

DIARY

Anne Frank  
♡





*"Gorgeous photograph, isn't it!!!!"*

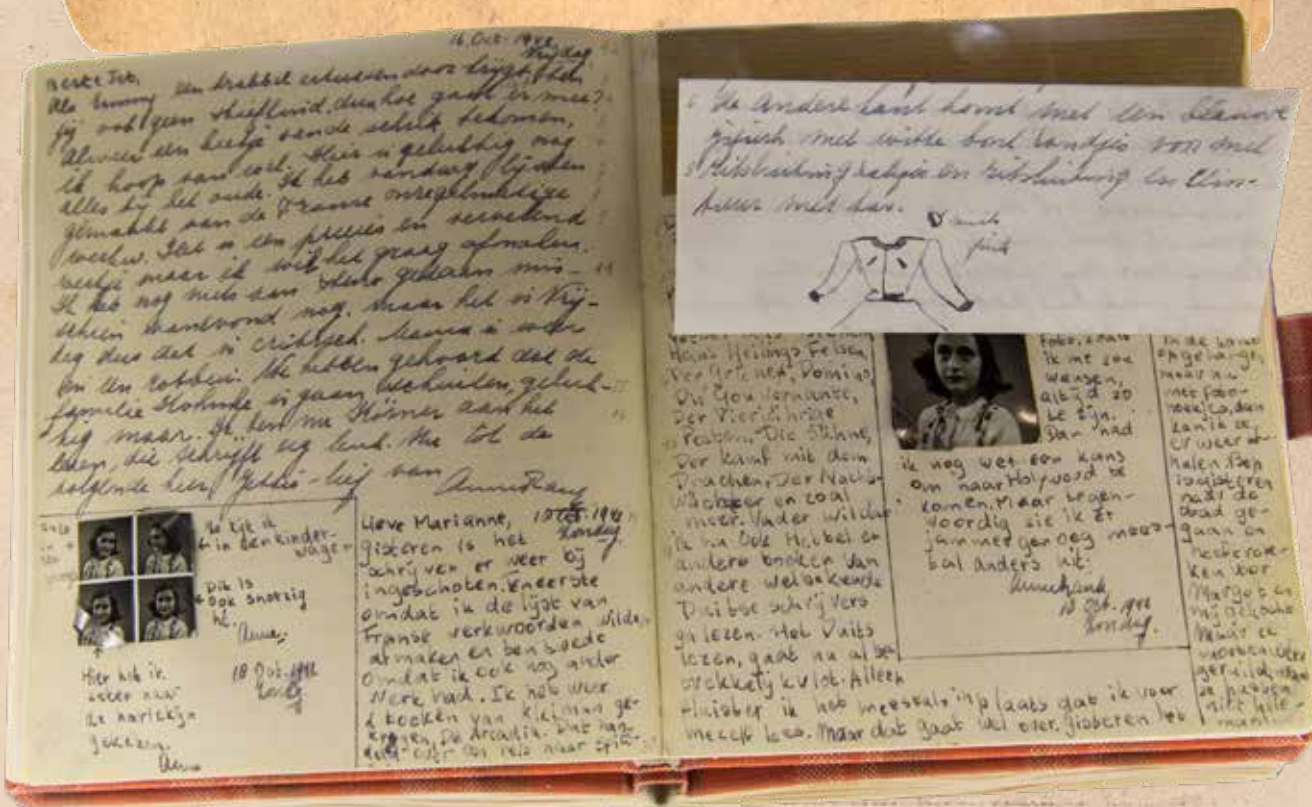


Personalize your diary in the same way that Anne did by placing a favorite photograph of yourself on the very first page. Anne wrote, "Gorgeous photograph, isn't it!!!!" above her picture.



Saturday, 20 June, 1942

I haven't written for a few days, because I wanted first of all to think about my diary. It's an odd idea for someone like me to keep a diary; not only because I have never done so before, but because it seems to me that neither I nor for that matter anyone else will be interested in the unbosomings of a thirteen-year-old school girl. 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. There is a saying that "paper is more patient than man"...



The famous first book of Anne's diary was rather like a scrapbook at times, with her pasting or taping in photographs and other loose pieces of paper. Feel free to tape and paste important items of your own into your diary so as to give it a rich, layered feel just like Anne's diary.

People keep a diary for different reasons.

Here are a few of those reasons:

- ◀ A diary can help you have better connections to your goals, emotions, and values. When you write things down and ponder them, it brings clarity to your life.
- ◀ A diary can help you solve problems. The number one reason people write in a diary is so that they can figure out how to solve a problem in their lives.
- ◀ A diary gives you new insights. Since a diary is a kind of dialogue with the self, it draws out insights you might miss otherwise.
- ◀ A diary is a record of your development. You can see how you've changed and grown (or not grown) over time.

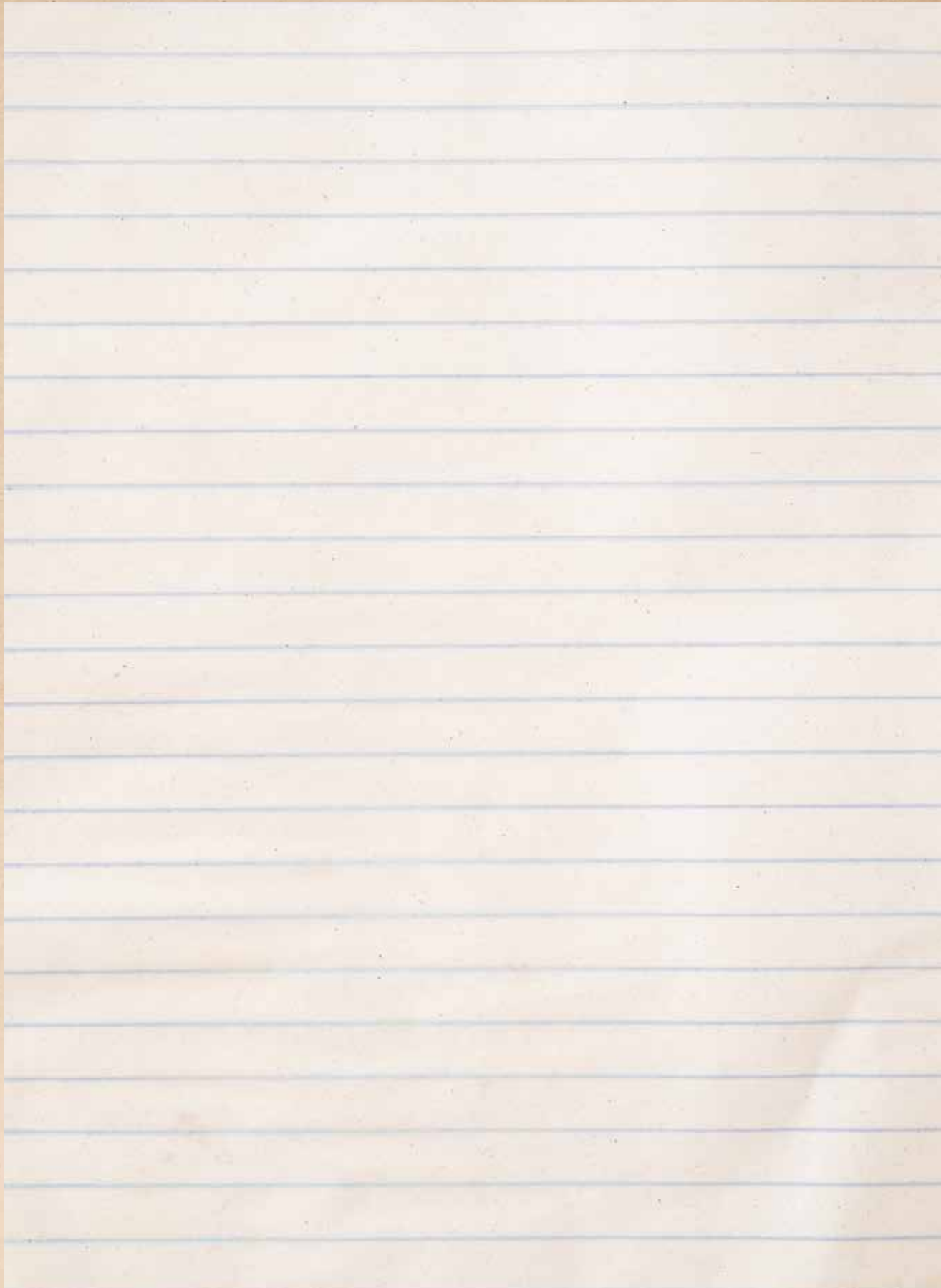
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(Date)

Anne wanted to write in a diary because she wanted to bring out that which was buried deep inside her. Why else might someone want to record their life - page-by-page - in a diary? Why would you want to keep a record of your life? Use one of the prompts below to begin writing:

- ◀ “I would want to write in a diary because ...”
- ◀ “Writing down things that happen every day would be ...”
- ◀ The thing I wonder about writing a diary is ...”







