

I, **Jeff Huang**, do hereby bequeath the following: to Chuck, I leave the ability to talk quickly and clearly. I also leave you all of my senior "wisdom" which you will need next year. To J-Glo, I leave exactly what you wanted: some Busche and plenty of jimmies for next year. You can also have all of my good Angela/Tony, UFO, and Beirut stories to impress the ladies. I also leave you and Strauss my unerring ability to stay out of trouble. Keep your noses clean next year. To 4th East I leave my pity because Vogelbacher will be your DA next year. Finally, I leave to the junior guys the well-used sayings of "FTS" and "ABIABIAHIAS." If your senior year is anything like mine, they'll become your philosophy towards life. Peace out.

I, **Jennie Hubbard**, leave memories of pen flipping to all juniors who told me to stop it, asked me how I did it, and tried to do it themselves. To Kim, memories of staying up all night, breakfast on Saturday morning, yogurt and cranberry juice, ear infection medicine, and thank you, sleazy smurf, for being an awesome friend! To Diana, a case of doves, a ferret, and the key to room 43. To Priscilla, nightmares about UT, little pink hearts, chili sandwiches, and all my love—you've been a great friend! To Steve, a gift certificate for nasty cole-slaw at Hardee's and some tape for your mouth after track meets. To Chris Goff, my collection of videotapes of a certain person's room—be nice and share them with his many fans, Chris! To Rebecca Minton, I leave cheesy romance novels, pineapple pizza and memories of cool bus rides. To John D., a better lifestyle. To Tarantula, shampoo for oily hair and a tub of oxy!

We, **Kristin Hutchings** and **Donna Jennings**, leave to Katherine Tayloe and Rebecca Filbey "The Book." See ya!

I, **Donna Jennings**, leave to Rebecca Filbey band and my ability to win fights with my parents. To Katherine Tayloe, Laura Mielke, KimShankle, Scott Ogle, Todd Sullivan, and all other future DA's I leave lots of patience and good luck! To Jennifer Nixon I

leave my bathroom. Enjoy! To Adam Butler and Tracy Adams I leave cheerleading, since y'all are the only ones who want it! To Chris Goff, I leave someone else to keep awake late at night. To all Junior softball players, good luck next year! To Heather Ward and Melissa Wood, so they won't get kicked out before graduation, I leave my fear of getting busted, since I don't need it anymore. To the Junior class-Enjoy your senior year-make lots of memories, don't classify people by cliques, and help make NCSSM the place it is supposed to be.

I, **Kristine Johnson**, of mind, body, and soul (that's what I am, mostly), do hereby bequeath seven green hills, graceful evenings, golden sunsets to Julie; a BIG SMILE to Judy, "my twin"; a giant blue sky to Crystal; to Jennifer Hair, that dream about you with two different colored eyes; to Mark, the first rose of fall; to Scott, the best of Mrs. Baker's stories; the legacy of strange meal conversations to Waverly (Lingua Latina VIVAT!); a great wrestling match to Pam; mein Freund, Craig, Leb wohl und viele herzliche Wunsche!; to Jennifer Lee, strange jokes and a bear hug; to Nat, my empathy and pride for curly hair; to Elena, all the MathCAD you desire and my enthusiasm for the neat-o chemistry stuff; and to Stephanie, the oak trees outside our window and the song of their leaves at night.

I, **Tasha Nichole Johnson**, do hereby bequeath the following: To the 1992-3 Lady Unicorn Basketball team I leave my best wishes for a most exciting and successful season. Have fun, kick some butt, and have a pickle on me. Team unity!! To the "Get-Along-Gang" of Second Beall (you know who you are), and its honorary members, I leave all the noise you made while sitting outside my door all day and all night of every day and night. I also leave a big apology for every time Kirk called from 2nd Bryan to 2nd Beall. You guys are wonderful! Have a great senior year!! To Kirk McCoy, one of the most important people in my life, I leave my love, my heart and the memories of a most wonderful senior year. S&M would have been unbearable without you! I love you and I'm really gonna miss you! And finally, to the class of 1993, as a whole, hang in there cause Senior Fever will get to you next year.

I, **Shannon Jones**, being completely ready to graduate, do hereby bequeath the following: to my great roommate Nicole I leave my sleep-ins, my screwed-up alarm clock, and my fading memories of old SW. I'll miss our talks next year, but you'll still have our book to remember all those late-night lessons. To Jennifer H., I leave Tuesday Chinese food alone, a new deck of Camel cards, Warrior's Woman, and a new group of girls with which to read books aloud next year. Oh, maybe next year there will be a new girl to "get in the ring!" To Steve W., be good to my friend; good luck next year. The New First Beall DA's: best of luck—try to keep the hall as unique as it was this year. Rebecca and Maureen: you can't have my bathing suit! Jennifer Lee: maybe you'll become addicted to Y&R next year. Erika, Shmooz, Stacy: I leave carcinogenic bean paste, Coke, and MSG. To DM, learn first—then live, my love.

I, **Mohit Khasibhatla**, leave to the only junior Lounge Cat the lounge, T.V., and all the traditions of the illustrious Lounge Cats—guard them well. To the lazy bastards I leave the one hand block—in your neverending struggle against the stooges—the Lounge Cats and associates will always be with you. To the stooges I leave cards—no one else wants them. To Violent Cousin I leave Joe Bailey who will teach you how to meditate and to channel your anger—ya right. Shutup Richard. To Derek Raynor and Adrian Bass I leave Purina Dog and Cat food—have fun. To Winfield and Kool I leave lead pillows and loaded boxing gloves. To Grandpa I leave a bag of underwear (have you found it yet) and a cane. To Gary Montalvo I leave a one-way ticket to Puerto Rico—use it, please.

I, **Mary Kiesau**, don't feel like writing a senior will. First of all, I can't decide who to leave stuff to—except for a few obvious people. Second of all, I can't decide what to leave. So, I'm just not going to do it, and all you juniors who want something - just choose your own "gift" and say it is from me. Sorry if I've disappointed some of you—but that's the way things go—but this way, you can have anything you want, no fuss. Have a great senior year! See ya.

