June 12, 1942

I hope I will be able to confide everything to you, as I have never been able to

confide in anyone, and I hope you will be a great source of comfort and support.

COMMENT ADDED BY ANNE ON SEPTEMBER 28, 1942: So far you truly have been

a areat source of comfort to me, and so has Kitty, whom I now write to regularly.

This way of keeping a diary is much nicer, and now I can hardly wait for those

moments when I'm able to write in you. Oh, I'm so alad I brought you along!

SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 1942

I'll begin from the moment I got you, the moment I saw you lying on the table among my other birthday presents. (I went along when you were bought, but that doesn't count.)

On Friday, June 12, I was awake at six o'clock, which isn't surprising, since it was

my birthday. But I'm not allowed to get up at that hour, so I had to control my

curiosity until quarter to seven. When I couldn't wait any longer, I went to the dining

room, where Moortje (the cat) welcomed me by rubbing against my legs.

A little after seven I went to Daddy and Mama and then to the living room to open my presents, and you were the first thing I saw, maybe one of my nicest presents.

Then a bouquet of roses, some peonies and a potted plant. From Daddy and Mama I

got a blue blouse, a game, a bottle of grape juice, which to my mind tastes a bit like

wine (after all, wine is made from grapes), a puzzle, a jar of cold cream, 2.50 guilders

and a gift certificate for two books. I got another book as well, Camera Obscura (but

Margot already has it, so I exchanged mine for something else), a platter of

homemade cookies (which I made myself, of course, since I've become quite an expert

at baking cookies), lots of candy and a strawberry tart from Mother. And a letter from

Grammy, right on time, but of course that was just a coincidence.

Then Hanneli came to pick me up, and we went to school. During recess I passed out

cookies to my teachers and my class, and then it was time to get back to work. I

didn't arrive home until five, since I went to gym with the rest of the class. (I'm not

allowed to take part because my shoulders and hips tend to get dislocated.) As it was

my birthday, I got to decide which game my classmates would play, and I chose

volleyball. Afterward they all danced around me in a circle and sang "Happy Birthday."

When I got home, Sanne Federmann was already there. Ilse Wagner, Hanneli Goslar

and Jacqueline van Maarsen came home with me after gym, since we're in the same

class. Hanneli and Sanne used to be my two best friends. People who saw us together

used to say, "There goes Anne, Hanne and Sanne." I only met Jacqueline van Maarsen

when I started at the Jewish Fyceum, and now she's my best friend. Ilse is Hanneli's

best friend, and Sanne goes to another school and has friends there.

They gave me a beautiful book, Dutch Sasas and Lesends, but they gave me Volume II

by mistake, so I exchanged two other books for Volume I. Aunt Helene brought me a

puzzle, Aunt Stephanie a darling brooch and Aunt Deny a terrific book: Daisy Goes to

the Mountains.

This morning I lay in the bathtub thinking how wonderful it would be if I had a dog

like Rin Tin Tin. I'd call him Rin Tin Tin too, and I'd take him to school with me,

where he could stay in the janitor's room or by the bicycle racks when the weather

was good.

MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1942

I had my birthday party on Sunday afternoon. The Rin Tin Tin movie was a big hit

with my classmates. I got two brooches, a bookmark and two books. I'll start by

saying a few things about my school and my class, beginning with the students.

Betty Bloemendaal looks kind of poor, and I think she probably is. She lives on some

obscure street in West Amsterdam, and none of us know where it is. She does very

well at school, but that's because she works so hard, not because she's so smart.

She's pretty quiet.

Jacqueline van Maarsen is supposedly my best friend, but I've never had a real friend.

At first I thought Jacque would be one, but I was badly mistaken.

D. Q.\* [\* Initials have been assigned at random to those persons who prefer to remain

anonymous.] is a very nervous girl who's always forgetting things, so the teachers

keep assigning her extra homework as punishment. She's very kind, especially to G.Z.

E. S. talks so much it isn't funny. She's always touching your hair or fiddling with your

buttons when she asks you something. They say she can't stand me, but I don't care,

since I don't like her much either.

Henny Mets is a nice girl with a cheerful disposition, except that she talks in a loud

voice and is really childish when we're playing outdoors. Unfortunately, Henny has a

girlfriend named Beppy who's a bad influence on her because she's dirty and vulgar.

J.R. - I could write a whole book about her. J. is a detestable, sneaky, stuck-up,

two-faced gossip who thinks she's so grown-up. She's really got Jacque under her

spell, and that's a shame. J. is easily offended, bursts into tears at the slightest thing

and, to top it all off, is a terrible show-off. Miss J. always has to be right. She's

very rich, and has a closet full of the most adorable dresses that are way too old for

her. She thinks she's gorgeous, but she's not. J. and I can't stand each other.

Use Wagner is a nice girl with a cheerful disposition, but she's extremely finicky and

can spend hours moaning and groaning about something. Ilse likes me a lot. She's very

smart, but lazy.

Hanneli Goslar, or Lies as she's called at school, is a bit on the strange side. She's

usually shy — outspoken at home, but reserved around other people. She blabs

whatever you tell her to her mother. But she says what she thinks, and lately I've

corne to appreciate her a great deal.

Nannie van Praag-Sigaar is small, funny and sensible. I think she's nice. She's pretty

smart. There isn't much else you can say about Nannie. Eefje de Jong is, in my

opinion, terrific. Though she's only twelve, she's quite the lady. She acts as if I were

a baby. She's also very helpful, and I like her.

G.Z. is the prettiest girl in our class. She has a nice face, but is kind of dumb. I think

they're going to hold her back a year, but of course I haven't told her that.

COMMENT ADDED BY ANNE AT A LATER DATE: To my areat surprise, G.Z.

wasn't held back a year after all.

And sitting next to G.Z. is the last of us twelve girls, me.

There's a lot to be said about the boys, or maybe not so much after all.

Maurice Coster is one of my many admirers, but pretty much of a pest. Sallie

Springer has a filthy mind, and rumor has it that he's gone all the way. Still, I think

he's terrific, because he's very funny.

Emiel Bonewit is G.Z.'s admirer, but she doesn't care. He's pretty boring. Rob Cohen

used to be in love with me too, but I can't stand him anymore. He's an obnoxious,

two-faced, lying, sniveling little goof who has an awfully high opinion of himself.

Max van de Velde is a farm boy from Medemblik, but eminently suitable, as Margot

would say.

Herman Koopman also has a filthy mind, just like Jopie de Beer, who's a terrible flirt

and absolutely girl-crazy.

Leo Blom is Jopie de Beer's best friend, but has been ruined by his dirty mind.

Albert de Mesquita came from the Montessori School and skipped a grade. He's really

smart.

Leo Slager came from the same school, but isn't as smart.

Ru Stoppelmon is a short, goofy boy from Almelo who transferred to this school in

the middle of the year.

C.N. does whatever he's not supposed to.

Jacques Kocernoot sits behind us, next to C., and we (G. and I) laugh ourselves silly.

Harry Schaap is the most decent boy in our class. He's nice.

Werner Joseph is nice too, but all the changes taking place lately have made him too

quiet, so he seems boring. Sam Salomon is one of those tough guys from across the

tracks. A real brat. (Admirer!)

Appie Riem is pretty Orthodox, but a brat too.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20,1942

Writing in a diary is a really strange experience for someone like me. Not only

because I've never written anything before, but also because it seems to me that later

on neither I nor anyone else will be interested in the musings of a thirteen- year- old

schoolgirl. Oh well, it doesn't matter. I feel like writing, and I have an even greater

need to get all kinds of things off my chest.

"Paper has more patience than people." I thought of this saying on one of those days

when I was feeling a little depressed and was sitting at home with my chin in my

hands, bored and listless, wondering whether to stay in or go out. I finally stayed

where I was, brooding. Yes, paper does have more patience, and since I'm not planning

to let anyone else read this stiff-backed notebook grandly referred to as a "diary,"

unless I should ever find a real friend, it probably won't make a bit of difference.

Now I'm back to the point that prompted me to keep a diary in the first place: I don't

have a friend.

