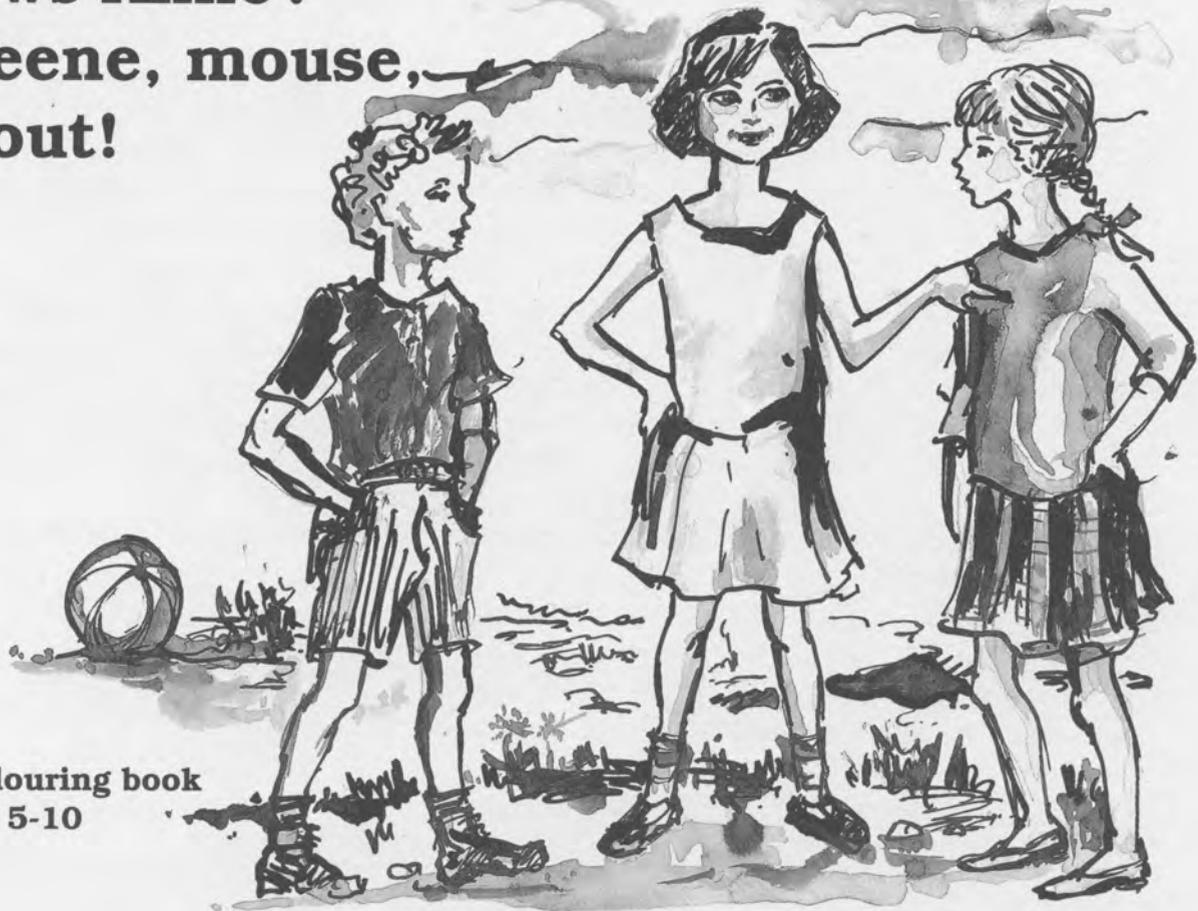


**Eene, meene, manne,
who knows Anne?
Eene, meene, mouse,
Anne is out!**



**A reading and colouring book
for children aged 5-10**

"Get up, Anne! You must go to school, it is already late! Lisa will be waiting for you." Mother turns back to the breakfast-table. Anne jumps out of bed and hurries to get ready. "Don't get upset, Mum, Anne can manage!" calls Anne back to her mother, who is working in the kitchen. And indeed, just as her friend Lisa is arriving at the house of the Frank-family, the door opens and Anne comes out. "Come on, Lisa, let's go!" The two girls have so much to talk about. They walk through the streets in the south of the big Dutch city of Amsterdam. Suddenly Lisa stops and cries out: "Can you do it now or don't you?" - "What?" asks Anne surprised. "Ah, well, of course." - "I never believe it," replies Lisa. "Then look," cries Anne angrily. She quickly takes her school-bag off her back and sets it down against the wall of the house. "Now you look," she grumbles, and before the passers-by understand what is going on, they see Anne standing on her hands, - well, really standing? No, not really, she is trying, once, twice. Yes, the feet are up and they work their way further up the wall, but the arms, the

