

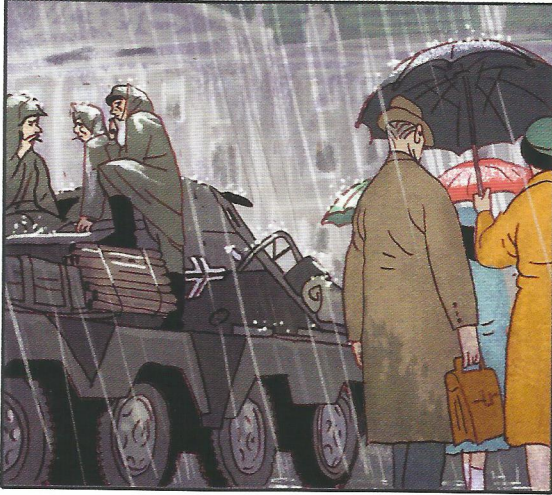
Anne Frank's Diary

The Graphic Adaptation



Adapted by Ari Folman
Illustrations by David Polonsky

There was danger lurking on every street corner.



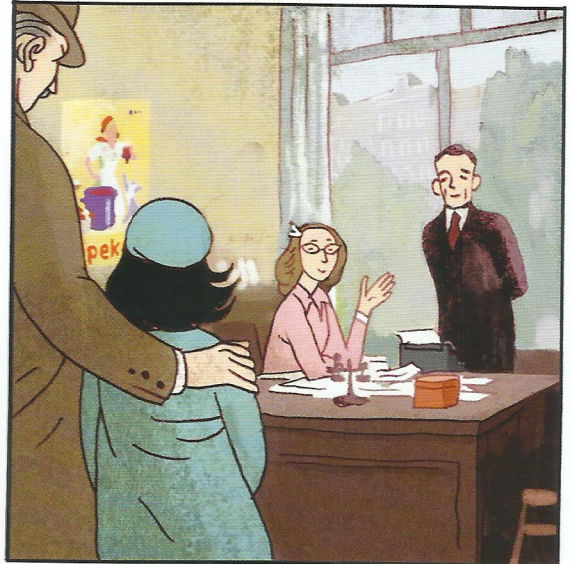
THOSE JEWS... NEVER WARM ENOUGH FOR THEM...



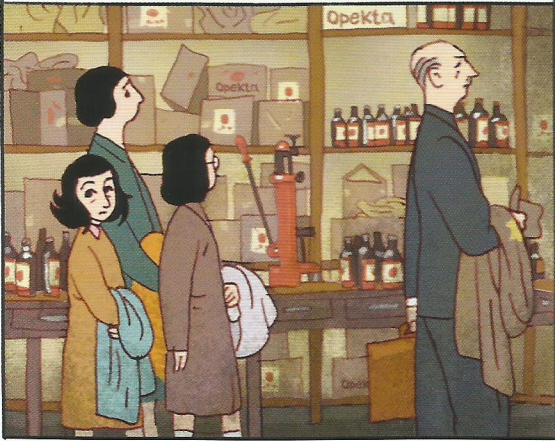
What a huge surprise it was to arrive at Father's office!



The staff had been informed of our coming, and they welcomed us warmly.



Then I realized how tricky it was to get around Father's office building. The front is all offices and storerooms...

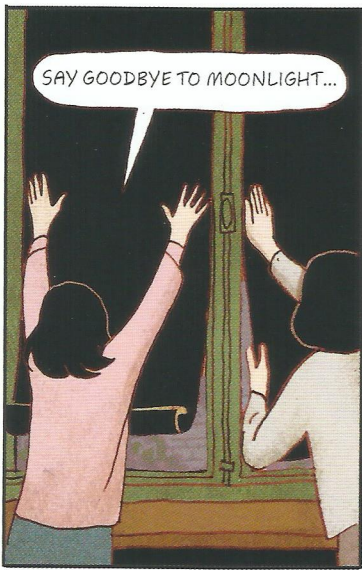


But no one would suspect that the back contains a whole apartment.



A very steep staircase... Then a cleverly built bookcase that swings out and leads to... the Secret Annex!





SAY GOODBYE TO MOONLIGHT...



After we arrived in the Annex, we learned that Mr. and Mrs. van Daan and their son, Peter, would be hiding with us.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY FATHER GAVE THE VAN DAANS THE BIGGEST, MOST COMFORTABLE ROOM.

WHY NOT? IT'S JUST LIKE FATHER TO DO THAT!

It took some time before I was able to write to you...

