

## **I Love You, Bernie Sanders**

When the Americans liberated the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, Anne Frank was deathly ill with pneumonia. If the troops had arrived a week later, she would have died.

Due to this miraculous timing, Anne Frank survived. After the war, Anne and her family made their way safely to America.

The Franks found a house in Brooklyn and Otto Frank, Anne's father, got a job as a stockbroker. Anne finished high school enrolled at the University of Chicago. Her parents were very unhappy. They wanted Anne to live with them, not go to college, and work as a secretary or teacher. Anne wanted more, and she wanted more of America.

After starting at the University, Anne published the diary she kept while she and her family spent a year hiding from the nazis. It became an instant best seller.

Anne gave lectures as a graduate student detailing life her life as a Jew during the war. She pursued philosophy, political science and became very active in the civil rights movement during the sixties.

She met Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy, both of whom treated her with great deference and respect. And flirted with her.

But her favorite of all men, the one political activist who made her heart warm and her cheeks redden was Bernie Sanders.

When Anne Frank met Bernie Sanders, he was an energetic undergraduate who had fallen in love with Marx and envisioned an America where all could benefit and live good, healthy lives. Unlike other politically minded college students during the sixties, he did not hate America. America was a great country with great problems. One didn't hate one's best friend because of their shortcomings. One helped to improve.

Anne worked as a part time lecturer as she attempted to decide between pursuing her Ph.D., living as a rogue lecturer and attending peace and civil rights rallies, or becoming an author. She was already working on an autobiography of her times in the concentration camp, and how she had been so sick that she nearly died of pneumonia. If the Americans hadn't liberated the camp when they did, Anne would have surely died.

“I want to do for you, America, what you did for me,” Anne would say at the end of her speeches.

“You saved me from oppression, hatred, intolerance and a murderous sickness. I will not allow this great, living country blow itself apart because of ancient, sick prejudices and ideas.”

Bernie Sanders went up to Anne after the first lecture of her course that he was enrolled in. He shook her hand, tears in his eyes. “I don't know what to say except...” He was truly, deeply moved. “You changed my life.”

They became close friends after that. Actually, they were closer than even best friends would be. They would have long discussions about politics, the Korean war, her life in Germany, his comfortable upbringing which made him feel quite guilty.

“I was upper middle class. I never wanted for anything.” He said this holding Anne’s hand. He gently turned her arm over and exposed the tattooed numbers from Auschwitz. “So many people suffer. If I had grown up in Amsterdam, this would have happened to me and my family. What makes me so special that I never had to go through this? This cannot happen again. To anyone.”

This was a conversation they had many times, but this time he had had a few beers with Anne and the alcohol made him extra sensitive.

“You can run for office,” Anne said. “Be the first Jewish president. Be the symbol for change and acceptance and tolerance and love that this country needs.”

Bernie was so worked up by her words, he leaned across the table, took her cheek in his hand and kissed her.

Anne responded for a few, confused, yet happy seconds and then pulled away.

Bernie had a girlfriend.

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Anne did not stop seeing Bernie altogether. Frankly, she couldn't. She needed him in ways she didn't have the courage to admit. Gradually, though, they stopped seeing each other so much. The course

finished and each became engaged in politics and causes. Soon they went weeks without anything more than a phone call.

Then one day Anne was feeling particularly lonely. She had spoken at a rally and members of the KKK showed, threw rotten vegetables at her and carried signs that said Hitler shouldn't have been stopped and that the American soldiers should have been late.

It hurt her deeply and she couldn't stop herself from crying during the rally. She tried calling Bernie. He would understand and say the most perfect thing.

She called and there was no answer.

This made Anne feel worse, so she wrote Bernie a letter. It came out to fifteen pages, both sides, and she felt much better after. She took the letter to the mailbox even though it was midnight.

This was the beginning of their correspondence that would last years.

