

floor in my nightdress and said my prayers. Then I just lay down on the floor and cried. But I knew I had to fight against it and, finally, when I climbed back into bed at ten o'clock, the suffering was over!

And now it's really over. I've realized that I must do my schoolwork. I want to make something of my life. I want to be a journalist. I *know* I can write. A few of my stories are good, a lot of my diary is alive and amusing, but . . . I don't know yet if I can be a really good writer. But then if I can't write books or for newspapers, I can always write for myself. I don't want to live like Mother, Mrs van Daan, and all the other women who simply do their work and are then forgotten. I need more than just a husband and children! I want to be useful, and to bring enjoyment to all people, even those that I've never met. I want to go on living after my death!

I'm grateful to God for my writing. So I'll go on trying, and everything will be all right, because I'm not going to give up!

Tuesday, 11 April 1944

I don't know where to start – so much has happened. Thursday, when I wrote to you, everything was as usual. Friday and Saturday too. Then on Sunday evening at nine-thirty, Peter knocked at our door. He asked Father to come upstairs and help him with some English words. But I didn't believe him.

'That's strange,' I said to Margot. 'I think we've got burglars.'

I was right. They were breaking into the warehouse at that moment. Father, Mr van Daan and Peter went downstairs as quickly as possible. Margot, Mother, Mrs van Daan and I waited. Four frightened women need to talk, so that's what we did. Then we heard a loud noise, but nobody came back until ten o'clock.



Anne, Amsterdam, 1941.

Father looked quite white when he came in to us. 'Lights out, and get upstairs quietly! The police will be here soon!'

The men went back downstairs, so we still didn't know what had happened. But ten minutes later they were back. They told us that burglars broke down the warehouse door and that Mr van Daan had shouted 'Police!' They tried to put the door back, but the burglars kicked it down again. Then a man and a woman on the street shone a lamp in from the street. (We later found out that this was Mr van Hoeven, the man who brings us potatoes, and his wife.)

We waited and waited in the dark until after eleven o'clock. Then there was more noise downstairs, and finally someone tried to move the bookcase. We were so frightened. I thought the police were going to take us away. But then the person went away, and the house was quiet. We had to stay quiet all night too, and use a large tin for a toilet. We tried to sleep on the floor.

'We should hide the radio!' said Mrs van Daan.

'If they find us, it doesn't matter if they find the radio too,' answered Mr van Daan.

'Then they'll find Anne's diary as well,' said my father.

'So we should burn it!' suggested someone.

Oh, not my diary! If my diary goes, I go too! But fortunately, nothing was done.

At seven, we rang Mr Kleiman, and at last Jan and Miep arrived. They had to go off again to the police to inform them about the burglars, so we had half an hour to tidy up the house and get everything straight. It was an awful smelly mess!

We were in terrible danger that night. Just think, the police were by the bookcase, but they didn't find us. God was truly watching over us. 'You have saved us, please save us in the future!' That's what our prayer is now.

From now on, we must be more careful too. Dussel will do his work in the bathroom, and Peter will walk round the house

31
between eight-thirty and nine-thirty every evening. Somebody noticed that Peter's window was open, so he must keep it shut now.

It has reminded us that we are Jews, and that we must live like prisoners. We must forget our personal feelings and be brave and strong. One day this terrible war will be over. The time will come when we'll be people again and not just Jews!

Who has made us suffer like this? Who has separated us from all the other people? God has made us like this, but God will lift us up again. Perhaps afterwards, if there are any Jews left, our suffering will teach people something. Perhaps they will learn something about goodness, and this is why we have to suffer. We can never be just Dutch, or just English – we will always be Jews as well.

Be brave! There will be a way out. God has always looked after us. All through history, Jews have had to suffer, but there are still Jews, and the suffering has made us stronger.

I thought that I was going to die that night. I waited for death like a soldier. But now that I'm still alive, I want to stay in Holland after the war. I love the Dutch, I love this country, I love the language. I want to work here.