arms! There - , the right arm gives way, first a little, then a bit more, - Anne falls on top of her school-bag. With big eyes she looks unhappily at Lisa and says with a low voice: "But tomorrow, I surely can do it, almost as well as you!"

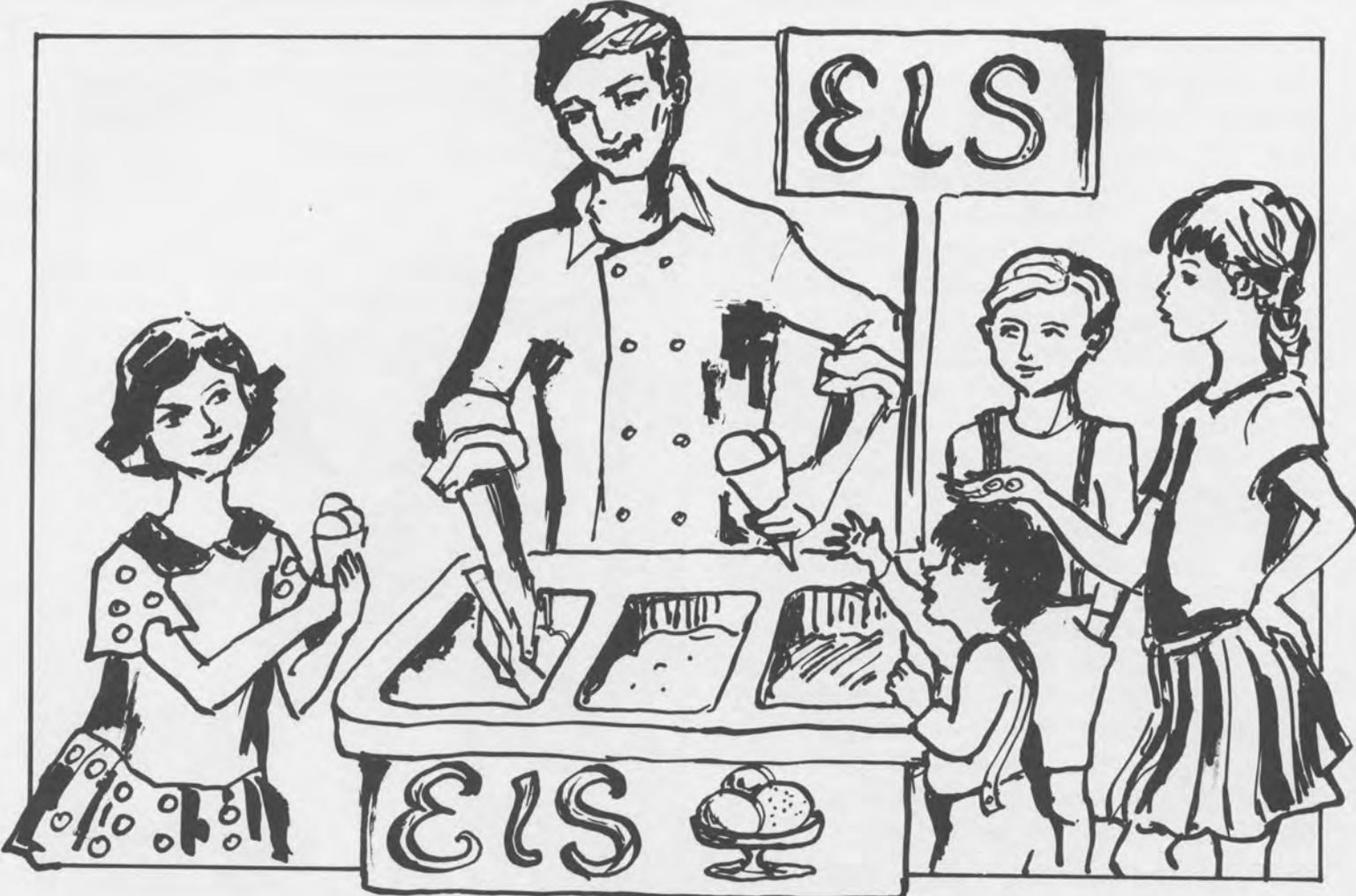
When they arrive at school they meet more friends. Lisa and Anne have so much to tell each other. They are still chatting when the first lesson begins. It is math. The teacher warns them several times, especially Anne. But after a while he loses his temper: "So," he says angrily, "until the next lesson Miss Anne Frank will write a composition. Title: >The Chatterbox.<"



