

# Footsteps

My head's in a whirl, I really don't know where to begin. Ten o'clock, footsteps on the stairs. "Lights out, tiptoe upstairs, we're expecting the police!" The lights were switched off. Think of it, having to sit in terror for a day and two nights! We thought of nothing, but simply sat there in pitch darkness. We whispered, and every time we heard a creak, someone said, "Shh, shh." It was ten-thirty, then eleven. Then, at eleven-fifteen, footsteps in the house, the private office, the kitchen, then..on the staircase. All sounds of breathing stopped, eight hearts pounded. Footsteps on the stairs, then a rattling at the bookcase, and the footsteps receded. None of us have ever been in such danger as we were that night. God was truly watching over us. Once again we were spared. "We've been saved, keep on saving us!" That's all we can say.

- Anne Frank