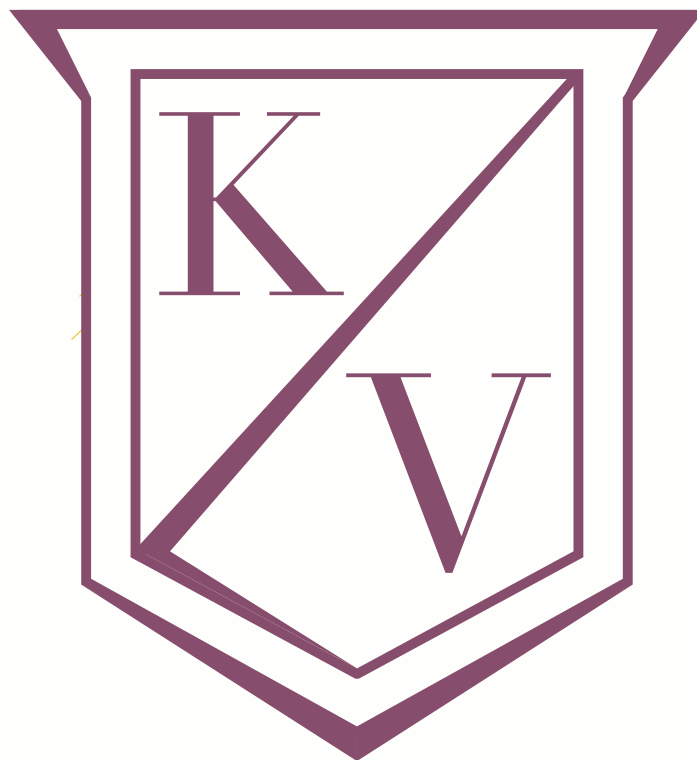


Heroes Who Inspire

# Knightly Virtues

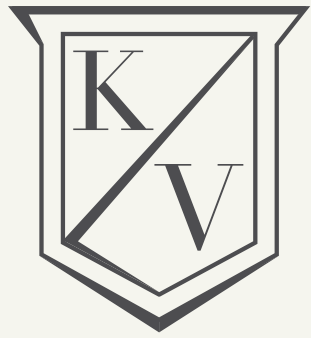


Anne Frank

Learning About the  
Virtues of Humility and Honesty



Heroes Who Inspire



# THE STORY



Anne Frank

Story retold by Jon Davison

Duitse schryfvers  
ga lezen. Het Duits  
lezen, gaat nu al be-  
trekkelij kv lot. Alleen

## Anne Frank — The Story

### Prologue

Anneliese Marie Frank was born on 12 June 1929 in Frankfurt, Germany. Anne and her family moved to Amsterdam, Holland in 1933, when the Nazis gained control over Germany. By May 1940 Germany occupied the Netherlands and persecuted the Jewish population.

In July 1942, Anne and her family went into hiding in some secret rooms above the offices where Anne's father worked.

The 'diary' Anne received for her 13th birthday was actually an autograph book. Anne wrote most of her diary in the form of letters to a person named 'Kitty'. The following extracts are taken from Anne's own words.

## Anne Frank's Diary

**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.

**14 June 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...

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... lots of sweets and a strawberry tart from Mother. And a letter from Grammy, right on time, but of course that was just a coincidence.

On 20 June 1942 Anne named her diary 'Kitty'. From then on all of her diary entries are written as if they are a letter to her imaginary friend. They begin 'Dear Kitty' and usually end 'Yours Anne'.

Before beginning her first 'formal' diary entry, Anne wrote an introduction:

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 emigrated 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 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 Year 2.

In Year 6 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.

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... 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 trams. Jews were forbidden to ride in cars, even their own. Jews were required to do their shopping between 3 and 5pm...

Jews were forbidden to be out on the streets between 8pm and 6am. Jews were forbidden to attend theatres, 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 sit in their gardens or those of their friends after 8pm... Jews were required to attend Jewish schools, etc. You couldn't do this and you couldn't do that, but life went on...

