

# SENIOR WILLS

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Thank you for a great year. Mel: Thanks for all the fun times and all the long talks. Lori: "Baby-Got-Back". Second Bryan: The job answering the door for everybody else's boyfriends. Russell Robinson: "Paint it Black". I leave Second West in the consistently indecisive position I found it. I leave my seat in Physics to someone else who will consistently get the best sleep of their life there. I leave my room to somebody who doesn't have flood insurance, because it never leaks. I leave my lack of mental energy to somebody who works too hard. I leave German class to all the poor fools who have to take it.

I, Seth Goldstein, hereby leave the following to the class of '01: to Jimbo-some Plymouth pride and a Crocodile Hunter episode of snakes; to Katie- a close call at the Eno; to Thomas- a Philli, some brotherly advice, and a big Whasssup!!; to Rohit- \$30 from the pool; to Lindsay- someone to help you with math and hopefully more "celebrations"; to Meredith-late night phone calls, someone to hug you, and all the criticism I could ever want; to Mike Lamb- my presidential hopes and dreams; to Amber- a John Belushi T-shirt; to David and Andy- Westhouse; to Gia- a new bandana; to anyone who wants it- my Art Studio work service

I, Becky Ballard, being of inquisitive mind and petite body, bequeath to Lucian a Duke party and sledding without thorns; Brandy an inflatable man and underwear after a shower; Raj a hot "chick"; Rachel markers (washable, of course); Jill "numb"; Vinh a song and a dance; Danae "a room" and "secrets"; DJ scary roller coasters and a water bed; Rico Suave scotch tape, another dance, and a Duke party; April life as a 2D PCC; Lily more Physics fun next year; Benita a kiss; Erin the perfect romance; Stephen dog food; Lindsay Latin lovers, Adele coke bottles and a black mask; Chris "blue for clarity"; Beccah The Footloose Kiss with a hot Duke guy, a candy cane; Kitty B, my "super-woman," a swingset and satin undies; Vinh, Raj, and Lucian Bully's and Egyptian Rat Screw; guys of 2HE continued cuddles; Lori Reynolds 2D #206; and Marc the Gadfly.

I, Holly Tyler, hereby bequeath the following: To Melissa Hardy all the memories, good and bad, that we've shared through this year and my ear and heart anytime you need someone to talk to! To Sooz the memories in Byan 308 and 318, and a pair of Wrangler jeans to rock in Texas! To April Jesse's pager #, go ahead and give him a call! For real though, all the nights we sat up talking about nothing knowing we had work to do, and our "trip" to Kings Dominion. To Ha! I leave your crazy self a sane mind so that you can act right next year up at H.U., and some mac n' cheese. To Letta, my Sprint bill (just kiddin'), and my playa skillz to work on the brothas next year! To Justin M. the courage to stand up to a REAL woman. To Samantha, a real man. To David Yu, my number (I know you want me). To Lyndy, the night before your Latin American exam (you know what I'm talking about), and some minorities at UNC! And to all the fake sistas I leave

the serenity to accept the things you cannot change, the courage to change the things you can, and the wisdom the know the difference! I'm out!

I, shruti chudasama, bequeath the following to my people: amisha, concealer, lock for her wardrobe, undelivered letters and conversations on 2BL junior year, mr. right at duke, more mixers, a room at unc, horns; alison, showers, ethnic food of england, truly connective conversations, best prom, perpetual tan, my endless supply of fitting metaphors, plane tickets to visit me; jen, cake, consolation, endless 3am talks, bricklayer z, maree prem, doubl-icity (hers and mine), a sister at unc; sindhura, indian dances, snow at 2am, green pants, infinite phone cards, my spasticity for 4 more years; rita, recognizance of her inner and outer beauty; rose, bloodhound gang, elitism, renewed confidence in her powerful writing; katie, eternal love, junior year with its moments of bliss and hell; rohit, true friendship, decisiveness; stephen, crutches, real level II, another math partner, bubba, sparkling eyes, sweet memories; 2B, topless glory, an incredible senior year.

