



*Anne Frank*

**Anne Frank** (1929 – 1945) was one of the most discussed Jewish victims of the Holocaust. She gained fame posthumously with the publication of *The Diary of a Young Girl*. Born in Frankfurt, Germany, Anne moved to Amsterdam, Netherlands, with her family at the age of four and a half when the Nazis gained control over Germany. By May 1940, the Franks were trapped in Amsterdam by the German occupation of the Netherlands. As persecutions of the Jewish population increased in July 1942, the family went into hiding in some concealed rooms behind a bookcase in the building where Anne's father worked. From then until the family's arrest by the Gestapo in August 1944, Anne kept a diary she had received as a birthday present, and wrote in it regularly. Following their arrest, the Franks were transported to concentration camps. In October or November 1944, Anne and her sister, Margot, were transferred from Auschwitz to Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, where they died a few months later.

Anne's father, Otto, the only survivor of the family, returned to Amsterdam after the war to find that her diary had been saved by one of the helpers, Miep Gies, and his efforts led to its publication in 1947 in original Dutch. It was translated and first published in English in 1952 as *The Diary of a Young Girl*, and has since been translated into over 60 other languages.



THE DIARY OF A  
YOUNG GIRL

---

ANNE FRANK



**LIBERTY**  
Publishing



Published by Liberty Publishing  
C-16, Sector 31-A Mehran Town Extension,  
Korangi Industrial Area, Karachi, Pakistan  
www.libertybooks.com



**LIBERTY**  
**PUBLISHING**

This edition first being published in Pakistan

Copyright © Liberty Books 2019

All rights reserved

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

This book is a work of non-fiction. The views and opinions expressed in the book are those of the author and do not reflect the views and opinions held by any other person. This book is based on a variety of sources including published materials and those collected through interactions of the author with persons named in the book. It reflects the author's own understanding and conception of such materials and/or can be verified by research. The objective of this book is not to hurt any sentiments or be based in favour of or against any particular person, political party, region, caste, society, gender, creed, nation or religion.

ISBN 978-969-8729-127

Printed in Pakistan

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.





*The Diary of a  
Young Girl*

3<sup>e</sup> deel. Huis naar hollenden de  
problemen in het dorp die cadaveren  
wilde en schreeuw.

Bergen en De Louberingskuur, zo klan me wel  
De Opstandelingen heeft te ook mee gebracht  
is van Ahmers küller. Dezelfde ontwijfel als  
Herren, Vrouwen, knechten. Dit mag ik nu ook le  
Dan heb ik een hele boel liefde's romantoneel  
van kötner gelezen, ik vind dat die man leuk ge  
B.v. Hedwig, der  
Vetter aus Brehem  
Hans Heilings Felsen  
Der große hef, Dominus  
Die Gou vernante,  
Der Vierüch hrige  
Posten, Die Stühne,  
Der kampf mit dem  
Drachen, Der Nachb  
Wächter en zoal  
meer. Vader wil dat  
ik nu ook Hebbel en  
andere boeken van  
andere welbekende  
Duis bse schrijvers  
ga lezen. Het Duits  
lezen, gaat nu al be  
vrekkelij kv lot. Alleen



Dit is een  
foto, zoals  
ik me zou  
wensen,  
altijd zo  
te zijn.  
Dan had

ik nog wel een kans  
om naar Hollywood te  
komen. Maar tegen-  
woordig zie ik er  
jammer genoeg mees-  
bal anders uit.

Amsterdam

13 Oct. 1941

Konink.

ik  
in  
op  
na  
we  
ho  
ko  
er  
na  
is  
a  
ob  
ge  
h  
ki  
m  
na  
vo  
de

## A SHORT NOTE ABOUT THE DIARY

*Anne Frank kept a diary from June 12, 1942, to August 1, 1944. Initially, she wrote it strictly for herself. Then, one day in 1944, Gerrit Bolkeste, a member of the Dutch government in exile, announced in a radio broadcast from London that after the war he hoped to collect eyewitness accounts of the suffering of the Dutch people under the German occupation, which could be made available to the public. As an example, he specifically mentioned letters and diaries.*

*Impressed by this speech, Anne Frank decided that when the war was over she would publish a book based on her diary. She began rewriting and editing her diary, improving on the text, omitting passages she didn't think were interesting enough and adding others from memory.*

*The last entry in Anne's diary is dated August 1, 1944. On August 4, 1944, the eight people hiding in the Secret Annex were arrested. Miep Gies and Bep Voskuijl, the two secretaries working in the building, found Anne's diaries strewn all over the floor. Miep Gies tucked them away in a desk drawer for safekeeping. After the war, when it became clear that Anne was dead, she gave the diaries, unread, to Anne's father, Otto Frank. After long deliberation, he decided to fulfill his daughter's wish and publish the diary.*