If God lets me live, I will do more than Mother ever did. I want my voice to be heard! I'll go out into the world and work for all human beings!

Sunday, 16 April 1944

Remember yesterday's date, because it was special for me. When a girl gets her first kiss, it's always an important date.

Last night, I was sitting with Peter on his sofa-bed, and he soon put his arm around me. I put my arm round him too, and we sat very close. We've sat like this before, but never as close as we were

u

last night. He wanted me to put my head on his shoulder, then he rested his head on mine. Oh, it was so wonderful! He touched my cheek, my arm and my hair.

At nine-thirty we stood up to go – Peter had to check the building. I was standing next to him. I must have made the right movement, I don't know how, because he gave me a kiss. It was a kiss through my hair, half on my left cheek, and half on my ear. I ran downstairs and didn't look back!

Friday, 28 April 1944

Last night, Peter and I were sitting on the sofa as usual, in each other's arms. Suddenly, the usual Anne disappeared – the confident, noisy Anne – and the second Anne took her place. This second Anne only wants to love and to be gentle. Tears came to my eyes. Did he notice? He made no movement. Did he feel the same way as I did? He said very little. There were no answers to my questions.

At eight-thirty I stood up and went to the window, where we always say goodbye. I was still Anne number two. He came over to me, and I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him on his left cheek. I was going to kiss his other cheek too, when my mouth met his, and we kissed each other again and again!

Last night was a great shock to my heart. The gentle Anne doesn't appear very often, and she's not going to go away quickly. Oh Peter, what have you done to me? What do you want from me?

But if I was older and he wanted to marry me, what would I say? Anne, be honest! I couldn't marry him. Peter isn't strong enough as a person. He's still a child.

5 \

Tuesday, 2 May 1944

On Saturday night I asked Peter whether I should tell Father about us. He thinks that I should. I was glad; it means that he's sensible. As soon as I came downstairs, I went with Father to get some water.

While we were on the stairs I said, 'Father, when Peter and I are together, we don't exactly sit at opposite ends of the room. But you've probably guessed that. Do you think that's wrong?'

Father paused for a moment, then answered, 'No, I don't think it's wrong. But Anne, when you're living so close together as we do, you have to be careful.'

Later, on Sunday morning, he said more to me about it. 'You must be the one to be careful – it's the man who always wants to go further. In the outside world, it's different. You're free, you see other boys and girls, and you can play sport and do a lot of different things. But here, you see each other every hour of the day. Be careful Anne, and don't take it too seriously!'

Father says that I shouldn't go upstairs so often, but I still want to. Yes, I'm going!

Wednesday, 3 May 1944

For the last two weeks, we've been eating lunch at eleven-thirty on Saturdays. From tomorrow, it'll be like that every day. That will be one meal less each day. It's still very hard to get vegetables. This afternoon we ate some bad cooked lettuce. Add some bad potatoes, and you have a meal fine enough for a king!

I haven't had my period for more than two months, but it finally started last Sunday. Although it's a trouble and a mess, I'm glad.

61

You can imagine we often say, 'Why are there wars? Why, oh why, can't people live together peacefully?'

No one can give a really good answer. Why is England making bigger and better aeroplanes and bombs, and at the same time also building new houses? Why do governments give millions each day for war, when they spend nothing on medicine or poor people? Why must people go without food, when there are mountains of food going bad in other parts of the world? Oh, why are people so crazy?

It's not only governments who make war. No, the common man is guilty too! We give our governments the authority to do it. There's something in people that makes them murder and kill. Unless all human beings change, there will still be wars.

I'm often sad here, but I still see our life in the Secret Annexe as an adventure. It's dangerous but exciting. I've decided that I want to live a different kind of life, not like other girls, and that I won't be an ordinary housewife. Living here is an interesting beginning to my life, and that's why I laugh at the amusing side of it, even when it's dangerous.

I'm young, and I'm strong, happy and cheerful. I feel that I'm growing up more every day, and that the end of the war is not far away. Nature is still beautiful, and the people around me are good. Every day, I think what an interesting adventure this is! So why be sad or frightened?