I, Alison Chu, of min-body and content mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to the cheerleaders, a mat and the best of luck. 2nd Bryan: halls as wonderful as this year's - I love you guys! Janie: my Lazyboy & a "kid" name. Ankeet, Ravi, Ameet: Myrtle & better wet t-shirt contestants. Sejal: good orange juice. Peter: hotta fresha peppa? Robin: all-nighters. Sara: 25-cent vending machine toys. Heather: scared kids & my French AP score. Shannon: our butt-rubbing dance move. Claire: woo-woo & stories about Joe. Stephanie: rearrangeable furniture. Whitey: "tu me complets, moi-de-mini!" Lauren: a tan, some endurance. Keriann: aerobics videos & "good times". Katie: Stats poems. Rita: shotgun navigators & some confidence. Amisha: lotsa fatkid, tsarina-hairdressing love. Shruti: showers, horns, and a deserving boy. Sindhura: 2 million calling card minutes, scary movies & love. To everyone else that I am forgetting, thank you for making me who I am.

I, Amber Haynes, of Grateful mind and Dead body do hereby leave the following to Rachel Brommer: a pair of bowling shoes and a lucky strike. Holly Hardin: my futon....yeah right! Erin Davis: some white girl shoes. Amisha Shrimanker: a never ending bowl of chips and salsa. Lauren Carr: a musty ole couch and some crab legs. Matt Moore: a cold one. Andy Lame: a stroll down Abbey Lane. Emma Hardison: a golf course equipped with one golf cart, a ball on a chain and endless laughter. Josh Gray: a ride in the back of a cop car and one ticket to the next Grateful Dead show. Whitney Britt: crazy dance parties, a wardrobe of tie dye t-shirts, and oodles of shnooodling. And to the great Sarah Laliberte: two fun-filled years and one roommate good for life

I, Emma Christine Hardison, of quasi-sound mind and body, hereby leave Hanni Muedter late nights, Nidhi Thapar rooster poop and shower stories, Katie Hart and Lauren Ariel lots of silliness,

Holly Harden a tv stand, Heather Rickman a good ear and a big mouth, Katie Watlington the ability to keep her mom from stealing Jim, Jim Fergusson a big fat "Duh Huh Huh", Whitney Britt a square voice, Josh Gray cuts and bruises, Sarah LaLiberte a space in my new bed, and Amber Haynes lasers in the sky.

I, Sarah Lynne Laliberte, of weary mind and broken body, hereby leave Holly Harden and Elizabeth Currin Eva's Getup Kids CD, Nicole Martin a big old water tower, Erin Davis all the white girl clothes she can handle, Talen Yerger lots of dancing, Nigel Kirby too much fun, The Wizard of Oz, and fruit, and to the class of 2000, a big fat wet kiss.

Justin Johnson-- I leave Derek Yuan: the guest bathroom and my N'Sync posters; David Yu: the heart to put his b-ball talent to work; Paul Raff: his racquetball rackets; PJ and Seth: a shiny white moon; Andy Lame: AAAHHHIGHT!; Melissa: a ride home; Evan: a starting position; Holly Harden: MOOOO!; Lindsey Roofe: Hey peaches!; Juan Scivally: over due cameras; V.W. Troxler: a day planner; Lauren: my good friend Marvin; Amir and Ashesh: NOTHING! (you will be great suite mates); Jesse Taylor Wilmoth: a haircut, late nights watching movies, pranks, toothpaste, and I leave him with the best friendship a roommate could ask for, thanks for always listening; BLEU: NOTHING, I take with me the greatest love and most amazing memories ever imaginable. Wherever we go, you mean the world to me and no one (NO ONE) could ever(EVER) take your place. Forever and Always.

I, Page Marshall, being of reasonably sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following things to the following people: to Anne, the best roommate in the world, the X-Files poster you love so much, a good lookin hottie, and all the fun you can possibly stand next year, to Talen, all my love and support, a good lookin hottie to keep you company, as well as a ride to and from Carolina when you want it, to Dawn, my ability to get up in front of a crowd and make a fool of myself, I know you're good at it but everyone can use some help and a good lookin hottie for you to play with, and to all the rest of my junior friends, I give you the ability to thoroughly enjoy your last year here. To my senior friends, good luck in life and in love.

Brenn Hill: To Russel Robinson I leave: A life time supply of black paint, and a miniature White house. To Rob White I leave: a bunch of happy fairies who defy the darkness. To Khara Johnson I leave: I push-o-matic To Michael Audish and Jenny Levenbrook I leave: one black tarp. To Aaron Hertz I leave: I clue stick. To Ildar I leave: I inflatable iguana To Brandon Tyndall I leave: Dragon repellent, and anti-whip cream. To Dawn Padula I leave: 4th grade. To John Davis I leave: I werewolf skin, I lyre To RoachGod: an enduring legacy of pain and despair. To Yelena I leave: I John Davis. To Evan I leave: I inflatable Ildar. To Jon Borjas I leave: a dangerous secret To NCSSM I leave:

My knowledge of administrator access codes. To Bevin I leave: Laughter, colored green.

