

SOUL AND MIND SERIES

James Lee Robinson (ed.)

**Extraordinary
Stories about
Afterlife and
Reincarnation**

*feat. Anne Frank, Mahatma Gandhi, Abraham Lincoln, Barack Obama, Paul
Gauguin, Pablo Picasso, LeBron James & other famous characters*

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from All Over the World

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#3

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LeBron James & other famous characters

Histories collected and edited by
James Lee Robinson

INTEGRAL

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Foreword: The Mystery of Afterlife and Reincarnation From Fictional Palingenesis and Philosophical Metempsychosis to Accurate Precision of Facts

"Unbelievable!" "Impossible!" "Fiction!"—a lot of people simply can not accept the fact that reincarnation is possible and afterlife is not only an idea who made an astonishing literary career. But the afterlife will always be a subject of human fascination. We all wonder what happens when we die, when we "leave" this realm—the conventional „reality". And science revealed that human brain continues to live after the clinical death of the body. What happens with all our memories during this dark intermezzo? What form of still unknown communication/migration do we use afterwards? Is it possible that a lot of personal data are "cloud" transferred as such?

Metempsychosis (Greek: μετεμψύχωσις) is a philosophical term referring to the transmigration of the soul, especially its reincarnation after death. Generally, the term is derived from the context of ancient Greek philosophy, and has been recontextualised by modern philosophers such as Arthur Schopenhauer and Kurt Gödel; otherwise, the term "transmigration" is more appropriate. The word plays a prominent role in James Joyce's famous novel *Ulysses* and is also associated with Nietzsche. Another term sometimes used synonymously is palingenesis.

Palingenesis (/ˌpælnɪˈdʒɛnəˌsɪs/; also palingenesia) is a concept of rebirth or re-creation, used in various contexts in philosophy, theology, politics, and biology. Its meaning stems from Greek *palin*, meaning *again*, and *genesis*, meaning *birth*.

In the *Gospel of Matthew* Jesus is quoted in Greek (although his historical utterance would most likely have been in Aramaic) using the word "παλιγγενεσία" (*palingenesia*) to describe the Last Judgment foreshadowing the event of the regeneration of a new world. Palingenesia is thus as much the result of, or reason for, the Last Judgement as it is directly the Judgement itself.

In philosophy it denotes in its broadest sense the theory (e.g. of the Pythagoreans) that the human soul does not die with the body but is born again in new incarnations. It is thus the equivalent of metempsychosis. The term has a narrower and more specific use in the system of Schopenhauer, who applied it to his doctrine that the will does not die but manifests itself afresh in new individuals. He thus repudiates the primitive metempsychosis doctrine which maintains the reincarnation of the particular soul. In the capital work of Schopenhauer—*The World as Will and Representation* (1819) - we find the doctrine of metempsychosis, springing from the very earliest and noblest ages of the human race, always world-wide, as the belief of the great majority of mankind, in fact really as the doctrine of all religions, with the exception of Judaism and the religions that have arisen from it. But, as Peter Myers explains in one of his comments on Schopenhauer, we find this doctrine in its subtlest form, and coming nearest to the truth, in Buddhism. Accordingly, while Christians console themselves with the thought of meeting again in another world, in which they regain their complete personality and at once recognize one another, in those other religions the meeting is going on already, though incognito. But, in fact, if at favourable moments we look at the doings and dealings of men in real life in a purely objective way, the intuitive conviction is forced on us that they not only are and remain the same according to the (Platonic) Ideas, but also that the present generation,

according to its real kernel, is precisely and substantially identical with every generation that previously existed.

Robert Burton, in *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1628), writes, "The Pythagoreans defend metempsychosis and palingenesia, that souls go from one body to another."

The English physician-philosopher Sir Thomas Browne in his *Religio Medici* (1643) declared a belief in palingenesis when stating that "A plant or vegetable consumed to ashes, to a contemplative and school Philosopher seems utterly destroyed, and the form to have taken his leave for ever: But to a sensible Artist the forms are not perished, but withdrawn into their incombustible part, where they lie secure from the action of that devouring element. This is made good by experience, which can from the ashes of a plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recall it into its stalk and leaves again".