*Anne to Bernie: I do nothing except lecture, read, write and sleep. I forget to eat and most of the time sleep. When you were here did I remember to tend to my body's primitive needs, the essence of survival. When you were here all I wanted was to survive.*

*Bernie to Anne: And I survived off you, absorbing your energy and passion and near pathological need to bring peace to the US. You're an avenging Amazon, descending on the country with a shrill cry of peace. And I am your lowly servant boy awaiting your orders. Shall I brush your hair, wash your feet? Feed you ripe figs and wipe their juice from your chin?*

*Anne to Bernie: Is this cheating, the things we say and, much more dangerous, the things we feel? The force of our desire, the pure obsession that seems like a mental illness? For I have delusions of you out of the corner of my eye, following me around campus, or perched on my shoulder staring menacingly at anyone who might contradict me.*

In 1964, Bernie got married.

Their communication continued but with less intensity and passion. No, that is inaccurate. Their passion simply became wrapped up in politics and civil rights.

Anne found she became pregnant to a mounting energy which helped her give birth to articles and books. It helped her maintain a full teaching load. She went on lecture tours during the summer, and to conferences in the fall and spring.

Men and women pursued her romantically. Anne was polite to the men, and filled with a mixture of guilt and terror. She wanted nothing to do with men romantically and felt too much shame to explain why.

To explain why meant she must describe her experiences at the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp.

With women she felt quite relaxed and appreciated their soft sentimentality and what she considered a proclivity for fantastical interpretations of the world. They gave gifts, brought her flowers, wrote her bad poetry.

They were all American undergraduates in love with her symbolism and metaphorical self. She was an epic character from an epic war with the greatest moral rightness the world has ever known.

Anne couldn't take their attentions seriously. These women had no idea she was a real person and had no desire to figure this out.

Bernie divorced in 1966. Their correspondence flared up immediately and became much more intense

Bernie to Anne: *I dream of you every night. I'm always trying to dig you out of a sealed basement. When I push my shovel into the ground, I hit cobblestones and I try to collect all of them. For finding all of them will free you.*

Anne to Bernie: *I want no one to free me except you. You have such a gallant, perhaps quixotic sense of romantic justice. Free me but do not rescue me. I never want to be rescued again. All it does is make me feel the terror I lived in back in Amsterdam.*

Anne had night terrors. Sometimes she couldn't sleep for days. Sometimes food was utterly repulsive and poisonous to her. Other times she would gorge until she became sick. Then depressions fell from the sky upon her, crushing and draining her. After each episode, she felt the world had irrevocably changed for her, while the rest of the world had no idea anything happened.

Bernie wanted to visit. He was in New York preparing for a mayoral race. Anne had encouraged him to run for office. He encouraged Anne to run as well, but she found politicians distasteful and dangerous.

Anne put him off, again and again, claiming she was too busy, she was going on another tour or to a conference.

Bernie to Anne: *I cannot wait another day: I love you, Anne Frank. You are all I think about, all that consumes me, and all that I want to consume. I want to kiss every inch of your lovely face, especially your beautiful nose. I would plant a tiny kiss on the tip to make you giggle. We kissed once, and my body smoldered and sparked and bits of flames tickled me. I've never wanted anyone as much as you. Unbuttoning your blouse would be the greatest gift and caressing your breasts an unbelievable sensation. I know you have little physical experience with men, but let me touch you. Let me caress the tender place hidden away between your thighs. Let me touch you so gently with my fingertips and tongue, that you will not be able to believe why we hadn't done this sooner. My love, let me kiss your feet and show you how much more I have to give you.*

Anne to Bernie: *I'm afraid to say that you've shocked me. Or surprised me. Flustered and overwhelmed me. I don't know what to say other than simply saying, I don't know what to say. Other than please don't pressure me. I have no experience with these things, let alone with love and physical desire. Please don't push. I have no idea what to do.*

Not long after this, something terrible happened.

Anne was speaking at a rally and a group of holocaust deniers were in the crowd. They began hurling insults at Anne, calling her a liar and claiming her American citizenship was an offense to every person in the country. They screamed at her in German. They yelled "Heil Hitler!" and their right hands shot into the air in salute.

They became even more violent: they called her a whore and threw rotten vegetables and bags of feces which exploded when they hit her.

Anne fell apart. It began with crying hysterically, then became hyperventilating, then becoming completely unable to breathe. She screamed and cried and broke away from everyone. She found a

janitor's closet in the university hall, locked herself in and curled into a tight ball and behind mops hanging in the corner.