Grandma died in January 1942. No one knows how often I think of her and still love her... 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...

## **20 June 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... 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...

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.

Still, what does that matter? I want to write, but more than that, I want to bring out all kinds of things that lie buried deep in my heart.

I could go on for hours about all the suffering the war has brought, but then I would only make myself more dejected. There is nothing we can do but wait as calmly as we can till the misery comes to an end.

Nazi law did not allow Jews to run businesses. Otto Frank was forced to transfer directorship of his company to non-Jewish people who worked for him. He feared his family would soon be targeted and in danger from the Nazis.

### **5 July 1942**

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 sombre words not come true for as long as possible.

The Nazis soon sent deportation orders for people to be sent to concentration camps. Anne’s sister, Margot and her father both received orders, and so the family decided to go into hiding early, to escape deportation.

On 9 July 1942 Anne went into hiding with her family, the van Pels family and Fritz Pfeffer in the ‘Secret Annexe’ above her father’s office. Anne changed the name van Pels to ‘van Daan’ and Fritz Pfeffer to ‘Albert Dussel’ in her diary to protect them. While the family was fleeing, they had to do so carefully. They must not be caught evading the call-up, nor suspected of going into hiding. Margot rode her bicycle there, which was especially risky, since Jews were not allowed to ride bicycles.

They had to be completely quiet while they were in hiding, otherwise any person might report that there were people being hidden. They could be discovered and either killed immediately by Nazi police or taken to concentration camps. Anne was frightened because she was not used to such darkness and silence at night.

Though Anne and her family were in hiding, they heard news of what was happening to Jews outside, including the terrible conditions in the Dutch concentration camp. Most of their friends were deported to concentration camps. Other people did not help the Jews because they feared for their own lives.

### **1 October 1942**

Yesterday I had a horrible fright. At eight o’clock the doorbell suddenly rang. All I could think of was that someone was coming to get us, you know who I mean. But I calmed down when everyone said it must have been either pranksters or the postman.

## 9 October 1942

Nice people, the Germans! To think that I was once one of them too! No, Hitler took away our nationality long ago. In fact, Germans and Jews are the greatest enemies in the world.

Our many Jewish friends and acquaintances are being taken away in droves. The Gestapo is treating them very roughly and transporting them in cattle cars to Westerbork, the big camp in Drenthe to which they're sending all the Jews.... If it's that bad in Holland, what must it be like in those faraway and uncivilized places where the Germans are sending them? We assume that most of them are being murdered. The English radio says they're being gassed.

Have you ever heard the term 'hostages'? That's the latest punishment for saboteurs. It's the most horrible thing you can imagine. Leading citizens--innocent people--are taken prisoner to await their execution. If the Gestapo can't find the saboteur, they simply grab five hostages and line them up against the wall. You read the announcements of their death in the paper, where they're referred to as 'fatal accidents'.

## 20 October 1942

Dearest Kitty,

My hand's still shaking, though it's been two hours since we had the scare. I should explain that there are five fire extinguishers in the building. The office staff stupidly forgot to warn us that a man was coming to fill the extinguishers. As a result we didn't bother to be quiet until I heard the sound of hammering on the landing (across from the bookcase)...

After working for about fifteen minutes, he laid his hammer and some other tools on our bookcase (or so we thought!) and banged on our door. We turned white with fear. Had he heard something after all and did he now want to check out this mysterious-looking bookcase? It seemed so, since he kept knocking, pulling and pushing it.

I was so scared I nearly fainted at the thought of this total stranger managing to discover our wonderful hiding place. Just when I thought my days were numbered, we heard the voice of Mr. Kleinman from the office saying, 'Open up, it's me.'

We opened the door at once. What had happened? The book fastening the bookcase had got stuck, so no one could warn us about the fire extinguisher man. After the man left Mr. Kleinman came to fix the secret bookcase door. I can't tell you how relieved I was...

## 7 November 1942

Who else but me is ever going to read these letters? Who else but me can I turn to for comfort? I'm frequently in need of consolation, I often feel weak, and more often than not, I fail to meet expectations. I know this, and every day I resolved to do better.