Day after day the children go to school together, and at home they do their home-work. Weeks are passing, months are passing. Anne has grown and she hears her mother saying to her father: "Otto, this child is outgrowing her cloths so fast, isn't she? I am shure, some day she will be as tall as you are." Mr. Frank (Anne calls him lovingly "Pim") then looks at Anne, smiles, and buries his head again in his business files, which he has brought home with him from the office.

But one day, late in the afternoon, when Anne is running outside to play with her friends, he calls: "Anne, don't forget the time while you are playing. Be home before 8 o'clock." Her friends are already waiting. "What shall we do first?" - "Rollerskates!" - "No, not yet!" - "Hopscotch?" - "No, I don't want to!" - "Now I know: Let's have an ice-cream." - "Yes! Me, too, good thinking," cries everybody. Most of the children have a little money in their pockets, and those who have none borrow some against word of honour, of course. The ice-cream parlour is close to the playground. They start running. Anne and

Lisa arrive first. "What do you like," asks Lisa. "I like strawberry," answers Anne. "I have chocolate, as usual." The friendly man in the ice-cream parlour knows them already. "Anne chocolate, Lisa strawberry," he says. "No, no, the other way round," cry both at once, "as usual!" They don't understand, that a grown-up can't remember that.



What a wonderful city is Amsterdam! There one can play and ride a bike. There is no school in the afternoon and one can play and play. And today is one of those lovely late summer days. Anne is impatient. They are all waiting for her. Sanne and Leni and Betty ...! "They have already whistled, Mum. Hurry up! Lisa is downstairs, too!" she says impatiently to her mother. But her mother sews a star neatly and slowly on to the left front of her cardigan, a big yellow star. "Is that necessary," asks Anne, still angry and fidgety. She does not like that star at all. It spoils my pretty jacket, she thinks. "Yes, my child, it has to be, it is a new regulation. Since there is a war and German soldiers have marched into Holland, we Jews have to wear such a star," answers mother with a trembling voice. Anne realises that something is wrong, but she wants to play. After all, her friends are outside and waiting. Lisa whistles a second time, and this time it sounds even more impatient. What can we all do today, - and first, what do the two friends do? They go again and buy a nice ice-cream! But as they

arrive at the shop, what do they see? They watch the friendly ice-man fixing a big sign at the door of his shop: **People wearing a yellow star are not admitted.**



Both children stand there motionless. Anne looks at her star, at the star of Lisa and at the sign. O god, they can never get an ice-cream here again. They cannot get an ice-cream because they wear that star, - a star they do not want, but must wear, as their parents keep telling them again and again. Otherwise they would be punished. "What can we do? We can't do anything," whispers Anne. She is so angry she could stamp her foot. "They are stupid, come on, let's go play," says Lisa soothingly. Anne and Lisa play now with a big hoop. It is not easy to make it trundle in the right direction. Anne does it quite well, but Lisa can't manage at all and cries: "Look, Anne, the hoop just won't run towards you!" Anne chases the sideways running hoop, catches it and says to herself: "Well, say what you want, but as far as trundling hoops are concerned, you are a nit-wit, Lisa. That's the truth. Just as I can't manage to walk on my hands. That is also the truth." Of course Anne does not say what she is thinking out loud, but she knows now that even Lisa has a few weak points.