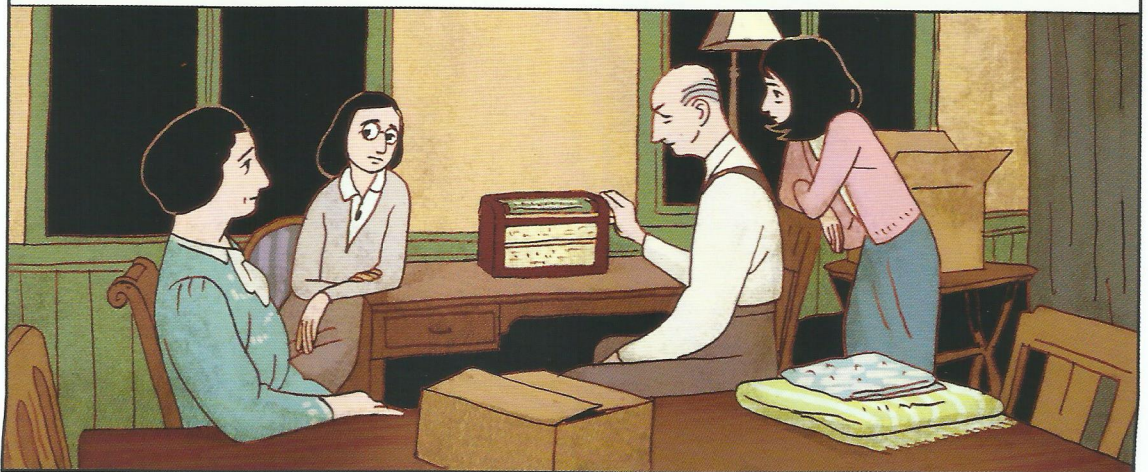


I was worried I might have writer's block, but I am eager to tell you everything...

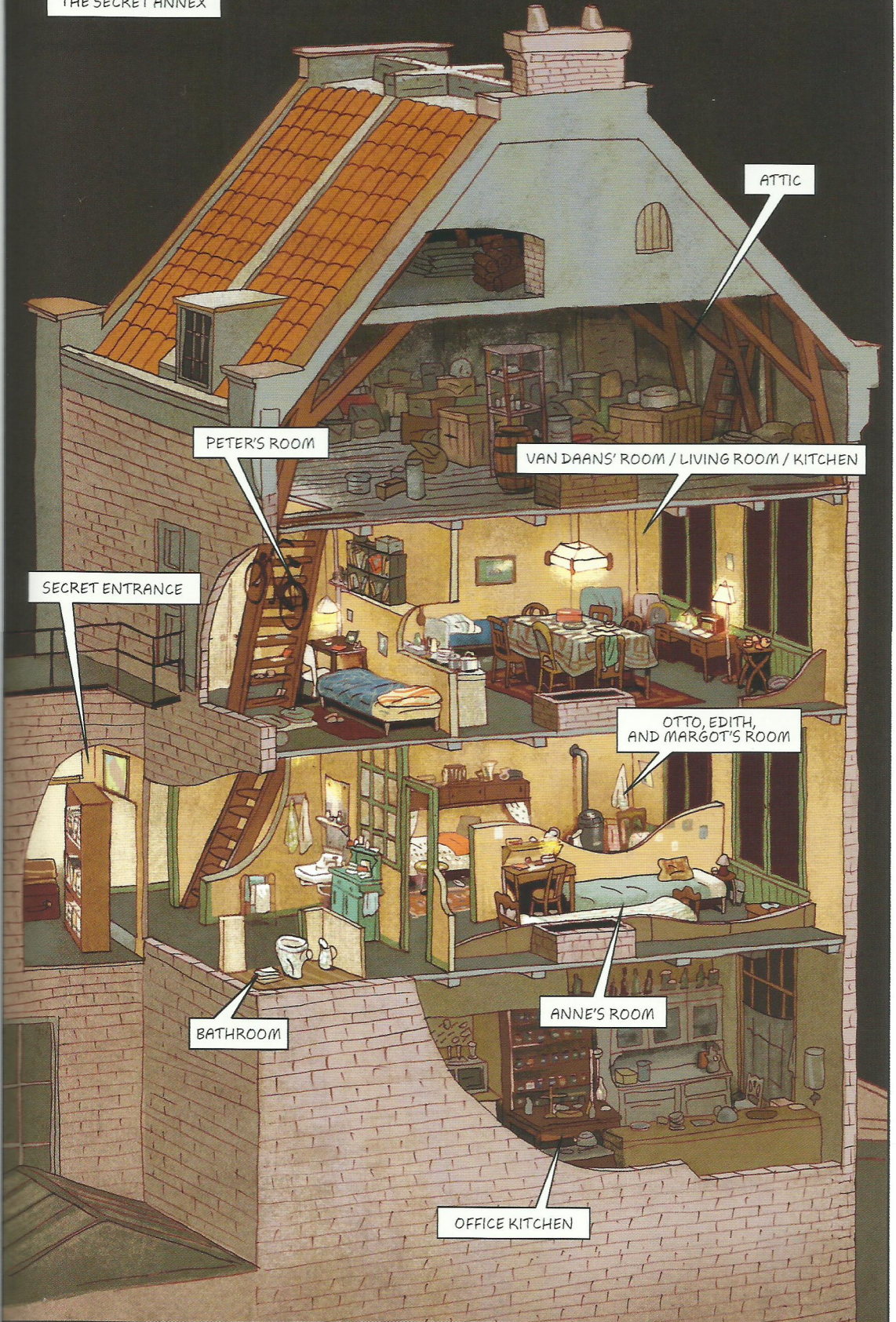


You no doubt want to hear what I think of being in hiding. Well, all I can say is that I don't really know yet. I don't think I'll ever feel at home in this house, but that doesn't mean I hate it. It's more like being on holiday in some strange hotel.

