorbell suddenly rang. I thought that the Germans were coming to get us. But everybody said that someone only rang for a joke, or that maybe it was the postman, and I felt calm again.

Peter can be very funny sometimes. We both like to dress up in silly clothes. One evening, he put on one of his mother's tight dresses, and I wore his suit! Everyone laughed so much!

Miep bought new skirts for Margot and me at The Bijenkorf.\* They look like potato bags!

\* A large shop in the centre of Amsterdam.

**Friday, 9 October 1942**

The news is very bad today. The Germans are taking away many of our Jewish friends. They are sent to concentration camps at Westerbork, or even further away. We think many of them are murdered there. I feel terrible. The English radio says that the Germans are killing them with gas. Perhaps that's the quickest way to die. Perhaps you don't suffer so much that way.

**Tuesday, 20 October 1942**

My hand is still shaking as I write this. Two hours ago we heard an awful noise at our bookcase door. The knocking didn't stop, and someone was pushing and pulling at the door. Perhaps they had come to **arrest** us! We were white with fear! But at last we heard Mr Kleiman's voice. 'Open up, it's me!' The door was stuck, and he couldn't open it.

We had a good time on Monday. Miep and Jan spent the night with us. We cooked specially for them, and the meal tasted wonderful.

**Monday, 9 November 1942**

Yesterday was Peter's sixteenth birthday. He had a game and a cigarette lighter – he doesn't smoke much, but the lighter looks good!

There was a big surprise too. Mr van Daan heard that the English have reached Tunis, Algiers, Casablanca and Oran. It is not the end of the war yet, but perhaps we can hope for the end now. Perhaps it will soon be history.

Well, what about food in the Annexe? A man brings bread





*Johannes Kleiman next to the bookcase.*

every day, a very nice friend of Mr Kleiman's. And we've stored a hundred tins of food here. We can buy ration books on the black market\*, and we've also bought three hundred pounds of beans. We decided to move them to the attic, and Peter was given the job. He succeeded in getting five sacks upstairs, but the sixth sack burst, and a river of beans poured downstairs! I was standing at the bottom of the stairs. Peter couldn't stop laughing when he saw me

\* When people buy and sell things unofficially, this is called the 'black market'. The black market usually works when food, clothes or other things are hard to find and very expensive.

in a sea of brown beans. Unfortunately though, the beans are very small and have disappeared into all the holes. Whenever we go upstairs now, we look for a few more beans!

### **Tuesday, 10 November 1942**

Great news! Another person is coming to live here. Eight is no more difficult than seven, and it is so dangerous for Jews now. We have chosen a dentist called Alfred Dussel. He seems to be nice. Miep knows him, and she will help him to get here. He will have to sleep in my room though, and Margot will have to move in with our parents. We'll ask him to fill the holes in our teeth!

### **Tuesday, 17 November 1942**

Mr Dussel has arrived. Everything went smoothly. He came to the warehouse, and Miep asked him to take off his coat, so that no one could see the yellow star. Then she brought him to the private office. He still had no idea where he was going, or what was going to happen! When she opened our bookcase door, he was so surprised! He thought we had left the country. We were waiting around the table, ready to welcome him with a drink.

After lunch he slept for a short time, put away his things, and joined us for tea. We gave him the list of rules for the Secret Annexe that the van Daans had written.

### **GUIDE TO THE SECRET ANNEXE**

For Jews and other people without homes

*Open all year round:* Near to the centre of Amsterdam, but in a quiet street with trees.



*Price:* Free.

*Food:* Low fat.

*Water:* In the bathroom (sorry, no fixed bath) and also on some of the walls.

*Space for storing things:* Plenty.

*Private radio:* For all guests after 6 p.m. But you must never listen to the news on German radio stations, only music.

*Rest hours:* From 10 p.m. to 7.30 a.m.; 10.15 a.m. on Sundays. This is for your safety. The Management may also ask you to rest at other times too.

*Use of language:* Speak softly at all times, and not in German.

*Exercise:* Every day.

*Lessons:* Offered in English, French, and other subjects.

*Singing:* Only softly, and after 6 p.m.

*Mealtimes:* Breakfast 9 a.m. (11.30 a.m. on Sundays and holidays).

Lunch: A light meal from 1.15 p.m. to 1.45 p.m.

