

ANNE FRANK



THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



Anne Frank

THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



BANTAM BOOKS

NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON SYDNEY AUCKLAND



ANNE FRANK: THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

A Bantam Book / published by arrangement with Doubleday

PUBLISHING HISTORY

Doubleday edition published 1967

Bantam edition / July 1993

*Material from Anne Frank, A Portrait in Courage
by Ernst Schnabel, translated by Richard and Clara
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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 52-6355.

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ISBN 0-553-29698-1

Published simultaneously in the United States and Canada

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

OPM 37 36 35 34

Images from the Life and Diary of Anne Frank

At the end of the Second World War, Otto Frank, Anne's father and the only surviving family member, returned to Amsterdam. Miep Gies and Elli ("Bep") Voskuijl, who had protected and sustained the group hiding in the "Secret Annexe," presented Mr. Frank with notebooks and papers in Anne's handwriting that had been rejected by the Gestapo when they arrested the families.



Otto Frank, 1939

daddy's nicest photograph

Otto Frank circulated copies of Anne's diary to friends as a memorial to his wife and daughters. He was urged to make it public and finally published an edited version in 1947. Since then, it has been translated into more than thirty languages and adapted for theater, film, and television.

Scholarly investigations into the life and work of Anne Frank continue to this day under the auspices of the Anne Frank Foundation in Amsterdam. The following pages contain supplemental material to enrich readers' understanding of this remarkable young woman and the portrait of courage that is her legacy.



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-
tal anders uit.

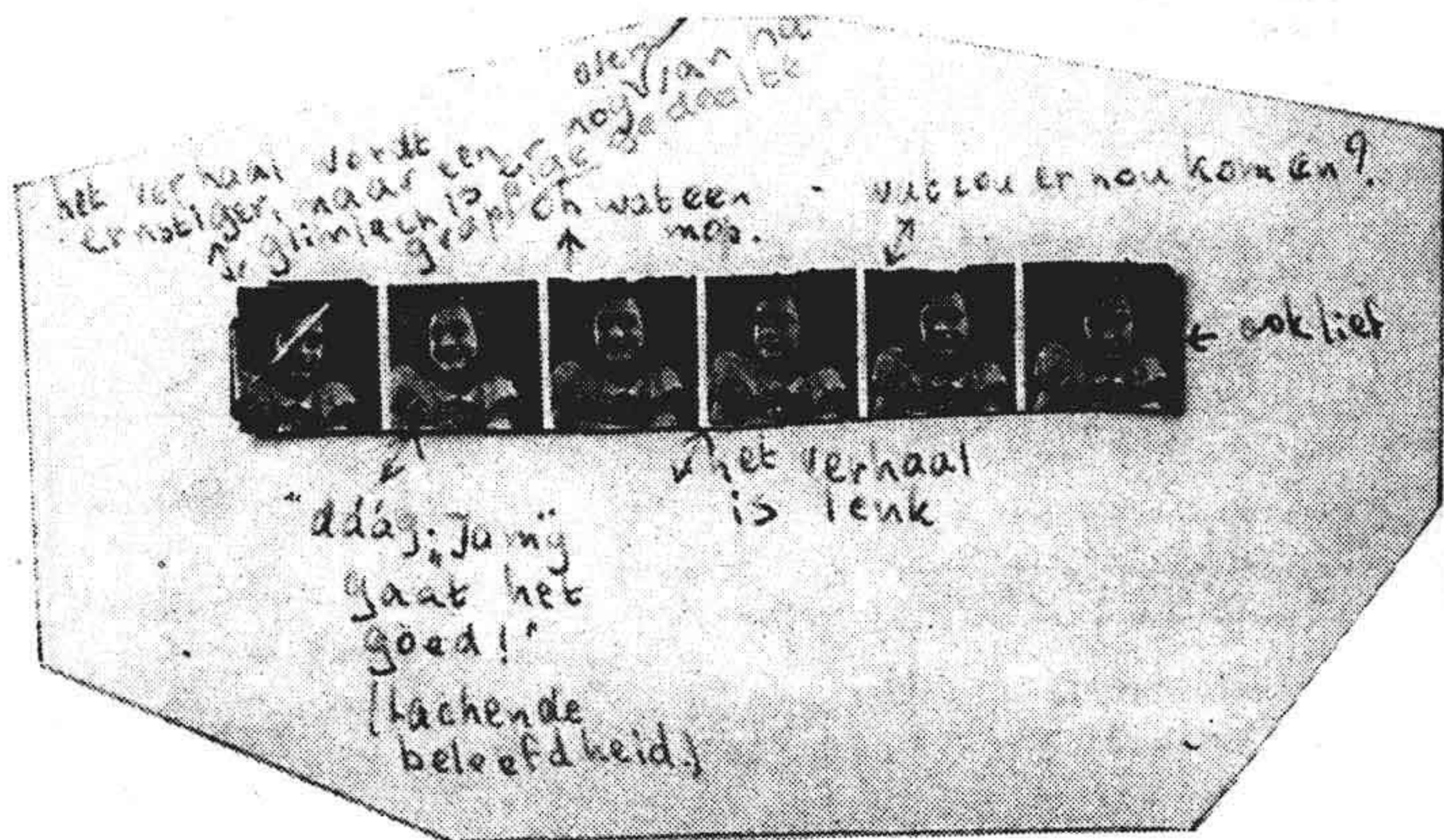
Anne Frank.