Use these 7 photographs to find out something about Anne's early life.

What conclusions can you draw from studying the photographs?



Skating with friends



Vacation with Grandma at the beach



Family photo



With Teacher Dodron at Montessori School



Reading on the roof



In fancy dress for Purim festival



10th birthday party





Use this envelope to include a set of photographs or documents that tell your own story. Include items like photos of grandparents, parents and guardians, weddings, photographs of special events like birth, birthdays, traveling, friends, and school pictures.



Sunday, 21 June, 1942

Dear Kitty,

... I get along quite well with all my teachers, nine in all, seven masters and two mistresses. Mr. Keptor, the old math master, was very annoyed with me for a long time because I chatter so much. So I had to write a composition with "A Chatterbox" as the subject. A chatterbox!...My arguments were that talking is a feminine characteristic and that I would do my best to keep it under control, but I should never be cured, for my mother talked as much as I, probably more, and what can one do about inherited qualities. Mr. Keptor had to laugh at my arguments, but when I continued to hold forth in the next lesson, another composition followed. This time it was "Incurable Chatterbox," I handed this in and Keptor made no complaints for two whole lessons. But in the third lesson it was too much for him again. "Anne, as punishment for talking, will do a composition entitled 'Quack, quack, quack, says Mrs. Natterbeak.'" Shouts of laughter from the class. I had to laugh too, although I felt that my inventiveness on the subject was exhausted. I had to think of something else, something entirely original. I was in luck, as my friend Sanne writes good poetry and offered to help by doing the whole composition in verse. I jumped for joy. Keptor wanted to make a fool of me with this absurd theme. I would get my own back and make him the laughingstock of the whole class. The poem was finished and was perfect. It was about a mother duck and a father swan who had three baby ducklings. The baby ducklings were bitten to death by Father because they chattered too much. Luckily, Keptor saw the joke, he read the poem out loud to the class, with comments, and also to various other classes.

Since then I am allowed to talk, never get extra work, in fact Keptor always jokes about it.

Yours,

Anne





**This is a great example  
of Anne's humor,  
a skill she uses  
throughout her diary.**

Humor has many emotional and physical benefits. For one, humor helps people cope with stress and adversity. Laughter - especially a hearty laugh - has been shown to benefit your circulation, lungs, and muscles. Humor helps people deal with pain and physical adversity as well. Anne often wrote about the social benefits of humor in her own life, believing that her humor helped her receive positive attention and admiration from her peers. It's been shown that having a sense of humor can actually even boost your creativity.

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(Date)

“A funny story that my family and I tell over and over again is...”

Sunday morning, 5 July, 1942

Dear Kitty,

...When we walked across our little square together a few days ago, Daddy began to talk of us going into hiding. I asked him why on earth he was beginning to talk of that already. "Yes, Anne," he said, "you know that we have been taking food, clothes, furniture to other people for more than a year now. We don't want our belongings to be seized by the Germans, but we certainly don't want to fall into their clutches ourselves. So we shall disappear of our own accord and not wait until they come and fetch us."

"But, Daddy, when would it be?" He spoke so seriously that I grew very anxious.

"Don't you worry about it, we shall arrange everything. Make the most of your carefree young life while you can." That was all...

Yours,  
*Anne*



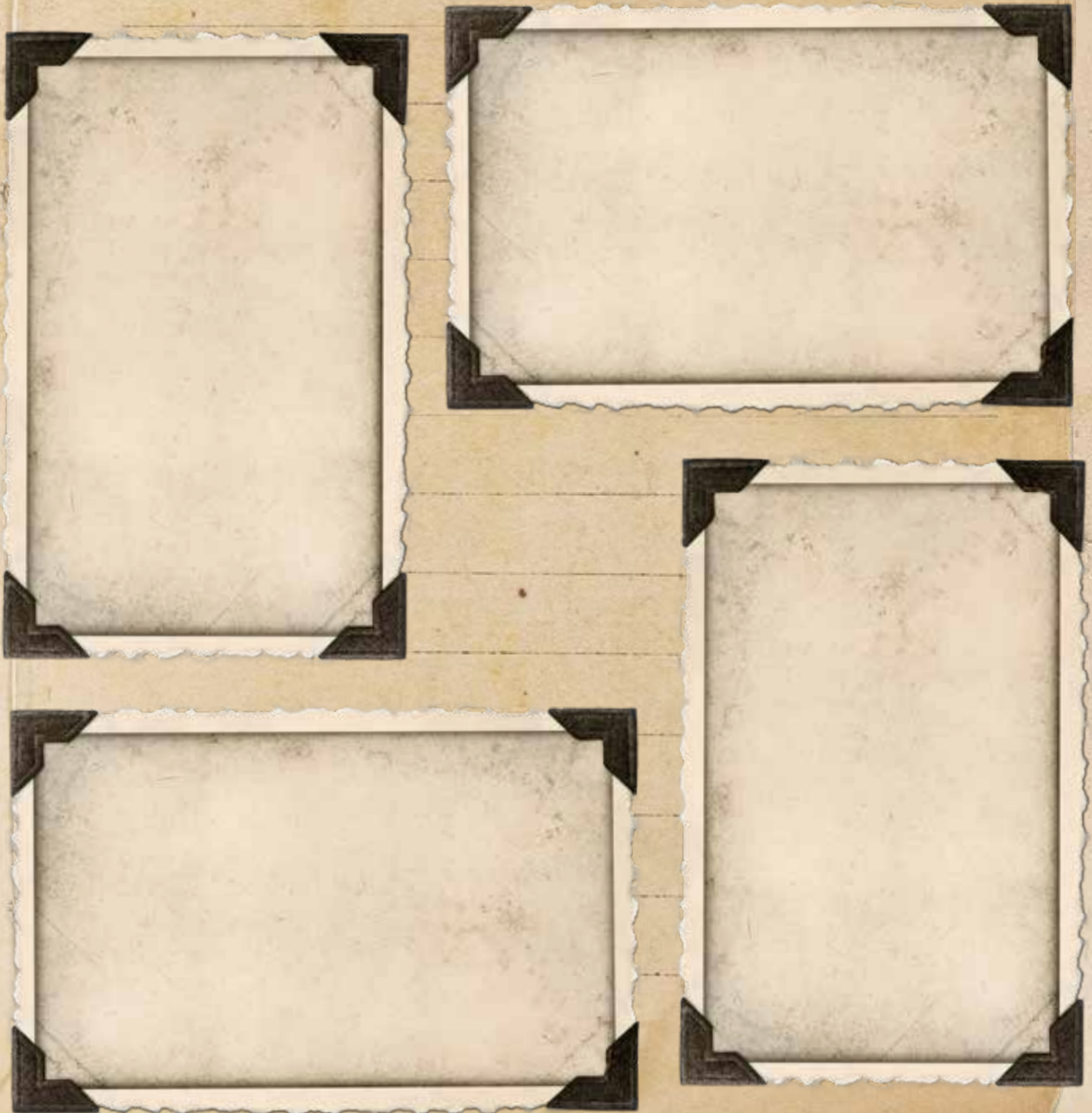


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(Date)

Place some of your current photographs of you, your family and friends here. They are a glimpse into your life on this date in time. Try and let them represent the things most dear to you right now; let them capture a snapshot of your young life.

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Wednesday, 8 July, 1942

Dear Kitty,

Years seem to have passed between Sunday and now. So much has happened, it is just as if the whole world had turned upside down. But I am still alive, Kitty, and that is the main thing, Daddy says...