Palingenesis also is the subject of the Argentine author Jorge Luis Borges's last short story, *The Rose of Paracelsus* (1983), a masterpiece starting this way:

"Down in his laboratory, to which the two rooms of the cellar had been given over, Paracelsus prayed to his God, his indeterminate God— any God —to send him a disciple.

Night was coming on. The guttering fire in the hearth threw irregular shadows into the room. Getting up to light the iron lamp was too much trouble. Paracelsus, weary from the day, grew absent, and the prayer was forgotten. Night had expunged the dusty retorts and the furnace when there came a knock at his door. Sleepily he got up, climbed the short spiral staircase, and opened one side of the double door. A stranger stepped inside. He too was very tired. Paracelsus gestured toward a bench; the other man sat down and waited. For a while, neither spoke.

The master was the first to speak.

"I recall faces from the West and faces from the East," he said, not without a certain formality, "yet yours I do not recall. Who are you, and what do you wish of me?"

"My name is of small concern," the other man replied. "I have journeyed three days and three nights to come into your house. I wish to become your disciple. I bring you all my possessions."

He brought forth a pouch and emptied its contents on the table. The coins were many, and they were of gold. He did this with his right hand. Paracelsus turned his back to light the lamp; when he turned around again, he saw that the man's left hand held a rose. The rose troubled him.

He leaned back, put the tips of his fingers together, and said:

"You think that I am capable of extracting the stone that turns all elements to gold, and yet you bring me gold. But it is not gold I seek, and if it is gold that interests you, you shall never be my disciple."

"Gold is of no interest to me," the other man replied. "These coins merely symbolize my desire to join you in your work. I want you to teach me the Art. I want to walk beside you on that path that leads to the Stone."

"The path is the Stone. The point of departure is the Stone. If these words are unclear to you, you have not yet begun to understand. Every step you take is the goal you seek." Paracelsus spoke the words slowly..."

The stranger carrying a rose in his left hand was confused. The young man was even ashamed. Paracelsus was a charlatan, or a mere visionary, and he, an intruder, had come through his door and forced him now to confess that his famed magic arts were false.

He knelt before the master and said: "What I have done is unpardonable. I have lacked belief, which the Lord demands of all the faithful. Let me, then, continue to see ashes. I will come back again when I am stronger, and I will be your disciple, and at the end of the Path I will see the rose."

He spoke with genuine passion, but that passion was the pity he felt for the aged master—so venerated, so inveighed against, so renowned, and therefore so hollow. Who was he to discover with sacrilegious hand that behind the mask was no one. He went out. Paracelsus accompanied him to the foot of the staircase and told him he would always be welcome in that house. Both men knew they would never see each other again. Paracelsus was then alone. Before putting out the lamp and returning to his weary armchair, he poured the delicate fistful of ashes from one hand into the concave other, and he whispered a single word. And the rose appeared again...

In biology, palingenesis is another word for *recapitulation*—the largely discredited hypothesis which talks of the phase in the development of an organism in which its form and structure pass through the changes undergone in the evolution of the species. In political theory, it is a central component of Roger Griffin's analysis of fascism as a fundamentally modernist ideology. In theology, the word may refer to reincarnation or to Christian spiritual rebirth symbolized by baptism.

Beyond the philosophical and even biological considerations, the stories of reincarnation give believers hope that their consciousness continues after death, even if sometimes only leave skeptics rolling their eyes. Some reincarnation stories, however, are not so easy to dismiss. When past-life and, sometimes, future life memories come with unnerving precision and a lot of precise details, even the most hardened skeptics are defeated and may become true believers. In these potentially true reincarnation tales, individuals are able to recall intricate, eerie memories of lives they never lived. Or they think they never lived! Their stories are rich with details that seem too exact to be drawn from imagination alone. People who have been reincarnated may remember information that is later verified, such as former addresses, old family members, and deadly accidents.

While some past life recollections can be easily dismissed, these stories are rich with haunting details that defy logical explanations. Such chronicles will leave even staunch skeptics wondering, "Is reincarnation real?"... And why not? Albert Einstein issued the theory of the *spacetime*, a *continuum* where the distinction between past, present and future is only a stubbornly persistent illusion. In fact, Einstein did not reject the existence of time. Instead, he rejected the distinction between past, present, and future. Einstein's theory of relativity states that time and space are not as constant as everyday life would suggest. He suggested that the only true constant, the speed of light, meant that time can run faster or slower depending on how high you are, and how fast you are travelling. And, eventually, you can travel in time both ways, backward and forward.

