

As I, Rhonda Lynn Lowe, transport my humble soul and over-sized body from the hallowed hall of Highlands High, I have a few valued possessions to be distributed in the following manner: To my dearest, pesty sister Beverly I leave all of my term papers, essays, and other various works of outstanding academia; she may put these on file for future reference. To Suzanne Lowe I leave my basketball uniform no. 20; I am sure you will make better use of it than I did! To Lisa Wilson, I leave my unlucky locker no. 13 (I sure hope it treats her better than it treated me!) To Kimeran Armstrong, I leave a baby-sitter who is stronger than she is, and memories of a good year. To Cindy Pierson and Gina Lamb I leave a tape-recording with my voice uttering the following warnings: "Shut up! Do you have no team spirit or pride? Quit yelling! Keep your moutn shut!!" In my absence next year, I am sure it will be of greatest encouragement next basketball season. My personal copy of I'm OK, You're OK is bequeathed to anyone who is insane enough to think he can comprehend its truths! Speaking of Mike Crowe, you may also have my collection of Chopin Preludes, but only if you promise to play them correctly. To my rather strange but wonderful cousin Jerry Nix, I give an assignment; It is your duty to paint the town "Carolina Blue" and convert ALL Highlanders to Tarheelism! I also leave Jerry all the wonderful times of MY Senior year, for he's be too busy with the yearbook to take advantage of his own good times. To Nate Hunt and Todd Albanese I leave a supply of ink to replace all that they used on me during a recent pen fight (which I, unfortunately lost). You may also choose another subject to pick on and abuse-- ENJOY YOURSELVES!! To Debbie "Phyllis" Head I leave someone to cheer her up when she's feeling blue; I also leave Deb a box of Band-Aids for all the bruises and scratches I inflicted on her during Basketball practice. To my dear friend Judd Dunning I leave my ability to make straight 99's all through school without ever going to class (God knows he needs a little help!!) To Henderson, I leave someone to annoy him just as much as Pat and I did! And Mr. Brooks, thanks for putting up with the Class of 1982! (I also leave you a roll of masking tape to replace the one you used on our rooms at the beach.) To Mrs. A. and Mrs. Z. I leave a bear hug and a huge THANK-YOU for always being there with an open ear and sound advice. You ladies are wonderful. To Coach I leave enough aspirin to carry him through another season of FRESHMEN and thanks for leading us to a victorious season. Also, to Coach Price and Coach Cross I leave my telephone number. Finally, to all faculty members and students remaining at H.H.S., I offer a friendly smile and a firm handshake; thanks for making these years the best ones of my life!