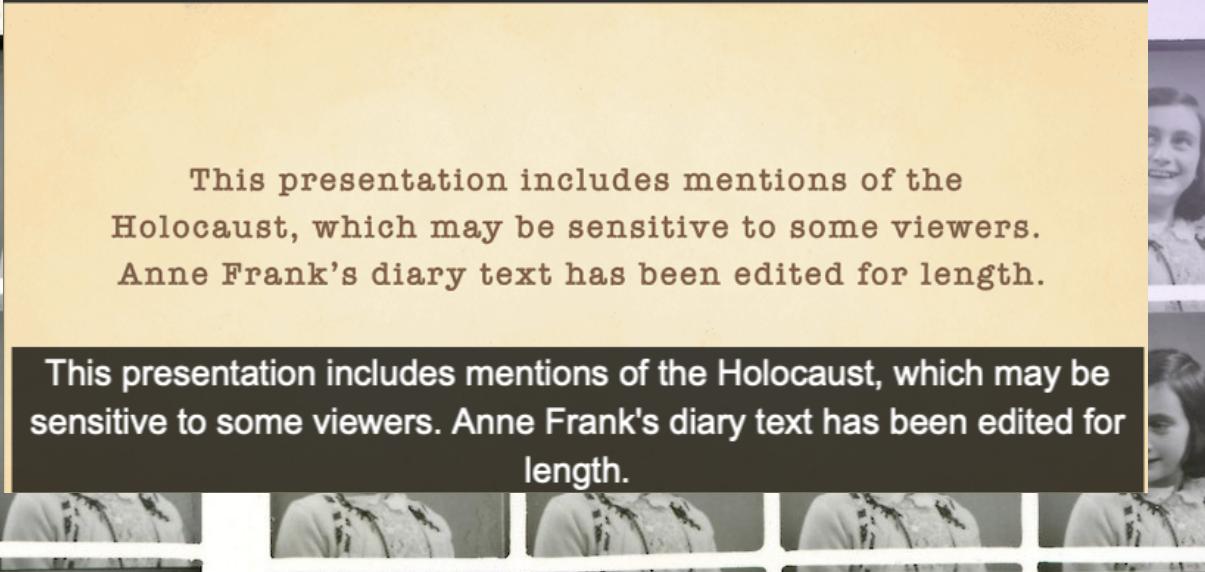


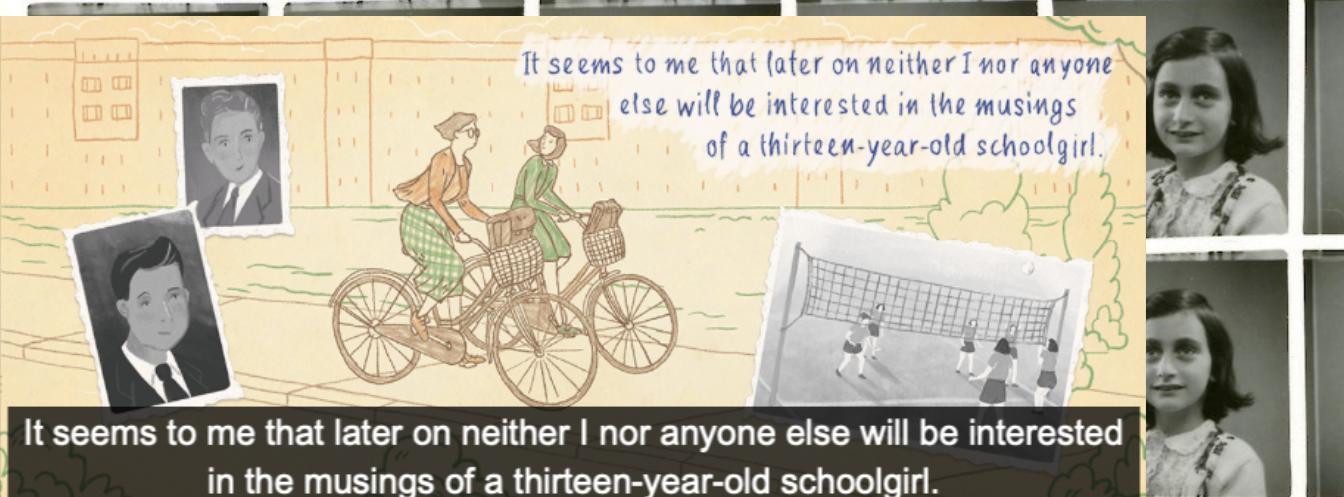


This presentation includes mentions of the Holocaust, which may be sensitive to some viewers. Anne Frank's diary text has been edited for length.

