

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Father, Mother and Margot still can't get used to the **1) chiming of the Westertoren clock (Check comprehension/fix-up)**, which tells us the time every quarter of an hour. Not me, I liked it from the start; it sounds so reassuring, especially at night. 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 vacation in **2) some strange pension (Check comprehension/fix-up)**. Kind of an odd way to look at life in hiding, but that's how things are. **3) The Annex (Check comprehension/fix-up)** is an ideal place to hide in. It may be damp and lopsided, but **4) there's probably not a more comfortable hiding place in all of Amsterdam. (Comment)** No, in all of Holland.

Up to now our bedroom, with its blank walls, was very bare. Thanks to Father - who brought my entire postcard and movie-star collection here beforehand -- and to a brush and a pot of glue, **5) I was able to plaster the walls with pictures (Comment)**. It looks much more cheerful. When the van Daans arrive, we'll be able to build cupboards and other odds and ends out of the wood piled in the attic.

Margot and Mother have recovered somewhat **6) Ask a question**. Yesterday Mother felt well enough to cook split-pea soup for the first time, but then she was downstairs talking and forgot all about it. The beans were scorched black, and no amount of scraping could get them out of the pan. **7) Comment/picture the text**

Last night the four of us went down to the private office and listened to England on the radio. I was so scared someone might hear it **8) Question the text** that I literally begged Father to take me back upstairs. Mother understood my anxiety and went with me. Whatever we do, we're very afraid the neighbors might hear or see us. We started off immediately the first day sewing curtains. **9) Comment/question the text** Actually, you can hardly call them that, since they're nothing but scraps of fabric, varying greatly in shape, quality and pattern, which Father and I stitched crookedly together with unskilled fingers. These works of art were tacked to the windows, where they'll stay until we come out of hiding. **10) Ask a question/check comprehension**

The building on our right is a branch of the Keg Company, a firm from Zaandam, and on the left is a furniture workshop. Though the people who work there are not on the premises after hours, any sound we make might travel through the walls. We've forbidden Margot to cough at night **11) Make a comment/ask a question**, even though she has a bad cold, and are giving her large doses of codeine.

I'm looking forward to the arrival of the van Daans, which is set for Tuesday. It will be much more fun and also not as quiet. You see, it's the silence that makes me so nervous during the evenings and nights, **12) Make a comment/ask a question** and I'd give anything to have one of our helpers sleep here.

It's really not that bad here, since we can do our own cooking and can listen to the radio in Daddy's office.

Mr. Kleiman and Miep, and Bep Voskuijl **13) Ask a question/check comprehension** too, have helped us so much. We've already canned loads of rhubarb **14) Check comprehension/fix-up/infer**, strawberries and cherries, so for the time being I doubt we'll be bored. We also have a supply of reading material, and we're going to buy lots of games. Of course, we can't ever look out the window or go outside. And we have to be quiet so the people downstairs can't hear us.

Yesterday we had our hands full. We had to pit two crates of cherries for Mr. Kugler to can. We're going to use the empty crates to make bookshelves.

Someone's calling me.

Yours, Anne