

The Diary of Anne Frank: Revised Passages

Original Version—July 8, 1942

At about 3 o'clock a policeman arrived and called from the door downstairs, Miss Margot Frank, Mummy went downstairs and the policeman gave her a card which said that Margot Frank has to report to the S.S. Mummy was terribly upset and went straight to Mr. van Pels he came straight back to us and I was told that Daddy had been called up. The door was locked and no one was allowed to come into our house any more. Daddy and Mummy had long ago taken measures, and Mummy assured me that Margot would not have to go and that all of us would be leaving the next day. Of course I started to cry terribly and there was an awful to-do at our house.

Revised Version—April 5, 1944

At three o'clock...the doorbell rang. I didn't hear it, since I was out on the balcony, lazily reading in the sun. A little while later Margot appeared in the kitchen doorway looking very agitated. "Father has received a call-up notice from the SS," she whispered. "Mother has gone to see Mr. van Daan." (Mr. van Daan is Father's business partner and a good friend.)

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? "Of course he's not going," declared Margot as we waited for Mother in the living room. "Mother's 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." Silence. We couldn't speak. The thought of Father off visiting someone in the Jewish Hospital and completely unaware of what was happening, the long wait for Mother, the heat, the suspense—all this reduced us to silence....

When she and I were sitting in our bedroom, Margot told me that the call-up was not for Father, but for her. At this second shock, I began to cry.... Margot and I started packing our most important belongings into a schoolbag. The first thing I stuck in was this diary, and then curlers, handkerchiefs, schoolbooks, a comb and some old letters. Preoccupied by the thought of going into hiding, I stuck the craziest things in the bag but I'm not sorry. Memories mean more to me than dresses.

Frank, Anne. *The Diary of a Young Girl: The Definitive Edition*, edited by Otto H. Frank and Mirjam Pressler and translated by Susan Masotty (Anchor Books, 1996).

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