Saturday, 6 May 1944

It is hard to believe it when Jan, Mr Kugler and Mr Kleiman tell us about the prices of food in the outside world. Everything is so expensive, and people buy and sell on the black market. One person can sell you a little bit of wool, another some ration books, and another some cheese. Stealing and murder happen every day.

62

Even the police and the night watchmen are doing it. Everyone wants food to put in their stomachs, and they can't earn enough money to eat.

Monday, 8 May 1944

Have I ever told you anything about my family? I don't think I have, so let me begin. Father was born in Frankfurt-am-Main, and his parents were very rich. Michael Frank, his father, owned a bank. When Father was young, there were parties and dances every week, and they lived in an enormous house. But when his father died, most of the money was lost, and after the Great War and the problems in Germany, there was nothing left at all.

Mother's family wasn't so rich, but they had quite a lot of money, and she also tells us stories of private dances and parties with 250 guests.

We're not at all rich now, but I hope things will be good after the war. I'd like to spend a year in Paris and London, to learn the languages and study art history. I've told you before, I want to see the world and do all kinds of exciting things! And a little money will be very useful!

Friday, 19 May 1944

I felt awful yesterday. I was sick, and had a headache. I'm feeling better today. I'm very hungry, but I won't eat the beans that we're having for dinner.

Everything is going fine between Peter and me. We kiss each other goodnight every evening, and he always asks for another kiss. He's so happy to know that somebody loves him!

I'm not so close to him now as I was. My love hasn't grown

b1

colder, though. Peter's a lovely boy, but I've closed the door to the Anne deep inside. If he wants to find her again, he'll have to break down the door!

Monday, 22 May 1944

We've heard something very sad and frightening. It seems that a lot of people are thinking differently about us Jews now. People are against us who were once totally on our side. Some Christians are saying that the Jews tell secrets to the Germans. They say that the Jews are telling the authorities about their helpers, and then those people are arrested. And then, of course, the punishments that they get are terrible. Yes, it's all true. But they should ask themselves this: if Christians were in our place, would they behave differently? Could anyone, Jew or Christian, stay silent when the Germans are trying to make them talk? Everyone knows that it's almost impossible, so why do they ask us, the Jews, to do something impossible?

I have only one hope: that the Dutch will not be against us for long. They should remember again in their hearts what's right, because this isn't right at all.

Thursday, 25 May 1944

Something happens every day now. This morning they arrested Mr van Hoeven, the man who brings the potatoes. He was helping two Jews, who were hiding in his house. The world is turned upside down. The best people are in concentration camps and prisons, while the worst decide to put them there. It's terrible for Mr van Hoeven, and for those poor Jews. It's also very difficult for us. Bep can't possibly carry all those heavy potatoes, so we'll

a1

have to eat less of them. Mother says that we won't eat breakfast; lunch will be bread and something simple; and dinner will be potatoes. If possible, we'll eat vegetables or lettuces once or twice a week. That's all there is.

Monday, 5 June 1944

There are new problems in the Annexe now. There's a quarrel between Dussel and the Franks. We can't agree how to share out the butter.

Then the van Daans don't agree that we should make a cake for Mr Kugler's birthday when we can't have one ourselves. It's all very silly. Mood upstairs: bad. Mrs van Daan has a cold.

The weather is awful. The Allies are bombing the Pas de Calais and the west coast of France.

No one is buying American dollars now, and they aren't interested in gold either. We shall soon come to the bottom of our black money-box. How will we have enough money to live next month?

Tuesday, 6 June 1944

'This is D-Day,' the BBC said on the radio at twelve o'clock. 'This is *the* day.' The invasion has begun!

The German news says that British soldiers have arrived on the coast of France, and are fighting the Germans there.

At one o'clock the BBC said that 11,000 planes are flying in to help the invasion. They're carrying soldiers, or on bombing raids. 4,000 boats are arriving on the coast between Cherbourg and Le Havre. British and American armies are already fighting there.