Dinner: Sometimes a hot meal, sometimes not. The time of dinner changes because of radio news broadcasts.

*Bath:* The moveable bath can be used by all guests after 9 a.m. on Sundays. You may take your bath in the bathroom, kitchen, private office or front office.

The end

### Thursday, 19 November 1942

It's true, Mr Dussel is a very nice man. He's willing to share a room with me, although I don't really like sharing my things with a stranger. But we all have to give up something here. 'If we can save just one of our friends, we will be doing something to help,' says Father. He's right.

Mr Dussel has told us a lot about the outside world. The news is terrible. The **authorities** have taken away so many friends and

people we know to concentration camps. Army cars go round the streets day and night to arrest people. They're looking for Jews; they knock on every door, and ask whether any Jews live there. When they find a Jewish family, they take everybody away. They even pay money for information. In the evenings, when it's dark, I often see long lines of innocent people walking on and on. Sick people, old people, children, babies – all walking to their deaths.

We are very lucky here. I feel bad, sleeping in a warm bed when our dearest friends are suffering so badly. And only because they are Jews.

### Saturday, 28 November 1942

Mr Dussel complains about me all the time. And they said that he liked children! He complains to Mother, and then she is angry with me too. I think about it all in bed at night. Am I so bad? I either laugh or cry, then I fall asleep, wanting to be different. It's very confusing.

### Tuesday, 22 December 1942

The Annex was delighted to hear that we are all getting an extra quarter pound of butter for Christmas. We are each going to cook something with butter.

Mr Dussel says 'Quiet, quiet!' to me all night, even if I just turn over in bed. But *he* gets up early on Sundays and puts on the light to do his exercises.

Yes, we all have to be very sensible here and not get angry! But I would love to lock the door, or hide his clothes, or do something not at all sensible!



### Wednesday, 13 January 1943

Terrible things are happening outside. People are being pulled out of their homes and arrested. They have to leave with only a small bag and a little money, but even that is stolen from them. Families are separated. When children come home from school, their parents have disappeared. The sons of Christian families in Holland are also sent to Germany. Everyone is frightened. Every night, there are air **raids**. Hundreds of aeroplanes fly over Holland to drop bombs on German cities. Every hour, hundreds or maybe thousands of people are killed in Russia and Africa. The whole world is at war. Although the **Allies** are doing better now, the end of the war is nowhere in sight.

We are luckier than millions of people. It is quiet and safe here. We have money to buy food. We're selfish – we talk about 'after the war', and we look forward to new clothes and shoes. But we should save our money to share with others later.

The children round here only have thin shirts and wooden shoes – no coats or socks. There is no one to help them. They are always hungry, and ask people on the streets for bread. I could tell you more about the suffering that the war has brought, but it would make me too sad. All we can do is to wait patiently until it is over.

### Saturday, 27 February 1943

Pim thinks there will be an **invasion** by the Allies at any time now. Churchill\* was seriously ill, but now he's getting better.

\* Winston Churchill, who led the British Government during World War II.

We are sharing our butter a different way now. Everyone gets their own piece on their own plate. But it's not done right – the van Daans make breakfast for everyone, and give themselves the biggest share of the butter. My parents are too frightened to argue, unfortunately.

### Wednesday, 10 March 1943

I could hear the guns all last night. I am always frightened of shooting, and I usually climb into Father's bed to feel safe. The guns are really loud, and you can't hear your own voice.

One night, there were strange noises inside the Annexe. Peter went up to the attic and found – guess what? An army of enormous rats!

### Friday, 2 April 1943

I'm in trouble again! Last night, I was lying in bed and waiting for Father to come and say my **prayers** with me. Mother came into the room, and asked gently, 'Anne, Daddy isn't ready? Shall I listen to your prayers tonight?'

'No, Mummy,' I said.

Mother got up, stood by my bed for a moment, then slowly walked to the door. Suddenly she turned round, and her face was full of pain. She said, 'I don't want to be angry with you. I can't make you love me!' A few tears fell down her cheeks as she went out of the door.

I lay still. I knew that it was cruel to say that, but I couldn't give her any other answer. I feel very sorry for her. She's pushed me away from her with her unkind jokes.

She cried for half the night, and didn't sleep. Father doesn't