After a short period of time, Anne fell asleep. She dreamt she was in an expansive park, full of enormous trees that were so tall she couldn't see the tops. And flowers, scattered in patches, of all colors. And then it started to rain, and lightning came out of the ground in the shape of soldiers and it attacked her and the more she struggled to fight back, the more paralyzed she became.

Anne woke to someone beating on the door. Suddenly she felt guilty: perhaps it was the janitor needing his supplies and she was keeping him from doing his job. He could get in trouble, perhaps fired because of her. Anne crawled across the floor and unlocked the door and opened it.

It was Bernie. Anne immediately burst into tears.

He had decided to surprise Anne and come to hear her speak. While people searched the building, Bernie was the only person who found her, which he did quite quickly. He had found her several hours before he knocked on the door. He had let her be, not wanting to force her out. He knew she needed time to recover. But when she had been in there for over five hours, he began to worry and decided to get her out.

Bernie took Anne back to Brooklyn with him. He had her things put in storage, and she gave up her tiny apartment which wasn't anything more than an attic with a hot plate.

Living in New York, Bernie had taken a number of jobs and currently he was working as a psychiatric aid. He continued to do political writings and speak at rallies, but he needed to have a job. He moved Anne into his apartment and she took the bedroom while he slept on the couch.

Anne's parents were not pleased. They ordered her to move in with them. Living with a divorced man out of wedlock (and one who could be considered a Marxist and Communist) was unacceptable. Anne refused. They tried begging her, her mother crying, her father asking what had they done to offend her. Why was she trying to hurt them by living in such corruption.

Anne got up and left their apartment. She knew they would give in eventually. They would go along with whatever she wanted. The thought of losing any contact with her was completely unacceptable. Her parents would do anything to keep Anne, even ignoring the morals of her lifestyle.

The first night in New York, Bernie kissed Anne again. She was making dinner, getting a chicken ready to put in the oven. She looked so thin and frail. Bernie thought the tiny chicken could actually overpower her and wrestle her into the oven instead.

Though that was only a metaphor, Bernie was horrified by the image and thought himself disgusting. He came up behind Anne and wound his arms around her waist, putting his chin on her shoulder.

“I’m never going to let anyone hurt you again,” he promised.

“I know you won’t,” Anne said smiling and patting his bald spot. “I feel very safe with you.” Anne nuzzled his cheek with hers.

Bernie kissed her neck, her hairline, then gave her earlobe a nibble. Anne giggled. Her body relaxed against his.

“I want you to marry me.”

“What?”

Bernie turned her around but still held her close in his arms. “Marry me.”

“I can’t marry you,” she said, her eyes wide. “I’m twelve years older than you. It’s unseemly. People will ridicule us and call me terrible names.”

“No, they won’t. You’re Anne Frank. You can do whatever you want. You’ve earned that right having gone through everything you did. I know you love me.”

“I do,” she said with a sigh, smiling and lost in his eyes. “But I can’t be a wife. Don’t make me explain why. I can’t explain.”

Bernie looked desolate. He hugged her and held her to him and smelled her sweet hair.

“We can still make out,” she said in a tiny voice. This was a tremendous concession and Bernie said that they would play it by ear.

“Promise to marry me,” he said. “I don't care about the rest. Just promise me.”

“I can't. Not now. Isn't it enough that I love you?”

Bernie managed to talk Anne into seeing a psychoanalyst to help her deal with the traumatic events she endured during the war. Events she couldn't even tell Bernie.

Anne refused to see a male analyst. Bernie couldn't argue against this point. After research and recommendations, Bernie found an analyst in New York that seemed perfect. She wasn't licensed, but she had been taught by the best and had undergone years of analysis herself.

Anaïs Nin. Anaïs was a well known artist, writer, and intellectual in New York. She hobnobbed with other intellectuals and was having long time love affairs with several. She was small and looked as frail and brittle as glass. She had wide round eyes which were more like hands. With them she would caress and comfort Anne as she spoke of her life in Amsterdam, hiding in an attic with her family from the Nazis.

When Anne described being found by the nazi soldiers, she hugged herself and desperately wanted to crawl under the couch. Anaïs told her to do exactly that. She must do what feels right for it will open the door to allow in many right and true behaviors.

