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

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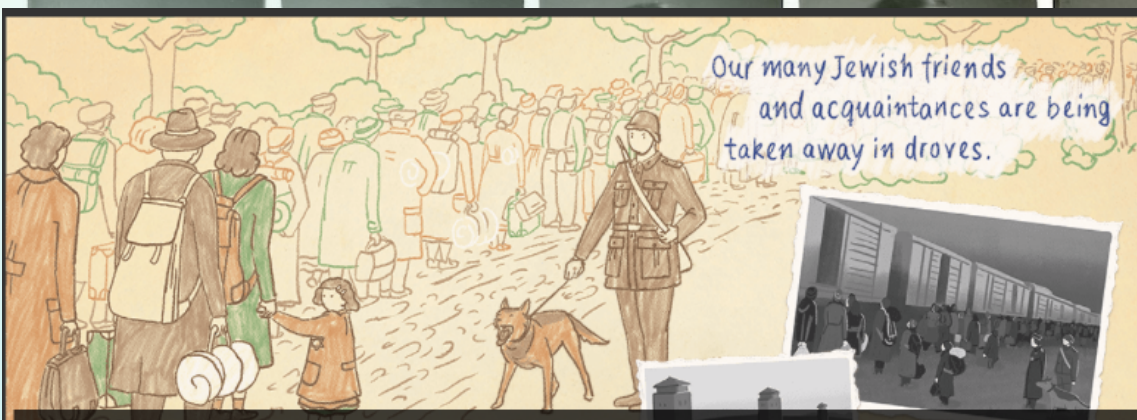
The hiding place was located in Father's office building.

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Yesterday, I had a horrible fright. At eight o'clock the doorbell suddenly rang. All I could think of was that someone was coming for us, you know who I mean.

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.

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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.

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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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Saturday, 15 July, 1944 Yet, I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart.



On August 4, 1944, the SS stormed the Secret Annex and deported all occupants.

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