

I, **Daniel P. Aldrich**, never really having been of sound mind, and just getting there in terms of a sound body, have some stuff that I just can't say "mine!" about. To James: more cynicism, and possibly a bit of idealism. To Nic: some vaccine against the "plague," may it never strike us again! To Colbert: another bass wafer partner for math (good luck finding one!) To 3rd Bryan: all the PDA violations you can get. To Tung: all my (few!) viola skills. To my cal group: hope we learned something (there goes the API!). To Jeremy: our late night talks, may there be many more! To Sue-Jin: all the laughter, the fun, and the screams, too!!; may you achieve your dreams! And to everyone graduating, and you poor suckers left behind: good luck!

I, **Kerry Anderson**, leave the following to: Erin & Beth- best of luck next year as 3BL DAs; Julie-bulie-funny faces, hugs and hopes that your senior year will be great; Amy- C.P., cross-stitching, & Deutsch; Carrie & Elizabeth- my broken leg; Nick- invitational regrets; Matt- anticiPation, M.U., accidental rollerskating couple bashing and the Pit; Marlene-Sue- a hole and many thanks; Nancy- a new bulb and Brit Lit notes; my sex muffin- memories of satisfying bus rides; MP 20/20- mind benders; Blythe- Physics and pinches; Will- a tent, thorns and Stats; Suje- the SBU; to Mizkelle- Oliver, fishies, pre-dawn showers and strange dreams; Keisha-beisha- Billy, Sheila & Lauren, b-sessions; Raine- a ladder and high-cut dresses; Chris- hastings & philosophy; Sheri- a life; Gooberface- Rocky Horror, Mezziah, butter and my love; Audball- a loan to alleviate your cheapness, promises of prompt presents and 8 more wonderful years; and to Ruffin- a gutter, dried plastic bubbles, nantucket blue, glows, beans, future plans and a defunct loft dust bunny.

I, **Alan J. Back**, hereby pass along what I've got as follows: To Adam Stevenson, my seat in the Concert, Jazz, and Pep Bands (and Orchestra if you want it). To Albert Monroe, the title of "Co-Processor Man" on the Knowledge Master team. To Judy Kim, a trip to Francesca's (Julia left me that last year), along with an industrial-strength rubber chicken. To those who debated with me on the VAX, I leave my collection of Ayn Rand novels (I recommend *Atlas Shrugged*). Those who take Fortran next year can have my old programs, whether they work or not. No one gets the work I've done on sewage treatment; that goes with me. To next year's Knowledge Master team, I leave very little room for improvement— but go to the top if you can! Finally, to all those who have stood with me, away from me, or against me, past or present, I leave this: You can go as far as you want if you're willing to work for it. Peace, my friends.

Kris Baker

To Jen I leave a number where I can be reached in case a refill is needed. I also leave you an open invite to visit me anytime! To Nicole, a step ladder for help w/JA. To Chris, a pair of flops one size bigger. To the three of you I leave my love. Thanks for making my senior year memorable. May it always be the four of us. To my honey, I leave you all my heart. You mean more than you can ever know. I also leave an apology for all our misunderstandings. To Bobby, a seven cm bun & a date with my secret love. To Brian, thanks for a perfect friendship. I hope we are always close. To the quad, another game of Truth or Truth. To Jamie, thanks for a million laughs. To Kelly, a great friendship. I also leave a raincheck for being roomies

at UNC. Thanks for the memories. To Ben, thanks for being a wonderful cousin. Family means more than anything. I love you. To Brian Liebenow, another year of Chem (hopefully) and the hope that you don't get stuck with two Kris'es and a Chris.

I, **Jill Suzanne Barrett**, do hereby give: to Sheri- a summer home and a forever friend; to Prerana- bubbles and my much used-and-abused ankle shields; to Lori- emotions, laughter, and memories; to Kate- pigeonholes and n bang!; to Wendy- the traditions and strangeness; to Anne!- a free consultation on alternate Thursdays and threats; to Webby- the name you hate; to Simone- a quiet place to study; to Cara-Sebastian, the stars, and the icky-poo marks; to Lizard- my good blue shirt; to Jeanette,- the Holiday Dinner; to Sharon- long talks, showers, and promises to visit; to Rob- backrubs; to Bibi- a sadly flightless HP; to JAN, KMC, JMH, WH, JD, & MM I leave "Alice, Alice?"; to DRIVE I leave as a consultant; to Mr. Goebel's 2nd period Calcuseless class I leave hopes of more comp. time; to KMC, CDB, Kelly2, and JAN- a tap from the "redhead fairy"; to The Plat I leave luck and the grand seniors. And to all my friends I leave, knowing we will meet again.