On our first evening in the Annex, we gathered in the van Daans' room, which is also our shared living room, to listen to the BBC radio broadcast from London.



THE SECRET ANNEX



ATTIC

PETER'S ROOM

VAN DAANS' ROOM / LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN

SECRET ENTRANCE

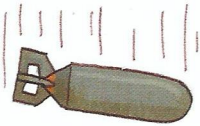
OTTO, EDITH,
AND MARGOT'S ROOM

BATHROOM

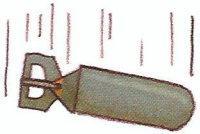
ANNE'S ROOM

OFFICE KITCHEN

Dear Kitty, Today the van Daans finally joined us in the Annex. As soon as they entered the room, each carrying their most precious possession, I could tell what they would be like. Mr. van Daan is a spice expert who used to work in Father's company. Mrs. van Daan looks like a diva from hell. And their son, Peter, is afraid of his own shadow.



IF I MUST DIE HERE, I MIGHT AS WELL BE SITTING ON MY CHAMBER POT.



IF I MUST DIE HERE, I SHALL HAVE ONE MORE CUP OF FINE CHINESE TEA.

PETER, STOP READING THAT MAGAZINE AND COME DOWN IMMEDIATELY!

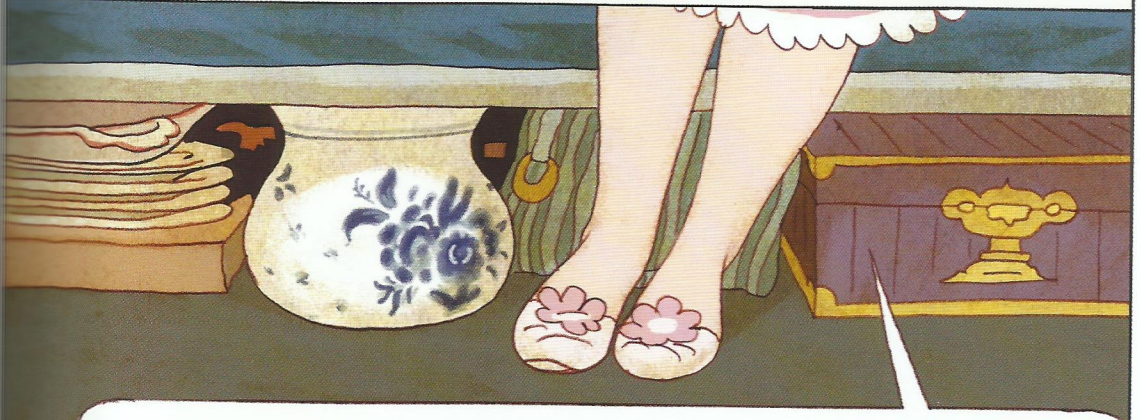


I HAVE NO PLANS TO DIE HERE—THERE IS SO MUCH TO LIVE FOR!

I'M SURE EDITH TOO HAS HER OWN PERSONAL HIDING PLACE.

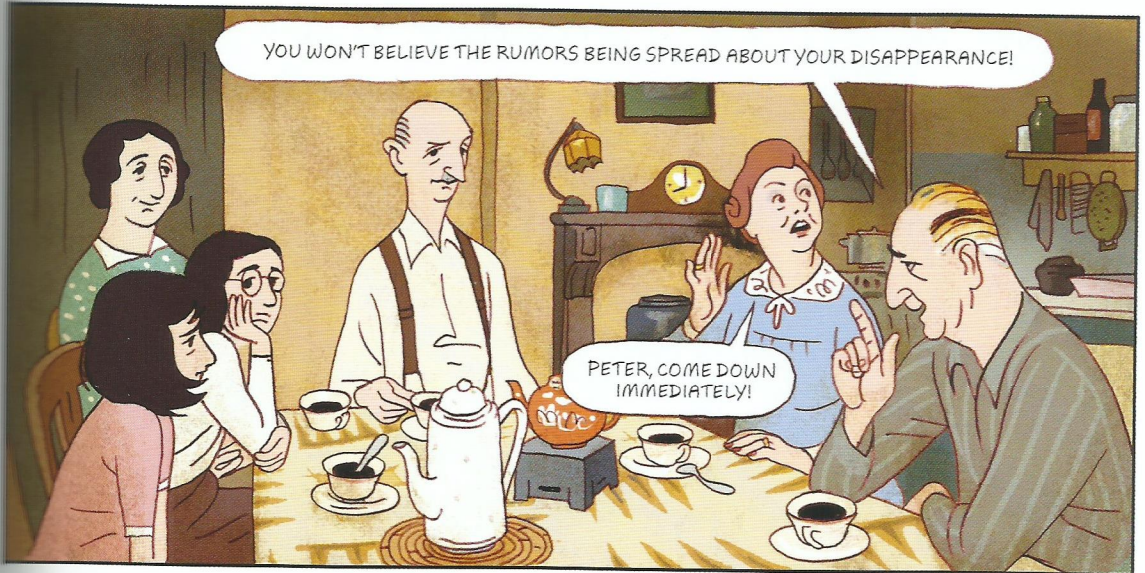


The chamber pot was not the only thing that Madame van Daan kept hidden. Basically, everything considered a "ladies' essential" made a disappearing act.