...Into hiding ... where would we go, in a town or the country, in a house or a cottage, when, how, where...?

These were questions I was not allowed to ask, but I couldn't get them out of my mind. Margot and I began to pack some of our most vital belongings into a school satchel. The first thing I put in was this diary, then hair curlers, handkerchiefs, schoolbooks, a comb, old letters; I put in the craziest things with the idea that we were going into hiding. But I'm not sorry, memories mean more to me than dresses...

Yours, *Anne*





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(Date)

If you were to have to suddenly leave your home, what are the items that you'd pack into a school backpack?

List them here and tell why they're important for you to take.

Saturday, 11 July, 1942

Dear Kitty,

...I expect you will be interested to hear what it feels like to “disappear”; well, all I can say is that I don’t know myself yet...The “Secret Annexe” is an ideal hiding place... Our little room looked very bare at first with nothing on the walls; but thanks to Daddy who brought my film-star collection and picture postcards on beforehand, and with the aid of paste pot and brush, I have transformed the walls into one gigantic picture. This makes it look much more cheerful...

...The four of us went to the private office yesterday evening and turned on the radio. I was so terribly frightened that someone might hear it that I simply begged Daddy to come upstairs with me...It is the silence that frightens me so much in the evenings and at night...I can’t tell you how oppressive it is never to be able to go outdoors, also I’m very afraid that we shall be discovered and be shot...

Yours,

Anne







Anne writes about these people who were in hiding with her, sharing the space with her in the Secret Annex under unusual circumstances and in extreme times .



Anne Frank



Albert Dussel



Edith Frank



Margot Frank



Otto Frank



Peter van Daan



Petronella van Daan



Hermann van Daan



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(Date)

Who lives in the space with you?



Friday, 14 August, 1942

Dear Kitty,

I have deserted you for a whole month, but honestly, there is so little news here that I can't find amusing things to tell you everyday...

...At nine-thirty in the morning (we were still having breakfast) Peter arrived, the Van Daan's son, not sixteen yet, a rather soft, shy, gawky youth; can't expect much from his company...

Yours,

Anne





(Date)

Anne cleverly decided to name her diary Kitty so that it would feel like she was writing to a best friend. It's a smart way to make keeping a diary more personal. It's believed that Anne took the epistolary style and the name Kitty from a character in a series of popular Dutch books written by Cissy van Marxveldt.

**Personification: the attribution of a personal nature or human characteristics to something nonhuman, or the representation of an abstract quality in human form.**

Why do you think that Anne, so removed from the world and her vital relationships with her best friends, personifies her diary? How do you think this might give her comfort? Have you ever found comfort yourself in personifying something? What was it? How did it give you comfort?

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When Anne first meets Peter van Daan she's not very impressed by him. But later, as they spend months together in the Secret Annex, Anne and Peter form a strong bond. Have you ever at first met someone that you weren't really impressed with, but then later when you got to know them better they became one of your dearest friends? Write about it here. Do you think we are often too quick to judge people before we know them well? Why or why not?

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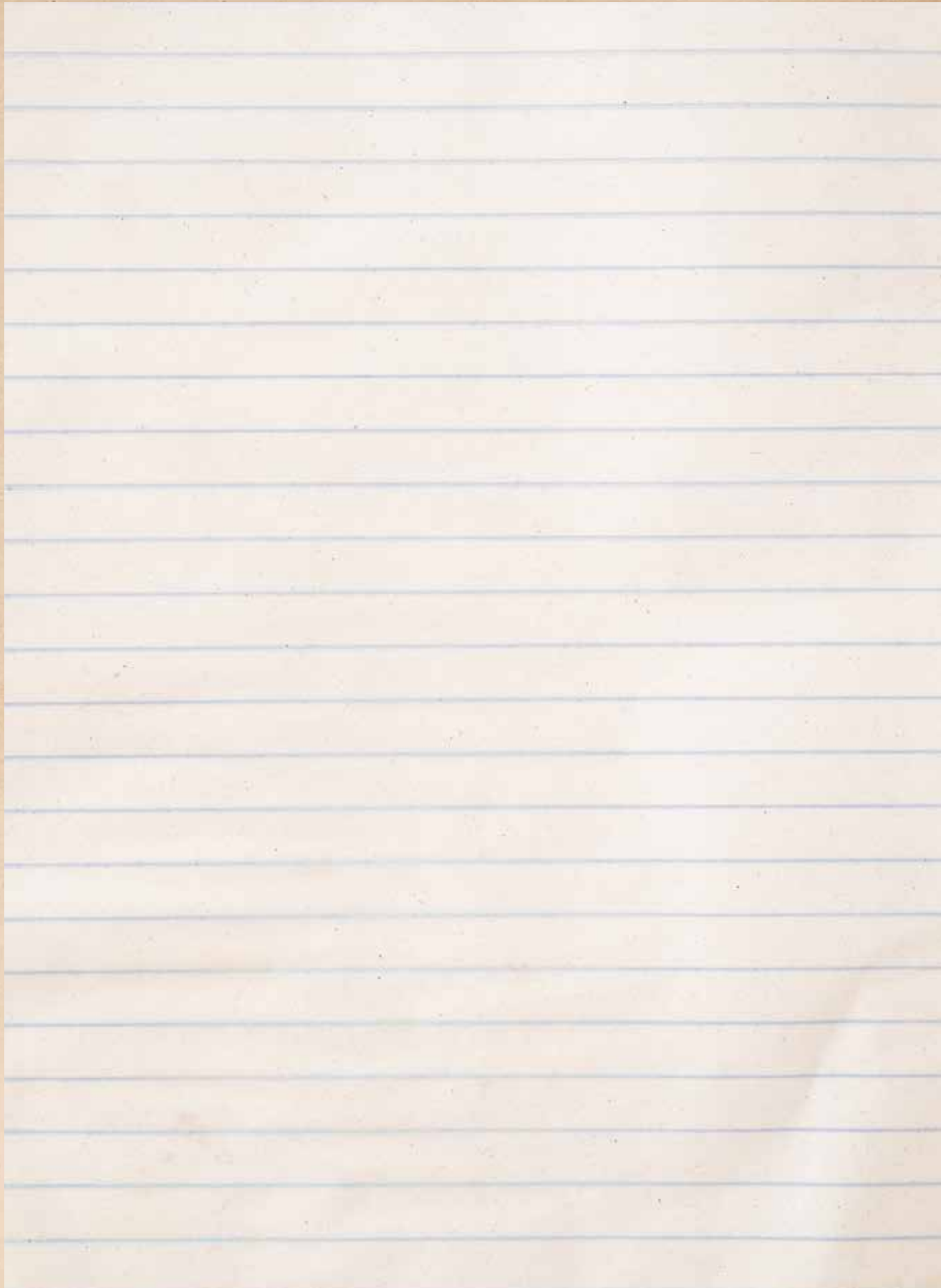
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Monday, 21 September, 1942

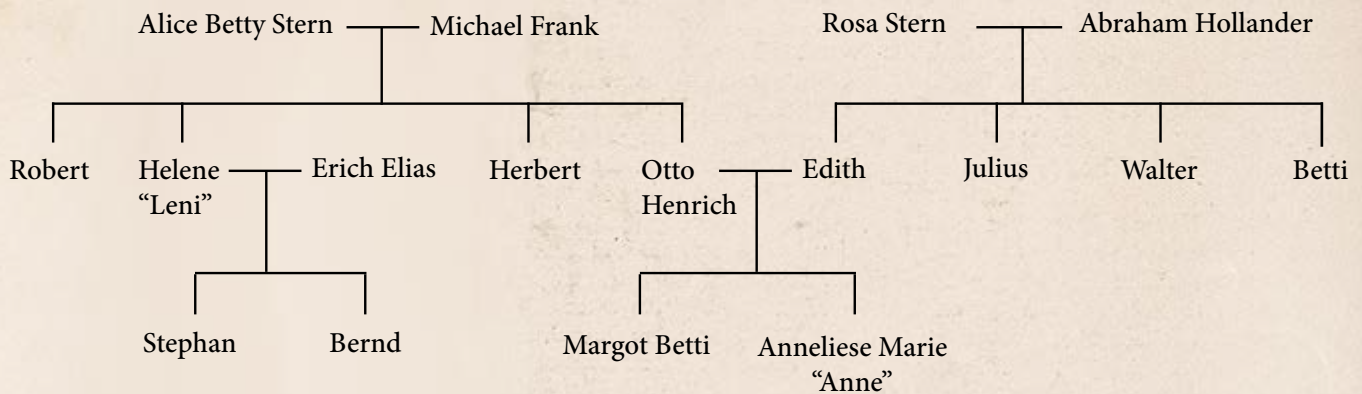
Dear Kitty,

Today I'm going to tell you our general news.