But suddenly, what is that? Just as Anne is bending down to pick up her trundling hoop, a huge dark shadow falls down on her and the hoop. Her heart begins to throb faster and faster. Should she run away? Slowly she turns around and looks at him. She recognizes a grey hat, a face with dark glasses, a light grey coat, on the sleeve a swastika, behind him a few policemen in boots and dark uniforms. He seizes Anne and Lisa by their necks, they wriggle in his huge grasp and he shouts: "Why are you not yet at home? Don't you know what time it is? People with a yellow star have to be inside their houses at 8 o'clock sharp. Go on, get home, no more playing and especially not with that red hoop there." Anne now understands that her parents were right. She remembers her father's warning: "Anne, don't forget the time while you're playing." Now she knows why mother and father have become so cautious. There is danger. She has seen it for herself. The girls are frightened and embarrassed, so they run home. Anne thinks: Why are those people so mean? Why do they steal my red hoop? Why

may we not play in the street after 8 o'clock? I didn't do anything wrong. At home dad or mum punish me only when I've done something wrong. Why is that so? Who understands it? The two friends run home, full of questions and worries, sometimes looking back frightened. I hope, they don't follow us, thinks Anne, but she doesn't say anything to Lisa. She doesn't want to upset her friend even more. At the corner they part. "Bye, bye, Lisa, see you later." - "Good bye, Anne. See you tomorrow."

When Anne rings the doorbell her father is already standing there, holding the newspaper in his hand. "Where have you been? Didn't I ask you to come home in time? Do you know how late it is, Anne? I thought, I could trust you!" - "Pim, you are right, but before you go on, please, let me explain. Something has happened, Pim," says Anne, "why can we who must wear a yellow star no longer do what we want? Why must we be at home earlier than all the other people in Amsterdam? Why can't we have an ice-cream in our ice-cream parlour?" - "Anne," now



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mother interrupts, "what happened?" Anne tells everything. Nobody is cross with her now because she has been late. Father and mother Frank and Margot, Anne's elder sister, sit silent and very depressed at the table. Margot says quietly: "Anne, you don't know all yet: They have taken away our telephone so that we cannot ring other people any more. From tomorrow on we are forbidden to use the tram, we must give our nice bicycles to the German soldiers. You are no longer allowed to play with all children, but only with those who wear a yellow star like you and me. We are not allowed to go to the movies anymore or to the public swimming pool. That's how it is."

"But why," screams Anne furiously. Father Frank has retreated to his armchair, while Margot has been talking. "Pim," now Anne turns to her father, "Why do they do this to us? To us Jews? Why only us and why not everybody?" - "Well, my child, it is very, very hard to explain! Some of the people, who wear those swastikas, who have marched into Holland and occupy it, hate us, just because

we are Jews. They say, that all the evil in the world comes from the Jews. That is certainly wrong, but they incite other people against us. And so they persecute us. Now think of your class-mates. Certainly you don't like all of them. Certainly one of them is getting on your nerves, or you envy her because she has such lovely, long and silky hair. And because you hate her or envy her, you say nasty things about her to your friends. "She is filthy, she has lice." That is, of course, wrong. But what happens now? Your friends know and therefore trust you. Your friends tell it to the other girls. She then finds that nobody talks to her anymore and nobody wants to play with her, that others start to hurt her or that they even hit her. And your friends say to themselves: that is what Anne told us, and Anne doesn't lie. Even if this girl can prove, that you, Anne Frank, have been lying, they don't believe it ... just because they do not want to believe. They say: Anne is one of us, and certainly she is right, somehow. And so the poor girl becomes a victim of you and your friends. Something like that happened to us



Jews.” - “Pim, if it is like that,” interrupts Anne, “then other people can be very quickly persecuted, too ... people in Holland or Europe or in the whole world. Not only Jewish, but also catholic or protestant children! Or Japanese, or Americans, or Turks, or black people or white!”

“That is precisely so, Anne,” says father Frank quietly. “When you were a little girl, we ... your mother, your sister, of course you, too, and I moved away from Frankfurt, where we all lived. Those violent people with the swastikas ruled in Germany and they didn’t leave us alone. So we moved to Holland, here to Amsterdam. The Dutch people had nothing against us and they have nothing against us nowadays. They accepted us along with many other persecuted people. Here we could live and be free. But now the people with the swastikas occupy Holland.” - “But what do we do now?” asks Anne. “Pim, we must do something, we cannot just sit here and wait.” But what can the Frank-family do? Anne sits up in her bed the whole night brooding: how can they protect themselves from the people

with the swastikas. Her head is heavy, she is very worried, and finally she falls asleep. The next morning Anne goes to school.