Let me put it more clearly, since no one will believe that a thirteen year-old girl is

completely alone in the world. And I'm not. I have loving parents and a

sixteen-year-old sister, and there are about thirty people I can call friends. I have a

throng of admirers who can't keep their adoring eyes off me and who sometimes have

to resort to using a broken pocket mirror to try and catch a glimpse of me in the

classroom. I have a family, loving aunts and a good home. No, on the surface I seem

to have everything, except my one true friend. All I think about when I'm with friends

is having a good time. I can't bring myself to talk about anything but ordinary

everyday things. We don't seem to be able to get any closer, and that's the problem.

Maybe it's my fault that we don't confide in each other. In any case, that's just how

things are, and unfortunately they're not liable to change. This is why I've started the

diary.

To enhance the image of this long-awaited friend in my imagination, I don't want to

jot down the facts in this diary the way most people would do, but I want the diary

to be my friend, and I'm going to call this friend Kitty.

Since no one would understand a word of my stories to Kitty if I were to plunge right

in, I'd better provide a brief sketch of my life, much as I dislike doing so.

My father, the most adorable father I've ever seen, didn't marry my mother until he

was thirty-six and she was twenty-five. My sister Margot was born in Frankfurt am

Main in Germany in 1926. I was born on June 12, 1929. I lived in Frankfurt until I

was four. Because we're Jewish, my father immigrated to Holland in 1933, when he

became the Managing Director of the Dutch Opekta Company, which manufactures

products used in making jam. My mother, Edith Hollander Frank, went with him to

Holland in September, while Margot and I were sent to Aachen to stay with our

grandmother. Margot went to Holland in December, and I followed in February, when I

was plunked down on the table as a birthday present for Margot.

I started right away at the Montessori nursery school. I stayed there until I was six,

at which time I started first grade. In sixth grade my teacher was Mrs. Kuperus, the

principal. At the end of the year we were both in tears as we said a heartbreaking

farewell, because I'd been accepted at the Jewish Lyceum, where Margot also went to

school.

Our lives were not without anxiety, since our relatives in Germany were suffering

under Hitler's anti-Jewish laws. After the pogroms in 1938 my two uncles (my

mother's brothers) fled Germany, finding safe refuge in North America. My elderly

grandmother came to live with us. She was seventy-three years old at the time.

After May 1940 the good times were few and far between: first there was the war,

then the capitulation and then the arrival of the Germans, which is when the trouble

started for the Jews. Our freedom was severely restricted by a series of anti-Jewish

decrees: Jews were required to wear a yellow star: Jews were required to turn in

their bicycles! Jews were forbidden to use street-cars! Jews were forbidden to ride in

cars, even their own! Jews were required to do their shopping between 3 and 5 P.M.!

Jews were required to frequent only Jewish-owned barbershops and beauty parlors!

Jews were forbidden to be out on the streets between 8 P.M. and 6 A.M.! Jews were

forbidden to attend theaters, movies or any other forms of entertainment; Jews were

forbidden to use swimming pools, tennis courts, hockey fields or any other athletic

fields; Jews were forbidden to go rowing; Jews were forbidden to take part in any

athletic activity in public; Jews were forbidden to sit in their gardens or those of their

friends after 8 P.M.; Jews were forbidden to visit Christians in their homes; Jews

were required to attend Jewish schools, etc. You couldn't do this and you couldn't do

that, but life went on. Jacque always said to me, "I don't dare do anything anymore,

'cause I'm afraid it's not allowed."

In the summer of 1941 Grandma got sick and had to have an operation, so my

birthday passed with little celebration. In the summer of 1940 we didn't do much for

my birthday either, since the fighting had just ended in Holland. Grandma died in

January 1942. No one knows how often I think of her and still love her. This birthday

celebration in 1942 was intended to make up for the others, and Grandma's candle was

lit along with the rest.

The four of us are still doing well, and that brings me to the present date of June 20,

1942, and the solemn dedication of my diary.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1942

Dearest Kitty! Let me get started right away; it's nice and quiet now. Father and

Mother are out and Margot has gone to play Ping-Pong with some other young people

at her friend Trees's. I've been playing a lot of Ping-Pong myself lately. So much

that five of us girls have formed a club. It's called "The Little Dipper Minus Two." A

really silly name, but it's based on a mistake. We wanted to give our club a special

name; and because there were five of us, we came up with the idea of the Little

Dipper. We thought it consisted of five stars, but we turned out to be wrong. It has

seven, like the Big Dipper, which explains the "Minus Two." Ilse Wagner has a

Ping-Pong set, and the Wagners let us play in their big dining room whenever we

want. Since we five Ping-Pong players like ice cream, especially in the summer, and

since you get hot playing Ping-Pong, our games usually end with a visit to the

nearest ice-cream parlor that allows Jews: either Oasis or Delphi. We've long since

stopped hunting around for our purses or money — most of the time it's so busy in

Oasis that we manage to find a few generous young men of our acquaintance or an

admirer to offer us more ice cream than we could eat in a week.

You're probably a little surprised to hear me talking about admirers at such a tender

age. Unfortunately, or not, as the case may be, this vice seems to be rampant at our

school. As soon as a boy asks if he can bicycle home with me and we get to talking,

nine times out of ten I can be sure he'll become enamored on the spot and won't let

me out of his sight for a second. His ardor eventually cools, especially since I ignore

his passionate glances and pedal blithely on my way. If it gets so bad that they start

rambling on about "asking Father's permission," I swerve slightly on my bike, my

schoolbag falls, and the young man feels obliged to get off his bike and hand me the

bag, by which time I've switched the conversation to another topic. These are the

most innocent types. Of course, there are those who blow you kisses or try to take

hold of your arm, but they're definitely knocking on the wrong door. I get off my bike

and either refuse to make further use of their company or act as if I'm insulted and

tell them in no uncertain terms to go on home without me. There you are. We've now

laid the basis for our friendship. Until tomorrow.

Yours, Anne

SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Our entire class is quaking in its boots. The reason, of course, is the upcoming

meeting in which the teachers decide who'll be promoted to the next grade and who'll

be kept back. Half the class is making bets. G.Z. and I laugh ourselves sick at the two

boys behind us, C.N. and Jacques Kocernoot, who have staked their entire vacation

savings on their bet. From morning to night, it's "You're going to pass, No, I'm not,"

"Yes, you are," "No, I'm not." Even G.'s pleading glances and my angry outbursts can't

calm them down. If you ask me, there are so many dummies that about a quarter of

the class should be kept back, but teachers are the most unpredictable creatures on

earth. Maybe this time they'll be unpredictable in the right direction for a change. I'm

not so worried about my girlfriends and myself.

We'll make it. The only subject I'm not sure about is math. Anyway, all we can do is

wait. Until then, we keep telling each other not to lose heart.

I get along pretty well with all my teachers. There are nine of them, seven men and

two women. Mr. Keesing, the old fogey who teaches math, was mad at me for the

longest time because I talked so much. After several warnings, he assigned me extra

homework. An essay on the subject "A Chatterbox." A chatterbox, what can you write

about that? I'd wbrry about that later, I decided. I jotted down the assignment in my

notebook, tucked it in my bag and tried to keep quiet.

That evening, after I'd finished the rest of my homework, the note about the essay

caught my eye. I began thinking about the subject while chewing the tip of my

fountain pen. Anyone could ramble on and leave big spaces between the words, but the

trick was to come up with convincing arguments to prove the necessity of talking. I

thought and thought, and suddenly I had an idea. I wrote the three pages Mr. Keesing

had assigned me and was satisfied. I argued that talking is a female trait and that I

would do my best to keep it under control, but that I would never be able to break

myself of the habit, since my mother talked as much as I did, if not more, and that

there's not much you can do about inherited traits.

Mr. Keesing had a good laugh at my arguments, but when I proceeded to talk my way

through the next class, he assigned me a second essay. This time it was supposed to

be on "An Incorrigible Chatterbox." I handed it in, and Mr. Keesing had nothing to

complain about for two whole classes. However, during the third class he'd finally had

enough. "Anne Frank, as punishment for talking in class, write an essay entitled

'Quack, Quack, Quack,' said Mistress Chatterback.'"