...I'm busy with Daddy working out his family tree: as we go along he tells me little bits about everyone ... it's terribly interesting...

Yours,

Anne



Jews in captivity or in hiding sometimes did intricate work creating family genealogies like Anne and her father were doing. They also kept diaries of their experiences or focused on art projects that were self-portraits or paintings of better times they remembered from their past. These were all ways of resisting the dehumanization of the Nazis.



## Contemporary Family Mapping Activity

Sketch out a family tree like Anne and her father were working on. Remember, there are all kinds of ways to be a family - there are multiracial families, gay and lesbian families, foster families, children raised by grandparents and other kin, non-related households, step- and blended families, adoptive families, and many more combinations. A family is who you want it to be.

How would you draw your family out? What does your family look like?



Friday, 16 October, 1942

Dear Kitty,

...Yesterday I finished *The Assault*. It's quite amusing, but doesn't touch *Joop ter Heul*. As a matter of fact, I think Cissy van Marxveldt is a first-rate writer. I shall definitely let my children read her books...

Till next time,

Yours,

Anne

The importance of education was core to the Frank family. They were all great readers and Anne identifies the Dutch writer Cissy van Marxveldt as one of her favorite writers.





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(Date)

Everyone has favorite stories, authors, books, or genres of literature that they like more than others. What about you?

The author I like the most is... because...

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A special book I have in my possession that was a gift to me is...

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I think my favorite genre of literature is...because...

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Tuesday, 17 November, 1942

**“Secret Annexe Rules”** (Van Daan product)

Special institution as temporary residence for Jews and suchlike.

**Open all the year round.** Beautiful, quiet, free from woodland surroundings, in the heart of Amsterdam. Can be reached by trams 13 and 17, also by car or bicycle. In special cases also on foot, if the Germans prevent the use of transport.

**Board and lodging:** Free.

**Special fat-free diet.**

**Running water** in the bathroom (alas, no bath) and down various inside and outside walls.

**Ample storage room** for all types of goods.

**Own radio center**, direct communication with London, New York, Tel Aviv, and numerous other stations. This appliance is only for residents' use after six o'clock in the evening. No stations forbidden, on the understanding that German stations are only listened to in special cases, such as classical music and the like.

**Rest hours:** 10 o'clock in the evening until 7:30 in the morning. 10:15 on Sundays. Residents may rest during the day, conditions permitting, as the directors indicate. For reasons of public security rest hours must be strictly observed!

**Holidays (outside the home):** postponed indefinitely.

**Use of language:** Speak softly at all times, by order! All civilized languages are permitted, therefore no German!

**Lessons:** One written shorthand lesson per week. English, French, Mathematics, and History at all times.

**Small Pets - Special Department (permit is necessary):** Good treatment available (vermin excepted).

**Mealtimes:** breakfast, every day except Sundays and Bank Holidays, 9 A.M. Sundays and Bank Holidays, 11:30 A.M. approximately.

**Lunch:** (not very big): 1:15 P.M. to 1:45 P.M.

**Dinner:** cold and/or hot: no fixed time (depending on the news broadcast).

**Duties:** Residents must always be ready to help with office work.

**Baths:** The washtub is available for all residents from 9 A.M. on Sundays. The W.C., kitchen, private office or main office, whichever preferred, are available.

**Alcoholic Beverages:** only with doctor's Prescription.





Thursday, 19 November, 1942

Dear Kitty,

...Dussel has told us a lot about the outside world, which we have missed for so long now. He had very sad news. Countless friends and acquaintances have gone to a terrible fate...The Germans ring at every front door to inquire if there are any Jews living in the house. If there are, then the whole family has to go at once...In the evenings when it's dark, I often see rows of good, innocent people accompanied by crying children, walking on and on, in charge of a couple of these chaps, bullied and knocked about until they almost drop. No one is spared ... old people, babies, expectant mothers, the sick ... each and all join in the march of death.

How fortunate we are here, so well cared for and undisturbed. We wouldn't have to worry about all this misery were it not that we are so anxious about all those dear to us whom we can no longer help.

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 cruelest brutes that walk the earth. And all because they are Jews!

Yours,

Anne



Roundup of Jews in Amsterdam for deportation.



Gates of Auschwitz Concentration Camp.



(Date)

## From Darkness To Light

**Juxtaposition:** the fact of two things being seen or placed close together with contrasting effect.

Anne has an amazing ability to write about the horrors of the Holocaust and at the same time express great gratitude. The juxtaposition of these two things ... horror and gratitude ... makes her diary all the more powerful and compelling. In this diary entry, Anne writes about dear friends and neighbors who go to a terrible death and how sad she is for them.

We've all experienced loss, but hopefully can see things we're grateful for on a daily basis as well.

**Write about three people or things you're most grateful for in your own life.**

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Tuesday, 22 December, 1942

Dear Kitty,

The "Secret Annex" has heard the joyful news that each person will receive an extra quarter of a pound of butter for Christmas. It says half a pound in the newspapers, but that's only for the lucky mortals who get their ration books from the government, not for Jews who have gone into hiding, who can only afford to buy four illegal ration books, instead of eight.

We are all going to bake something with our butter. I made some biscuits and two cakes this morning...

Yours,

*Anne*





(Date)

Everyday, common things like baking biscuits or cake can bring normalcy to an otherwise unthinkable situation. Anne's parents were quite good at creating normalness about their hiding during the Holocaust.

**Do you have a favorite family recipe, something that makes a certain holiday all the more special because a parent, grandparent or guardian makes that same dish every time? Get the recipe and write it in here. Why do you like this dish so much?**

*Recipe:* \_\_\_\_\_

*Ingredients:* \_\_\_\_\_

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*Directions:* \_\_\_\_\_

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Sunday, 13 June, 1943

Dear Kitty,

My birthday poem from Daddy is too good to keep from you...

*Though youngest here, you are no longer small,  
But life is very hard, since one and all  
Aspire to be your teacher, thus and thus:  
“We have experience, take a tip from us.”  
“We know because we did it long ago.”  
“Elders are always better, you must know.”  
At least that’s been the rule since life began!  
Our personal faults are much too small to scan,  
This makes it easier to criticize  
The faults of others, which seem double size.  
Please bear with us, your parents, for we try  
To judge you fairly and with sympathy.  
Correction sometimes take against your will,  
Though it’s like swallowing a bitter pill,  
Which must be done if we’re to keep the peace,  
While time goes by till all this suffering cease.  
You read and study nearly all the day,  
Who might have lived in such a different way.  
You’re never bored and bring us all fresh air.  
Your only moan is this: “What can I wear?  
I have no nickers, all my clothes are small,  
My vest might be a loincloth, that is all!  
To put on shoes would mean to cut off toes,  
Oh dear, I’m worried by so many woes!”  
Yes, if you grow four inches more  
You can’t wear what you wore before.”*