The collection of stories this book put together don't aim to prove everything or anything about reincarnation and afterlife. But dares to ask some questions between the lines. E.g. „First comes death, then comes the autopsy, embalming, a funeral, burial, incineration, decomposition and... what else?“.

The Reincarnation of Anne Frank

Barbro Karlén was born in Sweden in 1954. From the time she could talk, Karlén began telling her parents strange stories about someone named "Anne Frank". Karlén claimed she was in fact Anne Frank, that she had nightmares of men kicking in the door of her home and taking her away.

Her parents were perplexed, not least because they had no idea Anne Frank was a real person. Anne Frank died in 1945 in the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp after Nazis discovered her and her family hiding in an attic in Amsterdam. They were trying to avoid persecution for being Jewish.

Karlén's parents took her to Amsterdam when she was 10 years old. She quickly led them to Frank's house with no directions, correctly identified a spot on the wall where Frank had hung photos of movie stars, and noted that the steps were different than she remembered them. All of this was enough to finally make her parents believe she really was the reincarnation of Anne Frank, and she's been writing books about her experience ever since.

Annelies Marie "Anne" Frank (June 12, 1929—February or March 1945) was a German-born Dutch-Jewish diarist. One of the most discussed Jewish victims of the Holocaust, she gained fame posthumously with the publication of *The Diary of a Young Girl* (originally *Het Achterhuis* in Dutch; English: *The Secret Annex*), in which she documents her life in hiding from 1942 to 1944, during the German occupation of the Netherlands in World War II. It is one of the world's best known books and has been the basis for several plays and films.

Born in Frankfurt, Germany, she lived most of her life in or near Amsterdam, Netherlands, having moved there with her family at the age of four and a half, when the Nazis gained control over Germany. Born a German national, she lost her citizenship in 1941 and thus became stateless. By May 1940, the Franks were trapped in Amsterdam by the German occupation of the Netherlands. As persecutions of the Jewish population increased in July 1942, the Franks went into hiding in some concealed rooms behind a bookcase in the building where Anne's father, Otto Frank, worked. From then until the family's arrest by the Gestapo in August 1944, she kept a diary she had received as a birthday present, and wrote in it regularly. Following their arrest, the Franks were transported to concentration camps. In October or November 1944, Anne and her sister, Margot, were transferred from Auschwitz to Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, where they died (probably of typhus) a few months later. They were originally estimated by the Red Cross to have died in March, with Dutch authorities setting March 31 as their official date of death, but research by the "Anne Frank House" Foundation in 2015 suggests it is more likely that they died in February.

For her thirteenth birthday on June 12, 1942, Anne Frank received a book she had bought with her father or/and mother in a shop some time earlier. It was an autograph book, bound with red-and-white checkered cloth and with a small lock on the front, Frank decided she would use it as a diary, and she began writing in it almost immediately. In her entry dated June 20, 1942, she lists many of the restrictions placed upon the lives of the Dutch Jewish population.

Otto and Edith Frank planned to go into hiding with the children on July 16, 1942, but when Margot received a call-up notice from the "Zentralstelle für jüdische Auswanderung" (Central Office for Jewish Emigration) on July 5, ordering her to report for relocation to a work camp, they were forced to move the plan ten days forward. Shortly before going into hiding, Anne gave her friend and neighbour Toosje Kupers a book, a tea set, a tin of marbles. On July 6 the Frank family left a note for

the Kupers, asking them to take care of their cat Moortje. As the Associated Press reports: "'I'm worried about my marbles, because I'm scared they might fall into the wrong hands,' Kupers said Anne told her. 'Could you keep them for me for a little while?'"

On the morning of Monday, July 6, 1942, the Frank family moved into their hiding place, a three-story space entered from a landing above the Opekta offices on the Prinsengracht, where some of his most trusted employees would be their helpers. This hiding place became known as the *Achterhuis* (translated into "Secret Annex" in English editions of the diary). Their apartment was left in a state of disarray to create the impression that they had left suddenly, and Otto left a note that hinted they were going to Switzerland. The need for secrecy forced them to leave behind Anne's cat, Moortje. As Jews were not allowed to use public transport, they walked several kilometres from their home. The door to the *Achterhuis* was later covered by a bookcase to ensure it remained undiscovered.