The class roared. I had to laugh too, though I'd ) nearly exhausted my ingenuity on

the topic of chatterboxes. It was time to come up with something else, j something

original. My friend Sanne, who's good at poetry, offered to help me write the essay

from beginning to end in verse. I jumped for joy. Keesing was trying to play a joke on

me with this ridiculous subject, but I'd make sure the joke was on him. I finished my

poem, and it was beautiful! It was about a mother duck and a father swan with three

baby ducklings who were bitten to death by the father because they quacked too

much. Luckily, Keesing took the joke the right way. He read the poem to the class,

adding his own comments, and to several other classes as well. Since then I've been

allowed to talk and haven't been assigned any extra homework. On the contrary,

Keesing's always i making jokes these days.

Yours, Anne

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

It's sweltering. Everyone is huffing and puffing, and in this heat I have to walk

everywhere. Only now do I realize how pleasant a streetcar is, but we Jews are no

longer allowed to make use of this luxury; our own two feet are good enough for us.

Yesterday at lunchtime I had an appointment with the dentist on Jan Luykenstraat. It's

a long way from our school on Stadstimmertuinen. That afternoon I nearly fell asleep

at my desk. Fortunately, people automatically offer you something to drink. The dental

assistant is really kind.

The only mode of transportation left to us is the ferry. The ferryman at Josef

Israelkade took us across when we asked him to. It's not the fault of the Dutch that

we Jews are having such a bad time.

I wish I didn't have to go to school. My bike was stolen during Easter vacation, and

Father gave Mother's bike to some Christian friends for safekeeping. Thank goodness

summer vacation is almost here; one more week and our torment will be over.

Something unexpected happened yesterday morning. As I was passing the bicycle

racks, I heard my name being called. I turned around and there was the nice boy I'd

met the evening before at my friend Wilma's. He's Wilma's second cousin. I used to

think Wilma was nice, which she is, but all she ever talks about is boys, and that gets

to be a bore. He came toward me, somewhat shyly, and introduced himself as Hello

Silberberg. I was a little surprised and wasn't sure what he wanted, but it didn't take

me long to find out. He asked if I would allow him to accompany me to school. "As

long as you're headed that way, I'll go with you," I said. And so we walked together.

Hello is sixteen and good at telling all kinds of funny stories.

He was waiting for me again this morning, and I expect he will be from now on.

Anne

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Until today I honestly couldn't find the time to write you. I was with friends all day

Thursday, we had company on Friday, and that's how it went until today.

Hello and I have gotten to know each other very well this past week, and he's told

me a lot about his life. He comes from Gelsenkirchen and is living with his

grandparents. His parents are in Belgium, but there's no way he can get there. Hello

used to have a girlfriend named Ursula. I know her too. She's perfectly sweet and

perfectly boring. Ever since he met me, Hello has realized that he's been falling asleep

at Ursul's side. So I'm kind of a pep tonic. You never know what you're good for!

Jacque spent Saturday night here. Sunday afternoon she was at Hanneli's, and I was

bored stiff.

Hello was supposed to come over that evening, but he called around six. I answered

the phone, and he said, "This is Helmuth Silberberg. May I please speak to Anne?"

Oh, Hello. This is Anne.

"Oh, hi, Anne. How are you?" "

"Fine, thanks."

"I just wanted to say I'm sorry but I can't come tonight, though I would like to have a

word with you. Is it all right if I come by and pick you up in about ten minutes

"Yes, that's fine. Bye-bye!"

"Okay, I'll be right over. Bye-bye!"

I hung up, quickly changed my clothes and fixed my hair. I was so nervous I leaned

out the window to watch for him. He finally showed up. Miracle of miracles, I didn't

rush down the stairs, but waited quietly until he rang the bell. I went down to open

the door, and he got right to the point.

"Anne, my grandmother thinks you're too young for me to be seeing you on a regular

basis. She says I should be going to the Lowenbachs', but you probably know that I'm

not going out with Ursul anymore."

"No, I didn't know. What happened? Did you two have a fight?"

"No, nothing like that. I told Ursul that we weren't suited to each other and so it was

better for us not to go together anymore, but that she was welcome at my house and

I hoped I would be welcome at hers. Actually, I thought Ursul was hanging around

with another boy, and I treated her as if she were. But that wasn't true. And then my

uncle said I should apologize to her, but of course I didn't feel like it, and that's why

I broke up with her. But that was just one of the reasons.

"Now my grandmother wants me to see Ursul and not you, but I don't agree and I'm

not going to. Sometimes old people have really old-fashioned ideas, but that doesn't

mean I have to go along with them. I need my grandparents, but in a certain sense

they need me too. From now on I'll be free on Wednesday evenings. You see, my

grandparents made me sign up for a wood-carving class, but actually I go to a club

organized by the Zionists. My grandparents don't want me to go, because they're

anti-Zionists. I'm not a fanatic Zionist, but it interests me. Anyway, it's been such a

mess lately that I'm planning to quit. So next Wednesday will be my last meeting.

That means I can see you Wednesday evening, Saturday afternoon, Saturday evening,

Sunday afternoon and maybe even more."

"But if your grandparents don't want you to, you? shouldn't go behind their backs."

"All's fair in love and war."

Just then we passed Blankevoort's Bookstore and there was Peter Schiff with two

other boys! it was the first time he'd said hello to me in ages, and it really made me

feel good.

Monday evening Hello came over to meet Father and Mother. I had bought a cake and

some candy, and we had tea and cookies, the works, but neither Hello nor I felt like

sitting stiffly on our chairs. So we went out for a walk, and he didn't deliver me to

my door until ten past eight. Father was furious. He said it was very wrong of me not

to get home on time. I had to promise to be home by ten to eight in the future. I've

been asked to Hello's on Saturday.

Wilma told me that one night when Hello was at her house, she asked him, "Who do

you like best, Ursul or Anne?"

He said, "It's none of your business."

But as he was leaving (they hadn't talked to each other the rest of the evening), he

said, "Well, I like Anne better, but don't tell anyone. Bye!" And whoosh. . . he was

out the door.

In everything he says or does, I can see that Hello is in love with me, and it's kind

of nice for a change. Margot would say that Hello is eminently suitable. I think so too,

but he's more than that. Mother is also full of praise: "A good-looking boy. Nice and

polite." I'm glad he's so popular with everyone. Except with my girlfriends. He thinks

they're very childish, and he's right about that. Jacque still teases me about him, but

I'm not in love with him. Not really. It's all right for me to have boys as friends.

Nobody minds.

Mother is always asking me who I'm going to marry when I grow up, but I bet she'll

never guess it's Peter, because I talked her out of that idea myself, without batting an

eyelash. I love Peter as I've never loved anyone, and I tell myself he's only going

around with all those other girls to hide his feelings for me. Maybe he thinks Hello

and I are in love with each other, which we're not. He's just a friend, or as Mother

puts it, a beau.

Yours, Anne

SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1942

Dear Kitty,

The graduation ceremony in the Jewish Theater on Friday went as expected. My

report card wasn't too bad. I got one D, a C— in algebra and all the rest B's, except

for two B + 's and two B-'s. My parents are pleased, but they're not like other parents

when it comes to grades. They never worry about report cards, good or bad. As long

as I'm healthy and happy and don't talk back too much, they're satisfied. If these three

things are all right, everything else will take care of itself.

I'm just the opposite. I don't want to be a poor student. I was accepted to the Jewish

Lyceum on a conditional basis. I was supposed to stay in the seventh grade at the

Montessori School, but when Jewish children were required to go to Jewish schools,

Mr. Elte finally agreed, after a great deal of persuasion, to accept Lies Goslar and me.

Lies also passed this year, though she has to repeat her geometry exam.

Poor Lies. It isn't easy for her to study at home; her baby sister, a spoiled little

two-year-old, plays in her room all day. If Gabi doesn't get her way, she starts

screaming, and if Lies doesn't look after her, Mrs. Goslar starts screaming. So Lies

has a hard time doing her homework, and as long as that's the case, the tutoring she's

been getting won't help much. The Goslar household is really a sight. Mrs. Goslar's

parents live next door, but eat with the family. The there's a hired girl, the baby, the

always absentminded and absent Mr. Goslar and the always nervous and irrita Ie Mrs.