I HAVE BEEN A LADY ALL MY LIFE, AND I PLAN TO REMAIN A LADY NO MATTER HOW BAD THINGS GET!

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE RUMORS BEING SPREAD ABOUT YOUR DISAPPEARANCE!



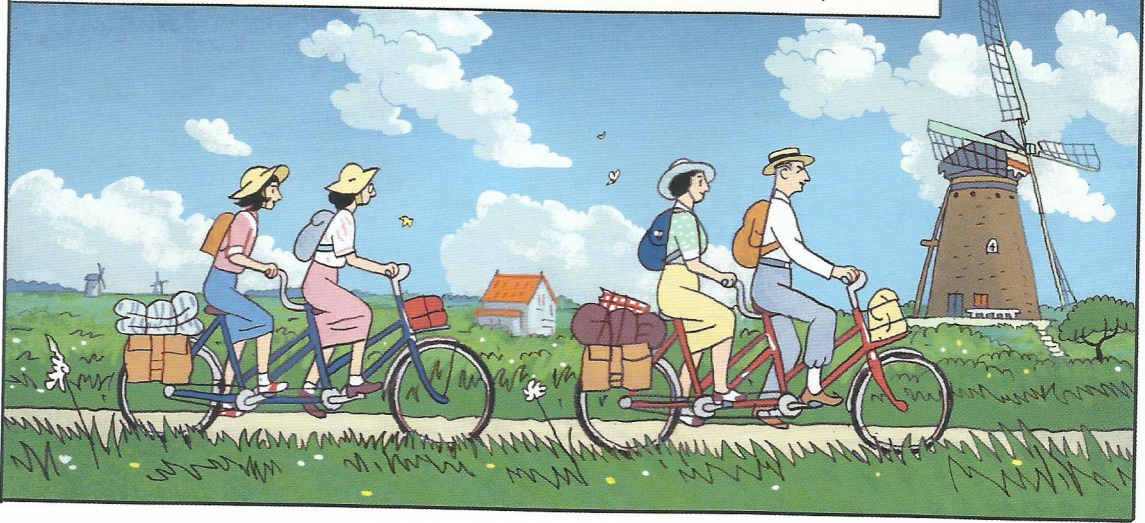
PETER, COME DOWN IMMEDIATELY!

First rumor: "A German SS officer who served with Otto in World War I managed to smuggle you all across the Swiss border."



GOOD AFTERNOON, THE BANK WILL OPEN SOON. I ASSUME YOU BROUGHT SOME JEWISH MONEY TO DEPOSIT?

Second rumor: "The Franks took off for a long vacation in the countryside."



Third rumor: "A neighbor swears she saw you being loaded into some kind of military vehicle in the middle of the night."



WHY DID YOU HAVE TO MENTION THAT, YOU EVIL MAN!

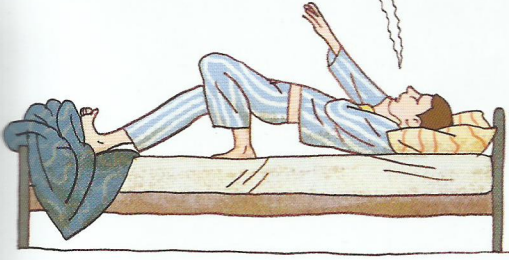


OH, ANNE, DON'T OVERREACT, HE WAS JUST MAKING A JOKE.



But Peter never comes down: he's always dying from some horrible disease.

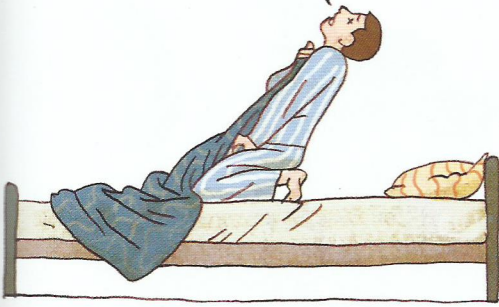
OH, I'M DYING! I HAVE THROAT CANCER!



DEAR GOD! MY LUMBAGO IS KILLING ME!



I'M HAVING A HEART ATTACK! I'M DYING!