Yours,

*Anne*

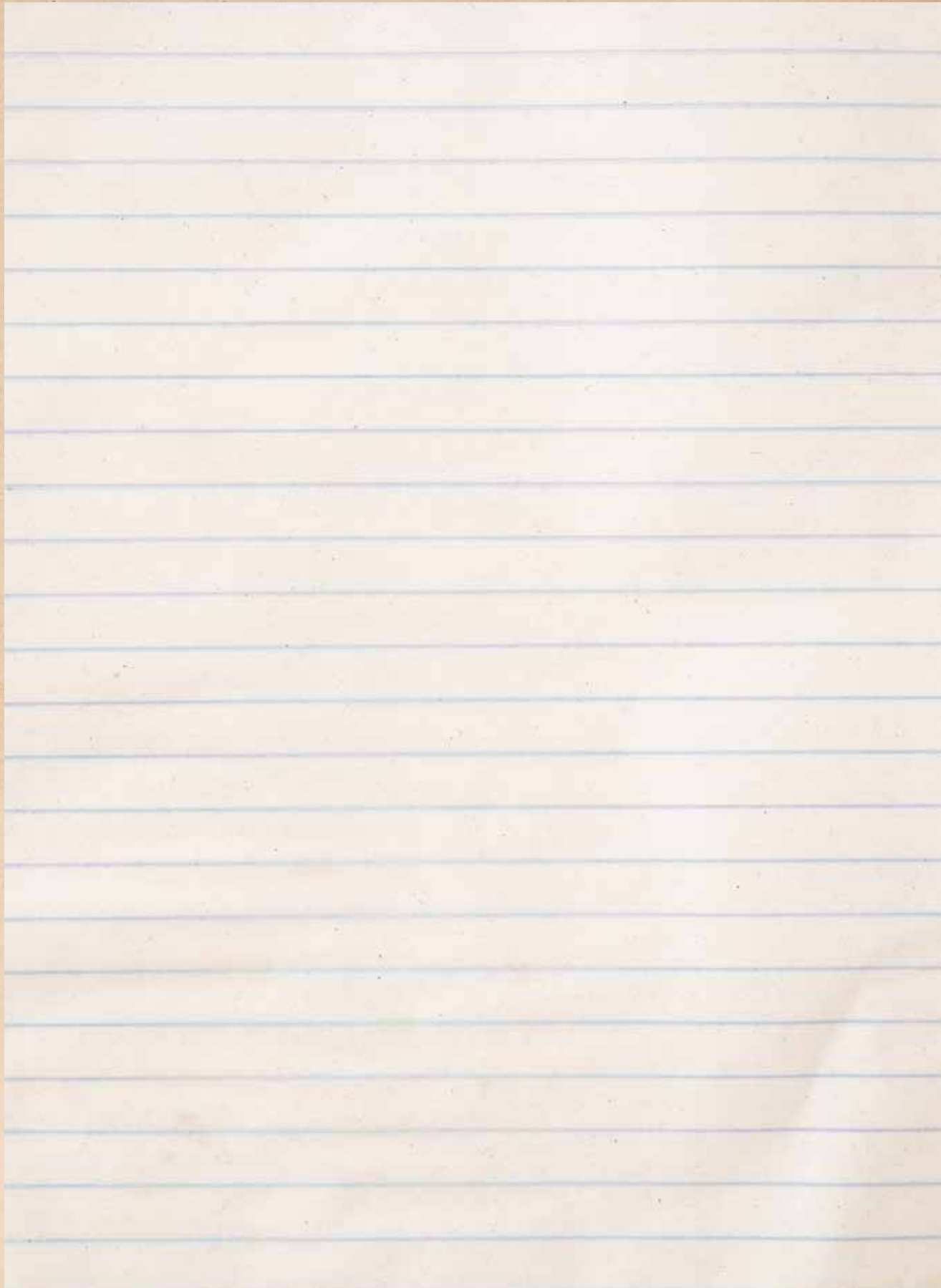


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(Date)

**What do you think Anne's father is trying to communicate to her through his original birthday poem? Have you ever had anyone write a poem about you? Write it below.**

**If you haven't, why not ask a best friend to pen one for you and copy it here? Or perhaps you'd like to write a poem about a family member that you love dearly, whether they are still with you or not.**







Friday, 23 July, 1943

Dear Kitty,

Just for fun I'm going to tell you each person's first wish, when we are allowed to go outside again. Margot and Mr. Van Daan long more than anything for a hot bath filled to overflowing and want to stay in it for half an hour. Mrs. Van Daan wants most to go and eat cream cakes immediately. Dussel thinks of nothing but seeing Lotje, his wife; Mummy of her cup of coffee; Daddy is going to visit Mr. Vossen first; Peter the town and a cinema, while I should find it so blissful, I shouldn't know where to start! But most of all, I long for a home of our own, to be able to move freely and to have some help with my work again at last, in other words ... school...

Yours,

Anne







Sunday, 17 October, 1943

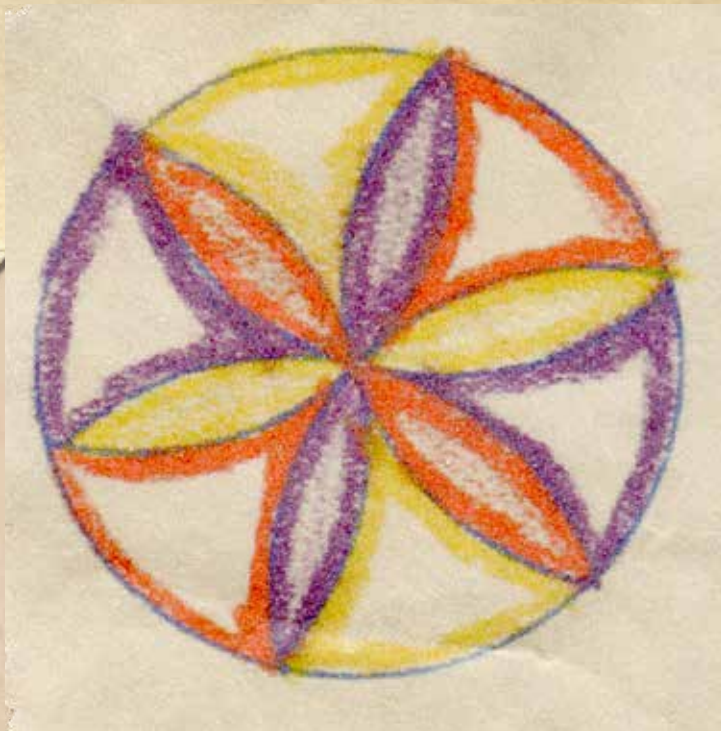
Dear Kitty,

...I am dazed by all the abusive exchanges that have taken place in this virtuous house during the past month. Daddy goes about with his lips tightly pursed; when anyone speaks to him, he looks up startled, as if he is afraid he will have to patch up some tricky relationship again. Mummy has red patches on her cheeks from excitement. Margot complains of headaches. Dussel can't sleep. Mrs. Van Daan grouses the whole day and I'm going completely crazy! Quite honestly, I sometimes forget who we are quarreling with and with whom we've made it up.

The only way to take one's mind off it all is to study, and I do a lot of that.