Goslar, who's expecting another baby. Lies, who's all thumbs, gets lost in the mayhem.

My sister Margot has also gotten her report card.

Brilliant, as usual. If we had such a thing as "cum laude," she would have passed with

honors, she's so smart.

Father has been home a lot lately. There's nothing for him to do at the office; it must

be awful to feel you're not needed. Mr. Kleiman has taken over Opekta, and Mr.

Kugler, Gies & Co., the company dealing in spices and spice substitutes that was set

up in 1941.

A few days ago, as we were taking a stroll around our neighborhood square, Father

began to talk about going into hiding. He said it would be very hard for us to live cut

off from the rest of the world. I asked him why he was bringing this up now.

"Well, Anne," he replied, "you know that for more than a year we've been bringing

clothes, food and furniture to other people. We don't want our belongings to be seized

by the Germans. Nor do we want to fall into their clutches ourselves. So we'll leave

of our own accord and not wait to be hauled away."

"But when, Father?" He sounded so serious that I felt scared.

"Don't you worry. We'll take care of everything, just enjoy your carefree life while

you can."

That was it. Oh, may these somber words not come true for as long as possible.

The doorbell's ringing, Hello's here, time to stop.

Yours, Anne

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

It seems like years since Sunday morning. So much has happened it's as if the whole

world had suddenly turned upside down. But as you can see, Kitty, I'm still alive, and

that's the main thing, Father says. I'm alive all right, but don't ask where or how. You

probably don't understand a word I'm saying today, so I'll begin by telling you what

happened Sunday afternoon.

At three o'clock (Hello had left but was supposed to come back later), the doorbell

rang. I didn't hear it, since I was out on the balcony, lazily reading in the sun. A little

while later Margot appeared in the kitchen doorway looking very agitated. "Father has

received a call-up notice from the SS," she whispered. "Mother has gone to see Mr.

van Daan" (Mr. van Daan is Father's business partner and a good friend.)

I was stunned. A call-up: everyone knows what that means. Visions of concentration

camps and lonely cells raced through my head. How could we let Father go to such a

fate? "Of course he's not going," declared Margot as we waited for Mother in the

living room. "Mother's gone to Mr. van Daan to ask whether we can move to our

hiding place tomorrow. The van Daans are going with us. There will be seven of us

altogether." Silence. We couldn't speak. The thought of Father off visiting someone in

the Jewish Hospital and completely unaware of what was happening, the long wait for

Mother, the heat, the suspense — all this reduced us to silence.

Suddenly the doorbell rang again. "That's Hello," I said.

"Don't open the door!" exclaimed Margot to stop me. But it wasn't necessary, since

we heard Mother and Mr. van Daan downstairs talking to Hello, and then the two of

them came inside and shut the door behind them. Every time the bell rang, either

Margot or I had to tiptoe downstairs to see if it was Father, and we didn't let anyone

else in. Margot and I were sent from the room, as Mr. van Daan wanted to talk to

Mother alone.

When she and I were sitting in our bedroom, Margot told me that the call-up was not

for Father, but for her. At this second shock, I began to cry. Margot is sixteen —

apparently they want to send girls her age away on their own. But thank goodness she

won't be going; Mother had said so herself, which must be what Father had meant

when he talked to me about our going into hiding. Hiding. . . where would we hide? In

the city? In the country? In a house? In a shack? When, where, how. . . ? These

were questions I wasn't allowed to ask, but they still kept running through my mind.

Margot and I started packing our most important belongings into a schoolbag. The first

thing I stuck in was this diary, and then curlers, handkerchiefs, schoolbooks, a comb

and some old letters. Preoccupied by the thought of going into hiding, I stuck the

craziest things in the bag, but I'm not sorry. Memories mean more to me than

dresses.

Father finally came hQme around five o'clock, and we called Mr. Kleiman to ask if he

could come by that evening. Mr. van Daan left and went to get Miep. Miep arrived and

promised to return later that night, taking with her a bag full of shoes, dresses,

jackets, underwear and stockings. After that it was quiet in our apartment; none of us

felt like eating. It was still hot, and everything was very strange.

We had rented our big upstairs room to a Mr. Goldschmidt, a divorced man in his

thirties, who apparently had nothing to do that evening, since despite all our polite

hints he hung around until ten o'clock.

Miep and Jan Gies came at eleven. Miep, who's worked for Father's company since

1933, has become a close friend, and so has her husband Jan. Once again, shoes,

stockings, books and underwear disappeared into Miep's bag and Jan's deep pockets. At

eleven-thirty they too disappeared.

I was exhausted, and even though I knew it'd be my last night in my own bed, I fell

asleep right away and didn't wake up until Mother called me at five-thirty the next

morning. Fortunately, it wasn't as hot as Sunday; a warm rain fell throughout the day.

The four of us were wrapped in so many layers of clothes it looked as if we were

going off to spend the night in a refrigerator, and all that just so we could take more

clothes with us. No Jew in our situation would dare leave the house with a suitcase

full of clothes. I was wearing two undershirts, three pairs of underpants, a dress, and

over that a skirt, a jacket, a raincoat, two pairs of stockings, heavy shoes, a cap, a

scarf and lots more. I was suffocating even before we left the house, but no one

bothered to ask me how I felt.

Margot stuffed her schoolbag with schoolbooks, went to get her bicycle and, with Miep

leading the way, rode off into the great unknown. At any rate, that's how I thought of

it, since I still didn't know where our hiding place was.

At seven-thirty we too closed the door behind us; Moortje, my cat, was the only

living creature I said good-bye to. According to a note we left for Mr. Goldschmidt,

she was to be taken to the neighbors, who would give her a good home.

The stripped beds, the breakfast things on the table, the pound of meat for the cat in

the kitchen — all of these created the impression that we'd left in a hurry. But we

weren't interested in impressions. We just wanted to get out of there, to get away and

reach our destination in safety. Nothing else mattered.

More tomorrow.

Yours, Anne

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

So there we were, Father, Mother and I, walking in the pouring rain, each of us with

a schoolbag and a shopping bag filled to the brim with the most varied assortment of

items. The people on their way to work at that early hour gave us sympathetic looks;

you could tell by their faces that they were sorry they couldn't offer us some kind of

transportation; the conspicuous yellow star spoke for itself.

Only when we were walking down the street did Father and Mother reveal, little by

little, what the plan was. For months we'd been moving as much of our furniture and

apparel out of the apartment as we could. It was agreed that we'd go into hiding on

July 16. Because of Margot's call-up notice, the plan had to be moved up ten days,

which meant we'd have to make do with less orderly rooms.

The hiding place was located in Father's office building. That's a little hard for

outsiders to understand, so I'll explain. Father didn't have a lot of people working in

his office, just Mr. Kugler, Mr. Kleiman, Miep and a twenty— three— year— old typist

named Bep Voskuijl, all of whom were informed of our coming. Mr. Voskuijl, Bep's

father, works in the warehouse, along with two assistants, none of whom were told

anything.

Here's a description of the building. The large warehouse on the ground floor is used

as a workroom and storeroom and is divided into several different sections, such as

the stockroom and the milling room, where cinnamon, cloves and a pepper substitute

are ground.

Next to the warehouse doors is another outside' door, a separate entrance to the

office. Just inside the office door is a second door, and beyond that a stairway. At the

top of the stairs is another door, with a frosted window on which the word "Office" is

written in black letters. This is the big front office — very large, very light and

very full. Bep, Miep and Mr. Kleiman work there during the day. After passing through

an alcove containing a safe, a wardrobe and a big supply cupboard, you come to the

small, dark, stuffy back office. This used to be shared by Mr. Kugler and Mr. van

Daan, but now Mr. Kugler is its only occupant. Mr. Kugler's office can also be reached

from the hallway, but only through a glass door that can be opened from the inside

but not easily from the outside. If you leave Mr. Kugler's office and proceed through

the long, narrow hallway past the coal bin and go up four steps, you find yourself in

the private office, the showpiece of the entire building. Elegant mahogany furniture, a

linoleum floor covered with throw rugs, a radio, a fancy lamp, everything first class.

