## Anne Frank's diary

Read the first entries of Anne's diary. Fill in the blanks with the correct past tense of verbs.

## Saturday, 13 June 1942

cat, welcomed me. At seven I went in to Mummy and Daddy, and then to the sitting-room for my presents. The nicest present was you — my diary! There a bunch of roses on the table, and lots more flowers and presents arrived for me during the day. Daddy and Mummy me a blue blouse, a game and a bottle of fruit juice which tastes quite like wine!  At school, I shared out some cakes with my friends, and I was allowed to choose the game that we in the sports lesson. Afterwards, all	On Friday, 12 June, I up early at six o'clock; it was my	1- wake
to seven. Then I down to the dining-room, where Moortje, my cat, welcomed me. At seven I went in to Mummy and Daddy, and then to the sitting-room for my presents. The nicest present was you—my diary! There a bunch of roses on the table, and lots more flowers and presents arrived for me during the day. Daddy and Mummy me a blue blouse, a game and a bottle of fruit juice which tastes quite like wine!  At school, I shared out some cakes with my friends, and I was allowed to choose the game that we in the sports lesson. Afterwards, all	birthday. I'm not allowed to get up then, so I had to wait until quarter	
to choose the game that wein the sports lesson. Afterwards, all	to seven. Then I down to the dining-room, where Moortje, my cat, welcomed me. At seven I went in to Mummy and Daddy, and then to the sitting-room for my presents. The nicest present was you my diary! There a bunch of roses on the table, and lots more flowers and presents arrived for me during the day. Daddy and Mummy me a blue blouse, a game and a bottle of fruit juice which tastes quite like wine!	3- be 4- give 5- play 6- dance 7- sing
	The second secon	
my friends round me in a circle and Happy Birthday'.	my friendsround me in a circle and`Happy Birthday'.	

## Saturday, 20 June 1942

It's strange, writing a diary. Of course, I've written things before, but who will be interested in the thoughts of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl? Well, does it matter? I want to write, and I want to bring out so many things that lie deep in my heart.

I need a diary because I haven't got a friend. You won't believe that I am completely alone in the world! And I'm not. I have loving parents and a sixteen-year-old sister, a good home and about thirty people that I can call friends. There are plenty of boys who are interested in me too! But I haven't got that one, true friend who understands me. So this diary can be my new friend. Let's start with the story of my life.

My father — the best father in	n the w
my mother, who	
was then twenty-five. My	
sister Margotborn in	-
Frankfurt-am-Main in	
Germany in 1926. Then I	
followed on 12 June, 1929.	
Because we are Jewish,	A
we to Holland in	
1933. My father is the	
manager of a company	
called Opteka, which makes	A
things for the jam-making	1
business.	1
After 1940 thingsnot	
so good any more. First the	

and then the

their children must go to Jewish schools.

Our freedom disappeared. Under the new German

laws, Jews must wear a

war

Germans [



thirty-six when he

1- be 2- marry 3- be 4- move 5- be 6- start 7- arrive

in Holland. yellow star. Jews must walk everywhere. They can only do their shopping in 'Jewish Shops', and they must be indoors by eight o'clock at night. They must not even sit in their own gardens after that time. Jews

cannot visit the theatre or the cinema. Jews cannot visit Christians, and