

Child narrator:

Hello, my name is Annelies Marie Frank, but you can call me Anne — everyone does!

I was born on 12th June 1929 in the large German town of Frankfurt am Main, the second daughter to Otto and Edith Frank — my parents. My father's family had lived in Frankfurt for generations, and there is no doubt that we would have continued to do so, had it not been for Adolf Hitler, the leader of the Nazi political party. He had become Chancellor of Germany in 1933, and went on to whip up anti-Semitic feelings amongst the German people, blaming the Jews for all of Germany's troubles.

This matters because I am a Jew.

My father saw how dangerous Germany had become for us and wasted no time in selling his business and relocating us to an apartment in Amsterdam in 1934. I was only four when we moved, so I didn't think much of it; I didn't realise how close our family had been to ruin. I only learnt later that back in Germany, Hitler (now the Fuhrer, or leader of Germany) had passed laws in 1935 which forbade Jews to own businesses, to be educated and which denied Jewish people from even being classed as German citizens. Unaware

of these terrible events, I was learning Dutch at my new school and making plenty of friends... and of course, I had my books and my writing.

All was going well for us, but everything changed on 10th May 1940 when Germany invaded the Netherlands. The Second World War had begun the previous year but hadn't affected our family much until the invasion. Suddenly, as Jews, we now had to be registered and were not allowed to own businesses. We tried to escape, but we were too late, and there was no way out. We were stuck in Nazi-occupied Amsterdam. My father had no choice but to hand his business over to his non-Jewish friends and trust those around him.

For two years we tried to carry on as normal, despite the horrifying changes taking place around us — the beating of Jewish people on the streets of Amsterdam had become a regular occurrence. However, in July 1942, my older sister, Margot, received orders to go to a work camp.

We had heard enough rumours about the terrible conditions in these places to understand that we could not let this happen, and within a week, our lives changed once more.





Clever father had prepared for such a moment, creating a hiding place for us – a secret annexe behind a set of bookshelves in an empty section of a building owned by his company!

Dear Kitty would be the only one to know about my secret thoughts and feelings during my time in hiding – that's the name I gave to the little diary I kept about life in the annexe. I trusted her pages with information about my family, my dreams and ambitions, books I had read, things I had heard, and later, details about the other people we came to share our secret annexe with. She was the only one who really knew how scared and despairing I became.

Kitty and I were together until 4th August 1944, the day we had all dreaded. It was the day we were discovered and captured – we had been betrayed! Our family was arrested, and I never saw Kitty again. There were only a few people who knew we were in hiding and we trusted them to help us. To this day, no one knows who the informer was.

You must excuse me now, but the horror of the following events is intensely painful to me, and I find I can only finish my story if I stick to the facts... A month later, after being kept in a transit camp, we were all sent on a train journey to the notorious Auschwitz concentration camp in Poland. My

beloved Father was immediately separated from us... I never saw him again.

Tattooed with identification numbers, Margot and I were later sent to Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, away from our mother. Life wasn't worth living whilst we were there... Starved and weak, Margot and I became seriously ill with typhus.

#### Adult Narrator:

In March 1945, only one month before the liberation of Bergen-Belsen concentration camp by the British army, Anne and her sister died of typhus. Her mother died of starvation at Auschwitz, but her father survived. Anne's diaries also survived the war, and after three years of



dedicated and patient work, Otto Frank saw the first copies of his daughter's diaries published in 1947. *The Diary of a Young Girl* has been read by millions since, keeping the memory of Anne Frank and her story alive today and forever.