10 Oct. 1942

Sunday.

This is a photograph of me as I wish I looked all the time. Then I might still have a chance of getting to Hollywood. But at present, I'm afraid, I usually look quite different.

Anne Frank.
10 Oct. 1942
Sunday.



Captions of photos read from left to right:

Things are getting more serious, but there's still a smile left over from the funny bits.

Hello. "Yes I'm fine!" (smiling politely.)

Oh, what a joke.

That's a funny story.

Whatever next?

Nice one, as well.

Anne alternated between print and cursive writing, tending more toward the latter as she grew older.

zijn familie te maken, en dan vertelt hij van 62
ieder een wat bij. Miep en Jan zijn net van
vacantie terug, en ik kan Miep nu steeds
weer aankijken. Ik heb zo'n zin om met
iemand te corresponderen, en dat zal ik
dan in het vervolg maar met mijn dagboek
doen. Ik schrijf nu in briefvorm, wat fyt-
lijk op hetzelfde neer komt.

Lieve Tettje, (zal ik maar zeggen.)

Mijn lieve vriendin, ik zal je in het vervolg en
ook nu nog veel te vertellen hebben. Ik ben
met breiwerk begonnen een trui uit van die
witte wol. Maar ik mag er niet te veel aan
breien anders is hij te gauw af. Ik heb nu ook
een lichtje boven mijn bed gekregen. Daag ik
moet aardappels schillen voor het rokkige
mens van de wereld, een beetje overtrekken,
soms ook maar een beetje. Groeten allemaal
en zoenen van

Anne Frank

21 sept. 1942.

Dezelfde dag.

25 Ik heb vanavond nog tijd beste Emmy, daarom
zal ik jou nog maar gauw een paar regels
schrijven, vanmiddag heb ik een
krachtige brief aan Tettje ge-
schreven, nog geen minuut bezig te
mama's aardappelen mee
dan op zo'n kommando.

