

Hello! For this month's letter I want to start off saying I rode my bike to school and back! I also beat my bus there which means I might start doing it more often but I need to remember to bring a hairbrush. I also need to wear my helmet around school because my friend apparently thinks it is very fun to braid my hair, especially when I don't want her to. And the worst part is the pulling whenever I try to lean forward. Then, when I get out all 20 braids my hair is all frizzy. Grrrrrrrrrr. Then when I try to complain my teacher says,

"You let her do it, you just sat there like a horse letting a donkey chew its tail." I reply saying, "I sat there like a horse with a donkey that pulls the tail it's chewing when the horse tries to run away." Then I am simply ignored.

I hope you have by now figured out that I do not write this letter in the chronological order of things happening this month, only in the order that it occurs to me to write them. Anyways, a couple weeks ago I got into an argument with a girl who lives down the street named Vicky and basically to cut stuff short she is not very well liked anymore. So now we sort of have this club and we are building a clubhouse in the woods. We have money, tools, and have been clearing the area for a couple weeks now and I spent an annoying half hour digging up the stupidest little tree that was in our way. I was very pleased afterwards and went to bed exhausted.

The play has been consuming a lot of my time and now it is even more complicated because the date got pushed back because there was apparently something going on one of the nights we planned to perform. So now it is on June 2nd and 3rd (is that still during your beach week Coco?). So that's kind of annoying but whatever. At least we have an extra couple days to prepare. We've started working on choreography and it is going to be so cool. I'm making tons of new friends which is really fun but it is so strange that I am the only person who is a ticket winner that is not a 6th grader. I thought that might bother me but it's actually really cool.

At school everyone is now counting the days until school gets out. People are crossing off numbers on their calendars and putting notes in their planners, even teachers are putting the number of days left on the whiteboard. But as the end of the school year draws nearer so do the algebra students' HSAs (High school Standardized Assessments). This means that teachers are cramming in as much homework as they possibly can, and anyone and everyone in my class swear that Mr. Ritchie (my algebra teacher) is the homework devil in disguise. This is because he stated last Monday that he would be assigning class packets for us to do every week in addition to a regular homework load from him and whatever we don't finish in class (which is usually a lot of stuff). In addition to that, every Wednesday, all the algebra students have to go to an extra class and have more math study. I mean come on, more math class! You've got to be kidding me! But sadly, they're not. It is exactly the same for all the Spanish students but my teacher is actually not going to assign anymore Spanish homework until after the finals (YES!).

But the day after the HSA is my favorite part of may, HERSHEY PARK TRIP!!! If you recall from last year the whole music department every year goes on a big trip to Hershey or some other great amusement park to perform for eight minutes and run around the park for eight hours. You may also recall my father said he

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would never go again. Well, he's going. I am doubtless going to have a large part of my next letter dedicated to what happened at Hershey. But I've run out of room so bye, have a great month.