Yours,

Anne

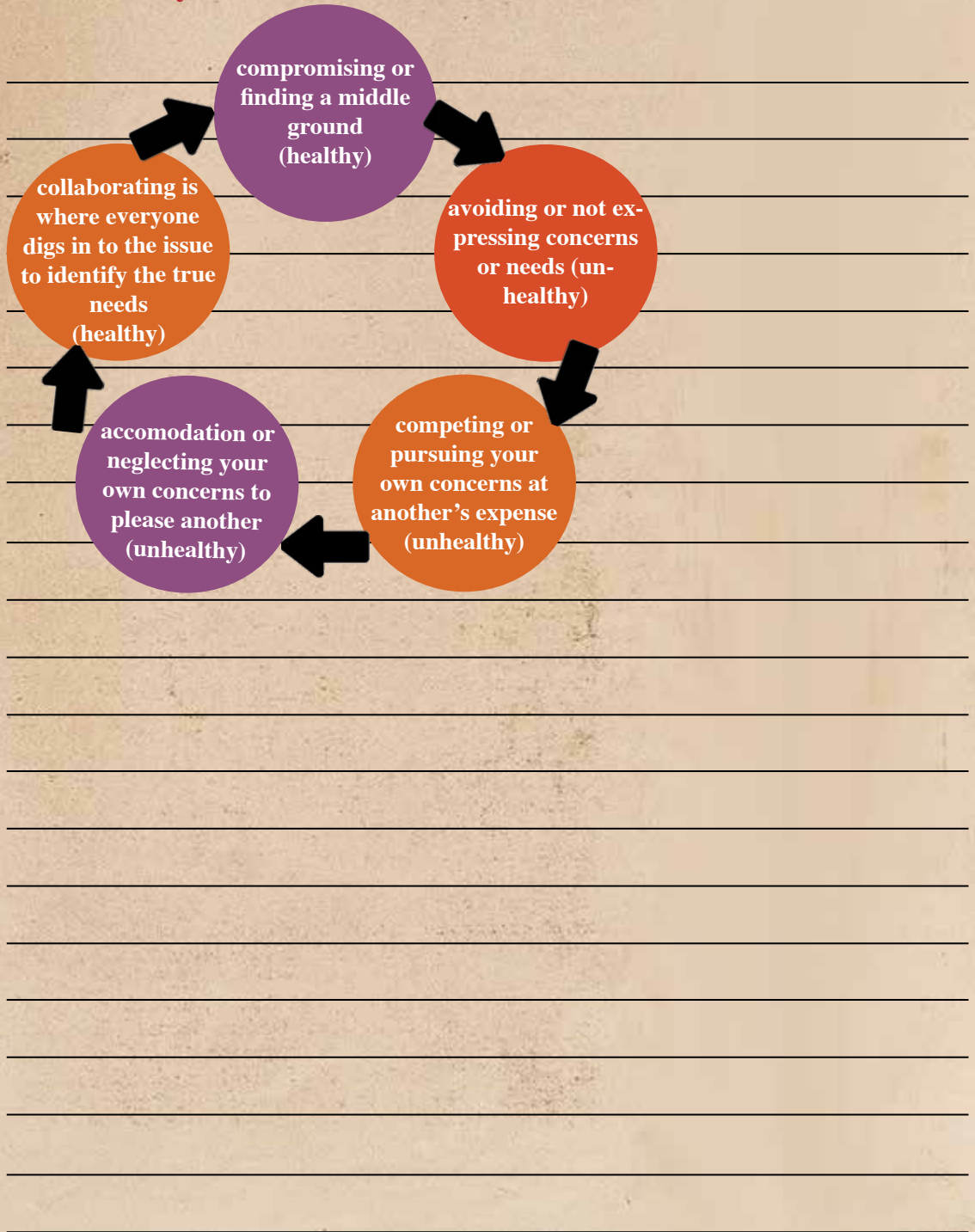




(Date)

Conflict reigns in the Secret Annex as the group continues to get on each other's nerves in the small space where they hide.

People certainly deal with conflict in different ways. Here are five common ways of handling conflict, some of which are healthier than others. Think of a conflict in your own life. **How do you negotiate conflict? Is there a healthier way to do it?**





Sunday, 2 January, 1944

Dear Kitty,

This morning when I had nothing to do I turned over some of the pages of my diary and several times I came across letters dealing with the subject "Mummy" in such a hotheaded way that I was quite shocked, and asked myself: "Anne, is it really you who mentioned hate? Oh, Anne, how could you!" I remained sitting with the open page in my hand, and thought about it and how it came about that I should have been so brimful of rage and really so filled with such a thing as hate that I had to confide it all in you...

...I soothe my conscience now with the thought that it is better for hard words to be on paper than that Mummy should carry them in her heart.

Yours,

Anne

to answer you as quick  
sible. Margo and myself  
only children in our  
grandma is living with  
father has an office  
is busy at home.  
from school and I  
the fifth class  
hour-classes we  
prefer of course  
certainly know  
called Mont  
work at home  
On the map  
found the name  
is my at home. I have not go  
from school and I am sitting in  
the fifth class. We have no  
hour-classes we must get to  
prefer of course we must get to  
certainly know your mother will  
called Montessori. The system, it is  
work at home.  
On the map I looked again and  
found the name Burlington. I did  
ask a girl friend of mine if  
she would like to communicate  
with one of your friends. She  
wants to do it with a girl a-  
bout my age not with a



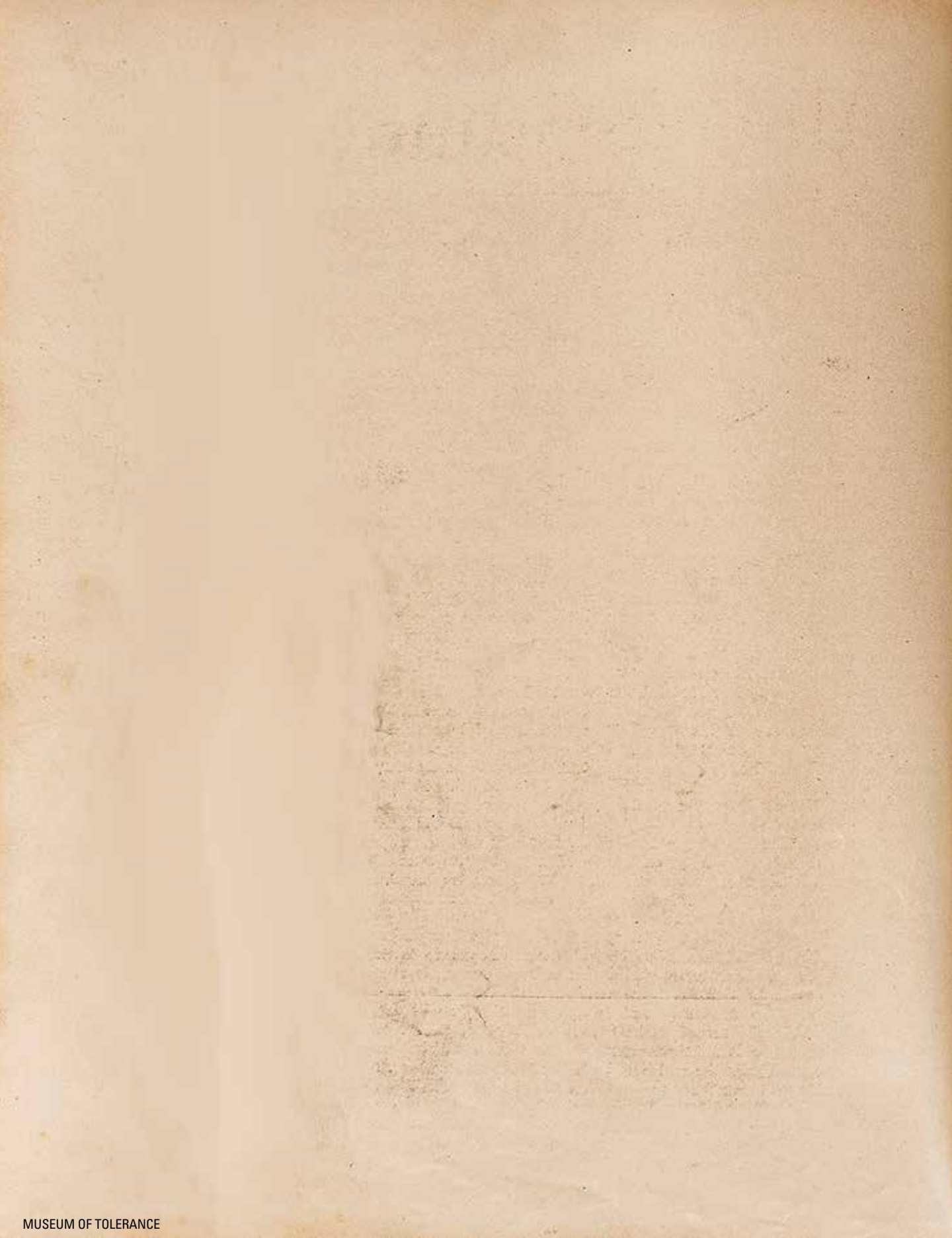
(Date)

### The Never Delivered Letter

At one time or another all of us have been in a situation where we felt angry and frustrated, much like Anne with her Mummy. Write a letter to a person who has wronged you. Say whatever you want, don't hold back.

**This is a Letter To Never Be Delivered. Write the letter on the tear-out page (next page) and, when you're finished, tear it out and throw it safely away. Only you will know to whom the letter was written. How do you feel after you've written it?**







A series of 25 horizontal lines for writing, spanning most of the page width.







Thursday, 6 January, 1944

Dear Kitty,

My longing to talk to someone became so intense that somehow or other I took it into my head to choose Peter.

Sometimes if I've been upstairs into Peter's room during the day, it always struck me as very snug, but because Peter is so retiring and would never turn anyone out who became a nuisance, I never dared stay long, because I was afraid he might think me a bore. I tried to think of an excuse to stay in his room and get him talking, without it being too noticeable, and my chance came yesterday. Peter has a mania for crossword puzzles at the moment and hardly does anything else. I helped him with them and we soon sat opposite each other at his little table, he on the chair and me on the divan.