Victor Kugler, Johannes Kleiman, Miep Gies and Bep Voskuijl were the only employees who knew of the people in hiding. Along with Gies' husband Jan Gies and Voskuijl's father Johannes Hendrik Voskuijl, they were the "helpers" for the duration of their confinement. The only connection between the outside world and the occupants of the house, they kept the occupants informed of war news and political developments. They catered to all of their needs, ensured their safety, and supplied them with food, a task that grew more difficult with the passage of time. Anne wrote of their dedication and of their efforts to boost morale within the household during the most dangerous of times. All were aware that, if caught, they could face the death penalty for sheltering Jews.

On July 13, 1942, the Franks were joined by the Van Pels, made up of Hermann, Auguste, and 16-year-old Peter, and then in November by Fritz Pfeffer, a dentist and friend of the family. Frank wrote of her pleasure at having new people to talk to, but tensions quickly developed within the group forced to live in such confined conditions. After sharing her room with Pfeffer, she found him to be insufferable and resented his intrusion and she clashed with Auguste van Pels, whom she regarded as foolish. She regarded Hermann van Pels and Fritz Pfeffer as selfish, particularly in regard to the amount of food they consumed. Some time later, after first dismissing the shy and awkward Peter van Pels, she recognized a kinship with him and the two entered a romance. She received her first kiss from him, but her infatuation with him began to wane as she questioned whether her feelings for him were genuine, or resulted from their shared confinement. Anne Frank formed a close bond with each of the helpers, and Otto Frank later recalled that she had anticipated their daily visits with impatient enthusiasm. He observed that Anne's closest friendship was with Bep Voskuijl, "the young typist... the two of them often stood whispering in the corner".

In her writing, Anne Frank examined her relationships with the members of her family, and the strong differences in each of their personalities. She considered herself to be closest emotionally to her father, who later commented, "I got on better with Anne than with Margot, who was more attached to her mother. The reason for that may have been that Margot rarely showed her feelings and didn't need as much support because she didn't suffer from mood swings as much as Anne did." The Frank sisters formed a closer relationship than had existed before they went into hiding, although Anne sometimes expressed jealousy towards Margot, particularly when members of the household criticized Anne for lacking Margot's gentle and placid nature. As Anne began to mature, the sisters were able to confide in each other. In her entry of 12 January 1944, Frank wrote, "Margot's much nicer... She's not nearly so catty these days and is becoming a real friend. She no longer thinks of me as a little baby who doesn't count."

Frank frequently wrote of her difficult relationship with her mother, and of her ambivalence towards her. On November 7, 1942, she described her "contempt" for her mother and her inability to "confront her with her carelessness, her sarcasm and her hard-heartedness," before concluding, "She's not a mother to me." Later, as she revised her diary, Frank felt ashamed of her harsh attitude, writing: "Anne, is it really you who mentioned hate, oh Anne, how could you?" She came to

understand that their differences resulted from misunderstandings that were as much her fault as her mother's, and saw that she had added unnecessarily to her mother's suffering. With this realization, Frank began to treat her mother with a degree of tolerance and respect.

The Frank sisters each hoped to return to school as soon as they were able, and continued with their studies while in hiding. Margot took a shorthand course by correspondence in Bep Voskuijl's name and received high marks. Most of Anne's time was spent reading and studying, and she regularly wrote and edited (after March 1944) her diary entries. In addition to providing a narrative of events as they occurred, she wrote about her feelings, beliefs, dreams and ambitions, subjects she felt she could not discuss with anyone. As her confidence in her writing grew, and as she began to mature, she wrote of more abstract subjects such as her belief in God, and how she defined human nature.

Frank aspired to become a journalist, writing in her diary on Wednesday, 5 April 1944:

"I finally realized that I must do my schoolwork to keep from being ignorant, to get on in life, to become a journalist, because that's what I want! I know I can write..., but it remains to be seen whether I really have talent...

And if I don't have the talent to write books or newspaper articles, I can always write for myself. But I want to achieve more than that. I can't imagine living like Mother, Mrs. van Daan and all the women who go about their work and are then forgotten. I need to have something besides a husband and children to devote myself to!...