And again a morning and again a new day – so the time is passing. One day Anne and Lisa walk to school, - they are no longer allowed to go by bike. In their first lesson they have the headmistress, and the headmistress is Anne’s favourite teacher. Anne looks forward to seeing her, and here she comes. But today the teacher looks very stern and she says: “I have very bad news for you. I have to tell you this, though I am terribly distressed about it. For quite some time you have noticed it: some of you wear a star on their jacket or dress, others not. All the children, who wear a yellow star, are not allowed to visit our school anymore. They have to go to another school, where only those children are taught, who wear such a star. We have to say good bye now.”

Lisa and Anne look at each other. “That is mean,” they think. But suddenly they understand: They are the children with the yellow star! “O, my god,” stammers Anne, “then I



have to go to strangers, separated from my friends and my dear teacher!" She jumps up from her bench, runs to her, hugs her with her thin arms and cries bitterly. The teacher comforts her, kisses her and wipes away the tears with her fingers and says: "O, Anne, it is terrible! But I cannot do anything, and that is for me even worse!"

Weeks are passing. Anne has become lonely. At home the family gets more and more depressed. Danger is looming. One day father says quietly to Anne: "My child, tomorrow morning we will put on many cloths, several dresses and coats on top of each other. We'll pack our bags and leave, as if we would go to school or work. But we won't go there. We will go to our hide-out. Together with mother I have everything prepared." For a moment Anne frowned. Why didn't they tell me earlier? All the important things in my family happen behind my back. Margot certainly knew it, only I had no idea! she thinks. But she does not say a word, she only grits her teeth, because father looks so sad and worried that she cannot hurt him.

On the following morning they move into their hiding-place, in the back-wing of a commercial building in the Prinsen Gracht, a street in Amsterdam. This building is still there and is called Anne Frank House. It is not far away from the Central Station of Amsterdam. One can go there and can see, how Anne and her family and also other persecuted people lived. In loneliness - two long years. Just imagine: two long years without being allowed outdoors, two long years not allowed to play with other children, two long years not allowed to sing or scream -, worse than being confined to one's room! - Two long years! - Here they hid from the people who wore swastikas. Dutch friends helped them. But one day somebody betrayed them and their persecutors arrested them, and many other people, too, who thought differently from the people who wore swastikas. -

All that happened 50 years ago.
And never, never again could Anne sing that old nursery rhyme:

Eene, meene, manne,
who knows Anne?
Eene, meene, mouse,
Anne is out!



Hinweise:

Dieses Büchlein stellt eine Hinführung zur Thematik und Problematik von Anne Frank dar. Es ist nicht das „Tagebuch der Anne Frank“, sondern vermittelt durch eine Abfolge von Episoden den Übergang von einem unbeschwertem kindlichen Leben in eine Existenz der Bedrängung, der Ausgrenzung, der Bedrohung. Die Episoden gehen bis zur Flucht in das Versteck. Die dargestellten Episoden können von Kindern diesen Alters relativ schnell aufgefasst und verstanden werden, da es Alltagserlebnisse von Kindern sind. Die Thematik wird aber auch in die Gegenwart heruntergebrochen: Ausgrenzungen und Bedrohungen sowie Gefährdungen sind immer wieder gegeben. Je nach Alter der Kinder kann ein vertiefendes Verständnis für Toleranz erarbeitet werden.

Indem die Illustrationen direkt mit den Texten korrespondieren, wird über das Ausmalen ein sensorisches Verstehen des Inhaltes angestrebt. In der damaligen empirischen Erprobungsphase hat sich gerade diese Konzeption als kindgerecht gezeigt; bei kleineren Kindern hat sich das Vorlesen als nützlich erwiesen. In späteren Jahren wird gerne im Schulunterricht das „Tagebuch der Anne Frank“ gelesen, so dass das hier vorliegende kleine Werk auch eine Hinführung darstellt.

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Illustrationen: Barbara Grimm

Konzeption und Text: Rüdiger Gollnick

Übersetzung ins Englische: Johanna Ulmer

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(Texthinweis: Auf der letzten Text-/Bildseite steht „Und dies geschah vor fünfzig Jahren.“ Es muss aktualisiert heißen: Und dies geschah vor über siebzig Jahren. – Die Text-/Bildeinheiten der Print-Ausgaben wurden nämlich nicht geändert.)