

DorleLettersG L0001 (English)

Toronto, 13.1.55.

Dear Mother, Your letter arrived yesterday! I'm going to be completely honest for once, too. – The letter unfortunately arrived 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 if the package had even arrived or not. I half-figured we wouldn't know each other very well anymore, but I was horrified that you think of me that way. That was the first time I regretted that Mechi came over, because she managed to cause 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 to write. 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. I believe the whole problem lies in that. Sometimes she would want 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! What do you think, is it 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 expect that at all, because I know you have little time, but you had time at Christmas, you just didn't want to, because I'm 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, zesty 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, even for a visit for the time being. I had actually planned to travel over with Mechi, but I'd rather buy a sewing machine with the money instead, unless I were to get an order from Befehl, at least they miss me and write it, even today. I don't need your apologies, in case you're planning to write any; it's better to just let some time pass. ganz Dolle mal SSSD Don't worry about Mechi; please; we'll sort things out. Since she has such an unrealistically romantic nature, 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. But she preferred to sort pictures, even though she had two or three days ahead of her for that. I don't go out for myself in the winter either, but for Mechi. Why didn't I let her drive the car? When she must have written that to you, we had only ever been in the state district of Toronto with the car. Her driver's license isn't valid; I told her that on the first day. If we were caught with Mechi driving without a license, I would have my license taken away for half a year, and if an accident happened, even if she had a license, no insurance would pay, since the insurance is only in my name. So I will always be worried when Mechi drives, not because she doesn't drive well (she shifts very well), but because with this traffic, an accident can happen to anyone, and even if she's not at fault, the insurance company will bring in its lawyers until you, the uninsured, have to pay. An

accident repair costs 300 - 400 dollars at the very cheapest, which is an amount I simply can't afford. But she is allowed to drive anyway.