

ANNE FRANK

“It’s the silence that frightens me most. Every time I hear a creak in the house, a step on the street, I’m sure they’re coming for us. I wander from room to room, feeling like a songbird whose wings have been ripped off and keeps hurling itself against the bars of its cage...Let me out, where there’s fresh air and laughter
But then I remember the Jews who are not in hiding, and I know we live in a paradise.
We’re as quiet as baby mice. Who would have dreamed a quicksilver Anne would have to sit still for hours and what’s more, could?”

...And as far as I’m concerned Mother can go jump in a lake!
I don’t know why I’ve taken such a terrible dislike to her, but I can imagine her dying someday, while Papa’s death seems inconceivable to me. It’s very mean of me I know, but that’s how I feel.
I hope Mother will never read this or anything else I’ve written. She’s not a mother to me - I have to mother myself. Who can I turn to?
Only my diary. I have to become a good person on my own, but I know it will make me stronger in the end.”