Anne felt intensely guilty that she was safe in hiding when so many of her friends had been deported and might be dead. She was very aware that she was very lucky to be alive.

### **19 November 1942**

I feel wicked sleeping in a warm bed, while my dearest friends have been knocked down or have fallen into a gutter somewhere out in the cold night. I get frightened when I think of close friends who have now been delivered into the hands of the cruellest brutes that walk the earth. And all because they are Jews!

### **13 January 1943**

I could go on for hours about all the suffering the war has brought, but then I would only make myself more dejected. There is nothing we can do but wait as calmly as we can till the misery comes to an end. Jews and Christians wait, the whole earth waits; and there are many who wait for death.

On 25 March 1943 burglars broke into the office building and tried to force doors. Luckily for Anne and her family, the burglars were unsuccessful. However, it was another nasty scare that made them realize how easily their hiding place could be discovered.

### **27 March 1943**

Rauter, some German bigwig, recently gave a speech. 'All Jews must be out of the German-occupied territories before 1 July 1943... These poor people are being shipped off to filthy slaughterhouses like a herd of sick and neglected cattle. But I'll say no more on the subject. My own thoughts give me nightmares!

One good piece of news is that the Labour Exchange was set on fire in an act of sabotage. A few days later the Register Office went up in flames. Men posing as German Police bound and gagged the guards and managed to destroy some important documents.

### **1 May 1943**

If I just think of how we live here, I usually come to the conclusion that it is a paradise compared with how other Jews who are not in hiding must be living.

The British and their Allies were trying to win the War by bombing German occupied countries. The air raids made life even more difficult for Anne and her family.

### **26 July 1943**

Dear Kitty,

The first warning siren went off in the morning while we were at breakfast, but we paid no attention because it only meant that the planes were crossing the coast. I had a terrible headache...

At two-thirty the guns were booming so loudly Margot and I stood in the passage. The house shook and the bombs kept falling... After half an hour the drones of the engines faded and the house began to hum with activity again...

I want friends, not admirers. People who respect me for my character and my deeds, not my flattering smile.

The circle around me would be much smaller, but what does that matter, as long as they're sincere?

Before long the smell of fire was everywhere and outside it looked as if the city was enveloped in a thick fog. A fire like that is not a pleasant sight, but fortunately for us it was all over, and we went back to our various jobs.

Just as we were starting dinner, another air-raid alarm... As we were washing up another air-raid warning, gunfire and swarms of planes... The planes dived and climbed, the air was abuzz with the drone of engines. It was very scary, and the whole time I kept thinking, 'Here it comes, this is it.'

I can tell you that when I went to bed at nine, my legs were still shaking. At the stroke of midnight I woke up again: more planes!

...there was another air-raid alarm this morning, with planes flying over and another warning siren. I've had it up to here with alarms. I've hardly slept...

### **29 October 1943**

I wander from room to room, climb up and down the stairs and feel like a songbird whose wings have been ripped off and who keeps hurling itself against the bars of its dark cage. 'Let me out, where there's fresh air and laughter!' a voice within me cries.

### **30 October 1943**

Sometimes I think God is trying to test me, both now and in the future. I'll have to become a good person on my own, without anyone to serve as a model or advise me, but it'll make me stronger in the end.

Anne was very shocked and upset when she heard about the inhuman horrors of the War. She was aware of the constant threat of death and the need to remain positive.

### **8 November 1943**

I see the eight of us with our 'Secret Annexe' as if we were a little piece of blue heaven, surrounded by heavy black rain clouds. The round, clearly defined spot where we stand is still safe, but the clouds gather more closely about us and the circle which separates us from the approaching danger closes more and more tightly.

Now we are so surrounded by danger and darkness that we bump against each other, as we search desperately for a means of escape.

We all look down below, where people are fighting each other, we look above, where it is quiet and beautiful, and meanwhile we are cut off by the great dark mass, which will not let us go upwards, but which stands before us as an impenetrable wall; it tries to crush us, but cannot do so yet. I can only cry and implore: 'Oh, if only the black circle could recede and open the way for us!'

