

# The Diary of Anne Frank

Choose one of the following monologues.

Anne:

The air vents are getting worse. They come on at day and night. The noise is maddening. Peter says it should be made to run even. The noise pleases the enemy - will come the end of the war. Mrs. Van Daan probably feels a little bit what will be, will do, that when the planes come over, she is the most frightened! No one else but Peter and I! Monday, the 11th of November, nineteen forty-two. Wonderful news! The allies have landed in Italy. Peter says that we can think for an early start to the war. But the further ahead each ally what was the first thing we wanted to do when we got out of here Mrs. Van Daan keeps to be having with her own things, her needle-point ideas, her bookishness please her father gets her? She has that money could buy Peter would like to go to America. Mr. Dussel wants to get back to the doctor's job. His objective is having his work. For myself there are no many things? Is this a little again? Is tonight my belly pulled? Is there any chance through this war? Is there a better world to come? Is there any chance in it for Anne? Is her back in school with my friends?

Anne:

It appears I should be describing what it feels like to get into bed. But it really don't know just myself. I only know it's funny when in the office to get someone's voice to breathe through me? There is my and there and jump. It's the silence in the night that frightens me more. Every time I hear a knock in the hallway, or a step on the street outside, I'm sure they're coming for us. The days aren't so bad, at least we know that Miss and Mr. Koster are some distractions in the the office. Our presence, we will change. I wish Peter what would happen to them if the Nazis found out they were hiding us. Peter said that they would suffer the same fate that we would? Imagined. They know this, and yet when they come up here, they're always all a laughing as if there were nothing in the world to bother them? Peter, the twenty-first of August, nineteen forty-two. Today I'm going to tell you our general news. Mother is unwell. She looks concerning me like a baby, which I hear. Other nice things are going better. The weather is? Don't ever sleep out...]