*Anne invented pseudonyms for the people who would appear in her diary. She initially wanted to call herself Anne Aulis, and later Anne Robin. Otto Frank opted to call his family by their own names and to follow Anne's wishes with regard to the others.*

*Occasionally, Anne went back and commented on a passage she had written earlier. These comments are clearly marked in this edition.*



**FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1942**

*Dearest Kitty,\**

I hope I will be able to confide everything to you, as I have never been able to confide in anyone, and I hope you will be a great source of comfort and support.

*Anne*

---

*\* While she's in hiding, Anne decides to think of her diary as a friend, whom she names Kitty. It makes the writing easier. Besides, she doesn't really have a real friend, "and that's how the whole idea of keeping a diary started", she admits. She wrote most of her diary in the form of letters to a person named Kitty. Readers may be curious to know who was Kitty? Scholars are divided on the matter. Some believe "Kitty" refers to Anne's prewar friend, Käthe "Kitty" Egyedi. Others disagree, believing that Anne borrowed the name from her favorite book series, Joop ter Heul, in which the title character's best friend was named Kitty. Egyedi, who survived the Theresienstadt concentration camp, later said that she did not believe the letters were meant for her.*



## SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 1942

I'll begin from the moment I got you, the moment I saw you lying on the table among my other birthday presents. (I went along when you were bought, but that doesn't count.)

On Friday, June 12, I was awake at six o'clock, which isn't surprising, since it was my birthday. But I'm not allowed to get up at that hour, so I had to control my curiosity until quarter to seven. When I couldn't wait any longer, I went to the dining room, where Moortje (the cat) welcomed me by rubbing against my legs.

A little after seven I went to Daddy and Mama and then to the living room to open my presents, and you were the first thing I saw, maybe one of my nicest presents. Then a bouquet of roses, some peonies and a potted plant. From Daddy and Mama I got a blue blouse, a game, a bottle of grape juice, a puzzle, a jar of cold cream, 2.50 guilders and a gift certificate for two books. I got another book as well, Camera Obscura (but Margot already has it, so I exchanged mine for something else), a platter of homemade cookies (which I made myself, of course, since I've become quite an expert at baking cookies), lots of candy and a strawberry tart from Mother. And a letter from Grammy, right on time, but of course that was just a coincidence.

Then Hanneli came to pick me up, and we went to school. During recess I passed out cookies to my teachers and my class, and then it was time to get back to work. I didn't arrive home until five, since I went to gym with the rest of the class. (I'm not allowed to take part because my shoulders and hips tend to get dislocated.) As it was my birthday, I got to decide which game my classmates would play, and I chose volleyball. Afterward they all danced around me in a circle and sang "Happy Birthday." When I got home, Sanne Ledermann was already there. Ilse Wagner, Hanneli Goslar and Jacqueline van Maarsen came home with me after gym, since we're in the

same class. Hanneli and Sanne used to be my two best friends. People who saw us together used to say, "There goes Anne, Hanne and Sanne." I only met Jacqueline van Maarsen when I started at the Jewish Lyceum, and now she's my best friend. Ilse is Hanneli's best friend, and Sanne goes to another school and has friends there.

They gave me a beautiful book, Dutch Sasas and Lesends, but they gave me Volume II by mistake, so I exchanged two other books for Volume I. Aunt Helene brought me a puzzle, Aunt Stephanie a darling brooch and Aunt Leny a terrific book: *Daisy Goes to the Mountains*.

This morning I lay in the bathtub thinking how wonderful it would be if I had a dog like Rin Tin Tin. I'd call him Rin Tin Tin too, and I'd take him to school with me, where he could stay in the janitor's room or by the bicycle racks when the weather was good.

## **MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1942**

I had my birthday party on Sunday afternoon. The Rin Tin Tin movie was a big hit with my classmates. I got two brooches, a bookmark and two books. I'll start by saying a few things about my school and my class, beginning with the students.

Betty Bloemendaal looks kind of poor, and I think she probably is. She lives on some obscure street in West Amsterdam, and none of us know where it is. She does very well at school, but that's because she works so hard, not because she's so smart. She's pretty quiet.

Jacqueline van Maarsen is supposedly my best friend, but I've never had a real friend. At first I thought Jacque would be one, but I was badly mistaken. D.Q.\* [\* Initials have been assigned at random to those persons who prefer to remain

anonymous.] is a very nervous girl who's always forgetting things, so the teachers keep assigning her extra homework as punishment. She's very kind, especially to G.Z.

