

Thursday 14th June 1942

Dear diary,

Well this has been the most scariest day of my life! Luckily, I'm still here to tell the tale and hopefully shall be from now on.

At about half past eight this morning life was going as normal: well as in we were all creeping around in our stocking feet so the workers below couldn't hear us. Then it happened. The clank of footsteps could be heard coming up the stairs. I knew they'd reached the third step from the top - it creaked like grandmother's knees. Immediately we all stopped, stood still and held our breath. Mother went white as a sheet and made that face at me- like don't you dare make a sound! As if I would be so silly. This was our hiding place, our only chance of not being caught, our one secret that must never be told.

It was as if time stood still (though after I'm sure it was no more than five minutes) like the air had been sucked out from all around me! Nothing, no movement, no sound. Just waiting to hear if the steps would descend back down the stairs. My heart was beating like a drum; my ears were pounding as they listened for any sound that would indicate we'd been found. I stood like a statue staring at my mother, who was doing the same, making no movement no sound. One minute, two minutes, three minutes, how many had passed? Still we stood, frozen to the spot.

After what seemed an eternity the footsteps turned, making that gritty sliding on floorboards sound. Voices could be heard getting fainter and fainter. Whoever it had been had finished their chore and had moved on. My mind filled with the most dreaded thought. Who could it have been? Gestapo? Workers collecting something? I stared wide-eyed at my mother. The all-clear signal to move was given to me by my mother. I crept into my small, cramped bedroom at the back of the secret annexe and quietly pushed the door to.

Collapsing heavily, the biggest sigh ever left my chest! I was sure that was the closest we'd ever come to being found. I can't even imagine what would happen to us if we did. How long do we have to live like this? There are so many things I miss: my school friends; visits to the park; theatre trips and just being outside!

It fills me with dread, what will tomorrow bring?