Senior Will for Jo Mason: I leave all my problems to Veena Rao, everything that stings to Nilam Patel, my best wishes to all the new Phourth Bryan Seniors, my fondest regards to Yelena Burtseva and James Head at DUKE, and my room to two very LUCKY girls.

Jernigan, Kimberly: I'm not sure where to start... there are so many to think of. To all the graduating seniors, I would like to wish you the best of luck in being successful in the Real World. To Ms. Nidhi, I would like to leave all my knowledge/advice about males and their ways; to Ms. Shannon Hudson, I give my construction man and booty music; to Ms. Shannon Alexander and Ms. Nilam Patel, I give the memory of my 1st thongs; to Ms. Katie Hart and Laurin Ariel I give the best of wishes for next year as RLA's; To all of 4B, I give all the best construction men in the world. Concluding, to my Brian Wilson, I give my love and farewell. I love you all and peace out.

I, Katie Westmoreland, being of questionably sound mind and body, leave NCSSM, the good times and the memories, to these people: To Candace- Trips to the store, pregnancy tests, RLA conferences. Rita- an inflatable shark, long talks. Courtney- a great summer, a less revealing shirt. Nga- Calculus wisdom, Asian rice. Kenny- an A in Chemistry, a great Senior year. Nigel- a 5 on the Physics AP, a third nipple. Heather- a toothbrush, sleepovers, cool flip-flops, Ben Folds Five CD's, someone to squeeze you, lots of lullabies, Andy- dinners at Cosmics, "strolls", a bathing suit, Westmo-love, more appreciation than you'll ever know. Kelly- dull plates, prom dates, a key to my room, all my food, shoes with popout wheels, yogurt, good-night hugs, a huge thanks. Matt- one cheese and two chicken quesadillas, an alarm clock, disposable camera cartridges, a walrus, Dr. Smooth, random unlocked doors, a reminder to eat. My girls on First Beall: YOU KNOW! Class of 2000- We're out.

I, Thomas Olyn Robbins, being of Royal mind and body do hereby bequeath to: Jessica Roark-long nights; Rob Watts-2 feet and a grilled cheese sandwich; Alistair Anagnostou-clothes and Blair; Riley Roberts-stripes and corn-chips, parties at UNC; Evan Burness-Pop-Tarts ; Doug Whitfield- perseverance, Miller Tests/notes; Talen Yerger-Chucky B.; Will Garneau-Britney Spears and "North Face" vest; Chris Paul- Foreign Travel and the College Board; Erin Heenan-Affirmative Action and Young Republicans; Ashley Rankin-take care of Erin, smiles; Andy Schlesing-Young Republicans; Ambareesh Pandit-Pateletubby; Wesley Harris-Thumbelina; Rebecca Wingo-Irish sweetness; Stephen Greenfield-Senora Munroe and Spanish Help; David Currin-Republican Debate!; Holly Hardin-Cajun Spirit

Ravi Agarwal, Shaleka Covington, Lauren Ariel-Richmond PRIDE!; Blair Turner-Alistair; Derek Oxendine-my room; Heather Martin-Super-

star, Habladora!; MPCs-fun filled year and DO NOT procrastinate

i, clarice spica of dwindling mind and almost buff body bequeath... emily, ashley, minar, katie:2C balcony, use it wisely; DPS:a meeting spot, secrecy, feelings never hurt&unity; emma&amber;no more themes; alexis:elevators, sweettart shots, everything u n m e n t i o n e d ; rita:pride&prejudice(6hrs), long talks; minar:lots of random play, a diet, my mall look, a beautiful korean, happiness; sara(monkey?):smart games, LEmur, slim, the trippy girl; emily:my hair salon, ALL my levels, a boyfriend & prom date, miniterm cleanup thanks:); katie:sunbathing topless, 2C balcony(both), mr. nubbs, you suck youjacka\*\*, playful bickering; emily&hanni:my room, take care of it; kate c.:being there during tough times, the memory of one tuesday never to be thought of again, being on of the best friends i have; nidhi:Shh.. be quiet; rosie:falling asleep before 3, breaking into your house, hand claps, the best mac&cheese you've had, the wiz; rose:my screwdriver, good karma, as many alibis as you could need, oh my jean shorts too:); ellen: fun makeup and crazy clothes, nights in your room, talks; nicole:effortless theater with all the tools, materials, & time you could need; kristen&kelly:fun bus rides & all my glitter; liz:fun in HK & an invitation to the mountains anytime. to those mentioned & unmentioned: an understanding ear, a shoulder to cry on, a hug & a smile, or a laugh to share. LOVE AND BE LOVED