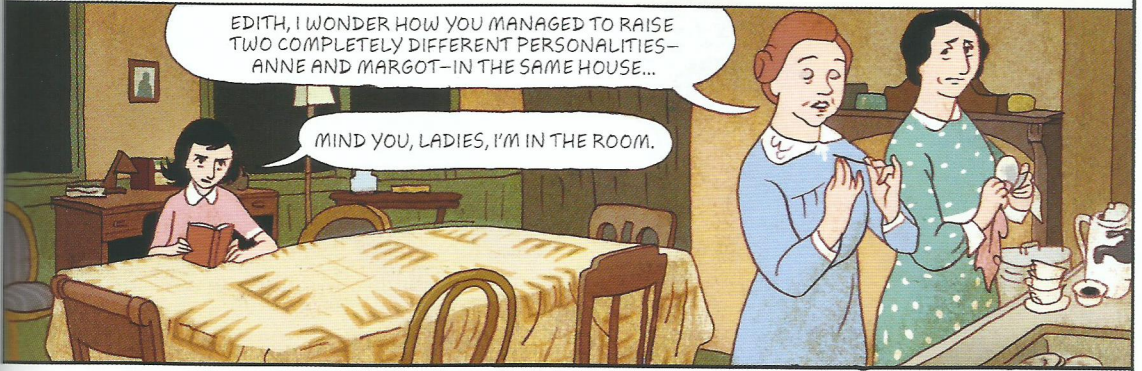
HOLY MOSES, MY KIDNEYS ARE FAILING!



So while Peter was dying in his room, obviously it was me who became the center of attention.

EDITH, I WONDER HOW YOU MANAGED TO RAISE TWO COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PERSONALITIES— ANNE AND MARGOT—IN THE SAME HOUSE...

MIND YOU, LADIES, I'M IN THE ROOM.



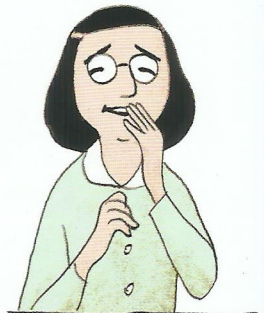
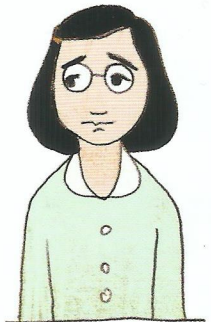
I WONDER WHY YOU DIDN'T WEAR YOUR FUR COAT TODAY. IT'S PRETTY CHILLY OUTSIDE, ISN'T IT?

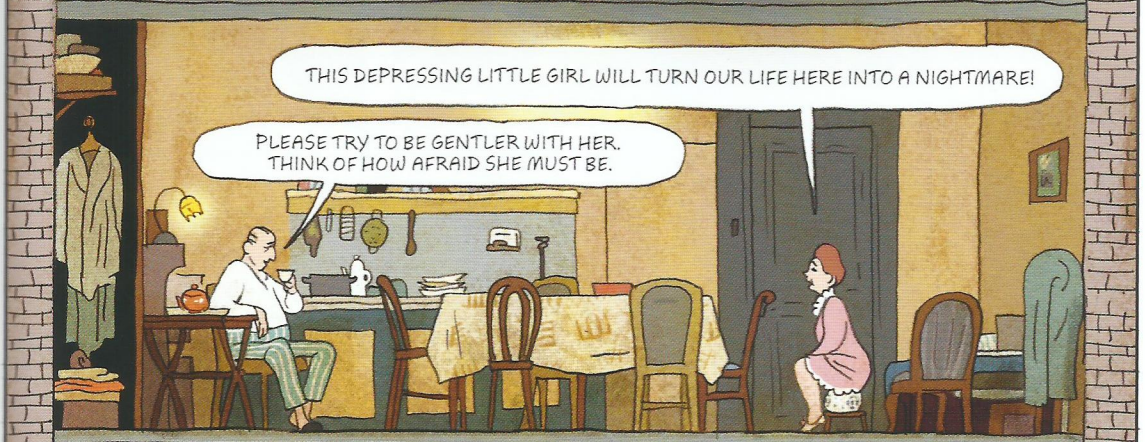


IF ONLY YOU WOULD LEARN SOME MANNERS FROM YOUR SISTER!



It's always about me and my sister...

