



retaliate; 4th West: intramural domination; Paul H.: a new church experience and best of wishes; Jennifer M.: a way to keep track of your ID card; Mary & Rachel: presidential hand motions; Ananda: a tree; Darcie: lettuce, ice in your milk, real green, ponder and live, and the vision of truth in life & the glory of living in it.

To all the juniors: a year of seniority you've toiled for, college acceptance letters, scholarship rejection letters, curfews. Find a bright side and look on it. Don't let all the happiness you deserve pass you by.

To whatever team ends up drafting Christian "the almost graduate" Laettner, my deepest regrets.

Artura D. Goods' Last Will and Testament

To the following people I bequeath these things:

Jennifer Robinette...patience, perserverance, and pervertedness; Natasha Campagnola...all of my cow memorabilia (after my demise since I would never let go of it during my lifetime); Kacheckia Heath...all forms of money ever in my possession; Charlotte Knight and Nicole Fielder...my title as TV goddess (it will take both of you to handle the position); Domecia Davis...my volleyball strength; Lisa Piekarski...any name you dream of; Ladell Robbins...all the luck in the world of getting into Harvard; Diana Jordan...the lost and found box in East Lounge; Juniors who know me...my visits next year

Juniors who do not know me...the chance to clue in about my identity (really, I'm not as arrogant as I seem—I'm worse!); Junior Class...the courage to pursue and attain all your goals.

Most of all I leave my room to anyone who will keep it as neat as I did (of course, it will be empty). I love you all (especially you, Marlene!)

I, **Kelly Goss**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath:

To Scott Ogle my little brother all my sisterly love and all the incoming Junior girls, To Mary L my SAB headaches, my title as resident blond and my slack senior schedule. To Rachel, a bikini to layout in, to Diana and Allison Crayolas, scissors, and glue. To shannon, allergy medicine and a procrastination couch, to Kim S my box of Minute Rice. To Kris after dinner talks and Carolina weekends. To JP, DN, MS, HS, KB, BM—What song did they open with? To KB, CS, JP, DN, MS a mirror! To Sonya and Holly, my love. Let's take UNC by a storm! Finally to Ben 2/15, 2/19, 3/27, 3/29, Every bit of my love and I drive next time.

I, **Derek Hales**, being of sound body and mind do hereby bequeath:

To Colbert some Nair, a razor, and the Great Bluedini; to Rebecca a way home; to Lacy some ham and eggs; to Patrick my notch and a shoot in h— at a 92-93 intramural championship; to Oliver and Mark C. I'll just say "it was a classic" maybe you can top it next year; to Gary a salt lick and a stolen base; to Bobby "Doughboy" Thapar a little hotchy; to Heather a LIFE; and lastly to Melissa the Rock Quarry, a revolver, a pool after 2 a.m., and a warm bed to sleep in.

I, **Brett Hall**, do hereby bequeath 3rd B to Darius and Nick. To my precal group—the best of luck in Cal and some TI batteries to Mealies. To Dr. Britton—an amp that almost worked and promise a good one later. To Kevin C.—the cool rising seniors of 3rd and a happy marriage, the track team—a better discus thrower next year, to all Miller Britliters—the def. of Hamartia (several times), to NCSSM—thanks

for the last two years and a bright future to all who enter this insane asylum. To Amy P.— memories and my best wishes always, and finally to ALL the seniors—success and happiness in what ever career you choose and the life ahead. And remember to (as Miller would say...) to CARPE THE DIEM!

I, **Jeremy Hardison**, hereby graduating, do leave the following:

To Kevin, racquetball court slots and a deck of cards. To Dr. W., good luck with his job next year. To "D." congrats on the SGA office and good luck in physics. And finally, to Nick, all the times this year and next.

I, **Gina Hayes**, being of no mind and sound body leave Jennifer Nixon the phone, Ronnie, Joe, and all of the great thiem we have had together. Keep First Hill straight next year as DA. To Charlotte Knight I leave all of my softball skills, the pitching mound and the fourth batting spot. To Alex Thompson I leave all you clothes; one day I'll buy some. Also, I leave you all of my men; do with them as you want. To my Roommate, this year has been great. We have been through alot and I wish you the best at Wake Forest. To Dwight, Ladell, and Jodi, don't corrupt the junior minds too much and don't be strangers next year. To everyone else have a *great* senior year. Remember: Have patience. All things are difficult before they become easy. Fear less, hope more; eat less, chew more; whine less, breathe more; talk less, say more; hate less, love more; and all good things are yours.

I, **Mary Herring**, being of unsound mind and weary body do hereby bequeath the following:

To Ground E—memories of long hall meetings, exploding floor drains and lots of food! To Jay—a roomful of Easter grass and a bag of peanuts; To Laura my position as head female in the male stud squad fan club; To Jeanette—flower shopping in the rain and a place to stay next year; to Bonnie and Jason, best wishes for great halls and to Crystal W., a really fun room! To Sarah and Johanna, late nights in RE 2 and big plans for 10th floors! Thanks for beingsuch wonderful people. To Nicole, lots of toilet paper and Easter grass, WRRD papers, and lots of snow! To Christine, late bathroom trips, lots of flowers and of course the BEST SHOWER!!! To Charles, pieces of tinsel, "magnetic" personalities, sanity breaks, lots of constellations and thanks for being such a neat person.

Being of sound mind and decent body, I, **Will Higgs**, wish that upon my graduation these gifts may be given forth across the campus of NCSSM.

To Rob Vogelbacher I give a real life for he sorely needs one. To Kyle Clayton I give a good season in wrestling. To David Klein I give a blowup girlfriend. To Jay Lyerly I give lots of Salisbury Steaks laced with growth hormones. TO Joe Dobner I leave nothing for he is hopeless. To Jeremy Stanley I leave good luck in love. To M. I leave the secret of being late to every class. To Josh Haga I leave lots of seditives, a wheelchair, 9 small handguns, WRRD, a bad day, a headache, and a big imagination. To Sandy I leave anything I've won so that he will no longer be a complete loser. To Ben Davenport I leave my U2 CD (Not!). To Mike Webster I leave his own computer to screw up. To Colbert Cannon I leave an epilady. And to Spence I leave No-Dose pills.