

Dear Pat,

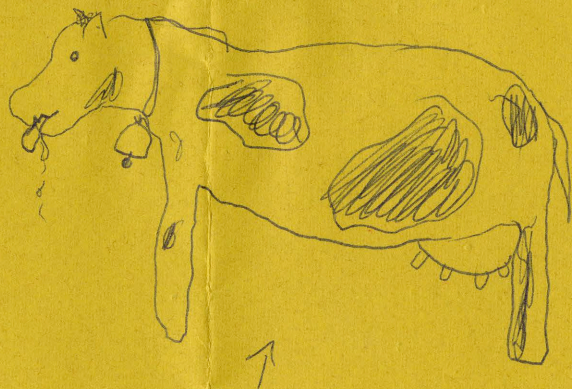
^{oops} Hell^o. Here I am writing to you, but I know you better than I used to now. Please excuse me for not writing to you sooner, but I haven't so I can't do much about it. Well, the old book grind has started up again and I think I hate it more than ever now, but I am enduring it. I don't think I want to go to college right now. I mean not right now because I'm not even out of regular school yet, but I mean when I get out of high school. What I really mean is... Maybe I should join the army, but I don't think they would take me. Mooooooo! I am glad you came back for Christmas because now I know you. I really think you are a very nice boy. I think you are the only boy that has ever been good to Becky. You are kind to her and our family, too. I really like that John Handy album. It is too bad that my mother thinks it is too twangy or something like that. I am becoming a great believer of jazz. I admire you for liking the really real real true blues. The kind I like aren't real like your kind, but I like your kind, too. I think it depends on what mood I am in. I like that Willie Dixon album, but I don't think that is still as old time bluesy as those others that you have or which really Becky has. (???) I do like Paul Butterfield. I think the blues make me feel bad, but that makes me feel good. Do you know what I mean? I think you do. Moo. I am very sorry that I don't like wine or any alcoholic beverages, but I think that if I don't like it in the first place that it won't hurt me not to drink anything. I hope you were not hurt because I didn't like the wine you gave my parents. I went over to Lee Ann's house and she let me taste Whiskey-Bourbon or Bourbon-Whiskey or something of the nature and I almost barfed! My mouth started to burn up too. I guess I will never be a drinker. I am kind of glad, too, because then I won't have to worry about getting drunk and getting killed in a car or something and I also won't spend my money on it and I won't have to worry about becoming an alcoholic. I think Dave Brubeck is a fine piano artist. I don't care if he is old or not. He knows how to play the piano! I am becoming in love more and more with the saxophone, (yacketty sax). I used to hate it because it sounds so squelly(?). Maybe I should learn how to play the sax. My mom and dad would probably have a fit, too. Imagine me, the first lady sax player. I haven't heard of many women who did play the saxophone. I really don't know what I am going to make of myself, but I am not going to worry because I am here right now, in the 9th grade and I am not in college yet and I am too young and all that others b.s. Mrs. Heitman, my world geography teacher told me I should work with people. Exciting news. I was talking with her and I

had to stall a whole period for this seminar group and I was the only one who came. So, I told her all about my family and I started bragging about my dad and Carolyn and Larry and Becky and even you. She said she knows you. Do you know Helen Heitman? She had a boy in the high school awhile ago. She said she liked you, too and that she thought there was something very nice about you. Doesn't that make you feel good? It would make me feel good, too. She is a very nice lady and a good republican. I don't know many good republicans, but she is not any republican by far. I am accepting the people at our school better now and I realize that they all are good, and they all are bad and that they all are basically the same and that they all are soo dif~~f~~ferent from each other that you couldn't even classify them. As Phil Walker would say, "They all are unique, unrepeatable persons." I think we are really going to India, but i am not sure. You never know in our family. Well, this letter probably hasn't said much, but I thought you might like to get one anyway. I have a bunch of junk to do so I'll have to go now. Have fun in the army and don't get in trouble and be kind and be nice to animals and don't flirt with the pretty army nurses and I really don't know what I am saying, so I better shut up again like I had to in my last letter to you. GoodBye for now

Love, and Moo's

Annie Freak Lee

(MOOOOOOOOOOOOO)



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Gee, that really looks like a
cow, doesn't it,