Diary entries from
September 1942

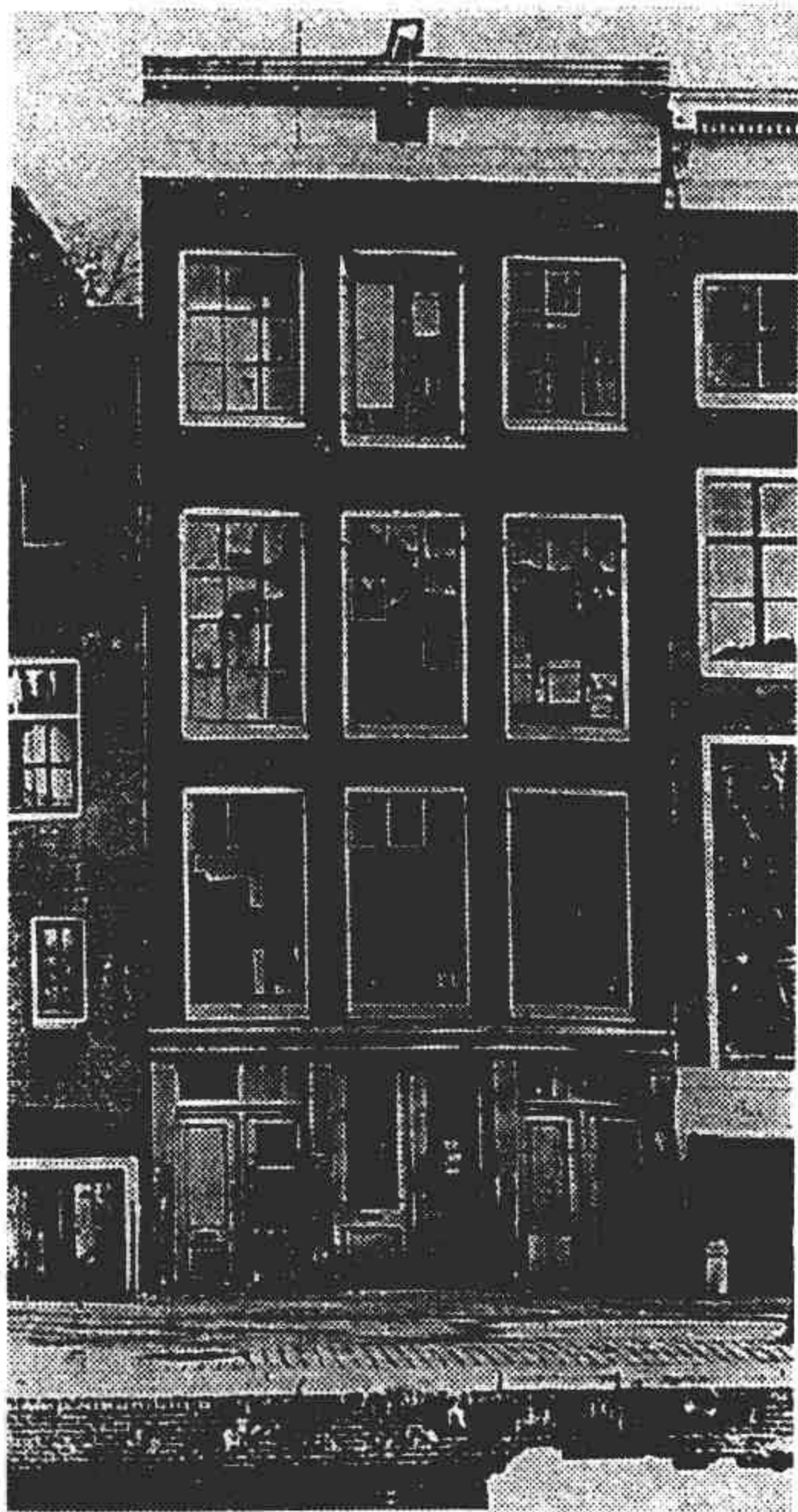
LXXXIII

Woensdag 29 maart
1944.

Lieve Kitty,
Gisterenavond sprak mijn vader met de
aan de transjenderen over dat er na
de oorlog een in het land, van de boeren en
pieten van deze oorlog dan worden ge-
houden. Het is natuurlijk de allerbeste
ding die ik ooit heb gezien.
Het is een van de meest interessante het dan
zijn. Als ik dan samen met het heeten
hans met de familie, dan de titel alleen
houden de anderen denken, dat het een
leefbare manier is. Maar nu in de
het moet ongeveer 10 jaar na de oorlog al
geen meer dan de meest vertelbare de
de velen, die plaats hebben in gespro-
ken hebben. De titel is nu het dan
sich met je nog maar eens heel klein
heeft. Van nu af.