Next door is a spacious kitchen with a hot-water heater and two gas burners, and

beside that a bathroom. That's the second floor.

A wooden staircase leads from the downstairs hallway to the third floor. At the top of

the stairs is a landing, with doors on either side. The door on the left takes you up to

the spice storage area, attic and loft in the front part of the house. A typically Dutch,

very steep, ankle-twisting flight of stairs also runs from the front part of the house

to another door opening onto the street.

The door to the right of the landing leads to the "Secret Annex" at the back ofthe

house. No one would ever suspect there were so many rooms behind that plain gray

door. There's just one small step in front of the door, and then you're inside. Straight

ahead of you is a steep flight of stairs. To the left is a narrow hallway opening onto

a room that serves as the Frank family's living

[INSERT MAP HERE]

room and bedroom. Next door is a smaller room, the )edroom and study of the two

young ladies of the family, ro the right of the stairs is a windowless washroom, with

a link. The door in the corner leads to the toilet and another one to Margot's and my

room. If you go up the itairs and open the door at the top, you're surprised to see

such a large, light and spacious room in an old canalside house like this. It contains a

stove (thanks to the fact hat it used to be Mr. Kugler's laboratory) and a sink.

This will be the kitchen and bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. van Daan, as well as the

general living room, dining room and study for us all. A tiny side room is to be Peter

van Daan's bedroom. Then, just as in the front part of the building, there's an attic

and a loft. So there you are. Now I've introduced you to the whole of our lovely

Annex!

Yours, Anne

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1942

Dearest Kitty, I've probably bored you with my long description of our house, but I

still think you should know where I've ended up! how I ended up here is something

you'll figure out from my next letters.

But first, let me continue my story, because, as you know, I wasn't finished. After we

arrived at 263 Prinsengracht, Miep quickly led us through the long hallway and up the

wooden staircase to the next floor and into the Annex. She shut the door behind us,

leaving us alone. Margot had arrived much earlier on her bike and was waiting for us.

Our living room and all the other rooms were so full of stuff that I can't find the

words to describe it. All the cardboard boxes that had been sent to the office in the

last few months were piled on the floors and beds. The small room was filled from

floor to cethng with linens. If we wanted to sleep in properly made beds that night,

we had to get going and straighten up the mess. Mother and Margot were unable to

move a muscle. They lay down on their bare mattresses, tired, miserable and I don't

know what else. But Father and I, the two cleaner- uppers in the family, started in

right away.

All day long we unpacked boxes, filled cupboards, hammered nails and straightened up

the mess, until we fell exhausted into our clean beds at night. We hadn't eaten a hot

meal all day, but we didn't care! Mother and Margot were too tired and keyed up to

eat, and Father and I were too busy.

Tuesday morning we started where we left off the night before. Bep and Miep went

grocery shopping with our ration coupons, Father worked on our blackout screens, we

scrubbed the kitchen floor, and were once again busy from sunup to sundown. Until

Wednesday, I didn't have a chance to think about the enormous change in my life.

Then for the first time since our arrival in the Secret Annex, I found a moment to tell

you all about it and to realize what had happened to me and what was yet to happen.

Yours, Anne

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Father, Mother and Margot still can't get used to the chiming of the Westertoren

clock, which tells us the time every quarter of an hour. Not me, I liked it from the

start; it sounds so reassuring, especially at night. You no doubt want to hear what I

think of being in hiding. Well, all I can say is that I don't really know yet. I don't

think I'll ever feel at home in this house, but that doesn't mean I hate it. It's more

like being on vacation in some strange pension. Kind of an odd way to look at life in

hiding, but that's how things are. The Annex is an ideal place to hide in. It may be

damp and lopsided, but there's probably not a more comfortable hiding place in all of

Amsterdam. No, in all of Holland.

Up to now our bedroom, with its blank walls, was very bare. Thanks to Father —

who brought my entire postcard and movie-star collection here beforehand — and to

a brush and a pot of glue, I was able to plaster the walls with pictures. It looks much

more cheerful. When the van Daans arrive, we'll be able to build cupboards and other

odds and ends out of the wood piled in the attic.

Margot and Mother have recovered somewhat. Yesterday Mother felt well enough to

cook split-pea soup for the first time, but then she was downstairstalking and forgot

all about it. The beans were scorched black, and no amount of scraping could get them

out of the pan.

Last night the four of us went down to the private office and listened to England on

the radio. I was so scared someone might hear it that I literally begged Father to take

me back upstairs. Mother understood my anxiety and went with me. Whatever we do,

we're very afraid the neighbors might hear or see us. We started off immediately the

first day sewing curtains. Actually, you can hardly call them that, since they're nothing

but scraps of fabric, varying greatly in shape, quality and pattern, which Father and I

stitched crookedly together with unskilled fingers. These works of art were tacked to

the windows, where they'll stay until we come out of hiding.

The building on our right is a branch of the Keg Company, a firm from Zaandam, and

on the left is a furniture workshop. Though the people who work there are not on the

premises after hours, any sound we make might travel through the walls. We've

forbidden Margot to cough at night, even though she has a bad cold, and are giving her

large doses of codeine.

I'm looking forward to the arrival of the van Daans, which is set for Tuesday. It will

be much more fun and also not as quiet. You see, it's the silence that makes me so

nervous during the evenings and nights, and I'd give anything to have one of our

helpers sleep here.

It's really not that bad here, since we can do our own cooking and can listen to the

radio in Daddy's office.

Mr. Kleiman and Miep, and Bep Voskuijl too, have helped us so much. We've already

canned loads of rhubarb, strawberries and cherries, so for the time being I doubt we'll

be bored. We also have a supply of reading material, and we're going to buy lots of

games. Of course, we can't ever look out the window or go outside. And we have to

be quiet so the people downstairs can't hear us.

Yesterday we had our hands full. We had to pit two crates of cherries for Mr. Kugler

to can. We're going to use the empty crates to make bookshelves.

Someone's calling me.

Yours, Anne

COMMENT ADDED BY ANNE ON SEPTEMBER 2g, 1942: Not beina able to ao

outside upsets me more than I can say, and I'm terrified our hidina place will be

discovered and that we'll be shot. That, of course, is a fairly dismal prospect.

SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1942

They've all been so nice to me this last month because of my birthday, and yet every

day I feel myself drifting further away from Mother and Margot. I worked hard today

and they praised me, only to start picking on me again five minutes later.

You can easily see the difference between the way they deal with Margot and the way

they deal with me. For example, Margot broke the vacuum cleaner, and because of

that we've been without light for the rest of the day. Mother said, "Well, Margot, it's

easy to see you're not used to working; otherwise, you'd have known better than to

yank the plug out by the cord." Margot made some reply, and that was the end of the

story.

But this afternoon, when I wanted to rewrite something on Mother's shopping list

because her handwriting is so hard to read, she wouldn't let me. She bawled me out

again, and the whole family wound up getting involved.

I don't fit in with them, and I've felt that clearly in the last few weeks. They're so

sentimental together, but I'd rather be sentimental on my own. They're always saying

how nice it is with the four of us, and that we get along so well, without giving a

moment's thought to the fact that I don't feel that way.

Daddy's the only one who understands me, now and again, though he usually sides

with Mother and Margot. Another thing I can't stand is having them talk about me in

front of outsiders, telling them how I cried or how sensibly I'm behaving. It's horrible.

And sometimes they talk about Moortje and I can't take that at all. Moortje is my

weak spot. I miss her every minute of the day, and no one knows how often I think

of her; whenever I do, my eyes fill with tears. Moortje is so sweet, and I love her so

much that I keep dreaming she'll come back to us.

I have plenty of dreams, but the reality is that we'll have to stay here until the war

is over. We can't ever go outside, and the only visitors we can have are Miep, her

husband Jan, Bep Voskuijl, Mr. Voskuijl, Mr. Kugler, Mr. Kleiman and Mrs. Kleiman,

though she hasn't come because she thinks it's too dangerous.

