

I was a little girl in a crumpling world.  
Being from Germany I lived my life with strife.  
I hid away for years in hopes of staying alive.  
I wrote and wrote wistfully waiting for help to arrive.  
My faith and beliefs made me feel shame,  
And according to many we were those to blame.  
I wished for bright blond hair and striking blue eyes,  
But the only things I received were fearful cries.  
Even the smallest of sounds were sharp as a knife,  
Making me fear the amount of time left in my life.  
I was taken away to a horrid place,  
Where millions of people seemed to erase.  
This fate was later my own,  
But because of my diaries, my story is known.

**I am Anne Frank**