

Diary Entry — Anne Frank Inspired by Nelson Mandela's Struggle

Date: 12th March 1944

Dear Kitty,

Today, while we were huddled around the radio in silence, I heard something that touched my heart deeply. They spoke about a man named Nelson Mandela, fighting for the freedom of Black people in South Africa. Though I had never heard his name before, his story felt strangely familiar.

He lives in a world where people are judged by the colour of their skin, just as I live in one where we are hunted because of our faith. Mandela fights for justice in the open, while we hide behind closed curtains, whispering in fear. Yet somehow, we both dream of the same thing — freedom.

It made me wonder, why is the world so unfair? Why must people suffer simply for being who they are? I look out the attic window and see a blue sky, hear birds singing — and I ask myself, how can there be so much hatred and violence in a world that also holds so much beauty?

But Mandela gives me hope. If he can stand against such cruelty with courage, perhaps one day we too will walk free. Maybe we will see a world where no one is forced to hide, where children laugh openly, and where people are not divided by race or religion.

Until then, I will keep writing, keep dreaming, and keep believing that justice and peace will one day prevail.

Yours,

Anne

Q2. Diary Entry — Anne Frank Reflecting on Hatred and “Fire and Ice”

Date: 28th March 1944

Dear Kitty,

Today, I read a poem by Robert Frost called "*Fire and Ice*." It speaks of how the world might end — some say in fire, others in ice. But to me, it isn't about the literal end. It's about how hatred and desire for power are destroying us from within.

I see it all around me. We are hiding in this annex not because we did anything wrong, but because there is hatred so deep it can burn cities and freeze hearts. The war outside is not just about soldiers and guns — it is about the fire of anger and the ice of indifference.

I wonder how people can become so cruel. What makes someone believe they are better than others, so much so that they are willing to kill? Is it fear? Or pride? Or is it the loss of love?

And yet, I refuse to give in to that hatred. I believe that if hatred can destroy us, then understanding and love can save us. If only people would stop and truly see one another — not as Jews, Christians, Germans, or Africans, but as human beings.

Even here, surrounded by fear and silence, I hold on to that belief. I believe in the goodness of people — because if I lose that, what is left?

Yours with hope,
Anne