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Writing in a diary is a really strange experience for someone like me...



It seems to me that later on neither I nor anyone else will be interested in the musings of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl.



After May 1940 the good times were few and far between.



Hiding... where would we hide? In the city? In the country? In a house? In a shack? When, where, how ...?



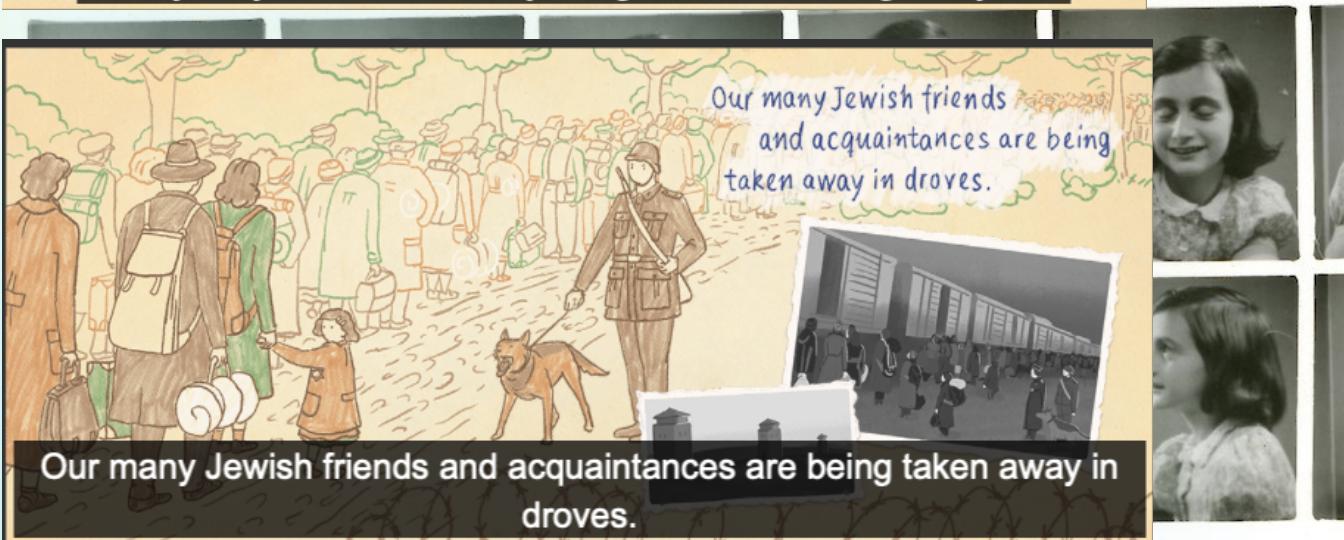
Moortje, my cat, was the only living creature I said goodbye to.



