

To Kim I leave my track spikes, the ability to be a tolerant captain, and questions about Brandon (I hope there won't be any more!) To Steve I leave the drive to win and a big bowl of cole slaw (or whatever it was) To Chris Goff I leave my full size (yes FULL) poster of you-know-who! Enjoy it. To all my friends, I leave our special memories and the hope that you succeed in all you do. To Tarantula I leave a hairbrush. (Please use it!). Adios!

I, **Dan Noffsinger**, being of sound mind and body, hereby leave the following: to John, a few Chilly Dads, an 'O' or two, late nights, more boat races and all the friendship and respect of a brother; to Chuck, a switch to turn the magnet off, and parked cars to walk on; to Rob, the DAship on 4th East, may you keep it longer than I did; to Brian, a hood and the good sense to wear it; to H-J, some knee pads to get it done right; to the three B's, my favorite bird; to Roger Messier, my respect and thanks; and to the "only jock on campus," a baseball bat and a broomstick. To 4th East, I leave all the memories, good and bad, of the past two years. To all the Class of 93, the tree trunks, lamp posts, and smokestacks of another year at S&M. To all the fellas, keep in touch and never let the spirit die. And finally, I leave this school in search of a better life. Peace.

I, **Erika Petersen**, do hereby bequeath:

To Steve, a wet oak branch, an ambassadorship in Cape Verde, wrestling on Bryan Lawn, and a little to preserve his tow-mile legs. To Nicole, a copy of the "How-to guide to sex and Seniorship at NCSSM" and an institutional-size can of Easy Cheese. To Erin L., Kersten J, and Katie B., big "P." sweatshirts, "Old Nassau" on our minds and good luck with The Application. Come visit next year. To Vyvyan, chem notes, weird smiley faces and the taboo "i-word". To Ladell, good luck and plenty of Big Sister hugs. To "Lizard Breath," a great senior year and your private set of calipers. To the Chinese Club, cheesy fortunes, "The Penis Song" and "blot, don't rub!" To Suzanne, trains to Philly, an ocean of Coke, Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Whiffle and calamine lotion. To Shannon, "Eric the Bee", "stopcocks" and trips to Revco. Also, what the hell is cheeba!! To Jennifer, "There will never be a dark corner as long as the flashlight has batteries," 24 worn-out batteries and a map of NCSSM in case Rule #1 still applies. Good luck next year.

I, **Charles Parker**, being of sound mind and body, do leave Jeremy my autographed snapshot of Cthulhu, Jason a gallon of ink and a ream of paper for his printer, management of the German club to Laura, Colbert and Mark my technical knowledge of Exit signs, and Joe Dobner a real life. I leave Ms. Maxwell my luck with plants, my inflatable llama to Josh, the cue cards from Bush's "no new taxes" speech goes to Dr. Anton, my picture of Elvis and Albert Einstein and spare soapbox to Dr. Haskell. I leave my room furnishings to the Biopond, dandelions to NCSSM, and I grant Aaron deity status. I leave TWM to the cockroaches, they eat there more than I do anyway. Finally, I leave Jay my duct tape (use it well) and whatever of my legacy he wants, so long as he never tells the peanut joke again, and my S.W. campaign to whoever wants it. I would leave the tinsel and Easter grass to someone, but I can't seem to get rid of it.

I, **Penny Patel**, being of nevermind and nobody, do hereby bequeath the following: to Jen, love and hugs, a truckload of smut, Heathcliff, my scrumping blanket,

lots of chocolate, and a better roomie; Simone, an ironman triathlete and mommy's love; Shannon, sole care of Simone; Alex, un amante magnifico; Kelly, shopping trips at every reunion; E, much male company; Crystal C., a big smile; Meredith's friends, earplugs; Sheri and Jill, sweaty men in fatigues; Wendy, chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream; Pris, sole feminine presence on 2nd B.; Dawn, a hall as wonderful as we are; First Hill, at least half the fun we've had this year and DAs who don't scrump; Hunter, a de-weenifier, many wild women, and a hug; Rhett, much love, letters, a recipe for jalebis, and someone else to make fun of; Second Bryan, industrial strength aspirin to dissolve the clot; Katz, a date named Bambi; and to Alan, all the love you ever wish for, tickle fights, clandestine mountain trips, warm evenings, Kolena Mondays, and something better to do than watch TV.

I, **John "EMR" Patty**, leave the following: to Jason: a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign and a whistle; to Melvin: chia-hair; to Colin: all of my free stuff; to Alan: my homework and a big blanket; to Scott: the LNP and one free week out of your room; to Vince: MathCAD and a free Hardee's cap; to Owen: a whole mess of tang; to Seth: a bloody piñata; to Michelle: a "life"; to Joe H.: a clean joke; to Meredith: all the Answers; to Kate C.: coordination; to Hunter: a date to the prom; to Rhett: my moodiness, ODU, PENN and all those stories...

Finally, my most cherished possession: my beret: this I leave, with my soul and eternal love (and many, many visits next year) to my best friend, Tracy.

Oh yeah, EMR, S & M!

