# Photos of Anne Frank





© Original resource copyright Hamilton Trust, who give permission for it to be adapted as wished by individual users.
We refer you to our warning, at the foot of the block overview, about links to other websites.





© Original resource copyright Hamilton Trust, who give permission for it to be adapted as wished by individual users.
We refer you to our warning, at the foot of the block overview, about links to other websites.

## *Diary excerpts (to introduce the secret annex hiding place)*

***July 9th 1942***

*Here's a description of the building… A wooden staircase leads from the downstairs hallway to the third floor. At the top of the stairs is a landing, with doors on either side. The door on the left takes you up to the spice storage area, attic and loft in the front part of the house. A typically Dutch, very steep, ankle-twisting flight of stairs also runs from the front part of the house to another door opening onto the street. The door to the right of the landing leads to the Secret Annex at the back of the house. No one would ever suspect there were so many rooms behind that plain grey door. There's just one small step in front of the door, and then you're inside. Straight ahead of you is a steep flight of stairs. To the left is a narrow hallway opening onto a room that serves as the Frank family's living room and bedroom. Next door is a smaller room, the bedroom and study of the two young ladies of the family. To the right of the stairs is a windowless washroom with a sink. The door in the corner leads to the toilet and another one to Margot's and my room… Now I've introduced you to the whole of our lovely Annex!*

***August 21st 1942***

*Now our Secret Annex has truly become secret. Because so many houses are being searched for hidden bicycles, Mr. Kugler thought it would be better to have a bookcase built in front of the entrance to our hiding place. It swings out on its hinges and opens like a door. Mr. Voskuijl did the carpentry work. (Mr. Voskuijl has been told that the seven of us are in hiding, and he's been most helpful.) Now whenever we want to go downstairs we have to duck and then jump. After the first three days we were all walking around with bumps on our foreheads from banging our heads against the low doorway. Then Peter cushioned it by nailing a towel stuffed with wood shavings to the doorframe. Let's see if it helps!*

© Original resource copyright Hamilton Trust, who give permission for it to be adapted as wished by individual users.
We refer you to our warning, at the foot of the block overview, about links to other websites.

## *Diary excerpts (for children to discuss in pairs)*

***How do you think Anne feels about the atrocities described in this entry, and her current situation?***

***October 9, 1942***

*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'.*

***How is Anne feeling in this entry? Which phrases tell you about her feelings?***

***October 20th 1942***

*My hand's still shaking, though it's been two hours since we had the scare… The office staff stupidly forgot to warn us that the carpenter, or whatever he's called, was coming to fill the extinguishers… 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, pushing and jerking on it. I was so scared I nearly fainted at the thought of this total stranger managing to discover our wonderful hiding place…*

© Original resource copyright Hamilton Trust, who give permission for it to be adapted as wished by individual users.
We refer you to our warning, at the foot of the block overview, about links to other websites.

## *Diary excerpts (for children to discuss in pairs)*

***What are Anne's feelings in view of her current 'safe' situation in the following two entries?***

***November 19th 1942***

*Mr. Dussel has told us much about the outside world we've missed for so long. He had sad news. Countless friends and acquaintances have been taken off to a dreadful fate. Night after night, green and grey military vehicles cruise the streets. They knock on every door, asking whether any Jews live there. If so, the whole family is immediately taken away. If not, they proceed to the next house. It's impossible to escape their clutches unless you go into hiding. They often go around with lists, knocking only on those doors where they know there's a big haul to be made. They frequently offer a bounty, so much per head. It's like the slave hunts of the olden days… 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 get frightened myself when I think of close friends who are now at the mercy of the cruellest monsters ever to stalk the earth. And all because they're Jews.*

***January 13, 1943***

*As for us, we're quite fortunate. Luckier than millions of people. It's quiet and safe here, and we're using our money to buy food. We're so selfish that we talk about 'after the war' and look forward to new clothes and shoes, when actually we should be saving every penny to help others when the war is over, to salvage whatever we can.*

© Original resource copyright Hamilton Trust, who give permission for it to be adapted as wished by individual users.
We refer you to our warning, at the foot of the block overview, about links to other websites.

## *Diary excerpts (for children to discuss in pairs)*

***From the following entries what can you conclude Anne is feeling about being 'cooped up' in the annex? What other things would you immediately miss or find frustrating about having to stay hidden?***

***September 28, 1942***

*Not being able to go outside upsets me more than I can say, and I'm terrified our hiding place will be discovered and we'll be shot. That, of course, is a fairly dismal prospect.*

***October 17, 1943***

*I am dazed by all the abusive exchanges that have taken place in this virtuous house during the past month. . . . Quite honestly, I sometimes forget who we are quarrelling 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.*

***October 29, 1943***

*I wander from one room to another, downstairs and up again, feeling like a songbird whose wings have been clipped and who is hurling himself in utter darkness against the bars of his cage.*

© Original resource copyright Hamilton Trust, who give permission for it to be adapted as wished by individual users.
We refer you to our warning, at the foot of the block overview, about links to other websites.

## *Diary excerpts (for children to discuss in pairs)*

***What do the following entries tell us about Anne's psychological state?***

***November 8, 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!'*

***February 3, 1944***

*I've reached the point where I hardly care whether I live or die. The world will keep on turning without me, and I can't do anything to change events anyway. I'll just let matters take their course and concentrate on studying and hope that everything will be all right in the end.*

***July 15, 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.*

© Original resource copyright Hamilton Trust, who give permission for it to be adapted as wished by individual users.
We refer you to our warning, at the foot of the block overview, about links to other websites.