E.S. talks so much it isn't funny. She's always touching your hair or fiddling with your buttons when she asks you something. They say she can't stand me, but I don't care, since I don't like her much either.

Henny Mets is a nice girl with a cheerful disposition, except that she talks in a loud voice and is really childish when we're playing outdoors.

J.R. - I could write a whole book about her. Miss J. always has to be right. She's very rich, and has a closet full of the most adorable dresses that are way too old for her. She thinks she's gorgeous, but she's not. J. and I can't stand each other.

Ilse Wagner is a nice girl with a cheerful disposition, but she's extremely finicky and can spend hours moaning and groaning about something. Ilse likes me a lot. She's very smart, but lazy.

Hanneli Goslar, or Lies as she's called at school, is a bit on the strange side. She's usually shy — outspoken at home, but reserved around other people. She blabs whatever you tell her to her mother. But she says what she thinks, and lately I've come to appreciate her a great deal.

Nannie van Praag-Sigaar is small, funny and sensible. I think she's nice. She's pretty smart. There isn't much else you can say about Nannie. Eefje de Jong is, in my opinion, terrific. Though she's only twelve, she's quite the lady. She acts as if I were a baby. She's also very helpful, and I like her.

G.Z. is the prettiest girl in our class. She has a nice face, but is kind of dumb. I think they're going to hold her back a year, but of course I haven't told her that.

*Comment added by Anne at a later date:*

To my great surprise, G.Z. wasn't held back a year after all.

And sitting next to G.Z. is the last of us twelve girls, me.

There's a lot to be said about the boys, or maybe not so much after all.

Emiel Bonewit is G.Z.'s admirer, but she doesn't care. He's pretty boring. Rob Cohen is an obnoxious, two-faced, lying, sniveling little goof who has an awfully high opinion of himself.

Leo Blom is Jopie de Beer's best friend, but has been ruined by his dirty mind.

Albert de Mesquita came from the Montessori School and skipped a grade. He's really smart.

Leo Slager came from the same school, but isn't as smart.

Ru Stoppelmon is a short, goofy boy from Almelo who transferred to this school in the middle of the year.

C.N. does whatever he's not supposed to.

Jacques Kocernoot sits behind us, next to C., and we (G. and I) laugh ourselves silly.

Harry Schaap is the most decent boy in our class. He's nice.

Werner Joseph is nice too, but he seems boring. Sam Salomon is one of those tough guys from across the tracks. A real brat.

Appie Riem is pretty Orthodox, but a brat too.

## **SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1942**

Writing in a diary is a really strange experience for someone like me. Not only because I've never written anything before, but also because it seems to me that later on neither I nor anyone else will be interested in the musings of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl. Oh well, it doesn't matter. I feel like writing, and I have an even greater need to get all kinds of things off my chest. "Paper has more patience than people." I thought of this saying on one of those days when I was feeling

a little depressed and was sitting at home with my chin in my hands, bored and listless, wondering whether to stay in or go out. I finally stayed where I was, brooding. Yes, paper does have more patience, and since I'm not planning to let anyone else read this stiff-backed notebook grandly referred to as a "diary," unless I should ever find a real friend, it probably won't make a bit of difference.

Now I'm back to the point that prompted me to keep a diary in the first place: I don't have a friend. Let me put it more clearly, since no one will believe that a thirteen year-old girl is completely alone in the world. And I'm not. I have loving parents and a sixteen-year-old sister, and there are about thirty people I can call friends. I have a family, loving aunts and a good home. No, on the surface I seem to have everything, except my one true friend. All I think about when I'm with friends is having a good time. I can't bring myself to talk about anything but ordinary everyday things. We don't seem to be able to get any closer, and that's the problem.

Maybe it's my fault that we don't confide in each other. In any case, that's just how things are, and unfortunately they're not liable to change. This is why I've started the diary. To enhance the image of this long-awaited friend in my imagination, I don't want to jot down the facts in this diary the way most people would do, but I want the diary to be my friend, and I'm going to call this friend Kitty.

Since no one would understand a word of my stories to Kitty if I were to plunge right in, I'd better provide a brief sketch of my life, much as I dislike doing so. My father, the most adorable father I've ever seen, didn't marry my mother until he was thirty-six and she was twenty-five. My sister Margot was born in Frankfurt am Main in Germany in 1926. I was born on June 12, 1929. I lived in Frankfurt until I was four. Because we're Jewish, my father immigrated to Holland in 1933, when he became the Managing Director of the Dutch Opekta Company, which manufactures products used in