I, Ellen Wingo, of absent mind and present body, do bequeath the following things to the following people: Elizabeth and Holly: a dash of hot sauce, "Ha,ha,ha, I am superwoman!", all the Cajun love and mardi gras beads you could possibly want; Katie and Fatimah: the best hall there is, of course; Morgan: more food; Erin and Samantha: a can of cheese&salsa (ask me later); Nicole P.: a healthy year; Nicole M.: "We're really no better than chickens."; Nigel: more Hawaiian shirts (you don't have enough); Rob: the Salsa and rice&beans; Emily: a flower; Chris and Chuck: a more adult sense of humor; Alistair: all my love, and take care of Kelly; John: a really big marker and a bigger wall; Scott: junior girls to pick on; Stu: Caj-onnnn; Dave: the Assembly Hall; Gaby: Dave (good luck); class of 2001: a great senior year and the right to be slack.

I, Greg Aldridge, being of burned-out mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: James, Burke, & Marvin: NCSSM diplomas, Carolina Duke party; Jayur: woo, pot to puke in; Daud: dutchmastas, my rap vocabulary; Forrest: discrete places without smoke detectors; Travis: R-rated movies, caffeine; Gentry: jar of flying peanut butter; Butson & Brent: Hill Villa III, 2HN traditions, ongoing war against A-Tcam, get out of jail free cards; Wilmoth: nein-das ist verboten!; Andy: grossen klumpen Butter; Kathy: 4 years of college up north; Sarah: my half, spring break; Lauren: pasty white people in Philly; Jamie: da bears, 12/5/98; Joy: sticks falling from the

sky in my absence, steal-proof shoes; Zoey: permanent balls; Lindsay: lbg reputation; Erin: apples, reasons why you're my hero; Kate: southern accent; Emma: luv, luv, more luv; Rita: continued reign; Phil: corner of Watts, memory block for baseball season; Frank: license for big trucks; Jim Little, american hero: CCB robbery, redistribution of wealth, many thanks; everyone listed above: place to stay next time you're in Arizona.

You know, I was going to limit my will to 150 words, but then I thought, "Hey I'm doing all the work for these wills and you people can just get over it. So here goes... I Frank Menius do here by bequeath all my worldly and unworldly possessions to those people who have influenced and shaped my life over the last two years in ways I can't even imagine. Juniors: I have been known to knock your class from time to time, but truthfully I could not have made it through this year without some of you. Jason and Tim, I give you my "Magic" end tables (guard them well), and a life long supply of Life-savers. John, You get the title of knowing the most jack. Anna, I wish there was something I could give you, but I can think of nothing that could compare to what you have given me with your smiles, besides I don't think anything can possibly make you happier. Kate, I give you the strength walk through life without fear or regret. I also want to give you the answers to the questions I could not answer before. I give to Liz. D. my A\*S, sorry Vihn. Amy W, I would like to return your "wonga." And just say that some times I wonder, "what the H\*ll's going on around here. Amy D., you get German, so you can understand the next opera. Becka, I would like to give you a friend for those laps around Hill. Shanna, My Beatles tape, what else. Laura, two monkeys and a goat. Leslie, A hope that you will always explore the game in life. Blair, Hugs. Megan, a stranger. Courtney, A star lit mountain in Monte Verde, and somewhere on it is my white horse. Amit, To you I pass on the code to my office, I think you can find a use for it. Seniors: Its has been two long hard years, some may even say H\*ll, and I wouldn't have spent a second of it with anyone else. To those who I lost (ie. James, Burke, Marvin, BJ, Eric, etc.) I give graduation, RIP. Greg: The stoop, 12/5/98, and air so hot it burns your lungs. Travis, A stay in the paddy wagon. Jewels, I give you all your dreams and aspirations, and a friend who will be there till the end. Ellen, a world that helps you as much you help it. Vann, Corruption next year. Andy, your own bass amp. Jayur, I got a go-cart somewhere. Doug, some pictures for a change. Austin, White gloves and a black light to take on the road, I'll be your manager. Jay, Peace. Tracy, my mop. Sweet Tea (PJ, Seth, and Phillip), best wishes for all your future musical endeavors, and perhaps a better basses, I won't forget the music. And all those I forgot, I give you what I give everyday: love, compassion, an ear, a friend, and a dream. These two years have truly been a pleasure. Thank you all.