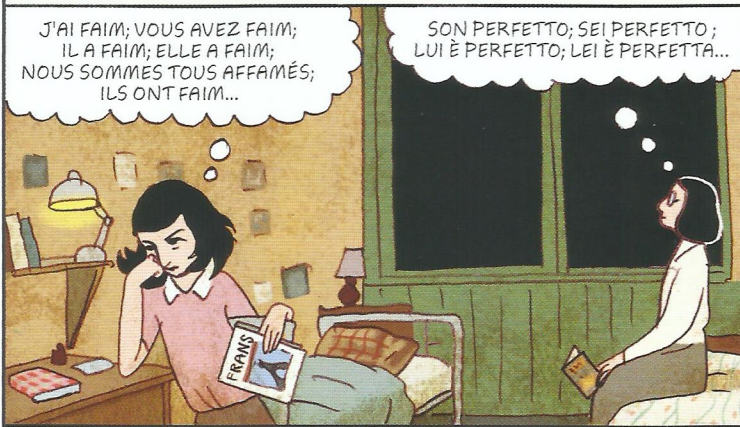




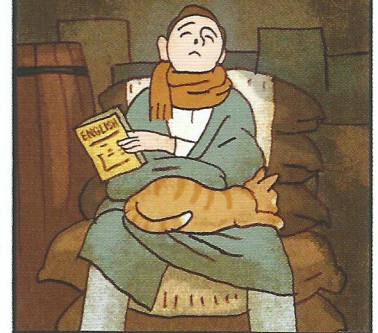
Dear Kitty, Since the van Daans' arrival, we have had a regular daily routine. In the mornings, while the workers are busy downstairs, we must remain deadly quiet. That is when we study and learn things by heart.

J'AI FAIM; VOUS AVEZ FAIM;
IL A FAIM; ELLE A FAIM;
NOUS SOMMES TOUS AFFAMÉS;
ILS ONT FAIM...

SON PERFETTO; SEI PERFETTO;
LUI È PERFETTO; LEI È PERFETTA...



I AM DEAD, YOU ARE DEAD;
HE IS DEAD; SHE IS DEAD;
WE ARE ALL DEAD...



JE SUIS JOLIE; JE SUIS JOLIE;
JE SUIS JOLIE; JE SUIS JOLIE...

LA CORDON BLEU CHOUCROUTE GARNIE:
1 KILO PICKLED CABBAGE,
1-1/2 CUPS VINEGAR, 2 TBS SALT,
2 KILOS FRANKFURTER SAUSAGES,
300 GR. BACON, 3 TBS...



ΙΣΜΗΝΗ: ΤΟΥΣ ΠΕΡΙΦΡΟΝΟΥΝ ΟΧΙ, ΑΛΛΑ ΝΑ
ΑΥΗΦΟΥΝ ΤΟ ΚΡΑΤΟΣ Η ΝΑ ΣΠΑΣΕΙ
ΔΙΑΤΑΓΜΑ ΤΗΣΔΕΝ ΈΧΩ ΚΑΜΙΑ ΔΕΞΙΟΤΗΤΑ.
ΑΝΤΙΘΩΝΗ: ΘΑ ΠΑΩ ΜΟΝΟΣ ΓΙΑ
ΑΓΚΑΛΙΑ ΑΓΑΠΗΤΟΥΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΔΕΛΦΟ
ΜΟΥ ΣΤΟ Ο ΤΑΦΟΣ.



At 12:30 p.m. the warehouse men go home for lunch and the whole gang breathes a sigh of relief. Bep and Miep from the office bring us food, but we must eat in complete silence.

SO WHAT IS IT NOW, CABBAGE AGAIN?



I mean, those who can be silent for three minutes straight.



At 5:30 p.m. all the workers finish for the day, and that signals the beginning of our nightly freedom. First it's time for a bath, but we only have one tin tub to share.



Peter likes to take his bath in the kitchen.

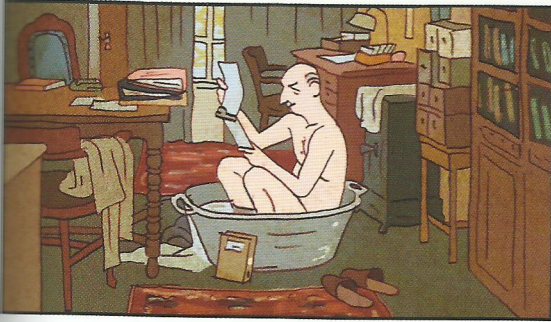
Obviously, Madame van Daan hasn't decided where to take her bath...

WHY MUST YOU INSIST ON CARRYING THAT UPSTAIRS? CAN'T YOU BATHE IN THE OFFICE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?



...so she hasn't taken one yet.

Father washes in the private office, which is as close as he can get to running the company again.



Let's just say Mother takes her bath in a well-protected environment.



Bath time with Margot in the office is a magical hour, when I get to peek at the outside world.



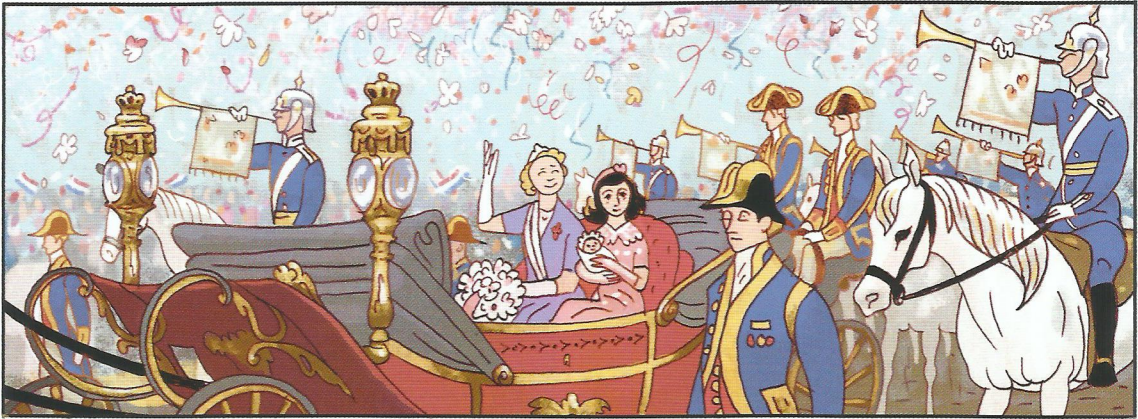
It's time for dinner.