Anne chose the closet instead.

“It is safety,” Anaïs said. “You are going back to your primitive roots, seeking the warmth and shelter of the mother, the womb. This can only be nourishing for you.”

Their sessions went like this, Anne hiding in the closet, speaking through the door.

“Being in the attic was a prison of the mind. You were frozen in thought, petrified by the horrors which could storm in at any time. You only had cramped places to be a private individual, where you could feel in peace. Such prisons cannot lead to anything but a perverse mutilation of your emotions.

You cannot express yourself adequately. It is a miracle you managed to keep a diary at all. But it is your safe place and shows how powerful your will was even under such terrible circumstances.”

After a few weeks, Anne could speak more freely. Eventually, she allowed Anaïs to sit in the closet with her. Anne brought her diary, which she hadn't been able to write in with any regularity since arriving in the US. With Anaïs' encouragement, Anne was able to write a line or two. These grew into paragraphs and then pages. Anaïs would bring her own diary and they would read to one another.

One subject Anne avoided was sex.

“You write about Bernie ethereally. He's not a man to you, but a myth, a bird, a God that can move the earth. But not a man to love,” Anaïs observed. “What kind of love do you have for him? Is it physical?”

“I don't know.” Anne shook her head over and over and repeated *I don't know*.

Anaïs gave Anne a writing assignment: write a short erotic story, of whatever subject she wished.

Anne worried that anything she wrote would sound ridiculous and naive. Anaïs said, “All of us are sexual experts. It is one of the deeply primitive necessities to our survival. Whatever you write will be arousing and profound.”

Anne nodded and hugged her legs. She already knew what she would write

During the weeks Anne was having her appointments with Anaïs, Bernie was continually working in the political world. He was writing articles and speeches, attending rallies and schmoozing at political fundraisers. He was developing a name for himself, and a very interesting and politically unusual personality: he was staunchly independent and refused to make concession on his more socialist doctrine: universal health care, a universal living wage, free universities, etc. Many had approached Bernie to run as a democrat for a congressional seat. He refused, having fundamental conflicts with the dogma of the party. But to run as an independent, that was something he needed time to contemplate.

Bernie had been invited to speak at a massive fundraiser for a socialist political party which was struggling to launch itself for the next congressional election. Unlike other fundraisers which were held in sweaty high school gymnasiums or a VFW hall which had wallpaper peeling off the walls, this was held in the ballroom at the Waldorf Astoria. Bernie had received an invitation weeks before and he had checked and double checked several times with several different people to make sure he had the location correct. He did.

Anne was supposed to go with Bernie, but a few hours before they were to leave, Anne suddenly began to feel panicked. It started with her dress, which she began to think was inadequate. She then worried about the number of people, how crowded the ballroom would be. Then she knew she would be accosted by strangers wanting to talk about her experiences in the camp. Anne cried until her head ached so badly she had to go to bed. Bernie told her over and over it was fine, that he wished he could stay home, too, but he made a promise and this might end up being significantly important.

Bernie kissed her forehead and left her asleep in their dark bedroom.

The fundraiser was enormous. Most people were in black tie and Bernie was only a dark blue suit. No one seemed to care. He was the third speaker and he received an enthusiastic standing ovation. For a moment, Bernie wondered if this, this entire gathering, was for him. Were people orchestrating this for his possible candidacy as a congressional representative?

His speech was short, straightforward, discussing the things the country needed to work on and those values it should not compromise. He knew that most people in the room would find him too radical and Marxist, but the crowd never broke its enthusiasm. It washed over him and seemed to suck and lick his every word.

When it was done, Bernie actually felt aroused.

He worked the room after all the speeches were finished. Many women flirted with him. He had never found himself the type to have women look up at him with wide, glimmering eyes and mew like an attention hungry kitten. He found women the way he found ideas and principles: through discussions and research, meeting people at rallies and being introduced by third parties. He found the idea of meeting a woman at a bar distasteful and sexist. The brain was the most powerful sexual organ, Bernie would explain to women he found attractive. It is best to meet women in the intellectual arena rather than in a meat market where women dress themselves like sexy cuts of beef.