COMMENT ADDED BY ANNE IN SEPTEMBER 1942: Daddy's always so nice. He

understands me perfectly, and I wish we could have a heart-to-heart talk sometime

without my bursting instantly into tears. But apparently that has to do with my age.

I'd like to spend all my time writing, but that would probably get boring.

Up to now I've only confided my thoughts to my diary. I still haven't gotten around to

writing amusing sketches that I could read aloud at a later date. In the future I'm

going to devote less time to sentimentality and more time to reality.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1942

Dear Kitty,

I've deserted you for an entire month, but so little has happened that I can't find a

newsworthy item to relate every single day. The van Daans arrived on July 13. We

thought they were coming on the fourteenth, but from the thirteenth to sixteenth the

Germans were sending out call-up notices right and left and causing a lot of unrest,

so they decided it would be safer to leave a day too early than a day too late.

Peter van Daan arrived at nine-thirty in the morning (while we were still at

breakfast). Peter's going on sixteen, a shy, awkward boy whose company won't amount

to much. Mr. and Mrs. van Daan came half an hour later.

Much to our amusement, Mrs. van Daan was carrying a hatbox with a large chamber

pot inside. "I just don't feel at home without my chamber pot," she exclaimed, and it

was the first item to find a permanent place under the divan. Instead of a chamber

pot, Mr. van D. was lugging a collapsible tea table under his arm.

From the first, we ate our meals together, and after three days it felt as if the seven

of us had become one big family. Naturally, the van Daans had much to tell about the

week we'd been away from civilization. We were especially interested in what had

happened to our apartment and to Mr. Goldschmidt.

Mr. van Daan filled us in: "Monday morning at nine, Mr. Goldschmidt phoned and

asked if I could come over. I went straightaway and found a very distraught Mr.

Goldschmidt. He showed me a note that the Frank family had left behind. As

instructed, he was planning to bring the cat to the neighbors, which I agreed was a

good idea. He was afraid the house was going to be searched, so we w=nt through all

the rooms, straightening up here and there and clearing the breakfast things off the

table. Suddenly I saw a notepad on Mrs. Frank's desk, with an address in Maastricht

written on it. Even though I knew Mrs. Frank had left it on purpose, I pretended to

be surprised and horrified and begged Mr. Goldschmidt to burn this incriminating piece

of paper. I swore up and down that I knew nothing about your disappearance, but that

the note had given me an idea. 'Mr. Goldschmidt,' I said, 'I bet I know what this

address refers to. About six months ago a high-ranking officer came to the office. It

seems he and Mr. Frank grew up together. He promised to help Mr. Frank if it was

ever necessary. As I recall, he was stationed in Maastricht. I think this officer has

kept his word and is somehow planning to help them cross over to Belgium and then

to Switzerland. There's no harm in telling this to any friends of the Franks who come

asking about them. Of course, you don't need to mention the part about Maastricht.'

And after that I left. This is the story most of your friends have been told, because I

heard it later from several other people."

We thought it was extremely funny, but we laughed even harder when Mr. van Daan

told us that certain people have vivid imaginations. For example, one family living on

our square claimed they sawall four of us riding by on our bikes early in the morning,

and another woman was absolutely positive we'd been loaded into some kind of

military vehicle in the middle of the night.

Yours, Anne

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1942

Dear Kitty,

Now our Secret Annex has truly become secret.

Because so many houses are being searched for hidden bicycles, Mr. Kugler thought it

would be better to have a bookcase built in front of the entrance to our hiding place.

It swings out on its hinges and opens like a door. Mr. Voskuijl did the carpentry work.

(Mr. Voskuijl has been told that the seven of us are in hiding, and he's been most

helpful.)

Now whenever we want to go downstairs we have to duck and then jump. After the

first three days we were all walking around with bumps on our foreheads from banging

our heads against the low doorway. Then Peter cushioned it by nailing a towel stuffed

with wood shavings to the doorframe. Let's see if it helps!

I'm not doing much schoolwork. I've given myself a vacation until September. Father

wants to start tutoring me then, but we have to buy all the books first.

There's little change in our lives here. Peter's hair was washed today, but that's

nothing special. Mr. van Daan and I are always at loggerheads with each other. Mama

always treats me like a baby, which I can't stand. For the rest, things are going

better. I don't think Peter's gotten any nicer. He's an obnoxious boy who lies around

on his bed all day, only rousing himself to do a little carpentry work before returning

to his nap. What a dope!

Mama gave me another one of her dreadful sermons this morning. We take the

opposite view of everything. Daddy's a sweetheart; he may get mad at me, but it

never lasts longer than five minutes.

It's a beautiful day outside, nice and hot, and in spite of everything, we make the

most of the weather by lounging on the folding bed in the attic.

Yours, Anne

COMMENT ADDED BY ANNE ON SEPTEMBER 21, 1942: Mr. van Daan has been as

nice as pie to me recently. I've said nothina, but have been enjoyina it while it lasts.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Mr. and Mrs. van Daan have had a terrible fight. I've never seen anything like it, since

Mother and Father wouldn't dream of shouting at each other like that. The argument

was based on something so trivial it didn't seem worth wasting a single word on it.

Oh well, to each his own.

Of course, it's very difficult for Peter, who gets caught in the middle, but no one

takes Peter seriously anymore, since he's hypersensitive and lazy. Yesterday he was

beside himself with worry because his tongue was blue instead of pink. This rare

phenomenon disappeared as quickly as it came. Today he's walking around with a

heavy scarf on because he's got a stiff neck. His Highness has been complaining of

lumbago too. Aches and pains in his heart, kidneys and lungs are also par for the

course. He's an absolute hypochondriac! (That's the right word, isn't it?)

Mother and Mrs. van Daan aren't getting along very well. There are enough reasons

for the friction. To give you one small example, Mrs. van D. has removed all but

three of her sheets from our communal linen closet. She's assuming that Mother's can

be used for both families. She'll be in for a nasty surprise when she discovers that

Mother has followed her lead.

Furthermore, Mrs. van D. is ticked off because we're using her china instead of ours.

She's still trying to find out what we've done with our plates! they're a lot closer than

she thinks, since they're packed in cardboard boxes in the attic, behind a load of

Opekta advertising material. As long as we're in hiding, the plates will remain out of

her reach. Since I'm always having accidents, it's just as well! Yesterday I broke one

of Mrs. van D.'s soup bowls.

"Oh!" she angrily exclaimed. "Can't you be more careful? That was my last one."

Please bear in mind, Kitty, that the two ladies speak abominable Dutch (I don't dare

comment on the gentlemen: they'd be highly insulted). If you were to hear their

bungled attempts, you'd laugh your head off. We've given up pointing out their errors,

since correcting them doesn't help anyway. Whenever I quote Mother or Mrs. van

Daan, I'll write proper Dutch instead of trying to duplicate their speech.

Last week there was a brief interruption in our monotonous routine. This was provided

by Peter — and a book about women. I should explain that Margot and Peter are

allowed to read nearly all the books Mr. Kleiman lends us. But the adults preferred to

keep this special book to themselves. This immediately piqued Peter's curiosity. What

forbidden fruit did it contain? He snuck off with it when his mother was downstairs

talking, and took himself and his booty to the loft. For two days all was well. Mrs.

van Daan knew what he was up to, but kept mum until Mr. van Daan found out about

it. He threw a fit, took the book away and assumed that would be the end of the

business. However, he'd neglected to take his son's curiosity into account. Peter, not

in the least fazed by his father's swift action, began thinking up ways to read the rest

of this vastly interesting book.

In the meantime, Mrs. van D. asked Mother for her opinion. Mother didn't think this

particular book was suitable for Margot, but she saw no harm in letting her read most

other books.

You see, Mrs. van Daan, Mother Said, there's a big difference between Margot and

Peter. To begin with, Margot's a girl, and girls are always more mature than boys.

Second, she's already read many serious books and doesn't go looking for those which

are no longer forbidden. Third, Margot's much more sensible and intellectually

advanced, as a result of her four years at an excellent school."

Mrs. van Daan agreed with her, but felt it was wrong as a matter of principle to let

youngsters read books written for adults.