We can't believe it! Is this really the beginning of the end of the

no 1

war? We've talked about it so much – but it still seems too good to be true! Will they win the war this year, in 1944? We don't know yet. But where there's hope, there's life. It makes us brave and strong again.

Now that the invasion has started, I feel that friends are coming! Maybe, Margot says, I can even go back to school in September or October!

Friday, 9 June 1944

Great news of the invasion! The Allies have taken Bayeux, a village on the coast of France. They're now fighting for the town of Caen.

Tuesday, 13 June 1944

I've had another birthday, so now I'm fifteen. I had quite a few presents; among them were an art history book, some underwear, a handkerchief, a pot of jam, two small honey cakes, a book about plants from Mother and Father, sweets from Miep, and some lovely flowers from Peter.

The invasion is still going well, although the weather is terrible – heavy rain, strong winds and rough seas.

Peter loves me more each day, but something is holding us back, and I don't know what it is. Sometimes I wonder if I wanted him too much; I think that perhaps it wasn't real. But then if I can't go up to his room for a day or two, I want him badly again. Peter is kind and good, but in some ways I'm not happy about him as a person. He doesn't think much of God, for example, and I don't like the way that he talks about food. And why doesn't he let me come close to him, really close to the person deep inside him?

I haven't been outside for so long that everything in the natural world seems wonderful to me now. I remember a time when I didn't notice the blue sky, or the flowers, or hear the song of the birds. All that has changed. When I can, I try to watch the moon, or the dark, rainy sky through our windows. And when I look at the clouds, the moon and the stars, I really do feel calm and hopeful. It's the best medicine, and I am stronger afterwards.

Unfortunately, I usually have to try and look through dusty curtains and very dirty windows.

