

## L0001 (English)

Toronto, January 13, 1955.

Dear Mother! Your letter arrived yesterday! Now I'm going to be completely honest for once. – The letter unfortunately came too late. I waited two weeks for it, and the day before yesterday I just went ahead and read Mechi's letter without permission, you can think what you will. After all, I wanted to know whether the package had arrived or not. I half-figured that we wouldn't know each other very well anymore, but that you would think of me that way, I was horrified by that. That was the first time I regretted that Mechi came over, because she managed to do this with her quick judgment. I won't let her feel it, because she probably did it unconsciously with her obsession for honesty. Don't worry about it. But for the time being, I don't want any more letters from you; I can do without letters like that, the kind that take two weeks. Why should I be ashamed that Mechi is my sister? What nonsense. And the dumbest thing you could have written was that she should be eternally grateful to me for bringing her over. Therein, I believe, lies the whole problem. Sometimes she wanted to say something, then she thinks, I can't do that, because I have to be grateful, and instead she follows you around, offended, for an hour. So much more pleasant! Do you think it's strange that I can't really picture you all anymore, by which, incidentally, I didn't mean you, since you don't know me anymore either? You know, Inge and Hilde get along so well with their parents; they get a long letter every week. I don't demand that at all, because I know you have little time, but at Christmas you had time, and you didn't want to, because I was making it so hard for Mechi, even though she was making it just as hard for me, but you wouldn't want to believe that of dear, feisty Mechi. Inge asked me every day if I had mail, and in the end I was so ashamed that I lied to her! But now that's over. I've reached the point where I can tell anyone that I have no desire to go home, not even for a visit for the time being. I had actually planned to travel over with Mechi, but I'd rather buy myself a sewing machine with the money instead, unless I were to get an order from the Befehls, they at least miss me and write it, even today. I don't want your apologies, in case you're planning to write any; it's better to let some time pass. It's better that way.

Don't worry about Mechi; please; we'll figure things out. Since she's so unrealistically romantic, I can't hold it against her; she just felt a little sorry for herself. She feels very comfortable at the club, more so than with me. What do we do in the evenings? Mechi is always writing letters and in her diary, what am I supposed to talk to her about then? And one time I begged her to come to gymnastics with me, because it's really nice there, and Mechi wants to get thinner again, too. But she preferred to sort pictures,