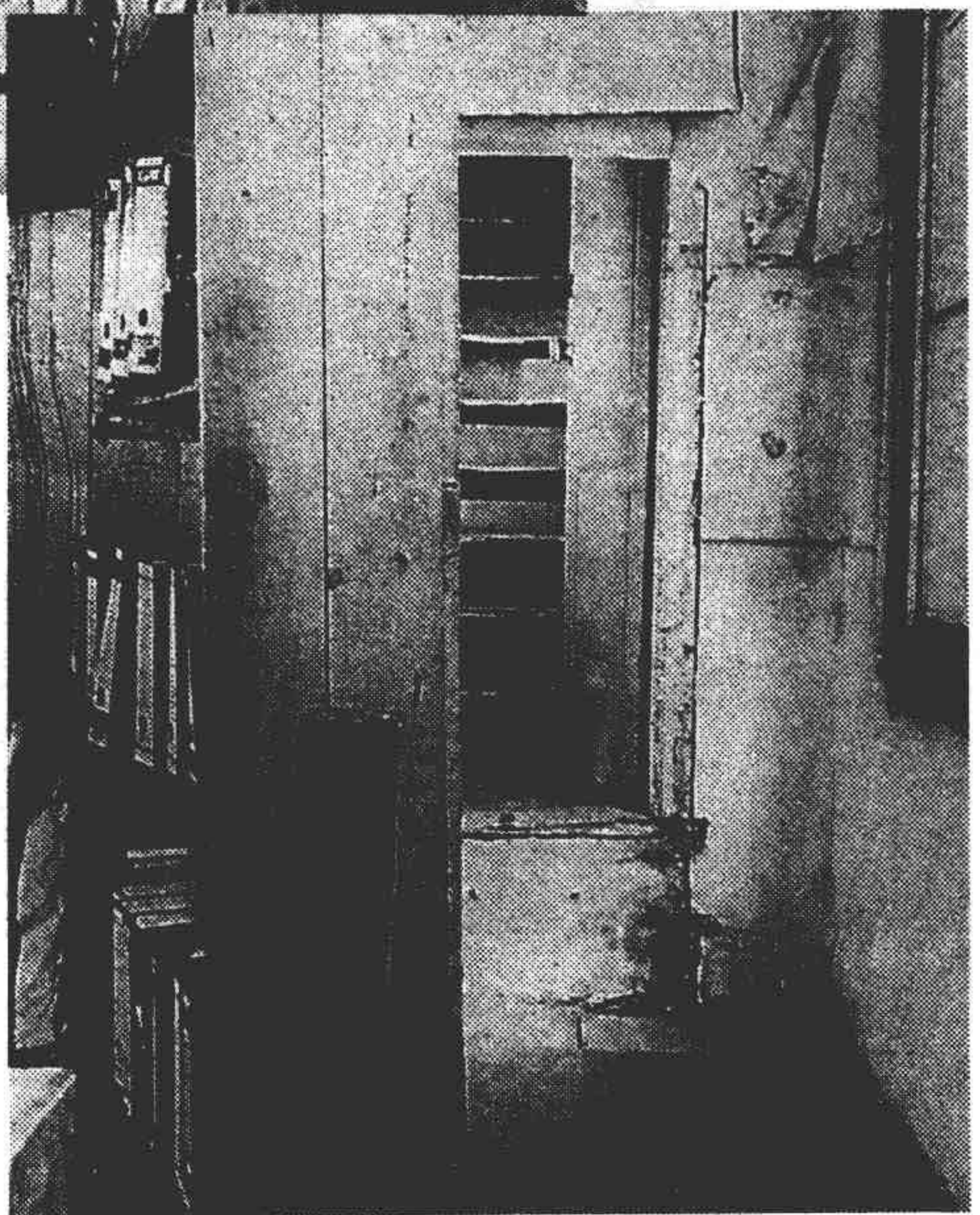
Maar nu de familie hebben als de
kambanden, b. t. handig toen 100 inge-
ruchten. De miljoen kilo bomen
op spinnen gezoid hebben hoe de
huizen tijden als een grasveld in
de wind, hoeveel spinnen heel klein,
van al deze dingen met je niet af en

From Anne's letter to
Kitty of March 29, 1944



Front and rear views of 263 Prinsengracht, the office building where the Franks and Van Daans hid for twenty-five months.