PRINCESS JULIANA IS EXPECTING A BABY IN JANUARY.

OH... THIS IS SO BORING!



BORING? IT'S THE MOST EXCITING NEWS I'VE HEARD SINCE WE CAME HERE!



At night, the bad thoughts creep into my mind...

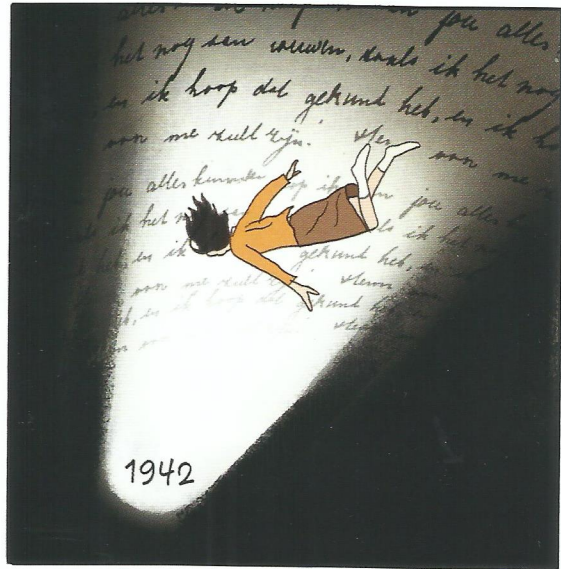


Tuesday, March 7, 1944

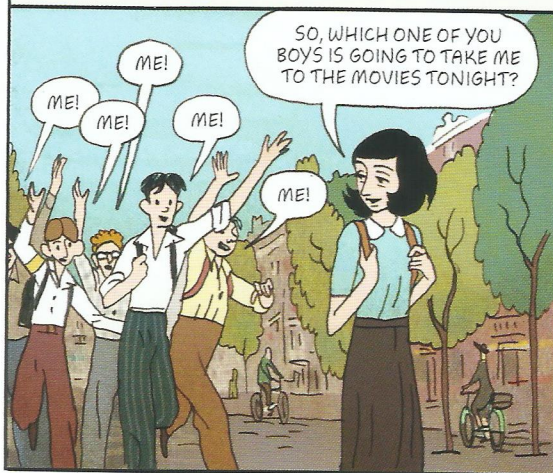
Dearest Kitty, When I think back to my life it all seems so unreal.



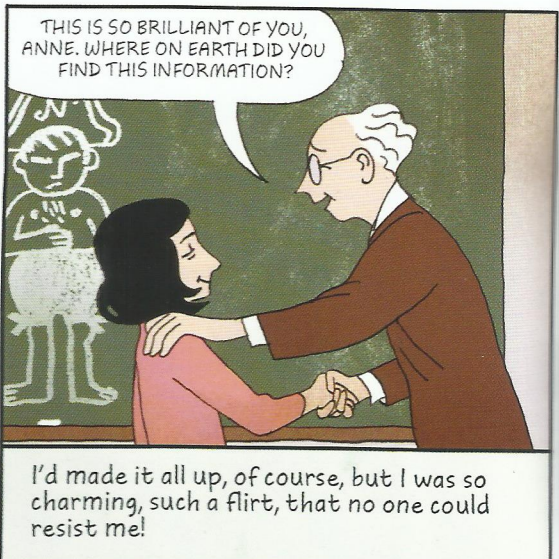
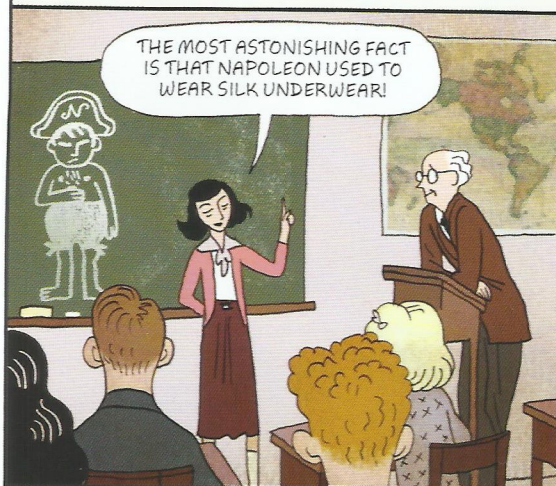
The Anne Frank who enjoyed that heavenly existence was completely different from the one who has grown wise within these walls.