At this fundraiser, Bernie met Lilith at the bar. He went to get a drink and she was leaning back against it, one arm supporting herself. She wore a sheer white dress that showed the outlines of her pink, round nipples. She had long tresses of curly black hair that hung loosely to her waist. She held a glass of blood red wine and looked over the room as if trying to decide who she was going to eat.

When Bernie walked up, she decided he was the one.

When Bernie set eyes on Lilith, he decided he wanted to be eaten.

He thought of Anne. He thought of how long it had been since he had been with a woman. It was wrong to respond to Lilith. He had an agreement with Anne. But he couldn't possibly describe what that agreement entailed. He wasn't sure if they were engaged, dating, boyfriend and girlfriend, or just friends. He didn't know what he wasn't supposed to do. He wasn't even sure what he could do with Anne.

Lilith was powerful and each time she licked her lips, Bernie was sure he could taste her lipstick which was chocolate flavored.

Suddenly, Bernie made the connection. "You're a demon."

Lilith threw her head back and laughed. "You don't really believe the Jewish interpretation, do you? Even the christian interpretation is offensive, but not as much."

"My mother told me the stories when I was a kid," Bernie said. He began trembling.

Lilith slid down the bar to him, moving her body neatly into the space between him and the bar. "Did you believe them?"

"I never believed any of the religious stories they taught me. I don't think they did either. It was more of a parable."

"What did the parable teach you?"

"Women aren't something you can control. They rebel. Eventually, they'll get on top and fuck you."

"You were a smart kid," Lilith said. "Have you found it to be true? Do women get on top and fuck you?"

Bernie didn't have the breath to answer her.

Lilith took him up to her suite. In the elevator, Lilith pushed him against the mirrored wall and shoved

her hand down his pants. Bernie was rock hard, and when she stroked him he cried out. He was so aroused it was almost painful. Her mouth crushed his, her tongue a snake in his mouth, and still she stroked him. Up and down, she said into his mouth, "Come for me. Let go and come in my hand."

Bernie couldn't withstand her breathy voice. He shot into his shorts and felt the hot liquid go everywhere.

Lilith pulled her hand out carefully and licked the come off her fingers.

The elevator arrived at their floor.

Bernie was certain he couldn't come again for a long while, but by the time they reached her suite he was just as rigidly hard as before.

Lilith took Bernie by the hand and led him to her bedroom. Pulling her dress off her shoulders, it dropped to her ankles. Lilith had breasts which weren't enormous, but were perfectly round and firm, with nipples which looked like cherries. She had full hips with a tiny waist. There was something primitive about her body. It wasn't simply erotic: it seized his instincts. When Lilith sat on the edge of the bed and opened her legs to him, the smell which filled the room made Bernie almost angry. He was desperate. He wanted to dominate her, make her his. He wanted to grab a handful of hair and hear her scream as he fucked her hard.

"Come here," she ordered him, and pulled Bernie's head down to the cleft in her legs. Her sex was intoxicating, almost hallucinogenic. He spread her open and his tongue licked all along the inside of her lips, parting the inner lips and pressing deeper and deeper. His finger dipped inside as he found her red clit. He stroked and licked her in a fast motion, with a perfect rhythm.

Bernie had always excelled in this skill.

Lilith came furiously, gripping his head in place and grinding fiercely on his face. When she calmed, he pulled away. Lilith told him to start again, and he did so obediently. Once again, he licked and sucked the folds of her sex. He thrust two fingers in her. Then a third. She cried out and screamed things unintelligible. She came again. And then again.

By that time, Bernie was so aroused he was beginning to blue ball. After Lilith finished her third

orgasm, Bernie got up and said, "Let me fuck you." He tried to get into position, but Lilith pushed him over onto the bed, and climbed on top of him. His cock went deep inside her before he realized what was happening. Her hips moved as if she was dancing, and she fucked him beautifully. Bernie hadn't felt anything so physically perfect before. When he came he shot an even larger load and yelled from the enormity of the sensation.

After that, Bernie fell asleep. He didn't have a moment to realize what happened. He simply passed out.

