

Anne Frank

My name was **Anne Frank**, and I was born in Frankfurt, Germany, in 1929. When I was still very young, my parents **decided** to leave Germany because the situation for Jewish families **became** dangerous. In 1934, we **moved** to Amsterdam, and for several years my life **felt** peaceful again. I **attended** school, **played** with my friends, and **dreamed** of becoming a writer one day.

Everything **changed** in May 1940, when the German army **invaded** the Netherlands. After that, new laws **restricted** our lives. I **couldn't** go to my old school anymore, I **had** to wear the yellow star, and our freedom **disappeared** little by little. My parents **tried** to stay calm, but I **noticed** their fear every time the radio **reported** new rules for Jews.

On July 6, 1942, our family **went** into hiding. We **moved** to the Secret Annex, a hidden area behind my father's office building. The entrance **was** behind a movable bookshelf, and we **blocked** the windows with thick black curtains. Life in the Annex **was** quiet, stressful, and very different from anything I knew. We **shared** the space with the Van Daan family and later with Mr. Dussel, which often **caused** arguments and tension.

Every day, we **followed** the same routine: we **woke up** early, we **walked** softly, and we **whispered** so the workers downstairs didn't hear us. At night, when the building **became** silent, we **moved** more freely and sometimes **listened** to the radio. I **missed** the outside world terribly, especially the sky, the streets, and the sound of children playing.

My diary, which I **received** for my thirteenth birthday, **became** my closest companion. I **wrote** in it almost every day. I **expressed** my fears about the war, my frustration with the adults, my admiration for my father, and my growing feelings for Peter. Writing **helped** me stay strong, even when the situation **felt** hopeless. I **hoped** that one day my words would reach the world.

We **spent** more than two years in hiding. Our helpers—Miep, Bep, Mr. Kugler, and Mr. Kleiman—**risked** everything to bring us food, news, and books. Their courage **gave** us hope during the darkest days.

But on August 4, 1944, our hiding place **was discovered**. The police **arrested** all of us and **took** us away. First we **were sent** to Westerbork, and later to Auschwitz. Conditions in the camps **were** horrible. Many people **became** sick and weak, and Margot and I **were moved** again to Bergen-Belsen.

In the winter of 1945, Margot **fell** ill, and shortly after, I **became** sick too. I **didn't know** that my father survived, and I **didn't know** that my diary also survived the war. I **died** before seeing peace return, but my words **continued** living.

Even though my life **ended** early, my diary **became** a voice for the millions of children affected by the war. I always **wanted** to become a writer, and in a way, I **achieved** that dream through the pages I left behind.