

Sunday  
2030

Dear Mom,

Well honey, three more  
tours. Boy am I  
~~sore~~ sore. I also  
have a nice hangover.

My buddy, Conway,  
brought a little bottle of  
booze back with him  
Friday night, so we  
polished it off last  
night for a little  
farewell party. He's  
leaving Tuesday.

Today we ~~back~~  
baked the ~~alcohol~~  
~~at~~ alcohol out of  
us in the sun. As  
you can see by this  
letter, I'm still a little



shaky.

There's no news  
whatsoever honey.

Things won't start happening  
until the middle of this  
week when I get my  
20 hour check. This  
is where they wash  
the greatest amount out.  
More go here, and at  
classification, than anywhere  
through the training, so  
keep your fingers crossed.

Wish Bobby happy  
Birthdays for me again.  
I love you, honey!  
Goodnight sweetheart.

Your loving son  
Paul