The entrance to the "Secret Annexe" with the bookshelf in place and with the bookshelf swung open, revealing the hidden staircase.



Anne at the Montessori School she attended in Amsterdam (now the Anne Frank School) until 1940, when Jewish children were ordered to attend separate schools.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1947 IN HOLLAND
BY CONTACT, AMSTERDAM, UNDER THE TITLE *Het Achterhuis*

Het Achterhuis, the Dutch title of this book, refers to that part of the building which served as a hiding place for the two families who took shelter there between 1942 and 1944. *Achter* means "behind" or "in back of" and *huis* is Dutch for "house." In Amsterdam's old buildings the apartments overlooking a garden or court may be divided from those overlooking the street, thus providing two separate suites within the same apartment. *Het Achterhuis* or, literally, "the house behind" is situated on the Prinsengracht, one of the city's canals.

To simplify the English text, we have called that part of the house the Secret Annex, although it is not an annex in the proper sense of the word.

Introduction

This is a remarkable book. Written by a young girl—and the young are not afraid of telling the truth—it is one of the wisest and most moving commentaries on war and its impact on human beings that I have ever read. Anne Frank's account of the changes wrought upon eight people hiding out from the Nazis for two years during the occupation of Holland, living in constant fear and isolation, imprisoned not only by the terrible outward circumstances of war but inwardly by themselves, made me intimately and shockingly aware of war's greatest evil—the degradation of the human spirit.

At the same time, Anne's diary makes poignantly clear the ultimate shining nobility of that spirit. Despite the horror and the humiliation of their daily lives, these people never gave up. Anne herself—and, most of all, it is her portrait which emerges so vividly and so appealingly from this book—matured very rapidly in these two years, the crucial years from thirteen to fifteen in which change is so swift and so difficult for every young girl. Sustained by her warmth and her wit, her intelligence and the rich resources of her inner life, Anne wrote and thought much of the time about things which very sensitive and talented adolescents without the threat of death will write—her rela-

tions with her parents, her developing self-awareness, the problems of growing up.

These are the thoughts and expressions of a young girl living under extraordinary conditions, and for this reason her diary tells us much about ourselves and about our own children. And for this reason, too, I felt how close we all are to Anne's experience, how very much involved we are in her short life and in the entire world.

Anne's diary is an appropriate monument to her fine spirit and to the spirits of those who have worked and are working still for peace. Reading it is a rich and rewarding experience.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Anne Frank

THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

Ik wil hoop in den jare allerminst
haarvertrouwen, zoals ik het nog een
niemand gekunt heb, en ik hoop dat
je den grote steun aan me kunt zijn.
Anne Frank. 12 Juni 1942.

I hope I shall be able to confide in you completely, as I have never
been able to do in anyone before, and I hope that you will be a great
support and comfort to me.

Sunday, 14 June, 1942

On Friday, June 12th, I woke up at six o'clock and no wonder; it was my birthday. But of course I was not allowed to get up at that hour, so I had to control my curiosity until a quarter to seven. Then I could bear it no longer, and went to the dining room, where I received a warm welcome from Moortje (the cat).

Soon after seven I went to Mummy and Daddy and then to the sitting room to undo my presents. The first to greet me was *you*, possibly the nicest of all. Then on the table there were a bunch of roses, a plant, and some peonies, and more arrived during the day.

I got masses of things from Mummy and Daddy, and was thoroughly spoiled by various friends. Among other things I was given *Camera Obscura*, a party game, lots of sweets, chocolates, a puzzle, a brooch, *Tales and Legends of the Netherlands* by Joseph Cohen, *Daisy's Mountain Holiday* (a terrific book), and some money. Now I can buy *The Myths of Greece and Rome*—grand!

Then Lies called for me and we went to school. During recess I treated everyone to sweet biscuits, and then we had to go back to our lessons.

Now I must stop. Bye-bye, we're going to be great pals!