



Last night I saw my dad writing the Famlet and realized I should probably get along with writing the Hanlet. So as I went to bed last night I tried to think of things that happened this past March and it was then that I started to fully appreciate what my dad does when he writes these things when I typed March 09 into my memory scanner and came up blank. I have never really needed to come up with my own topic because usually when I write my choices are so restricted that it is really strait-forward or I can write whatever I want. This is why school never really prepares you for what you actually have to do in life. Speaking of school, this month I went to tryouts for the school play which will be “Charlie and the Chocolate Factory” and a few days later the call-back list for ‘principal parts’ came out and I was on it. Basically they wanted me for a big role. 12 other girls and I tried for the part of Veruca Salt, the bratty rich girl who wanted a squirrel. Just a couple days ago, the final lists came out, and guess who got the part of Veruca, ME!!!!!!!!!!!! When I saw the list I’m pretty sure I would have fallen down with surprise had I not been held up by the other people crowding around the list. So now for the next two months or so I will be going to two-hour rehearsals after school for a couple days every week.

This month we celebrated Grace’s 4<sup>th</sup> birthday where she received some pretty cool junior art supplies and we have already managed to lose one of the caps to one of her new markers (sorry, did I say already? I meant only). This has also led to many more arguments with the main line of “she’s not sharing!” It gets really quite annoying after a while to listen to people screaming about something you could care less about, especially when it is at 6:45 am on a SATUDAY! SATURDAY, I tell you. There is nothing worse than being woken up early on a Saturday morning because a four year old ran into your room crying.

Dad has also recently decided to show us all of the episodes of a particular TV show he used to watch called “Star Blazers” by renting them off Netflix and it has been very funny to watch because of the various scientific screw-ups. For example, there is a scene where they are in an ocean on Pluto and their oxygen supply is hit. It is then that the captain urges them to get out of the ocean so they can get more air. This has two very serious mistakes, one being that the thought of there being any liquid ocean on Pluto, the other being that there is **no freakin’ oxygen in outer space.**

This month also contained Lucy’s science fair where I expected to become thoroughly bored and wanting to fall asleep when it was over. Instead, I found myself not wanting to leave because I found three friends there. Two were Nicholas and Neil from school and the other was Joshua from church. Lucy’s project, as most of you probably know, was about rainbows off crystals and it involved different types of light and a lot of frustration. It took a while to figure out how to get rainbows off the prisms and I’m pretty sure we’re all glad it is over. I certainly am. I don’t think I have been on my bike at all this month and I plan to make up for it in April by at least doing some serious exploring in my neighborhood. We are about to go to grandma and grandpa’s house for dinner to meet one of dad’s uncles who is in town. Then, Mom and I will have to skip out early to go to the annual young women’s broadcast at the church. The only reason I know we are leaving is because Mom is yelling “TIME TO GO!!” because I have no sense of time. So I’ll have to come back to this.

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# THE HANLET



No. 2 — Mar 2009

I'm back. I am going to talk about my immeasurably boring school-life now. I will start off by explaining my confusion about my English class' topic. We are learning about the Holocaust and seeing as this is an English class and not a history class I do not know why we have a whole unit on the Holocaust fitted into the already over-crammed darn curriculum. (change topic) My Spanish teacher, Sta. Zeiger, is a total nut-case. Every class when we walk in she acts as if we are there because we want to. She also appears to be under the impression that Spanish is our favorite subject. This past week third quarter ended which means the school year is  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way over. It is about this time of year that everyone starts the countdown of how many school days are left (I believe the count currently stands at 49 on 3/28/09 for anyone who cares). This concludes my monthly something in which I have been able to fill a page with events from my very boring life that seems to simply have a routine built into it as if to make sure it stays the same. I don't know if you can tell or not through the way my letter is presented or not but I have gone well over the one page limit my dad always sets for his letters. This simply means I will be wasting more of your time with my babbling. Leaving you with that, have a good month, I hope it more entertainments for you than mine definitely will.