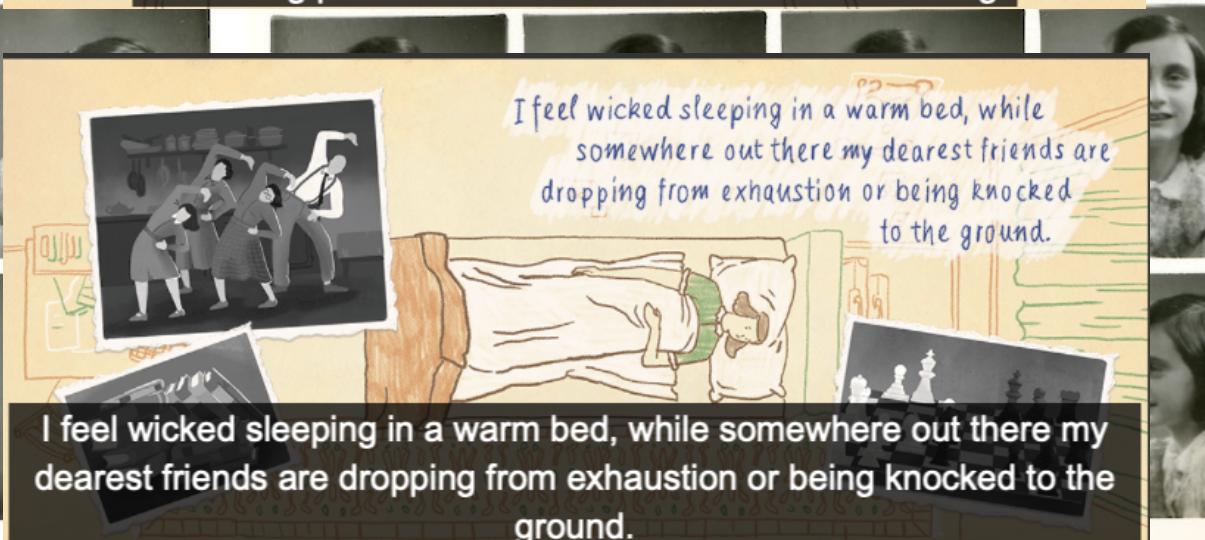
The hiding place was located in Father's office building.



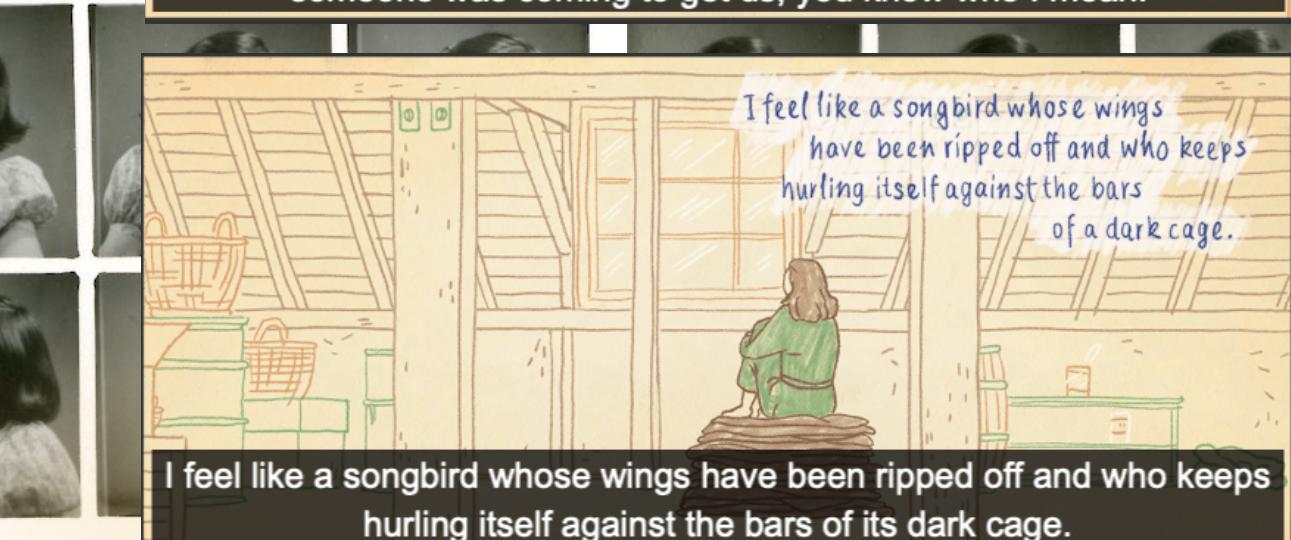
At eight o'clock the doorbell suddenly rang. All I could think of was that someone was coming to get us, you know who I mean.



Our many Jewish friends and acquaintances are being taken away in droves.



I feel wicked sleeping in a warm bed, while somewhere out there my dearest friends are dropping from exhaustion or being knocked to the ground.



I feel like a songbird whose wings have been ripped off and who keeps hurling itself against the bars of a dark cage.

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