

Monday, Nov 27, 1989

**Dear Hallmanack,**

Here I am at Grandma's house using her (wonderful, marvelous) MacIntosh to write a lovely little Hallmanack letter. Life is great; I just quit my job at Storehouse Markets to get ready to attend BYU starting in January. I have to late register through Evening School because I was so late getting my application in, but I'm too happy that I was accepted (You have met the academic standards for admittance to BYU) to complain. So now you can tell all and sundry that ~~yes~~, it is possible to get into college without graduating from high school and without taking the GED exam. I wouldn't have believed it myself (Oh me of little faith) but there you have it and no foolin'. Life is messy, anyhow. That's my credo, lately.

Daniel is a spaz.

Tracy is an *awesome* letter writer. (Grandma's talking to me -- 'scuse me for a minute -- warning me to stay away from those freshmen so they don't get distracted before their missions -- warning me to stay away from those RMs who are all out to get a wife -- *HEY*, what's a girl to do? (Just stay away from all the boys, I guess.) (Those evil and pernicious creatures.) My solution is to just have friends. I want to go to school & all that -- but I sure couldn't do without my boy friends.)

I'm going to print this now so that I can play around some on the MacPaint. I'll draw you all a picture.

Love,

*ZUH*