

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

# Who Was Anne Frank?

Learn more about this topic! Each section gives more detail on one of the lyrics from the song. Read each section, and then respond by answering the question or taking notes on key ideas.

1. b'

Notes

**Excerpt from Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl, by Anne Frank (Author), Otto H. Frank (Editor), Mirjam Pressler (Editor), Susan Massotty (Translator)**

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The following passage is from the book\ue2\x80\x99s forward.

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Having begun writing in her diary in her parents\ue2\x80\x99 apartment in Merwedeplein, [Anne] continued her entries while hiding in the secret **annex**. At first, she wrote strictly for herself, but in spring 1944 as she was listening illegally to a London radio broadcast with her family, she heard a Dutch minister in exile announce that he hoped to publish after the war a collection of diaries and letters written during the German occupation. Inspired by this, Anne resolved to publish a novel entitled Het Achterhuis (The Secret Annex) based on her diary. At this point Anne started to edit and revise her writing, creating pseudonyms for most of the people mentioned.

\nThe last entry of the diary is August 1, 1944. Three days later, on August 4, together with all the other people living in the secret annex, she was discovered and arrested and then eventually deported and killed. Otto Frank was the only inhabitant of the secret annex to survive the war and return from the **concentration camps**. Until his death, he dedicated himself to the publication of Anne\ue2\x80\x99s diary.

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**Excerpt from Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl, by Anne Frank (Author), Otto H. Frank (Editor), Mirjam Pressler (Editor), Susan Massotty (Translator)**

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In the following entry, Anne discusses a particular **sorrow**.

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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 throng of admirers who can\`t keep their adoring eyes off me and who sometimes have to resort to using a broken pocket mirror to try and catch a glimpse of me in the classroom. 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.

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**Excerpt from Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl, by Anne Frank (Author), Otto H. Frank (Editor), Mirjam Pressler (Editor), Susan Massotty (Translator)**

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The German takeover of the Netherlands was an **atroc**ity for Jewish **residents**. In this entry, Anne reflects on the **horrific** laws issued at that time.

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After May 1940 the good times were few and far between: first there was the war, then the capitulation and then the arrival of the Germans, which is when the trouble started for the Jews. Our freedom was severely restricted by a series of anti-Jewish decrees: Jews were required to wear a yellow star; Jews were required to turn in their bicycles; Jews were forbidden to use streetcars; Jews were forbidden to ride in cars, even their own; Jews were required to do their shopping between 3 and 5 P.M.; Jews were required to frequent only Jewish-owned barbershops and beauty parlors; Jews were forbidden to be out on the streets between 8 P.M. and 6 A.M.; Jews were forbidden to go to theaters, movies or any other forms of entertainment; Jews were forbidden to use swimming pools, tennis courts, hockey fields or any other athletic fields; Jews were forbidden to go rowing; Jews were forbidden to take part in any athletic activity in public; Jews were forbidden to sit in their gardens or those of their friends after 8 P.M.; Jews were forbidden to visit Christians in their homes; Jews were required to attend Jewish schools, etc. You couldn't do this and you couldn't do that, but life went on.

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**Excerpt from Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl, by Anne Frank (Author), Otto H. Frank (Editor), Mirjam Pressler (Editor), Susan Massotty (Translator)**

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Before the Franks went into hiding, Anne attended a Jewish school. There, she was known for her wit and sense of humor, as evidenced by the following diary entry.

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Mr. Keesing, the old fogey who teaches math, was mad at me for the longest time because I talked so much. After several warnings, he assigned me extra homework. An essay on the subject \xe2\x80\x9cA Chatterbox.\xe2\x80\x9d A chatterbox, what can you write about that? I\xe2\x80\x9d worry about that later, I decided. I jotted down the assignment in my notebook, tucked it in my bag and tried to keep quiet.

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That evening, after I\xe2\x80\x9d finished the rest of my homework, the note about the essay caught my eye. I began thinking about the subject while chewing the tip of my fountain pen. Anyone could ramble on and leave big spaces between the words, but the trick was to come up with convincing arguments to prove the necessity of talking. I thought and thought, and suddenly I had an idea. I wrote the three pages Mr. Keesing had assigned me and was satisfied. I argued that talking is a female trait and that I would do my best to keep it under control, but that I would never be able to break myself of the habit, since my mother talked as much as I did, if not more, and that there\xe2\x80\x9d not much you can do about inherited traits.

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Mr. Keesing had a good laugh at my arguments, but when I proceeded to talk my way through the next class, he assigned me a second essay. This time it was supposed to be on \xe2\x80\x9cAn Incurable Chatterbox.\xe2\x80\x9d I handed it in, and Mr. Keesing had nothing to complain about for two whole classes. However, during the third class he\xe2\x80\x9d finally had enough. \xe2\x80\x9cAnne Frank, as punishment for talking in class, write an essay entitled \xe2\x80\x98Quack, Quack, Quack,\xe2\x80\x9d said Mistress Chatterback.\xe2\x80\x9d

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The class roared. I had to laugh too, though I\xe2\x80\x9d nearly exhausted my ingenuity on the topic of chatterboxes.

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Hiding was ~~rich~~. Anne knew that if the annex ~~residents~~ were caught, they

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hiding was **risky**. Anne knew that if the annex **residents** were caught, they would most likely be **imprisoned** or killed. She coped with the stress by writing, which **revived** her mood. Below is the very first diary entry that Anne wrote after moving into the secret annex. At this point, she had no way of knowing that she would remain there for over two years.

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It seems like years since Sunday morning. So much has happened it\ as if the whole world has suddenly turned upside down. But as you can see, Kitty, I\ still alive, and that\ the main thing, Father says. I\ alive all right, but don\ ask where or how. You probably don\ understand a word I\ saying today, so I\ begin by telling you what happened Sunday afternoon.

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Margot appeared in the kitchen doorway looking very agitated. \nFather has received a call-up notice from the SS,\n she whispered. \nMother has gone to see Mr. van Daan.\n (Mr. van Daan is Father\ business partner and a good friend.)

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I was stunned. A call-up: everyone knows what that means. Visions of **concentration camps** and lonely cells raced through my head. How could we let Father go to such a fate? \nOf course he\ not going,\n declared Margot as we waited for Mother in the living room. \nMother\ gone to Mr. van Daan to ask whether we can move to our hiding place tomorrow. The van Daans are going with us. There will be seven of us altogether.\n Silence. We couldn\ speak.

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[Mother and Mr. van Daan] came inside\.

Margo and I were sent from the room, as Mr. van Daan wanted to talk to Mother alone.

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When she and I were sitting in our bedroom, Margo told me that the call-up was not for Father, but for her. At this second shock, I began to cry. Margo is sixteen\ apparently they want to send girls her age away on their own. But thank goodness she won\ be going:

Mother had said so herself, which must be what Father had meant when he talked to me about our going into hiding. Hiding where would we hide? In the city? In the country? In a house? In a shack? When, where, how?

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