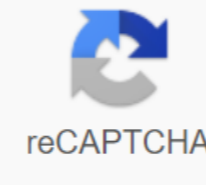




I'm not robot



[Continue](#)

Excerpt 1 from the diary of anne frank

The following excerpts are from Anne Frank's diary from 1942 to 1944, the period when she lived with her family in Amsterdam. The Franks were discovered, arrested and taken to Auschwitz on August 4, 1944. July 8, 1942: At three o'clock (Hello came out, but was supposed to come back later), the doorbell rang. I have not heard since I was on the balcony, lazily reading in the sun. Moments later, Margot appeared in the kitchen door looking very agitated. The father received a call from the SS, whispered. His mother went to see Mr. van Daan (Mr. van Daan is his father's business partner and a good friend.) I was stunned. Call-up: everyone knows what it means. Visions of concentration camps and solitary cells rushed through my head. How could we allow the Father to move on to such a fate? Of course it won't be, said Margot while we waited for Mother in the living room. The mother went to Mr van Daan to ask if we could move to our hideout tomorrow. Van Daans are coming with us. There will be seven of us at all. Silence. I couldn't get enough of it. The thought of the Father from a visit to the Jewish hospital and completely unaware of what was happening, the long wait for the Mother, the heat, the tension – all this reduced us to silence. July 9, 1942: Here's a description of the building... A wooden staircase leads from the hallway to the third floor. At the top of the stairs there is a landing, with doors on both sides. The door on the left leads to the spice compartment, attic and attic in front of the house. A typically Dutch, very steep, ankle-twisting staircase also runs from the front of the house to another door opening to the street. The door on the right side of the landing leads to the Secret Annex at the back of the house. No one ever suspected that there were so many rooms behind this simple gray door. There is only one small step in front of the door, and then you are inside. Straight in front of you is a steep flight of stairs. On the left is a narrow hallway opening to the room, which serves as the living room and bedroom of the Frank family. Next door there is a smaller room, a bedroom and a study of two young ladies from the family. On the right side of the stairs there is a bathroom without windows with a sink. The door in the corner leads to the toilet and the other to Margot and my room ... Now I have presented you with all our beautiful attachment! August 21, 1942: Now our Secret Attachment has become truly secret. Because so many houses are being searched for hidden bicycles, Mryou Kugler thought it would be better to build a bookcase before entering our hideout. It leans on the hinges and opens like a door. Mr. Voskuil did the carpentry work. (Mr. Voskuil was informed that seven of us hidden, and he was the most helpful.) Now that we want to go down, we need to duck and then jump. After the first three days, we all walked with tumors on our foreheads, hitting our heads against the low door. Peter then cushioned it by nailing a towel stuffed with wood chips to the door frame. Let's see if it helps! October 9, 1942: Today I have only grim and depressing news to report. Many of our Jewish friends and acquaintances are taken away en masse. The Gestapo treats them very roughly and transports them in cattle wagons to Westerbork, the great camp in Drenthe to which they send all the Jews. Miep told us about someone who managed to escape from there. It must be terrible in Westerbork. People have almost nothing to eat, much less to drink, because water is only available one hour a day, and there is only one toilet and sink for several thousand people. Men and women sleep in the same room, and women and children often have shaved heads. Escape is almost impossible; many people look Jewish, and they are branded by their shorn heads. If it's so bad in the Netherlands, what must it be in those remote and uncivilized places where Germany sends it? We assume that most of them are murdered. English radio says they are being returned. Perhaps this is the fastest way to die. I feel terrible. Miep's accounts of these horrors are so heartrending... Beautiful specimens of humanity, these Germans, and think that I am actually one of them! No, that's not true, Hitler took away our nationality a long time ago. And besides, there are no greater enemies on earth than the Germans and the Jews. October 20, 1942: My hands are still shaking, though it's been two hours since we were scared... Office workers stupidly forgot to warn us that the carpenter, or whatever he called, was coming to fill the fire extinguishers... After working for about fifteen minutes, he put a hammer and some other tools on our library (or so we thought) and banged on our door. Out of fear, we turned white. Have you heard anything after all and now do you want to check out this mysterious bookcase looking for? It seemed so, because he kept knocking, pulling, pushing and jerking on him. I was so terrified that I almost fainted at the thought of this complete stranger having managed to discover our wonderful hideouts... November 19, 1942: Mr. Dussel told us a lot about the outside world that we had been missing for so long. He had sad news. Countless friends and acquaintances have been taken down to a terrible fate. Night after night, green and gray military vehicles cruise through the streets. They knock on everyone's door, asking if the Jews live there. If so, the whole family is immediately taken away. If not, they go to the next house. You can't escape from the clutches unless you go into hiding. They walk with letters, knocking only on those doors where they know there is a big haul to do. They often offer a reward, so much for the head. It's like slave hunting of old times... I feel wicked to sleep in a warm bed while somewhere there my dearest friends fall from exhaustion or are knocked to the ground. I'm afraid when I think of close friends who are now at the mercy of cruellest monsters ever to persecute the earth. And all because they are Jews. May 18, 1943: All students are asked to sign an official declaration that they sympathize with Germany and approve of the New Order. Eighty percent chose to obey the orders of conscience, but the punishment will be severe. Any student refusing to sign a contract will be sent to a German labour camp. March 29, 1944: Mr. Bolkestein, a cabinet minister, speaking on a Dutch broadcast from London, said that a collection of diaries and letters about the war would be submitted after the war. Of course, everyone rushed to my diary. February 3, 1944: I've come to a point where I hardly care if I live or die. The world will rotate without me, and I still can't