

Diary Entry 3

By Anne Frank

Student-created Annotations	Required Annotations	Summary / Questions / Reflection
Student-created	Required (bold)	

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Last night, just as I was falling asleep, Hanneli suddenly appeared before me. I saw her there, dressed in rags, her face thin and worn. She looked at me with such sadness and reproach in her enormous eyes that I could read the message in them: "Oh, Anne, why have you deserted me? Help me, help me, rescue me from this hell!" And I can't help her. I can only stand by and watch while other people suffer and die. All I can do is pray to God to bring her back to us. I saw Hanneli, and no one else, and I understood why. I misjudged her, wasn't mature enough to understand how difficult it was for her. She was devoted to her friend, and it must have seemed as though I were trying to take her away. The poor thing, she must have felt awful! I know, because I recognize the feeling in myself! I had an occasional flash of understanding, but then got selfishly wrapped up again in my own problems and pleasures.

It was mean of me to treat her that way, and now she was looking at me, oh so helplessly, with her pale face and **beseeching** eyes. If only I could help her! Dear God, I have everything I could wish for, while fate has her in its deadly **clutches**. She was as devout as I am, maybe even more so, and she too wanted to do what was right. But then why have I been chosen to live, while she's probably going to die? What's the difference between us? Why are we now so far apart? To be honest, I hadn't thought of her for months -- no, for at least a year. I hadn't forgotten her entirely, and yet it wasn't until I saw her before me that I thought of all her suffering.

Oh, Hanneli, I hope that if you live to the end of the war and return to us, I'll be able to take you in and make up for the wrong I've done you.

But even if I were ever in a position to help, she wouldn't need it

more than she does now. I wonder if she ever thinks of me, and what she's feeling? Merciful God, comfort her, so that at least she won't be alone. Oh, if only You could tell her I'm thinking of her with compassion and love, it might help her go on.

I've got to stop dwelling on this. It won't get me anywhere. I keep seeing her enormous eyes, and they haunt me. Does Hanneli really and truly believe in God, or has religion merely been **foisted** upon her? I don't even know that. I never took the trouble to ask.

Hanneli, Hanneli, if only I could take you away, if only I could share everything I have with you. It's too late. I can't help, or undo the wrong I've done. But I'll never forget her again and I'll always pray for her!

Yours, Anne

Questions

1. What conclusions have you drawn about “Kitty”?
2. Who is Hanneli in the play? Why do you think the name is different?
3. What conclusions can you draw about Anne’s religious views from this passage?
4. What passages from the text support your answer for question 2? (Highlight them and indicate they support your answer in the margin.)