Meanwhile, Peter had thought of a suitable time when no one would be interested in

either him or the book. At seven— thirty in the evening, when the entire family was

listening to the radio in the private office, he took his treasure and stole off to the

loft again. He should have been back by eight-thirty, but he was so engrossed in the

book that he forgot the time and was just coming down the stairs when his father

entered the room. The scene that followed was not surprising: after a slap, a whack

and a tug-of-war, the book lay on the table and Peter was in the loft.

This is how matters stood when it was time for the family to eat. Peter stayed

upstairs. No one gave him a moment's thought; he'd have to go to bed without his

dinner. We continued eating, chatting merrily away, when suddenly we heard a piercing

whistle. We lay down our forks and stared at each other, the shock clearly visible on

our pale faces.

Then we heard Peter's voice through the chimney: "I won t come down!"

Mr. van Daan leapt up, his napkin falling to the floor, and shouted, with the blood

rushing to his face, "I've had enough!"

Father, afraid of what might happen, grabbed him by the arm and the two men went

to the attic. After much struggling and kicking, Peter wound up in his room with the

door shut, and we went on eating.

Mrs. van Daan wanted to save a piece of bread for her darling son, but Mr. van D.

was adamant. "If he doesn't apologize this minute, he'll have to sleep in the loft."

We protested that going without dinner was enough punishment. What if Peter were to

catch cold? We wouldn't be able to call a doctor.

Peter didn't apologize, and returned to the loft.

Mr. van Daan decided to leave well enough alone, though he did note the next morning

that Peter's bed had been slept in. At seven Peter went to the attic again, but was

persuaded to come downstairs when Father spoke a few friendly words to him. After

three days of sullen looks and stubborn silence, everything was back to normal.

Yours, Anne

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Today I'll tell you the general news here in the Annex. A lamp has been mounted

above my divan bed so that in the future, when I hear the guns going off, I'll be able

to pull a cord and switch on the light. I can't use it at the moment because we're

keeping our window open a little, day and night.

The male members of the van Daan contingent have built a very handy wood-stained

food safe, with real screens. Up to now this glorious cupboard has been located in

Peter's room, but in the interests of fresh air it's been moved to the attic. Where it

once stood, there's now a shelf. I advised Peter to put his table underneath the shelf,

add a nice rug and hang his own cupboard where the table now stands. That might

make his little cubbyhole more comfy, though I certainly wouldn't like to sleep there.

Mrs. van Daan is unbearable. I'm continually being scolded for my incessant chatter

when I'm upstairs. I simply let the words bounce right off me! Madame now has a

new trick up her sleeve: trying to get out of washing the pots and pans. If there's a

bit of food left at the bottom of the pan, she leaves it to spoil instead of transferring

it to a glass dish. Then in the afternoon when Margot is stuck with cleaning all the

pots and pans, Madame exclaims, "Oh, poor Margot, you have so much work to do!"

Every other week Mr. Kleiman brings me a couple of books written for girls my age.

I'm enthusiastic about the loop ter Heul series. I've enjoyed all of Cissy van

Marxveldt's books very much. I've read The Zaniest Summer four times, and the

ludicrous situations still make me laugh.

Father and I are currently working on our family tree, and he tells me something

about each person as we go along. I've begun my schoolwork. I'm working hard at

French, cramming five irregular verbs into my head every day. But I've forgotten much

too much of what I learned in school.

Peter has taken up his English with great reluctance. A few schoolbooks have just

arrived, and I brought a large supply of notebooks, pencils, erasers and labels from

home. Pirn (that's our pet name for Father) wants me to help him with his Dutch

lessons. I'm perfectly willing to tutor him in exchange for his assistance with French

and other subjects. But he makes the most unbelievable mistakes!

I sometimes listen to the Dutch broadcasts from Fondon. Prince Bernhard recently

announced that Princess juliana is expecting a baby in January, which I think is

wonderful. No one here understands why I take such an interest in the Royal Family.

A few nights ago I was the topic of discussion, and we all decided I was an

ignoramus. As a result, I threw myself into my schoolwork the next day, since I have

little desire to still be a freshman when I'm fourteen or fifteen. The fact that I'm

hardly allowed to read anything was also discussed. At the moment, Mother's reading

Gentlemen, Wives and Servants, and of course I'm not allowed to read it (though

Margot is!). First I have to be more intellectually developed, like my genius of a

sister. Then we discussed my ignorance of philosophy, psychology and physiology (I

immediately looked up these big words in the dictionary!). It's true, I don't know

anything about these subjects. But maybe I'll be smarter next year!

I've come to the shocking conclusion that I have only one long-sleeved dress and

three cardigans to wear in the winter. Father's given me permission to knit a white

wool sweater: the yarn isn't very pretty, but it'll be warm, and that's what counts.

Some of our clothing was left with friends, but unfortunately we won't be able to get

to it until after the war. Provided it's still there, of course.

I'd just finished writing something about Mrs. van Daan when she walked into the

room. Thump, I slammed the book shut.

"Hey, Anne, can't I even take a peek?"

"No, Mrs. van Daan."

"Just the last page then?"

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

Of course, I nearly died, since that particular page contained a rather unflattering

description of her.

There's something happening every day, but I'm too tired and lazy to write it all

down.

Yours, Anne

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Father has a friend, a man in his mid— seventies named Mr. Dreher, who's sick, poor

and deaf as a post. At his side, like a useless appendage, is his wife, twenty- seven

years younger and equally poor, whose arms and legs are loaded with real and fake

bracelets and rings left over from more prosperous days. This Mr. Dreher has already

been a great nuisance to Father, and I've always admired the saintly patience with

which he handled this pathetic old man on the phone. When we were still living at

home, Mother used to advise him to put a gramophone in front of the receiver, one

that would repeat every three minutes, "Yes, Mr. Dreher" and "No, Mr. Dreher," since

the old man never understood a word of Father's lengthy replies anyway.

Today Mr. Dreher phoned the office and asked Mr. Kugler to come and see him. Mr.

Kugler wasn't in the mood and said he would send Miep, but Miep canceled the

appointment. Mrs. Dreher called the office three times, but since Miep was reportedly

out the entire afternoon, she had to imitate Bep's voice. Downstairs in the office as

well as upstairs in the Annex, there was great hilarity. Now each time the phone

rings, Bep says' 'That's Mrs. Dreher!" and Miep has to laugh, so that the people on

the other end of the line are greeted with an impolite giggle. Can't you just picture it?

This has got to be the greatest office in the whole wide world. The bosses and the

office girls have such fun together!

Some evenings I go to the van Daans for a little chat. We eat "mothball cookies"

(molasses cookies that were stored in a closet that was mothproofed) and have a good

time. Recently the conversation was about Peter. I said that he often pats me on the

cheek, which I don't like. They asked me in a typically grown-up way whether I

could ever learn to love Peter like a brother, since he loves me like a sister. "Oh,

no!" I said, but what I was thinking was, "Oh, ugh!" Just imagine! I added that Peter's

a bit stiff, perhaps because he's shy. Boys who aren't used to being around girls are

like that.

I must say that the Annex Committee (the men's section) is very creative. Listen to

the scheme they've come up with to get a message to Mr. Broks, an Opekta Co. sales

representative and friend who's surreptitiously hidden some of our things for us!

They're going to type a letter to a store owner in southern Zealand who is, indirectly,

one of Opekta' s customers and ask him to fill out a form and send it back in the

enclosed self-addressed envelope. Father will write the address on the envelope

himself. Once the letter is returned from Zealand, the form can be removed and a

handwritten message confirming that Father is alive can be inserted in the envelope.

This way Mr. Broks can read the letter without suspecting a ruse. They chose the

province of Zealand because it's close to Belgium (a letter can easily be smuggled

across the border) and because no one is allowed to travel there without a special

permit. An ordinary salesman like Mr. Broks would never be granted a permit.

Yesterday Father put on another act. Groggy with sleep, he stumbled off to bed. His

feet were cold, so I lent him my bed socks. Five minutes later he flung them to the

floor. Then he pulled the blankets over his head because the light bothered him. The

lamp was switched off, and he gingerly poked his head out from under the covers. It

was all very amusing. We started talking about the fact that Peter says Margot is a

"buttinsky." Suddenly Daddy's voice was heard from the depths: "Sits on her butt, you

mean.