When he awoke, it was the next morning and Lilith was gone. In fact, it looked as if she hadn't been in the suite at all, either the night before or ever. Bernie wasn't sure that what had happened had happened, until he felt how raw his face was, how tender his cock was, and how he reeked of fucking. He took a shower and went home to Anne. She was still asleep when he got there. It was after ten, and he knew she would most likely sleep until four or five.

Anne shouldn't ever find out, Bernie decided. No matter what their relationship was, Bernie knew the knowledge would hurt her. That had to be the measuring stick of their relationship: what would hurt Anne.

This was the one and only time. He didn't want to feel this terrible betrayal, the guilt of having done something that could ruin what they had.

Life moved on.

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Anne finally wrote a short story and felt confident enough about it to read it aloud to Anaïs. By this time, Anne was no longer sitting in the closet for their sessions. They sat on the couch in Anaïs' office, side by side. Their legs would touch. Most of the time they would hold hands.

*I had no idea what to do, Anne read aloud. She knew everything. She would teach me everything and I would feel complete again. She would fill in the cracks, crevices, the places the earth had quaked and spit out chunks of my body. She could do all this.*

*And I preferred that. I wasn't full enough to be the sculptor, to be the artist and construct her in my*

*image and passion. This was fine. I was fine. My eyes were open and I was awake and I didn't want to hide in sleep and in dreams*

*She touched my face, and this was the right thing to do. The most meaningful thing to do. Her fingers went through my hair as if they were violin strings. I purred a concerto. Her hand dropped to my breast, cupping it, her thumb moving over the nipple. Her face dipped to mine for a kiss. Such gentle lips. The gentleness was a goddess I had been incapable of believing in. Her tongue licked my lips. I parted them, welcoming her inside.*

*I leaned back on the couch and she moved over me, pulling my legs open gently, and I wound them eagerly around her waist. We kissed more firmly, moving together. How do I know how to move against her? How do I know how to feel this way?*

*Her hand moves under my dress, her fingers sliding under my panties along my hip. I don't know what I want now, but I do. I don't know if I should, but I do.*

Anaïs pulled the pages out of Anne's hand and kissed her. Anne responded enthusiastically. Unlike the character in her story, she was eager and aggressive. Her hands went under Anaïs' clothing. She seemed desperate.

Anaïs worked Anne's panties off her. They were ridiculously wet. Anaïs' head dipped beneath Anne's skirt and Anne cried out when Anaïs' tongue first touched her. It didn't take long for Anne to come, and she clamped her hand over her mouth, not wanting to make a sound.

After, Anne went to the bathroom. She sat in there shocked, unable to comprehend what had happened. She wasn't even sure if she wanted it to have happened. All she felt was guilt.

What would Bernie say. How would he react. He would be hurt, of course, though she wasn't entirely sure why. Surely Anaïs was different somehow. After all, wasn't this therapy?

Anaïs encouraged Anne to tell her how she was feeling, and Anne was honest. Anaïs agreed: "This is therapy. It has nothing to do with Bernie, and it has everything to do with him. I am only trying to help you blossom for Bernie. To help you rediscover your body and feel powerful and whole again."

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A few months passed. Bernie began a congressional campaign and it absorbed both of them. Anne helped write speeches and spoke at rallies. Though they didn't establish themselves as a couple, they functioned as one. Anne was his date to dinners and cocktail parties and Bernie's presence warded off any men (or women) who might be interested in Anne.

Then one night at a fundraiser, Lilith appeared.

She was five months pregnant. Anne was devastated when she discovered that the baby was Bernie's. She could not be angry though. She couldn't blame him or make him feel guilty. They had no relationship.

Anne left Bernie standing in the ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria (very near where Bernie and Lilith had met), and made the long walk back to their apartment in Brooklyn.

Bernie told Lilith that he would take care of his child and not neglect his rights or responsibilities. That is, if she wanted to keep it.

Lilith threw her back and her massive black hair sounded like waves crashing.

She said, "Our child is divine. If I tried to abort it, it would probably kill me. It's a boy, if that matters."

"I'll think of some names. Would you excuse me?" Bernie didn't wait for an answer and ran from the room. He went after Anne.

At home, he found Anne eating an enormous cheeseburger. There was a bag on the table holding three more, and there was another bag filled with French fries. Both bags were greasy and left smudges on the coffee table.

