

Dear Hella,

Now I am again surrounded by everyday life and worries, but I cannot believe that the experience of the second me with you, dear Hella, should no longer be. It may be melancholy when I think back to the happy days, but when I recall the whole experience, I can't help but be grateful to you for the exuberant happiness.

I probably arrived at your house with mixed feelings, since they are always the same thoughts, such as: Will I be able to dare, will the changeover be perfect, will I appear natural, will I be able to overcome my excessive anxiety, etc.? And how quickly, yes I would like to say, with what certainty everything happened. Already the reception and the naturalness of the immediate changing of clothes took away all my doubts. And now I was under the spell of the happiest hours. The mental harmony was restored and when my hair was given its individual expression by the nimble hands of the hairdresser, I could, looking at myself in the mirror, justifiably say: You are a beautiful woman!

I could never, ever rise to such a certainty here, lacking the little well-meaning hints, the good advice and, above all, the great support in the many fashion questions.

If I now think through the individual phases of the daily routine there, to me, the evenings always seem to have been the happiest. Then, with care, the toilet was made, the hair combed through again, the lips drawn, a little red put on, then you chose the right hat and coat and now we went for a walk. These wonderful thoughts still resonate with me, with a light step, a little swaying gait, we wandered through the busiest streets, chose a nice movie theatre and visited many a pub. Just the ride on the train was a real treat for me.

Today I am amazed at my great unconcern, because after a few days it was naturalness for me, to go out alone, why not? You may now be able to understand that it was so hard for me to say goodbye, because what I can take with me, is only the memory.

Be greeted by me as your grateful
Maja.