I want to be useful or bring enjoyment to all people, even those I've never met. I want to go on living even after my death! And that's why I'm so grateful to God for having given me this gift, which I can use to develop myself and to express all that's inside me!

When I write I can shake off all my cares. My sorrow disappears, my spirits are revived! But, and that's a big question, will I ever be able to write something great, will I ever become a journalist or a writer?"

She continued writing regularly until her last entry of August 1, 1944.

On the morning of August 4, 1944, the *Achterhuis* was stormed by a group of German uniformed police (*Grüne Polizei*) led by SS-*Oberscharführer* Karl Silberbauer of the *Sicherheitsdienst*. The Franks, Van Pelses and Pfeffer were taken to RSHA headquarters, where they were interrogated and held overnight. On August 5 they were transferred to the Huis van Bewaring (House of Detention), an overcrowded prison on the Weteringschans. Two days later they were transported to the Westerbork transit camp, through which by that time more than 100,000 Jews, mostly Dutch and German, had passed. Having been arrested in hiding, they were considered criminals and sent to the Punishment Barracks for hard labour.

Victor Kugler and Johannes Kleiman were arrested and jailed at the penal camp for enemies of the regime at Amersfoort. Kleiman was released after seven weeks, but Kugler was held in various work camps until the war's end. Miep Gies and Bep Voskuijl were questioned and threatened by the Security Police but not detained. They returned to the *Achterhuis* the following day, and found Anne's papers strewn on the floor. They collected them, as well as several family photograph albums, and Gies resolved to return them to Anne after the war. On August 7, 1944, Gies attempted to facilitate the release of the prisoners by confronting Silberbauer and offering him money to intervene, but he refused.

Although there have been persistent claims of betrayal by an informant, the source of the information that led the authorities to raid the *Achterhuis* has never been identified. Night watchman Martin Slegers and an unidentified police officer investigated a burglary at the premises in April 1944 and came across the bookcase concealing the secret door. Tonny Ahlers, a member of the National Socialist Movement in the Netherlands (NSB), was suspected of being the informant by Carol Ann Lee, biographer of Otto Frank. Another suspect is stockroom manager Willem van

Maaren. The Annex occupants did not trust him, as he seemed inquisitive regarding people entering the stockroom after hours. He once unexpectedly asked the employees whether there had previously been a Mr. Frank at the office. Lena Hartog was suspected of being the informant by Anne Frank's biographer Melissa Müller. Several of these suspects knew one another and might have worked in collaboration. While virtually everyone connected with the betrayal was interrogated after the war, no one was definitively identified as being the informant.

Otto, the only survivor of the Franks, returned to Amsterdam after the war to find that the diary of Anne had been saved by his secretary, Miep Gies, and his efforts led to its publication in 1947. It was translated from its original Dutch version and first published in English in 1952 as *The Diary of a Young Girl*, and has since been translated into over 70 languages.

Anne Frank died in the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp in 1945. Less than ten years later, in 1954, Barbro Karlén was born to Christian parents in Sweden. When she was less than three years old, Barbro told her parents that her name was not Barbro, but "Anne Frank." Barbro's parents had no idea of who Anne Frank was, as they were unaware of the book, *Anne Frank: Diary of a Young Girl*, also known as *The Diary of Anne Frank*.

Barbro relates that her parents wanted her to call them "Ma and Pa," but Barbro knew that they were not her real parents. Barbro even told her mother that her real parents would soon come to get her and take her to her real home. These statements are typical of childhood memory reincarnation cases researched by Ian Stevenson, MD, at the University of Virginia.

During her childhood, Barbro told her parents details of her life as Anne, which her parents thought were fantasies. In addition, Barbro had nightmares in which men ran up the stairs and kicked in the door to her family's attic hiding place. An image of the exterior of the Frank family's attic hiding place, which has the red tile roof, is provided below and to the right.

Barbro's past life memories worried her parents and at one point, when she was a child, they had her evaluated by a psychiatrist. Barbro, though, by this time, had learned that it was not wise to talk about the other world she lived in, the world of Anne Frank, as she noticed that everyone "got tense" when she described her memories to them. When she saw the psychiatrist, she made no mention of her memories of being Anne and was deemed a perfectly normal little girl.