Anne always went on binges when she was upset or stressed or terrified. Bernie assumed it had to do with the camp and how starvation always accompanied emotional strain.

Bernie sat on the couch next to her and asked if he could have a burger. He hadn't eaten all day.

Anne nodded. He pulled out a burger and unwrapped it enough to eat it.

“I’m not angry,” Anne began. “I have no right to you and I’ve given you nothing to establish a relationship with you.” This sounded rehearsed. “Knowing that you were with that demonic creature, that is of course your business. But it showed me that I want it to be my business.”

Bernie said, “I want to marry you. Not her.”

“I know.” Anne finished her burger and got another from the bag. But she let it sit in her lap untouched. “But not until you know.”

“What?”

Anne began telling him about her time in Bergen-Belsen. She described watching people die, seeing corpses everywhere and enduring their stench.

She described what went on in certain buildings, behind locked doors. She described the times she was sure she would die. And the times she wanted to.

There were times when she’d be dragged out of her bunk in the middle of the night and kept by the soldiers for unknown periods of time.

Anne told him about the food, the rancid meat, and how it was safer not to eat than ingest that filth.

Anne described waking in a pool of blood one night in her bunk, not understanding what had happened until she felt around in the darkness and discovered the cause.

“There’s probably more, but I can’t remember. This is why,” Anne said, her voice cracking and her lips shaking.

“Why what?”

“I can’t marry you. I’m damaged. So deeply, profoundly damaged.” Anne couldn’t continue speaking. She curled into a ball and Bernie wrapped his arms around her. He kissed her hair and whispered that he loved her no matter what.

Anne took a few deep breaths and worked herself away from Bernie. He looked slightly hurt as she pulled away. But then she leaned forward and kissed his mouth hard. It was a simple pressing of her lips against his, and yet it was intensely erotic to her. To him as well.

Anne moved Bernie's hand to her thigh, and then to her breast. She shuddered as his fingers flicked over her nipple. She hadn't imagined her body could feel such pleasure with a man. She assumed it had died within her, that the tortures she had experienced had destroyed anything positive in her flesh.

This belief was overwhelmingly wrong. What Anne had felt with Anaïs was nothing in comparison to being touched by Bernie. What Anaïs had done was make Anne a little more open, give her a safe glimpse at her body's possibilities.

Anne rose, taking Bernie's hands and led him to the bedroom. She was wearing a white sweater and a knee length grey pleated skirt. It looked girlish. This was Anne's style: as if she had been frozen in girlhood.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, Anne kissed Bernie gently, just as gently as one would taste soup which was too hot. She drew his bottom lip between hers and gave it a little suck.

She jumped, as if he had burned her and she giggled. Then she pressed her mouth firmly on his, opening hers and letting his tongue slide along her tongue.

Anne unbuttoned Bernie's shirt, and they giggled as he struggled to get out of it without breaking their kiss. He pulled her white sweater over her head, and looked at her. She was wearing a pink lace bra with a little black bow between her breasts.

"Anaïs suggested I get sexy lingerie. To help me feel sexy," Anne said, blushing. She reached behind her back, unfastened her bra and let it drop to the floor.

Her breasts were small but firm and round. Bernie groaned and sat on the bed, pulling her onto his lap, straddling him. He took a breast in each hand and sucked the nipples. Anne gasped and muttered things in German. She held his head in her hands.

Her body moved instinctively. She moved on him in a grinding motion. She became impatient. She

wanted to come fast and hard.

But Bernie refused to let her come so quickly. She begged him in German. He didn't understand the words, but her tone and her pouting explained everything. He laid back on the bed and pulled her with him, kissing her deeply and gripping her ribs.

Bernie had never wanted anyone as much as he wanted the pouting Anne Frank and her perky breasts, begging in German to make her come quickly.

With a great amount of effort, Bernie worked Anne's panties off her while keeping her on top of him. When they were finally on the floor, slightly ripped and sopping wet, Bernie took Anne by the hips and pulled her forward. He pulled her onto his face, her sex on his mouth, and she shrieked as his tongue licked the outer edges of her wet lips. With both hands, he pulled her sex open and looked deeply into it. He experienced this moment as seeing a new part of Anne, a side she had kept so private. And now she had finally allowed him in. It was glorious. Her scent made him groan and he smelled her with a long, deep breath.