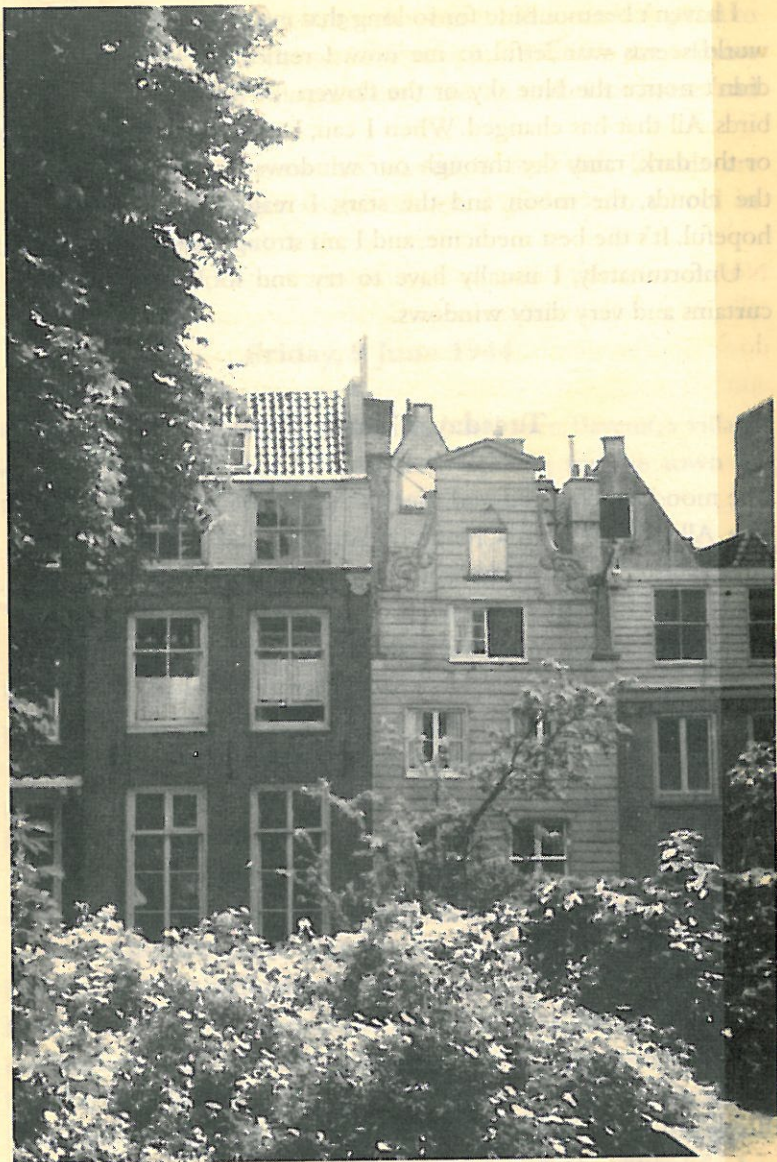
Tuesday, 27 June 1944

The mood has changed, and everything outside is going very well. The Allies have won Cherbourg, Vitebsk and Zhlobin. In the three weeks since D-Day, there have been rain and storms every day, but the British and the Americans have fought hard.

How far do you think we'll be on 27 July?

Saturday, 15 July 1944

I know that I won Peter as a friend, not the other way round. I was the one who tried to make it work. And I made a picture of him in my mind as a quiet, sweet boy who badly needed a loving friend. I needed someone to talk to, to say what was in my heart. I wanted a friend too, who would help me to find my way again. I succeeded; slowly but surely, he came towards me. Finally, we became friends, but we became very close too. I find it hard to believe now that we grew so close! We talked about very private things, but never about what was deep in my heart. And I still can't understand Peter. Is he really shy, or is there nothing deep in him at all?



263 Prinsengracht, Amsterdam. Seen from the rear.

But I made one big mistake. I wanted him to be close to me, and now we can't be friends any other way. And he's holding on to me too tightly. I can't see how to change this now.

Friday, 21 July 1944

Now, at last, things are going well! Great news! Somebody tried to kill Hitler, and it was actually a German army official who tried to do it! This shows us that many of the German soldiers have had enough of the war too, and would like to end it.

Tuesday, 1 August 1944

I'm two people, really, as I've often told you. One side of me is cheerful and amusing, and enjoys a kiss or a rude joke. This is the Anne that people know, and they will be amused by me for an afternoon, but after that they've had enough of me for a month! No one knows the other side, the better side of Anne. It's deeper and finer. But the first Anne always shows herself, and won't let the second Anne out. I try, but it doesn't work. It's because I'm afraid – afraid that people will laugh at me. Of course people laugh at me now – I'm used to it – but they laugh at the amusing 'lighthearted' Anne. She doesn't care, but the 'deeper' Anne is too weak for that. If I make the good Anne come out even for fifteen minutes, she won't speak, and allows Anne number one to talk. Then, before I realize it, she's disappeared again.

So the nice Anne never comes out in front of other people, but she's almost always there when I'm alone. I would like to change, and I'm trying hard, but it's difficult. If I'm quiet and serious, my family thinks I'm ill! But I keep trying to become

what I would like to be, and what I could be if . . . if only there were no other people in the world.

ANNE'S DIARY ENDS HERE

AFTERWORD

On the morning of 4 August 1944, a car arrived at 263 Prinsengracht, the address of the Secret Annexe. German and Dutch police arrested the eight people who were hiding in the Annexe. Somebody must have told the authorities that they were hiding there. They also arrested two of their helpers, Mr Kugler and Mr Kleiman. Miep and Bep were not arrested. The police took all the money and anything valuable that they could find in the Annexe. Miep later found Anne's diary in the building and kept it safely until after the war.

The police took Kugler and Kleiman to a prison in Amsterdam. On 11 September 1944 they were sent to a concentration camp in Amersfoort, also in Holland. Because Kleiman was ill, he was allowed to go free on 18 September. He lived in Amsterdam until he died in 1959.

Kugler later escaped, and he went to live in Canada, where he died in 1989.