When Barbro was seven or eight years of age, she became confused when her schoolteacher began talking about Anne Frank in class. Barbro thought to herself, "How could my teacher know about Anne Frank?" Barbro knew that she was Anne Frank. Barbro began to realize that Anne Frank was a famous person. "How could that be," she thought? Describing her confusion as a child, Barbro has related "all this didn't work for me."

Later on, no one who could help her with her confusion, traumatic memories and nightmares.

Since childhood, Barbro has had a fear of men in uniforms. Even as an adult, if stopped for a traffic violation by a police officer, Barbro would have such anxiety that she would consider fleeing. In order to get over her phobia of uniforms, as well as to work with horses, Barbro in adulthood, decided to become a mounted Swedish police officer. After completing her training with the Swedish Police Authority, Barbro did become a mounted police officer and she worked with police horses for over a decade.

In addition, Barbro has had an aversion to eating beans since childhood, which the Frank family existed on for nearly two years. Barbro would also only take baths, not showers. In concentration camps, Nazi's would bring prisoners into large rooms telling the prisoners that they would be given showers. Instead of water, poison gas was piped into the room to kill the prisoners. Anne was first taken to the Auschwitz concentration camp, where such gas chambers were used to kill those too feeble to perform forced labor. Later, she was transferred to the Bergen-Belsen camp, where she died.

Barbro always resisted having her hair cut. In concentration camps, new arrivals were stripped naked and heads were shaved, followed by a process of disinfection.

Barbro received her first validation of being Anne Frank when she was ten years old, when she was able to find her way directly to the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam without directions.

The graphic to the right, which can be enlarged, shows how circular the streets of Amsterdam are. It is easy to get lost wandering the streets of this city, yet Barbro's past life memories of the streets of Amsterdam were clear. To describe the scene, excerpts from *And the Wolves Howled*, may be used, as Walter Semkiw did in an accurate way.

When she was ten, Barbro's parents took her on a tour of the major cities in Europe, including Amsterdam, the city where the Frank family lived. During World War II, Otto Frank and his family had to go into hiding in the attic of the building where Otto had his business, for the Nazis had invaded the Netherlands and were persecuting Jews. The Frank family hid in this attic for about two years, until they were discovered by the Nazis, arrested and sent to concentration camps.

The only survivor was the father, Otto Frank, who subsequently was given Anne's diary, which he later had published. After the war, the hiding place was made into a museum, which is called The Anne Frank House.

By the time Barbro was ten, the *Diary of Anne Frank* had been published and distributed in Sweden and her parents had become aware of who the historical Anne Frank was. While in Amsterdam, her father wanted to visit the Anne Frank House. At their hotel, he took the phone off the hook and asked for a taxi to take them there.

Barbro suddenly exclaimed: "We don't need a taxi, it's not far to walk from here." Barbro was so certain that it didn't occur to her parents to object, they just meekly followed her as she walked off.

"We'll soon be there, it's just round the next corner," Barbro told her parents. She herself wasn't at all surprised when they arrived at the Anne Frank House after a ten minute walk through the twisting streets of the city. Upon their arrival, her parents stood there speechless and just looked at one another.

"That's strange," Barbro said, when they stood in front of the steps up to the house. "It didn't look like this before." She looked wonderingly and her parents didn't know what to say. They entered the house and went up the long narrow staircase. Barbro, who had been so carefree when showing them the way, suddenly went white in the face. She broke out in a cold sweat and reached for her mother's hand. Her mother was horrified when she felt Barbro's hand, which was as cold as ice.

When they entered the hiding place, the same terrors overcame Barbro that she had experienced so many times in her dreams. She found it hard to breathe and panic spread through her body. When they went into one of the smaller rooms, she suddenly stood still and brightened up a little.

Barbro looked at the wall in front of her and exclaimed, "Look, the pictures of the film stars are still there!". The pictures of the movie stars that Anne had clipped and affixed to the wall, which Barbro saw at that moment, made her feel happy, almost as if she had come home.

Her mother stared at the blank wall and couldn't understand this at all. "What pictures? The wall is bare?" Barbro looked again and she saw that this was true. The wall was bare! Her mother was so confounded that she felt driven to ask one of the guides whether there had been pictures on the wall at one time.

"Oh yes," the guide replied, "they had only been taken down temporarily to be mounted under glass so that they wouldn't be destroyed or stolen." Barbro's mother didn't know what to say.