

ones you always did. To Seth, I bestow my longest bellybutton hairs and the ability to say "No" to the ho. To Colbert, I leave this sentence and a really neat hairdo. To all the incredibly lame juniors on my hall, I leave you to each other because that is what you deserve. To Justin and Ashley, I'm really not leaving so get over it. I can't leave anything else because these sphincters want to play baseball on Colbert's Mac. Bye to all of you, especially the buttheads. Just kidding. O.K., maybe I am not kidding. This is lots of fun. Don't make me stop guys... Wait... Stop...

I, **Michael Browning**, being of sleep-deprived body and fatigued mind, do leave the following things:

To Chris Smith, I leave some hormone control, a more quiet nature, and lots of women in Germany. To Mike, Robert, David, and Jay, I leave a good year in the "quadruple." To Robby, I leave trips to the weightroom, good luck in finding a new lifting partner, and the "Strongest Guy on 2nd West" title. To Neil, I leave the attention that comes with having the best computer on the hall. To Shane, I leave better sportsmanship skills and self-control from being overcritical of people on the court/field. To Brad (the Bradmeister), I leave a clue. To Jon Mott, I leave a big dose of self-esteem. To Brian, I leave paper fights, late-night studying, computer games, and a great next year. To Brian and Neil, I leave room 220, use it well. Finally, to 2nd West, some juniors who annoyed us as much as you did.

I, **Erin Caldwell**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to Melissa Wood "we are living in a world of fools," records yeah yeah records, teepee

camping, squozen grapes at the bagel brugery, sunflower seeds, nude sunbathing, a fifty dollar bottle of visine, hot wax, firecrackers, and Men In Love. To Marlene, a book of logic, laxatives, and a six-pack of O'Doules. To the RA's, a real life. To Barko, all my love and sincere admiration, it's been a fun game. To Rebecca, oranges, bagels, and crystal light. To Lacy: weekends at Meredith. To Robbie, nothing because you won't be here. To Joe Liles, a lens cap. To Diana, my old room (if walls could talk). To Dr. Knecht, my yellow card. To the new juniors, the best and hardest years yet.

I, **MP**, a.k.a. meepsb, snowflake, and mary pat, do hereby leave.

I, **Rozana Carducci**, do hereby leave to many, Rachel, Laura, Elizabeth, Laura, Kim, and Shannon my positive senior attitude and an open invitation to visit at Chapel Hill. To Mary Leaphart I leave my stressful schedule (yeah right!) and the bachelorette of the year award. To Rachel I leave my Duke poster and a sincere apology for second semester. To Laura and Elizabeth I leave Saturday Night Live parties and two wonderful juniors like I had to enjoy them with. To Susan I leave a clean t shirt and to Rebecca, Alison, and Katherine I leave the right to sing all the way home from tennis matches. And last but not least to Pres. Charlie Seal I leave my notebook, initiative, and dedication. Good luck!

I, **Aileen Chang**, of sound mind and body do bequeath the following. To Katherine, my sister, I leave her 500 'used' bottles of geland many more to come when we continue to share out thoughts,

methods, and techniques of eel raising. (Both near and far.) To Anne, I leave a year subscription of Cosmo. To Catherine, I leave many talks, lots of cool advice, and a pair of scissors to cut the hair of some lucky juniors. Mae, I leave thou a mad MCI customer and \$700. Susan, I leave you a rich, great-looking guy and an endless supply of tennis balls! To Alex, I leave you all the food in the world. Gil, the greatest woman in the world (next to mom), I leave you fireballs out the butt, a bucket of tears, and a lifetime of smiles. To the hall, 1st E, I leave a free phone! Last, but not least, I leave Kim and Holly, the greatest future suite mates, in the world, a freshman year at UNC-CH that will kick some serious butt. Bottoms up!

I, **Catherine Collingwood**, being of lost mind and stressed-out body, hereby forget to pack the following: to Jen: an economy-sized pack of BC headache powder, lots of email, my crutches, and lots of love & hope. To Dan James: normalcy and a bigger station wagon. To Luke: another fun year in Spanish, official quote responsibilities, the RT console, and Candace. To Mike Davis: DIRECTOR and Kobayashi Maru and all of the hassles involved, but it'll be worth it, I promise. To Josh: a stray cat named Tabby. I don't want her! To mp: Oodles of Noodles, late-night philosophy, moo makers, square root of 2, and keep Sullivan from falling down! To 4th West: hope. To Carolyn: rock collections and lots and lots of fun. To whoever gets my single (RD203), condolences. Now I can graduate!

I, **Doodle Cowan**, being of sound mind and awesome body, do bequeath to the following persons: Melissa Wood- a room in Hayesville (please don't