I, **Kate "Clover" Beam**, being of sound mind (Ha!) and asthmatic body, leave... to "Merrydeath"- 1 jar PB, 1 bruise (by person of choice) and 1 ceiling footprint; to "Nicking"- mermaidom, catnip, dranness, and Lamaze; to "the Barbarian"- Konan and Mexico; to "Rosebud"- secondhand cloves and agony; to "Carolyn"- love spells and mermaidom; to "Flint"- my bonfire contribution; to "Leilah"- the doppelganger effect (redhead thing) and a fish; to "Merriweather"- clueless-jalepeno-pizza-jokes; to "Pamling"- good pointes; to "Olaf" and "Duck"- knightdom; to whoever gets my room- 1 missing loft step and Jeremy; to Guidance- you're crazy! Love ya!; to Manring's Seminar- parent, child, nerd, hippie; to the "Mongolians"- "Won't you be my neighbor?"; to my Hallmates- my eternal love and my ability to get food from the Second Reynolds machines late at night; to the Platypi- Ty's right-phrase-wrong-moment talent; to Wyche- funky rituals and communal cloves. "And to those I've left behind, I wanted you to know you've always shared my darkest hours, I'll miss you when I go." - Lova Ya! - Clover

I, **Patricia Berry**, being of red-headed mind and lesser body, do hereby bequeath the following: Melissa Wood- body hugging clothes, famous advice, physics for life, and a punch in the jaw. Heather Ward- remember, it should be like sex, natural. Meredith Law- a braid, a song, and a happy sunshiny day. Second Bryan- "Laaaaaaaceeeeeey!!!" (sorry Ken and Sunita). Charlotte Knight- binoculars for scamming. Dr. Miller- Thank you for making life real. Lacy Hobgood, I leave to you a camping trip, a park bench, a cocoon, remnants of roses, an early morning jog, cartoons, a sofa, oreo-cookie pie, myself and my love.

I, **Lydia Bouknight**, do hereby bequeath the following to some very lucky juniors: Ananda: my stopwatch, the swim team, and Bruckner; the swim team: my secret Barry Manilow collection; to Warren, my share of Power Bars and my almost "car"; Matt: the warm fuzzy I never got; to frances: a great big hug; to Jennifer: all the Diet Coke I have; to Shay: a man (NOT!!); to Yolanda: a slightly used and occasional retarded roommate; and to my wonderful

roommate, I leave my loft and carpet (for a small fee), my eternal friendship, a lot of late nights, gratitude, a birthday present, and a large piece of my heart (I love you Robin! Fly with Christ!).

Robert Brannon

Not being in so well of a mind, I will the following. First, to those who get the triple, I leave the loft, hundreds of lost pieces of duct tape, and the extension to the free phone. To Steve and Alex, I'll leave a clue or two. To Aaron and Adam, that damn catapult that never got built. To Jeff, my one bottle of sunblock. To Sam, you already have what everyone wants. To Andres, any scrap he cares to pick up from the triple. To Joe and John, I promise to get your names straight some day. To everyone else on the hall, you might get free dibs on food the excess food in the triple. To Dwayne, all my pascal programs. To Tony, some more hairspray. To Alan, I finally give you peace. Eric I apologize for the stereo. Dan and Brent, thanks for being necessarily anal. Chris and Rhett, I leave the memories of all the fun we had. Thanks for being there Jason. To Anne Lincoln, I leave my heart and love.

George M. Bridgers

To Dr. Miller and Mr. Poe: I leave the greatest "Thank You" for introducing the NCSSM experience to me. To Mr. Poe: I leave the book, "101 Ways to Intentionally Forget People's Names." To NCSSM: I leave behind two wonderful years. To Third Bryan: I leave a can of WD-40, a role of Duck Tape, and an empty phone booth. Also, I leave a huge check for the AT&T man. To Kevin Cromwell, Nick Remmes, and Darius Burden: I leave a hall which was home for the last two years. To Kevin Cromwell and Dee Priester: I wish the best-of-luck in your new marraiges. May they be the happiest years of your life. Finally to Jennifer Tucker: I leave behind the times when I could not just hop in a car and come see you. Also, as always, I leave my never-ending Love. I Love You Jennifer!

I, **Nakia C. Brown**, being of sound mind and body, bequeath my single (Hill 102) to anyone lucky enough to get it. (Beware of the curse that lurks within: mysteriously disappearing lab notebooks, clothes, money, etc. that turn up months later). To those of "us" who plan to stay in Hill next year, stock up on patience and restraint this summer.

To my brothers and sisters of AUφ, remember where you come from and who your real friends are. Remember me when the moon stands in front of the sun (hint, hint!).

I leave my place in line for pool to Richie H., and please keep your balls on the table.

As for the softball team, I leave: my (#22) jersey and L. Centerfield stomping ground to anyone who can handle it, the line drives to Angela, and the fly balls to Shannon (remember that the fences don't move just for you), to Penny A., keep diving for the low ones and watch out for the snakes! To the rest, thanks for a good season.

AUDI 5000, Nakia Brown

Me, **Rhett S. Brown**, leaves me love and admiration to Wub and Giblet, fellow techies and the best roomies ever. To The Rabid Hairdresser, I leave my sincerest hopes for the best future, that which includes my presence, and the truest thanks I have. You're beautiful. To Colin, I leave my wallet because I wish I could get hotel rooms as cheap as the