Bep's real name was Elisabeth Voskuijl Wijk, and she died in Amsterdam in 1983.

Miep Santrouschitz Gies is still living in Amsterdam, but her husband Jan died in 1993.

The eight people from the Annexe were first taken to a prison in Amsterdam. Then they were sent to Auschwitz, the concentration camp in Poland.

It seems that Mr van Daan died by gas at Auschwitz, and his wife was taken to several more concentration camps. She died in a

concentration camp, though nobody knows exactly how. On 16 January 1945, Peter van Daan had to go on the terrible prisoners' walk from Auschwitz to Mauthausen in Austria, where he died on 5 May 1945. He died only three days before the Allies got to the camp.

Albert Dussel died on 20 December 1944 in the Neuen Gamme concentration camp.

Edith Frank, Anne's mother, died in the Auschwitz concentration camp on 6 January 1945, too tired and too hungry to live any longer.

Margot and Anne Frank were taken from Auschwitz to the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp near Hanover, in Germany. A terrible illness attacked the prisoners there. They both died in the winter of 1944–5. Anne must have died in late February or early March. All the bodies of the prisoners were thrown together. The British army arrived at the camp on 12 April 1945.

Otto Frank was the only one of the eight still alive. After Russian soldiers reached Auschwitz, he was finally taken back to Amsterdam. In 1953, he moved to Switzerland, married again, and lived there until his death in 1980. He spent the rest of his life trying to share the message of his daughter's diary with the rest of the world.

EXERCISES

Vocabulary Work

Check each Dictionary Word and make sure that you know what it means.

- 1 Write sentences using the following pairs of words:
 - a suffer/prayer
 - b share/cheerful
 - c store/bookcase
 - d quarrel/allowed
- 2 Here are three words used about buildings. Write sentences to show the meaning of each.
 - a warehouse
 - b annexe
 - c attic
- 3 Some words in this book are used mostly in wartime. Write a sentence for each one, showing that you understand the meaning.
 - a raid
 - b allies
 - c invasion
 - d concentration camp
- 4 Which words mean the same as:
 - a to keep things like food or clothes safely?
 - b the monthly change in a woman's body?
 - c the government or its officials?
 - d to take someone away and put them in prison?
 - e facts about the past?

Comprehension

Look in the diary to find the answers to these questions. On questions 1–8 use the dates to help you:

June 1942

- 1 Why did the Frank family move from Germany to Holland?
- 2 When and in what way did things get worse for them in Holland?

From July–November 1942

- 3 Where did they decide to hide?
- 4 Why was it called 'The Secret Annexe'?
- 5 Who hid there?

July 1943

- 6 What dangerous things were happening on the streets of Amsterdam?
- 7 What dangerous thing happened in the Annexe?

February and June 1944

- 8 What did people think would happen soon in the war?

Life in the Annexe

- 9 Describe different ways in which the Frank family heard news from the outside world.
- 10 Where did their food come from?
- 11 What did Anne want to do with her life when she grew up?
- 12 When and how did their life in the Secret Annexe end?

Discussion

- 1 What problems were there for the eight people who were trying to live together? How would you try to solve them?

=95=60

- 2 What did they do to:
 - a try and enjoy life?
 - b look after their health?
 - c keep their minds lively?

What would you do?

- 3 Do you think Anne changes in the story? Say how you think she changes, or why you don't think she changes.
- 4 Do you think Anne and Peter really fell in love? Say why or why not.

Writing

Either: Write a short newspaper report (150 words) about the final arrest of the people from the Annexe. Say who was there, how they lived and who helped them.

Or: You are Anne, and you want to describe your room in your diary. Write about what you have there, who you share it with and what happens there (250 words). Use any information that you like from the diary. Look at the plan of the Annexe to help you.

Review

- 1 Why do you think Anne's diary has become so famous?
- 2 Do you think that it is only a sad book, or that it gives us hope for the future?
- 3 Do you like Anne as a person? Do you think she is an unusual girl? Say why or why not.