It gave me a queer feeling each time I looked into his deep blue eyes, and he sat there with that mysterious laugh playing around his lips. I was able to read his inward thoughts. I could see on his face that look of helplessness and uncertainty how to behave, and, at the same time, a trace of his sense of manhood...

...Whatever you do, don't think I'm in love with Peter - not a bit of it! If the Van Daans had had a daughter instead of a son, I should have tried to make friends with her too...

Yours,

Anne



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(Date)

Who is one of your best friends? Can you remember how you met? Were you introduced? Who introduced you? What are some of the first things you said to each other or did together? What made you realize that you had a great friend in this person? What is it that you admire about them? Write a tribute to them below.

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Friday, 28 January, 1944

Dear Kitty,

...There are a great number of organizations, such as "The Free Netherlands," which forge identity cards, supply money to people, and work for young men in hiding, and it is amazing how much noble, unselfish work these people are doing, risking their own lives to help and save others. Our helpers are a very good example. They have pulled us through up till now and we hope they will bring us safely to dry land. Otherwise, they will have to share the same fate as the many others who are being searched for. Never have we heard one word of the burden which we certainly must be to them, never has one of them complained of all the trouble we give.

They all come upstairs every day, talk to the men about business and politics, to the women about food and wartime difficulties, and about newspapers and books with the children. They put on the brightest possible faces, bring flowers and presents for birthdays and bank holidays, are always ready to help and do all they can...

Yours,

Anne



**What were the real names of the helpers in the Secret Annex?**



Miep Gies



Bep Voskuijl



Jo Kleinman



Victor Kuglar

The Helpers were heroes throughout the story of the Secret Annex and they represent a small group of others who were doing similar wonderful and dangerous work during the Holocaust.

**Who helps you on your own personal journey? Identify two people who you'd like to acknowledge for having helped you.**

One helper I appreciate is...	...and they help me by...

Wednesday, 23 February, 1944

Dear Kitty,

...The best remedy for those who are afraid, lonely, or unhappy is to go outside, somewhere where they can be quite alone with the heavens, nature, and God. Because only then does one feel that all is as it should be and that God wishes to see people happy, amidst the simple beauty of Nature. As long as this exists, and it certainly always will, I know that then there will always be comfort for every sorrow, whatever the circumstances may be. And I firmly believe that nature brings solace in all troubles...

Yours,

Anne

13 May, 1944

“Our chestnut tree is in full bloom, thickly covered with leaves and even more beautiful than last year.





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(Date)

Write or draw about that special place in nature that brings you happiness.

A large, empty rectangular box with a thin red border, intended for writing or drawing. The box occupies most of the page and is currently blank.

Wednesday, 29 March, 1944

Dear Kitty,

Bolkestein, an M.P., was speaking on the Dutch News from London, and he said that they ought to make a collection of diaries and letters after the war. Of course, they all made a rush at my diary immediately. Just imagine how interesting it would be if I were to publish a romance of the "Secret Annexe." The title alone would be enough to make people think it was a detective story.

But, seriously, it would seem quite funny ten years after the war if we Jews were to tell how we lived and what we ate and talked about here. Although I tell you a lot, still, even so, you only know very little of our lives...

Yours,

Anne



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(Date)

Many people aren't aware that historians seek out the personal diaries of ordinary individuals from the past because it provides a view of what a person felt and saw during that time. Everything becomes important that way.

**Use this space to write about a typical day in your life.**

**A day in my life...**

A large, yellow, scalloped-edged writing area with horizontal lines, intended for a student to write about a typical day in their life.



Sunday morning, just before eleven o'clock, 16 April, 1944

Darlingest Kitty,

Remember yesterday's date, for it is a very important day in my life.

Surely it is a great day for every girl when she receives her first kiss?

Well, then, it is just as important for me too...

Yesterday evening at eight o'clock I was sitting with Peter on his divan, it wasn't long before his arm went around me. Oh, it was so lovely, I couldn't talk much, the joy was too great. He stroked my cheek and arm a bit awkwardly, playing with my curls and our heads lay touching most of the time. I can't tell you, Kitty, the feeling that ran through me all the while. I was too happy for words, and I believe he was as well.

.... How it came about so suddenly, I don't know, but before we went downstairs he kissed me, through my hair, half on my left cheek, half on my ear; I tore downstairs without looking round, and am simply longing for today!

Yours,

Anne







Thursday, 27 April, 1944

Dear Kitty,

...What doesn't a schoolgirl get to know in a single day! Take me, for example. First, I translated a piece from Dutch into English, about Nelson's last battle. After that, I went through some more of Peter the Great's war against Norway (1700-1721), Charles XII, Augustus the Strong, Stanislavs Leczinsky, Mazeppa, Von Gorz, Brandenburg, Pomerania and Denmark, plus the usual dates.

After that I landed up in Brazil, read about Bahia tobacco, the abundance of coffee and the one and a half million inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro, of Pernambuco and Sao Paulo, not forgetting the river Amazon; about Negroes, Mulattos, Mestizos, Whites, more than fifty per cent of the population being illiterate, and the malaria. As there was still some time left, I quickly ran through a family tree. Jan the Elder, Willem Lodewijk, Ernst Casimir I, Hendrik Casimir I, right up to the little Margriet Franciska (born in 1943 in Ottawa).

Twelve o'clock: In the attic, I continued my program with the history of the Church ... Phew! Till one o'clock.

Just after two, the poor child sat working ('hm, 'hm!) again, this time studying narrow- and broad-nosed monkeys. Kitty, tell me quickly how many toes a hippopotamus has! Then followed the Bible, Noah and the Ark, Shem, Ham, Japheth. After that Charles V. Then with Peter: The Colonel, in English, by Thackeray. Heard my French verbs and then compared the Mississippi with the Missouri...

...Enough for today, good-by!

Yours,

Anne



Anne had a very rigorous and enjoyable relationship with her studies and it certainly tells us a lot about the educational values of the Frank family. It is interesting to read so many years later as it gives a glimpse into her academic life during her teenage years even in the Secret Annex.

**What do you typically study on a given day?**

Period	Class Name	Today's Topic	Teacher
1 <sup>st</sup>			
2 <sup>nd</sup>			
3 <sup>rd</sup>			
4 <sup>th</sup>			
5 <sup>th</sup>			
6 <sup>th</sup>			

Thursday, 27 April, 1944

Wednesday, 3 May, 1944

As you can easily imagine we often ask ourselves here despairingly: “What, oh, what is the use of the war? Why can’t people live peacefully together? Why all this destruction?”

The question is very understandable, but no one has found a satisfactory answer to it so far. Yes, why do they make still more gigantic planes, still heavier bombs and, at the same time, prefabricated houses for reconstruction? Why should millions be spent daily on the war and yet there’s not a penny available for medical services, artists, or for poor people?

Why do some people have to starve, while there are surpluses rotting in other parts of the world? Oh, why are people so crazy?

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!

Yours,

Anne



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(Date)

It's remarkable that this diary entry is so relevant today! Respond to Anne as if she were asking you these very questions: **“Why can't people live peacefully together?” “Why do some people starve, while there are surpluses rotting in other parts of the world?”**

**Dear Anne,**

Saturday, 20 May, 1944

Dear Kitty,

Last evening I came downstairs from the attic and as I entered the room saw at once the lovely vase of carnations lying on the floor, Mummy down on hands and knees mopping up and Margot fishing up some papers from the floor.

“What’s happened here?” I asked, full of misgivings and, not even waiting for their answer, tried to sum up the damage from a distance...

...“Which books are spoiled?” I asked Margot, who was checking up on them. “Algebra,” she said. I hurried to her side, but unfortunately not even the algebra book was spoiled. I wish it had fallen right in the vase; I’ve never loathed any other book so much as that one. There are the names of at least twenty girls in the front, all previous owners; it is old, yellow, full of scribbles and improvements. If I’m ever in a really very wicked mood, I’ll tear the blasted thing to pieces!