Mouschi, the cat, is becoming nicer to me as time goes by, but I'm still somewhat

afraid of her.

Yours, Anne

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Mother and I had a so-called "discussion" today, but the annoying part is that I burst

into tears. I can't help it. Daddy is always nice to me, and he also understands me

much better. At moments like these I can't stand Mother. It's obvious that I'm a

stranger to her; she doesn't even know what I think about the most ordinary things.

We were talking about maids and the fact that you're supposed to refer to them as

"domestic help" these days. She claimed that when the war is over, that's what they'll

want to be called. I didn't quite see it that way. Then she added that I talk about'

'later" so often and that I act as if I were such a lady, even though I'm not, but I

don't think building sand castles in the air is such a terrible thing to do, as long as

you don't take it too seriously. At any rate, Daddy usually comes to my defense.

Without him I wouldn't be able to stick it out here.

I don't get along with Margot very well either. Even though our family never has the

same kind of outbursts they have upstairs, I find it far from pleasant. Margot's and

Mother's personalities are so alien to me. I understand my girlfriends better than my

own mother. Isn't that a shame?

For the umpteenth time, Mrs. van Daan is sulking. She's very moody and has been

removing more and more of her belongings and locking them up. It's too bad Mother

doesn't repay every van Daan "disappearing act" with a Frank "disappearing act."

Some people, like the van Daans, seem to take special delight not only in raising their

own children but in helping others raise theirs. Margot doesn't need it, since she's

naturally good, kind and clever, perfection itself, but I seem to have enough mischief

for the two of us. More than once the air has been filled with the van Daans'

admonitions and my saucy replies. Father and Mother always defend me fiercely.

Without them I wouldn't be able to jump back into the fray with my usual composure.

They keep telling me I should talk less, mind my own business and be more modest,

but I seem doomed to failure. If Father weren't so patient, I'd have long ago given up

hope of ever meeting my parents' quite moderate expectations.

If I take a small helping of a vegetable I loathe and eat potatoes instead, the van

Daans, especially Mrs. van Daan, can't get over how spoiled I am. "Come on, Anne,

eat some more vegetables," she says.

"No, thank you, ma'am," I reply. "The potatoes are more than enough."

"Vegetables are good for you; your mother says so too. Have some more," she insists,

until Father intervenes and upholds my right to refuse a dish I don't like.

Then Mrs. van D. really flies off the handle: "You should have been at our house,

where children were brought up the way they should be. I don't call this a proper

upbringing. Anne is terribly spoiled. I'd never allow that. If Anne were my daughter. .

This is always how her tirades begin and end: "If Anne were my daughter. . ." Thank

goodness I'm not.

But to get back to the subject of raising children, yesterday a silence fell after Mrs.

van D. finished her little speech. Father then replied, "I think Anne is very well

brought up. At least she's learned not to respond to your interminable sermons. As far

as the vegetables are concerned, all I have to say is look who's calling the kettle

black."

Mrs. van D. was soundly defeated. The pot calling the ketde black refers of course to

Madame herself, since she can't tolerate beans or any kind of cabbage in the evening

because they give her "gas." But I could say the same. What a dope, don't you think?

In any case, let's hope she stops talking about me.

It's so funny to see how quickly Mrs. van Daan flushes. I don't, and it secredy annoys

her no end.

Yours, Anne

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28,1942

Dearest Kitty,

I had to stop yesterday, though I was nowhere near finished. I'm dying to tell you

about another one of our clashes, but before I do I'd like to say this: I think it's odd

that grown-ups quarrel so easily and so often and about such petty matters. Up to

now I always thought bickering was just something children did and that they outgrew

it. Often, of course, there's sometimes a reason to have a real quarrel, but the verbal

exchanges that take place here are just plain bickering. I should be used to the fact

that these squabbles are daily occurrences, but I'm not and never will be as long as

I'm the subject of nearly every discussion. (They refer to these as "discussions"

instead of "quarrels," but Germans don't know the difference!) They criticize

everything, and I mean everything, about me: my behavior, my personality, my

manners; every inch of me, from head to toe and back again, is the subject of gossip

and debate. Harsh words and shouts are constantly being flung at my head, though I'm

absolutely not used to it. According to the powers that be, I'm supposed to grin and

bear it. But I can't! I have no intention of taking their insults lying down. I'll show

them that Anne Frank wasn't born yesterday. They'll sit up and take notice and keep

their big mouths shut when I make them see they ought to attend to their own

manners instead of mine. How dare they act that way! It's simply barbaric. I've been

astonished, time and again, at such rudeness and most of all. . . at such stupidity

(Mrs. van Daan). But as soon as I've gotten used to the idea, and that shouldn't take

long, I'll give them a taste of their own medicine, and then they'll change their tune!

Am I really as bad-mannered, headstrong, stubborn, pushy, stupid, lazy, etc., etc., as

the van Daans say I am? No, of course not. I know I have my faults and

shortcomings, but they blow them all out of proportion! If you only knew, Kitty, how I

seethe when they scold and mock me. It won't take long before I explode with

pent-up rage.

But enough of that. I've bored you long enough with my quarrels, and yet I can't

resist adding a highly interesting dinner conversation.

Somehow we landed on the subject of Pirn's extreme diffidence. His modesty is a

well-known fact, which even the stupidest person wouldn't dream of questioning. All

of a sudden Mrs. van Daan, who feels the need to bring herself into every

conversation, remarked, "I'm very modest and retiring too, much more so than my

husband!"

Have you ever heard anything so ridiculous? This sentence clearly illustrates that she's

not exactly what you'd call modest!

Mr. van Daan, who felt obliged to explain the "much more so than my husband,"

answered calmly, "I have no desire to be modest and retiring. In my experience, you

get a lot further by being pushy!" And turning to me, he added, "Don't be modest and

retiring, Anne. It will get you nowhere."

Mother agreed completely with this viewpoint. But, as usual, Mrs. van Daan had to add

her two cents. This time, however, instead of addressing me directly, she turned to

my parents and said, "You must have a strange outlook on life to be able to say that

to Anne. Things were different when I was growing up. Though they probably haven't

changed much since then, except in your modern household!"

This was a direct hit at Mother's modern child-rearing methods, which she's defended

on many occasions. Mrs. van Daan was so upset her face turned bright red. People

who flush easily become even more agitated when they feel themselves getting hot

under the collar, and they quickly lose to their opponents.

The nonflushed mother, who now wanted to have the matter over and done with as

quickly as possible, paused for a moment to think before she replied. "Well, Mrs. van

Daan, I agree that it's much better if a person isn't overmodest. My husband, Margot

and Peter are all exceptionally modest. Your husband, Anne and I, though not exactly

the opposite, don't let ourselves be pushed around."

Mrs. van Daan: "Oh, but Mrs. Frank, I don't understand what you mean! Honestly, I'm

extremely modest and retiring. How can you say that I'm pushy?"

Mother: "I didn't say you were pushy, but no one would describe you as having a

retiring disposition."

Mrs. van D.: "I'd like to know in what way I'm pushy! If I didn't look out for myself

here, no one else would, and I'd soon starve, but that doesn't mean I'm not as modest

and retiring as your husband."

Mother had no choice but to laugh at this ridiculous self-defense, which irritated Mrs.

van Daan. Not exactly a born debater, she continued her magnificent account in a

mixture of German and Dutch, until she got so tangled up in her own words that she

finally rose from her chair and was just about to leave the room when her eye fell on

me. You should have seen her! As luck would have it, the moment Mrs. van D. turned

around I was shaking my head in a combination of compassion and irony. I wasn't

doing it on purpose, but I'd followed her tirade so intently that my reaction was

completely involuntary. Mrs. van D. wheeled around and gave me a tongue-lashing:

hard, Germanic, mean and vulgar, exactly like some fat, red-faced fishwife. It was a

joy to behold. If I could draw, I'd like to have sketched her as she was then. She

struck me as so comical, that silly little scatterbrain! I've learned one thing: you only

really get to know a person after a fight. Only then can you judge their true

character!

Yours, Anne