

March 4, 1990

Dear Family-amily-schmamily,

Today is the only day of the year that is a pun.

I just did a *marvelous* illustration for this letter but it got lost when I tried to put it in the Scrapbook and I haven't the time to do it again.

So I continue on, **illustrationless**.

Grandma asked me to type a Hallmanack letter up while I'm here. She is trying to clean up this room, her study, and it's looking a lot better. My mom was going to come for me. Now, where could she be? Oh well, I'll do a quick little tiny overview while I'm waiting and it'll be fun for a break.

I've spent the last two and a half hours typing up notes for my Geology class. I think they're looking really **good** now.

I am a **big eighteen year old** now, 19 in June, and I don't feel **nearly** so mature as I thought I would. I'm this BYU co-ed type, not working right now although I'll be getting a job soon, studying mostly arts and sciences electives this year (I have a history of being really heavy on electives), I'm interested in english, psychology, family sciences, **art**, art history, french, singing, dance, science, and oh, what else? You name it. Not math, but I just don't know enough about it to be interested in it. I am five foot six and a half, somewhat

shy

but

adventurous,

thoughtful, quite organized, **tired** of doing homework all afternoon, aching to go home and eat dinner and go do something fun that I don't have to be graded on. Any minute now my mommy will come and take me away from all this woe and trouble. I do like to study. **But right now I've had enough.**

I'm going to go back and change the type settings for fun. Until next time.

All my love,

zina-almina-hall

P.S. Hi Daniel! You have not been forgotten!