

Dear people, 9 May 2010

Hey. I miss you a lot :( . I miss everything and everyone, even the kitties. I haven't been having a good time at all lately. Things are getting more and more difficult for me as A-ROC. Even though I have an authority position, no one listens/follows the rules and when I tell them to do something, they mouth off to me and belittle me. It hurts and it's annoying. I really got gypped when it came to boot camp. I asked the petty officer if it's always like this, and she said that she's never seen a situation like this before. My division has no discipline, and my brother Div is completely segregated and makes us buy separate everything, even feminine products... It's difficult, but we have less than 2 weeks :). I'm doing well, very well, even in difficult times. I just found out on Thursday that I've been promoted to E3! I don't know how or why, maybe it has to do with my success or my job? Either way, I'm happy with it and myself. This means I'll be a petty officer by the end of the year! AGH! Lol. It's exciting, and it's a pay raise. My week has been stressful though. I do appreciate your letters; they make me smile so big:). Anyway...

Sunday – I wrote you all during holiday routine, we had "field day" (clean whole compartment). We had a "moot" drill inspection. We did okay, but I messed up? Ha-ha. I think chief ITed me (IT = intensive training AKA "getting beat") accidentally. Someone is supposed to be one pace behind me at all times, but she was too close and that's not anything I can help, but I took getting beat like a pro ha-ha:). I finally was able to make my phone call for having a good cadence and getting the high score on the test:).

Monday – we practiced drill one last time than we had our actual inspection. We did okay, but not good. We got a flag though, so I'm happy. When we march down the street no one will know our score, they'll just see the flag...lol. We had a tailor come in and check our dress uniforms again then we took "yearbook" pictures. Not to be vain or anything, but being AROC is nice because I got to be in almost every picture, ha-ha. We got to wear makeup for the first time, too. We took photos of boot camp life and group photos and stuff. It was fun, but then it was over, the makeup came off and we PTed. During PT, we got to sing cadence. It sucked though because they wanted some guy to sing, not me. He has a nice voice, but he's country, so he annoys me...lol. I just kinda was heartbroken a little because no one got all excited and said "[last name] is AROC! Let her sing! Yay!" lol. Don't care now though.

Tuesday – we took test 2, and I was upset because I didn't get a perfect score. My chief knows I'm smart and was pushing me to get a 5.0, but I ended up missing over 3 (out of 60 though, so I still did "well"). After that, we had a class over the navy thrift savings plan. We had PT, which was running. Chief (female) found makeup in the head, and no one is claiming it, and so she threatened that if no one confessed that she would beat the whole division. I tried to take blame because I'd get beat either way and I have a high authority position so it seemed right. Chief knew I was lying though, so she yelled at me and said I had no integrity. It was stupid. After chow, we began to practice for personnel inspection. It's out last phase of training now :) last inspection is dress uniforms.

Wednesday – Happy Cinco de Mayo! We had weigh-in, and I haven't gained or lost any weight ha-ha. I'm happy though. I'm beautiful, and I wasn't trying to lose weight :P. We studied and had in house PT (physical training). No one confessed to the makeup still. Every day we await the beating she keeps promising us.

Thursday – the day I never wanted to come. Day 5 – 2 aka shots round 2. I finally told them I'm allergic to eggs, so I didn't break out in hives this time. Ha-ha. But I still got 2 shots. DIDN'T CRY! yessss :) so proud. We went to this really nice ship (buildings are ships) where they cut our hair, but I have managed to not have to cut my hair the whole time I've been here, it's great. I want to keep growing it out until it's beautiful again ha-ha. We got to go to the NEX (Navy Exchange/Recruit Wal-Mart...lol), I bought soap, etc. That was about it for my day. I went to medical though lol.

Friday – I've officially got the worst cough over. Medical gave me crappy medicine that isn't working so my cadence sucks now. I can hardly talk let alone shout a cadence. We marched super far too...lol. They said I did well though. We started our damage control class which is the beginning of FIREFIGHTING YAY!! We got all dressed up in our dress whites and took our divisional photo:). We ordered photos too, so if you get a picture, you better love me cause the package was NOT cheap...lol. We had more practice P.I., and I got no letters :( . A lot of people, who said they would write, haven't. It's very saddening. Oh well. I know who loves me mostest now :).

Saturday – (last but not least, sorry it's so long). This was the day we were expecting to be beat on. (Yes...after all the threats from chief to beat the whole compartment of females until "someone is sent to the hospital" no one has confessed STILL), but still nothing. We practiced for inspection then went to our LAST B.A.S.E.S., which is like strength conditioning PT. We went to the drill hall to practice for graduation ceremony [ :) !] and I messed up...lol. I turned randomly, so I got 30 pushups...lol. We learned a cool new cadence that gets everyone all motivated, and it was fun. We had a really good day. We came back, ate delicious boot camp food, and did a real practice P.I. where they record how many hits you get and for each hit you do 53 (day 5 – 3 of training) exercises. I got 3 hits...lol...so I had to do 53 8-count bodybuilders (the hardest one), 53 mountain climbers, and 53 jumping jacks. Easy mode. That was it. Ha-ha.

Well, that was my week. I've got to iron now and make sure my bunk is on spot for the next inspection. Happy Mother's Day to everyone. I love you and I miss you all. Please write me by Monday. You promised you would :( ...lol. Byeee! ELEVEN DAYS!!  
Love always, Kristi