His tongue moved slowly over her, and Anne twitched and bucked with each touch. She twisted her hips and couldn't keep still, no matter how tightly Bernie held her. He knew she was close to coming and he had to change positions to slow her down.

Bernie pushed her onto the bed gently. She eagerly kissed him, as if afraid to break contact. To his surprise, Anne licked his lips and chin, and said in German that she liked tasting herself. Bernie didn't require a translation. In fact, he couldn't believe how easy it was to understand her in bed.

Anne took off her skirt and pulled her body into a ball as Bernie stood and took off his pants and shorts. She was painfully shy all of a sudden. Bernie was not. He had no trouble being naked. He leaned forward to kiss her, and Anne suddenly felt comfortable. She felt safe. Her body unfurled and she lay flat on the bed as Bernie crawled on top of her.

Her legs opened and created room for his body. Her slim legs hugged his hips, her feet rubbing against his thighs.

Anne felt his cock against her sex. She felt how hard he was. She moved her hips slightly and he gasped. His cock was positioned perfectly, caught between her wet lips. When she moved it was like

her sex was licking the head of his cock. Bernie could handle only so much stimulation. He raised himself off her, afraid he'd come too quickly.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Bernie asked, terrified she would say no. He badly wanted to fuck her.

Anne smiled and nodded. “I'm not afraid.” To emphasize her point, she reached between her legs and gripped his cock. Her hand moved gently over it, paying special attention to the head. Bernie groaned and took his cock from her. He placed the tip deep within her wet lips, right at the entrance of her sex. Anne reached up for him and pulled his face to hers.

Anne wanted to kiss him as he first entered her. She wanted Bernie very, very much, but she was also afraid. It would be a while before she wouldn't associate sex with fear.

Bernie pushed slowly and firmly forward and Anne winced in pain. Bernie didn't stop, but knew it was best to continue. He buried himself deep within her. Anne's body shuddered so strongly it made Bernie shake himself. Again, moving slowly, he pulled his cock back, but not out. Then he asked if she was okay. Anne was still wincing, but she nodded. She grabbed his ass and pulled his hips forward. She guided him a little faster. He moved inside Anne at a more natural pace. Her fingers dug into his shoulders. Her nails scratched him with each shudder of her body.

Anne whispered, “Faster,” and then moaned in a way so hungry and sexy, Bernie couldn't hold back. He pumped harder and Anne moved with him. Her hips met his and she pushed at the right moment, helping his cock bury itself deep in her.

Her breath came quickly until she said in a voice that creaked in her desire, “I love you, Bernie.”

Then she screamed. It was a shriek of surprise. What she felt couldn't possibly be real. It seemed like it would never end. Her body moved in waves, like a cracking whip.

Bernie could not hold back. When Anne declared her love, Bernie attempted to say it back, but he came as soon as his mouth opened. He pumped hot come inside her, stream after stream until his balls felt squeezed dry.

After, they lay like this for a long while. Bernie with his full weight on Anne, and his cock buried deep

inside her. Anne was panting hard, her hand pressed to her mouth in shock.

Bernie stroked her head and asked, “Are you okay?”

Anne nodded. When she was finally able to speak, she said, with a small slur in her voice, “Can we do that again?”

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Anne and Bernie married a month later in a small ceremony which included their immediate families. Bernie wanted a civil ceremony, but Anne’s parents insisted on a wedding in their synagogue.

Lilith gave birth to an unusually handsome boy. When he appeared in the world, things changed for Bernie.

He ran for a congressional seat as an independent and won. With a bizarrely large majority. He ran for governor of New York and won. But this time, he won as the first member of the American Socialist Party. He changed the political landscape through the creation of his own party. After being governor for ten years, he ran for president.

Anne became his speech writer. After he vacated his congressional seat, Anne ran for it and won. Her political career seemed to skyrocket with his. When Bernie ran for president, Anne ran for governor.

It seemed as if forces in the universe wanted Bernie and Anne to rule the world.

Oh, and his son: Lilith had named him Richard Nixon.