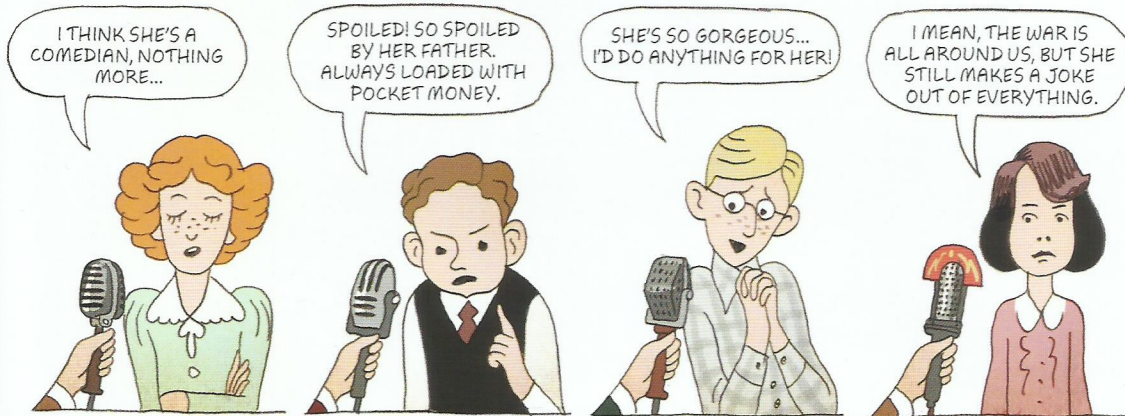
I had five admirers following me wherever I went.



And my greatest admirers of all were my teachers.



Would all that admiration eventually have made me overconfident? I wonder what they really thought about me back then in school.



In spite of everything, I wasn't altogether happy in 1942; I often felt I'd been deserted, but because I was on the go all day long, I didn't think about it. I enjoyed myself as much as I could, trying consciously or unconsciously to fill the void with jokes. After coming to the Annex, it took me more than a year to get used to doing without admiration. I look back at that Anne Frank, only two years ago, and I realize that this period of my life has irrevocably come to a close; my happy-go-lucky, carefree school days are gone forever. I don't even miss them. I've outgrown them. I can no longer just be frivolous, since my serious side is always there.

I also discovered an inner happiness underneath my superficial and cheerful exterior. Now I live only for Peter, since what happens to me in the future depends largely on him! I lie in bed at night, after saying my prayers, and I'm filled with joy. I think of going into hiding, Peter's love (which is still so new and fragile and which neither of us dares to say aloud), the future, happiness and love as the world, nature and the tremendous beauty of everything, all that splendor. At such moments I don't think about all the misery, but about the beauty that still remains.



Mother's method for fighting melancholy.

My method for fighting melancholy.

This is where Mother and I differ greatly.

Her advice in the face of melancholy is: "Think about all the suffering in the world and be thankful you're not part of it." My advice is: "Go outside, to the country, enjoy the sun and all nature has to offer. Go outside and try to recapture the happiness within yourself; think of all the beauty in yourself and in everything around you, and be happy." I don't think Mother's advice can be right, because what are you supposed to do if you become part of the suffering? You'll be completely lost. On the contrary, beauty remains, even in misfortune. If you just look for it, you discover more and more happiness and regain your balance. A person who's happy will make others happy; a person who has courage and faith will never die in misery!

Yours, Anne M. Frank



THE FIRST GRAPHIC ADAPTATION OF
THE MULTI-MILLION BESTSELLER

'I hope I will be able to confide everything to you, as I
have never been able to confide in anyone, and I hope you
will be a great source of comfort and support.'

Anne Frank, 12th June 1942

*In the summer of 1942, fleeing the horrors of the Nazi occupation,
Anne Frank and her family were forced into hiding in the back
of an Amsterdam warehouse.*

*At the age of thirteen when she and her family went into the secret annexe,
Anne Frank kept a diary in which she confided her innermost thoughts
and feelings, movingly revealing how the eight people living under these
extraordinary conditions coped with the daily threat of discovery and death.*

*Adapted by Ari Folman, illustrated by David Polonsky, and authorized
by the Anne Frank Foundation in Basel, this is the first graphic edition
of the beloved diary of Anne Frank.*

'Astonishing and excruciating. It gnaws at us still'
NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

'A modern classic' *THE TIMES*

'Faithful to the spirit and often the language of the diary . . .
Mr Polonsky's beautiful artwork offers a charming and
convincing view of Anne on the page' *THE ECONOMIST*

'Folman and Polonsky have reclaimed Anne Frank in all of her humanity,
and they allow us to witness for ourselves her beauty, courage, vision
and imagination, all of the qualities that make her life and early death
so heartbreaking. And, in doing so, they have elevated the tools of the
comic book to create an astonishing work of art' *JEWISH JOURNAL*

'The illustrations . . . retell Anne's diary with
great compassion, wit and ebullience' *STANDPOINT*

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