I, **Steve Pescatore**, being, leave. And to these people, I give. Matt, the special VAX users manual and my nine inch nails poster. To John Kelly, late night discussions, a couple of breath mints, and dah schpoon. To Jon, my CD's, 2nd East Dances #1-#103, some 8-track tape, and our room. To Chuck, black and white striped menswear from Sears at Northgate. To Robbie, my Berkley application that's probably never going to be sent in. John Lauve, we have to work some time. To Lee, tattoo and earpiercing guns, in hopes of reducing his pain. To M, his Macintosh, the EM Lab, butt thongs, and my Cure poster. To Tom, lots of classical music and the Assembly Hall. To Ryn, my best friend, I leave: love, going for walks, dah too-be, sunday afternoons from 3-7 (my EM time), *Keeping My Sanity*, Tummy, and a big, fat kiss.

**Jeff Peters:**

Though I am passing on to a better place (COLLEGE!), I still want to remember all the little people (not just Jay). Soooo... I do hereby bequeath: Patrick: The unabridged List (with the good ones highlighted); Jay: The ability to alter height using the force; Mark C.: A few of my free periods et Sacrebleu!; Colbert: A long reign as pragmatic king of the Mepots and my theory on the missing link; Josh: Too much free time; Brian: A lenient hearing board (If they actually let you come back); Mark N.: A few more imaginary girls in Indiana, and the authority to rag on juniors at will; Oliver: The responsibility of keeping people on the Right side of the hall; Bobby: A free taco at Homes' Truck Stop (after showing your green card); 4th West: Footprints on the ceiling, a new free phone, dangerous liasons, an admittal of stacking the triple, an invitation to D.C., the fact that I am graduating, eight dice of sarcasm, and an understanding of when to sleep til noon.

**Britt Peterson**

To the class of '92: We made it! Hope to see everyone in four years. As for the rest: To Aaron: some tact and the award of most likely to succeed in the role of the GWC. Adrian: hours of MTV and along with Amy, a real team to pull for. Anisha: some stories to tell me. Darius: clean windows, marks from my loft, and protection from "nyuk." Derek: the eradication of Pearl Jam and the supremacy of ACC. Kevin: a more obnoxious hall & a booming stereo for Darius. Kris: a kindler, gentler VC and a new pick-up line. Luchia: a washcloth. Richard: more BJ's to annoy the LC's. Jordan: the demise of NAC. James and Josh: the entire Pink Floyd catalog and a bag of popcorn. Joe: a pulled muscle. The Posse: a bag of pork rinds and more pillows!

Later, Britt

I, **Margaret Elizabeth Pettit**, wish to leave the NCSSM community with a sound mind and body. I bequeath to my S&M family tranquility, peace, and the overwhelming passion of love. To the juniors I leave a responsibility (and lots of luck) to better our school. Remember to make a memory out of each day. To Mary & Rachel I leave love and patience. To Paul - a Dr. To Scott B. I leave a better pitching arm so you can really hit the circle. To Scott O. I leave more hours of French. To Rebecca M. I leave a special deck of cards. To MRP I leave my love. To the Seniors, especially IC, Sarah, Christy, Stacy, Chris, Scott, and Tommy, I leave our memories et trésors. Thank you for being there.

I, **Ruffin Phillips**, leave to Aaron: a bowl of rice and a good joke; to Amy: Gomer Pyle and a bad case of laryngitis; to Anisha: a Carolina Hat; to Cat and Dog: thank you for the greetings and good luck on finding a life and perhaps, one day, a clue; to Erin: the legacy of 315 and 316; and finally, to Matt: our unbranching family tree and a chewy blueberry muffin.

I, **Kevin Pierce**, being of S&M-infected mind and body, hereby declare my Senior Will and Testament. To the brothers and sisters of AUΦ, I leave leadership, wisdom, and the desire to become the most active and positive organization on campus. To the victims, I mean, members of Colours, I leave you that truckload of tolerance that you will need. To the Hill Y&R crew, I leave you the memories of Sheila's and Lauren's fight!

More personally, to Tacita H. I leave part of my great amount of faith; to Pooh and Steve, I leave the great memories of SPW (326 all the way!!); to Stephanie L., I leave all those seemingly long drives home; to my brothers Paul S. and Mike B., I leave my palace and all of its luxuries (you were in it enough!!). I also leave the memories of all those late nights, the arguments (Paul), and the 3 a.m. talks. Believe it or not, they meant a lot. Last but not least, to Beth G., I leave the talks, walks, interviz, and... my Gatoraid squeeze bottle.

I, **Michelle Prysby**, being of warped mind and ticklish body, hereby bequeath to:

Kerry: blue dots on elbows; Nancy: Kleenex and quarters for the phone next year; Mary Pat: tickets to cultural events- oh, we already have those!; Ruffin: reincarnation of toiletries; Sushi: laundry doin' boyfriends; Chris: a nun's habit; Raine: straps; Audry: the Dark Crystal Skexies, dirty dishes, and Winter Solstice; Keisha: my clothes; John Patty: Michellogic;