Anne felt guilty that she had a hiding place when others were dying in concentration camps. She thought especially about her friends, who were probably suffering in dreadful camps.

### **24 December 1943**

I long to ride a bike, dance, whistle, look at the world, feel young and know that I'm free, and yet I can't let it show. Just imagine what would happen if all eight of us were to feel sorry for ourselves or walk around with the discontent clearly visible on our faces. Where would that get us?

### **6 January 1944**

Mother has said that she sees us more as friends than as daughters. That's all very nice, of course, except that a friend can't take the place of a mother. I need my mother to set a good example and be a person I can respect...

### **15 January 1944**

The war goes on just the same, whether or not we choose to quarrel, or long for freedom and fresh air, and so we should try to make the best of our stay here. Now I'm preaching, but I also believe that if I stay here for very long I shall grow into a dried-up old beanstalk. And I did so want to grow into a real young woman!

News came that the Germans might resort to flooding certain areas to defend Holland from the English. Everyone was worried about what could happen if the Nazis evacuate Amsterdam. If they were discovered they would be shot. If they stayed in hiding, they might drown.

### **23 February 1944**

The weather's been wonderful since yesterday, and I've perked up quite a bit. My writing, the best thing I have, is coming along well. I go to the attic almost every morning to get the stale air out of my lungs...

I also looked out the open window, letting my eyes roam over a large part of Amsterdam, over the rooftops and on to the horizon, a strip of blue so pale it was almost invisible. "As long as this exists," I thought, "this sunshine and this cloudless sky, and as long as I can enjoy it, how can I be sad?"

The best remedy for those who are frightened, lonely or unhappy is to go outside, somewhere they can be alone, alone with the sky, nature and God. For then and only then can you feel that everything is as it should be and that God wants people to be happy amid nature's beauty and simplicity.

As long as this exists, and that should be forever, I know that there will be solace for every sorrow, whatever the circumstances. I firmly believe that nature can bring comfort to all who suffer...

Riches, prestige, everything can be lost. But the happiness in your own heart can only be dimmed; it will always be there, as long as you live, to make you happy again.

Whenever you're feeling lonely or sad, try going to the loft on a beautiful day and looking outside. Not at the houses and the rooftops, but at the sky. As long as you can look fearlessly at the sky, you'll know that you're pure within and will find happiness once more.

Everyone was hungry. Food was rationed and could only be bought using official food coupons. Anne and her family could not get food coupons as they were in hiding. Therefore, in order to eat, they had to buy coupons from dealers, who sold them illegally without the Nazis' knowledge.

### **7 March 1944**

I want friends, not admirers. People who respect me for my character and my deeds, not my flattering smile. The circle around me would be much smaller, but what does that matter, as long as they're sincere?

I've found that there is always some beauty left – in nature, sunshine, freedom, in yourself; these can all help you. Look at these things, then you find yourself again... And whoever is happy will make others happy too. He who has courage and faith will never perish in misery!

On 14 March 1944 the people who gave Anne and her family illegal food coupons were arrested by the Nazi police, but for some reason they were released from prison on 23 March. The British were now making non-stop air raids on the Germans.

### **24 March 1944**

Have my parents forgotten that they were young once? Apparently they have. At any rate, they laugh at us when we're serious, and they're serious when we're joking.

### **25 March 1944**

I'm honest and tell people right to their faces what I think, even when it's not very flattering. I want to be honest; I think it gets you further and also makes you feel better about yourself.

### **29 March 1944**

Mr. Bolkestein, the Cabinet Minister, speaking on the Dutch broadcast from London, said that after the war a collection would be made of diaries and letters dealing with the war. Of course, everyone pounced on my diary.

At the end of March 1944 the weather was bitterly cold and the Nazis invaded Hungary, which was further bad news for Hungarian Jews.

### **4 April 1944**

I want to go on living even after my death! And therefore I am grateful to God for giving me this gift, this possibility of developing myself and of writing, of expressing all that is in me. I can shake off everything if I write; my sorrows disappear, my courage is reborn.