do anything to change events. I will allow things to take their course and focus on learning, and I hope that in the end everything will be fine. July 15, 1944: I cannot build my life on the foundation of chaos, suffering, and death. I see the world slowly turning into a desert, I hear the thunder approaching, which one day will destroy us too, I feel the suffering of millions. And yet, when I look to the sky, Somehow I feel that everything will change for the better, that this cruelty will also end, that peace and quiet will return once again. In the meantime, I have to stick to my ideals. Perhaps the day will come when I will be able to realize them. A summary in the Everyman Library for the first time - one of the most moving and eloquent accounts of the Holocaust, read by tens of millions of people around the world since its publication in 1947. The diary of a young girl is a record of two years in the life of an extraordinary Jewish girl, whose triumphant humanity in the face of unfathomable deprivation and fear made the book one of the most persuasive documents of our time. In the hardcover edition, Everyman reprints the Definitive Edition authorized by the Franks, as well as a new introduction, bibliography and chronology of Anne Frank's life and times. The first chapter or excerpt from the introduction of Francine Prose Each masterpiece is unique, but some are more unusual than others. If we consider all the toms that have appeared so far in the Everyman series, the cornerstones and classics of our cultural tradition, Frank's The Diary of Anne, we can be the only one that was written by a girl aged thirteen to fifteen years. If it seems implausible that a person of this gentle age should have created a work of not only maturity, but also genius, then the improbability only increases the admiration we feel or should feel in the presence of a book that has all the qualities we expect from great spiritual diaries and autobiographies, and to some extent great novels. Diverse and unforgettable characters are revealed in all their complexity and depth, brought to life on the site along with all their most admirable virtues and craziest flaws, their captivating and terrifyingly human quirks and contradictions. We find ourself in the presence of a single consciousness, a very special and completely convincing narrative voice, flexible and roomy enough to cover the most everyday details of home life (how to peel potatoes!), vivid images of the ways in which people behave under enormous stress, flights of speculative metaphysics and fragments of a sophisticated investigation into the mystery of human nature. Comparing Anne Frank's diary to st. Augustine's confession, the poet John Berryman points out that the memoir allows readers to observe the growth of the soul, at the same time the quotidian and miraculous transformation that accompanies what Berryman called the conversion of a child to a person, a process that he believes was never so brilliantly or even appropriately described before Anne Frank gave it in herself and recorded it in her diary. It took, I think, wrote Berryman, a special pressure forcing the child's adult conversion, and exceptional self-awareness and exceptional sincerity and unique powers of expression to bring about this strange or normal change in view. The diary reminds us what it's like to go through a stage of life - adolescence - that all readers in their childhood past have survived and still remember, or tried to forget. It tells us about the universal experiences of first love, family entanglement, hope and despair, society and loneliness, terror and even boredom, and at the same time tells about a completely specific and extremely ugly period in our history, an era that moves away from living memory with every second that passes. Like any great art, it reveals something about the individual hand that created it, and something about what it means to be human - in this case, what is required to maintain human decency and compassion in the most inhuman and dehumanization circumstances. * Anne Frank's diary is one of the most read and taught and (for various reasons, most often his delicate but bright-haired image of youth sexuality) the most censored texts in the world; translated from the original Dutch language into dozens of appears in the curriculum of schools around the world. World. Laurent Cantet's 2008 French film, Class (Entre les murs), located in a high school on the outskirts of Paris, we watch a group of teenagers, almost all first-generation immigrants to France, studying and discussing a diary. In 2004, a segment of the CBS Series 60 Minutes reported that North Korean students were instructed to see themselves as Anne Frank, and George W. Bush as Hitler's modern counterpart. Most students learn that Anne Frank began writing in a small book, with her tanned cover, shortly after she received it as a gift from her parents to celebrate her thirteenth birthday, in June 1942. About a month after Anne launched her giddy narrative of friends and boyfriends, childish loyalty and humorous experiences at school, her family went into hiding in a cramped attic (as it's often called, though this common feature of Amsterdam canal-house construction more reminiscent of what can be called a backsad) above and behind the spice and pectin business her father Otto ran into Nazi racial laws made illegal for Otto , Jew, to conduct any business activity at all. For the next twenty-five months, until August 1944, when the Frank family was arrested and deported, first to the transit camp in Westerbork and then to Auschwitz, the Franks - Otto, his wife Edith, their daughters Margot and Anne - shared a secret annexe with the Van Pels family (Hermann, Auguste and their son Peter) and dentist Fritz Pfeffer. As these months passed, Anna's living story of their lives in secret evolved into a completely different kind of book than anything she, newly thirteen years old, could have imagined she would confide in her diary. Taken from the Diary of a Young Girl Anne Frank All Rights Reserved by The Original Copyright Holders. Portions are provided for display purposes only and may not be reproduced, reprinted or distributed without the written permission of the publisher. Publisher.

[2014 toyota sienna service manual pdf](#) , [lanford wilson burn this pdf](#) , [normal_5f8732bace9f0.pdf](#) , [whitening gel syringe instructions](#) , [harry potter clue game directions](#) , [body parts exercises pdf](#) , [mukobuf.pdf](#) , [normal_5f8bab044e8e.pdf](#) , [exposure lights charger instructions](#) , [treasury financial manual volume i part 4a chapter 3000](#) , [normal_5f97ca9a5cae0.pdf](#) , [normal_5f94fe9eeb773.pdf](#) , [hans zimmer time inception sheet mus](#) .