Yours,

Anne







Friday, 26 May, 1944

Dear Kitty,

...Again and again I ask myself, would it not have been better for us all if we had not gone into hiding, and if we were dead now and not going through all this misery, especially as we shouldn't be running our protectors into danger any more. But we all recoil from these thoughts too, for we still love life; we haven't yet forgotten the voice of nature, we still hope, hope about everything...

Yours,

Anne





(Date)

Have you ever had a time in your life where you felt like you were losing hope? We all get down for various reasons. Here we see Anne, who in a terrible situation, remains hopeful. There is a lot we can learn from her.

Here are some things for you to consider if you're beginning to feel like you're losing hope.

First, look at the people that you're surrounding yourself with at home and school. Think about the people that are hopeful, positive, and energetic about their future and dreams. Observe them. What can you learn from their attitudes? Do you find that you surround yourself with people who have a positive attitude or a negative attitude? Move toward those that are hopeful and positive about life.

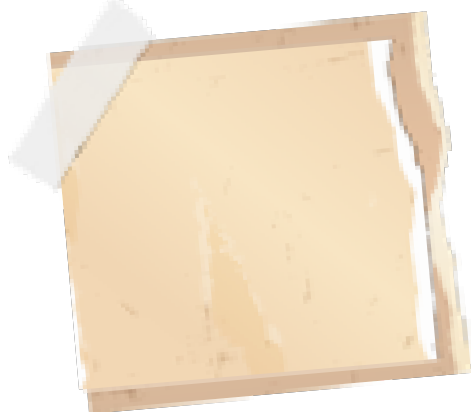
Secondly, do some small things to begin to feel a sense of accomplishment. Straighten up your room, clean out a drawer, or organize your schoolwork. Don't underestimate the power of accomplishing little tasks one-by-one because they'll add up.



Thirdly, be sure to get extra sleep and take some extra time to get ready. You want to feel your best to face the day as this increases your positive attitude.

Last of all, find a purpose that's outside of yourself. Get interested and active in a cause. Helping others is always a cure for despair.

### Reminder to myself:

"A couple of reasons I am happy to be alive and have hope for the future are..."





Tuesday, 13 June, 1944

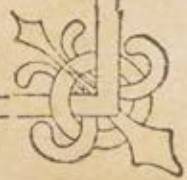
Dear Kitty,

Another birthday has gone by, so now I'm fifteen. I received quite a lot of presents.

All five parts of Sprenger's History of Art, a set of underwear, a handkerchief, two bottles of yoghurt, a pot of jam, a spiced gingerbread cake, and a book on botany from Mummy and Daddy, a double bracelet from Margot, a book from the Van Daans, sweet peas from Dussel, sweets and exercise books from Miep and Elli and, the high spot of all, the book Maria Theresa and three slices of full-cream cheese from Kraler. A lovely bunch of peonies from Peter; the poor boy took a lot of trouble to try and find something, but didn't have any luck...

Yours,

Anne





(Date)

Write down some things you've gotten for your own birthday in recent years. Are there any that you particularly still treasure? Why?

*Gift:* \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

*Gift:* \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

*Gift:* \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

*Gift:* \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



Thursday, 6 July, 1944

Dear Kitty,

...I wonder if it's really a good quality not to let myself be influenced. Is it really good to follow almost entirely my own conscience?

Quite honestly, I can't imagine how anyone can say, "I'm weak," and then remain so. After all, if you know it, why not fight against it, why not try to train your character? The answer was: "Because it's so much easier not to!" This reply rather discourages me. Easy? Does that mean that a lazy, deceitful life is an easy life? Oh no, that can't be true, it mustn't be true, people can so easily be tempted by slackness... and by money...

Yours,

Anne





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(Date)

Recognizing shortcomings is the first step to overcoming them. Note one of your shortcomings and reflect on what steps you might take to improve upon it.

A large sheet of white lined paper with horizontal blue lines is placed over the main page, providing a space for writing. The paper is slightly off-center and covers most of the page's content area.

Saturday, 15 July, 1944

Dear Kitty,

We have had a book from the library with the challenging title of: What Do You Think of the Modern Young Girl? I want to talk about this subject today.

The author of this book criticizes "the youth of today" from top to toe, without, however, condemning the whole of the young brigade as "incapable of anything good." On the contrary, she is rather of the opinion that if young people wished, they have it in their hands to make a bigger, more beautiful and better world, but that they occupy themselves with superficial things, without giving a thought to real beauty...

...I have one outstanding trait in my character, which must strike anyone who knows me for any length of time, and that is my knowledge of myself. I can watch myself and my actions, just like an outsider...

...In addition to this, I have lots of courage, I always feel so strong and as if I can bear a great deal, I feel so free and so young...

..."For in its innermost depths youth is lonelier than old age." I read this saying in some book and I've always remembered it, and found it to be true. Is it true then that grownups have a more difficult time here than we do? No, I know it isn't...

...It's really a wonder that I haven't dropped all my ideals, because they seem so absurd and impossible to carry out. Yet I keep them, because in spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart. I simply can't build up my hopes on a foundation consisting of confusion, misery, and death... I think that it will all come right, that this cruelty too will end, and that peace and tranquility will return again...

Yours,

Anne



---

(Date)

As much as Anne comes to terms with her shortcomings during her time in the Secret Annex, she is equally clear about her outstanding qualities.

**“A few outstanding traits I have are...”**

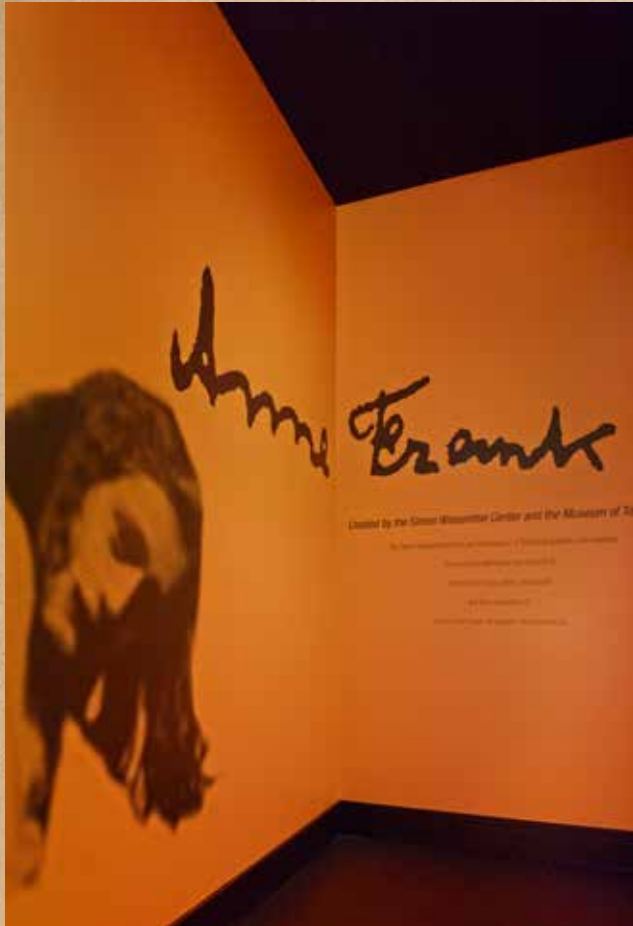
Anne's last couple of diary entries are full of hope as she feels the end of the war is very near. Instead, on August 4, 1944 policemen stormed the Secret Annex and arrested all eight occupants. We never found out who betrayed the group, but what remains are the pages of a young girl's diary, a diary that has kept Anne alive in the memory of each of us.

140,000 Jews were in the Netherlands at the outbreak of the War. 107,000 were deported, of whom 102,000 (over 95 percent) were murdered.

**“I know what I want. I have a goal an opinion, I have a religion and love. Let me be myself and then I am satisfied. I know that I am a woman, a woman with inward strength and plenty of courage.”**

**Tuesday, 11 Aril, 1944.**





This journal was created by Dr. Jeff Sapp in collaboration with the Museum of Tolerance (MOT) as a compliment to the MOT exhibit, *Anne*, on the life and legacy of Anne Frank.

The exhibit was created in close cooperation with the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam and the Anne Frank Fonds in Basel, Switzerland and includes artifacts from the Simon Wiesenthal Center Archives. Copyright for Anne's writing and image is held by the Anne Frank Fonds.