### **5 April 1944**

I don't want to live in vain like most people. I want to be useful or bring enjoyment to all people, even those I've never met. I want to go on living even after my death! When I write, I can shake off all my cares.

### **14 April 1944**

If the truth is told, things are just as bad as you yourself care to make them.

### **3 May 1944**

I don't believe that the big men, the politicians and the capitalists alone, are guilty of the war. Oh no, the little man is just as guilty, otherwise the peoples of the world would have risen in revolt long ago!

There is in people simply an urge to destroy, an urge to kill, to murder and rage, until all mankind, without exception, undergoes a great change, wars will be waged, everything that has been built up, cultivated, and grown will be destroyed and disfigured, after which mankind will have to begin all over again.

### **26 May 1944**

I've asked myself again and again whether it wouldn't have been better if we hadn't gone into hiding, if we were dead now and didn't have to go through this misery, especially so that the others could be spared the burden. But we all shrink from this thought. We still love life, we haven't yet forgotten the voice of nature, and we keep hoping, hoping for . . . everything.

Tuesday 6 June 1944 was D-Day. On this day the invasion by British and Allied landed in Europe. Many Nazi-occupied French cities were heavily bombarded. Anne and her family discussed their hopes of liberation. The news they heard on the radio gave them fresh courage and strength. Anne felt as if friends were approaching. Anne hoped the Allied invasion would be successful so she could look forward to going back to school in September 1944.

### **13 June 1944**

Dearest Kit,

Another birthday has gone by, so I'm now fifteen. I received quite a few gifts...

The invasion is still going splendidly, in spite of the miserable weather – pouring rains, strong winds and high seas...

...looking at the sky, at the clouds, the moon and the stars really does make me feel calm and hopeful. It's much better medicine than anything else. Nature makes me feel humble and ready to face every blow with courage!

### **6 July 1944**

To be honest, I can't imagine how anyone could say "I'm weak" and then stay that way. If you know that about yourself, why not fight it, why not develop your character?

We have many reasons to hope for great happiness, but . . . we have to earn it. And that's something you can't achieve by taking the easy way out. Earning happiness means doing good and working, not speculating and being lazy. Laziness may look inviting, but only work gives you true satisfaction.

### **15 July 1944**

It's a wonder I haven't abandoned all my ideals, they seem so absurd and impractical. Yet I cling to them because I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart.

It's utterly impossible for me to build my life on a foundation of chaos, suffering and death. I see the world being slowly transformed into a wilderness, I hear the approaching thunder that, one day, will destroy us too, I feel the suffering of millions. And yet, when I look up at the sky, I somehow feel that everything will change for the better, that this cruelty too shall end, that peace and tranquility will return once more.

### **Afterword**

Anne's final entry in her diary was dated 1 August 1944. German officers raided the Secret Annex and arrested Anne and all of her family on 4 August 1944.

Anne's mother died on 6 January 1945 from starvation in Auschwitz concentration camp. Anne's sister Margot died 9 March 1945 in Bergen-Belsen concentration camp from typhus – a fever spread by lice and fleas.

Three days after her sister's death, Anne also died from typhus in Bergen-Belsen concentration camp.

The camp was liberated by British troops a few weeks after Anne's death.

The Second World War ended 8 May 1945.

Otto Frank was the only family member to survive the War and died in 1980.

# Anne Frank — Glossary

## Characters

Anne Frank	Diarist
Margot Frank	Anne's sister
Otto Frank	Anne's father
Edith Hollander Frank	Anne's Mother

## The Story

bigwig	important person
capitalists	industrialists
circumstances	conditions
consolation	comforting
cultivated	developed
decrees	laws
dejected	miserable
discontent	unhappiness
Drenthe	a province in northeast Holland
guilders	Dutch money before the Euro
musings	thoughts
pranksters	people playing tricks
prestige	respect, status
recede	move away
saboteurs	people who destroy enemy property
sombre	serious
tranquility	calm, quiet stillness
transformed	changed
Westerbork	a transit camp, where people waited to be sent away