

I, ELIZABETH ALLOWAY, leave many things to many people. To Courtney, I leave 3 AM talking sessions and grumpy talks about people we don't like (or say we don't like because they were being too criticizing). To Megan, I leave tough Calculus problems and lots of games of Catchphrase. To Jodie, I leave Chemistry and Physics help (that I could never give). To Jenn, I leave many tackles in the elbow and lots of crazy photo ops. To Noura and Daphne, I leave quirky conversations about who knows what. To all of the juniors on 2C, 1C, and 1D, I leave happy memories and my best wishes that all of their dreams will be fulfilled.

I, JULIA ALSPAUGH, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to Allison van den Berg, Aisha Amuda, Susan Jaconis and Ameer Patel "Shake it, shake it... Feel Good!", giggly RLA meetings, and so much more; Melorah Brackley senior second trimester mornings and AP art fun; Calley Jones racquetball, Miniterm '06, henna and more doodles, gecko, sci-fi TV, hackey sack - I don't want a new roommate! Kimberly Poston kangaroo physics and Thursday lunches with Locopops; Jessica Lynch our many failed 3-step lessons (not our fault, btw); Frances Ni those French tardies you mostly didn't deserve and our many (non)-study sessions; Lessie Scott my room, my hall, my check board; The Lounge Rats a bigger, cleaner lounge J; Margaret Yim our many multi pods, and yes, my room is still larger; Women's track team a more successful - but just as much fun - next season; Amelia Wallace chemistry notes written with the left hand; Haolan Cai calculus, French (kinda), chemistry, and stats - can you help me with my prelab? And to everyone else (you should know who you are, and I know I must be forgetting people, sorry), thanks for a great 5/3 years!

I, TIM ALLSUP, leave to Nick Hamden better coordination; Bill Edwards a seat on the couch past midnight; Laura Parks my best wishes and a good senior year with Advil; Noah Weissman the yo-yo with which you always hurt yourself; and Tyler Ross a better room.

I, KIMBERLY APPLEWHITE, being of somewhat sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following, before I go any crazier: to Jessica Barnes, all the signs I have stolen off the walls; to Hattie Chung, the task of finding another uppity junior; to Kenan Crawford, my role as the person who knows everyone and their mother's business; to Elizabeth Cutrone, Beall 117, plus the extra key; to Meghan Dwyer, new walking shoes for your trek next year from Royall; to Bianca Faison, a (bootleg) copy of Kanye's Workout Plan, to help contribute to your future goals; to Matt Furmanek, my one true love, two trips to Cookout for every roundtrip I make to NYC, plus some bread and bologna;

to Matesha Jones, free trips to Cracker Barrel; to Morgan Kearse, a year's supply of Lunesta; to Ogechi Nzewi, the title of resident psychologist, plus a space in my apartment next year; to Ben Ziccardi, a book of sulphuretted peroxide strikables as requested, releasing all responsibility for any actions that might be taken, plus three months, if you want them; to my future Tarheels, a party in HJ the week before I leave; to my Spring Break Crew, protection for tiny Asians riding in the backseat of the Liberty; to my WECS table, a party in the 1st Watts breezeway; to Colours & LYTE, a wish for organized activities and non-mandatory meetings; and to Carlos Fuentes, an application to Tisch School of the Arts.

I, JENN BATCHELOR, be-



In their caps and gowns, the seniors gather outside of Watts for their class picture.

Photo by Amy Bryson

queath the following to my favorite juniors: I leave Maggie Zhou with my beloved Easter Egg Room and enough tea to flood the ETC courtyard. I appoint you master baby assassin. For Lindsay Alexander, I give countless mornings of waking up early and smiling bunches and the anagram "LUCK RAN SLEDS." Please continue the ten fingers tradition next year. To Kate Lee, I bestow love machine laundry days, a broken wrist, the mongo award and a

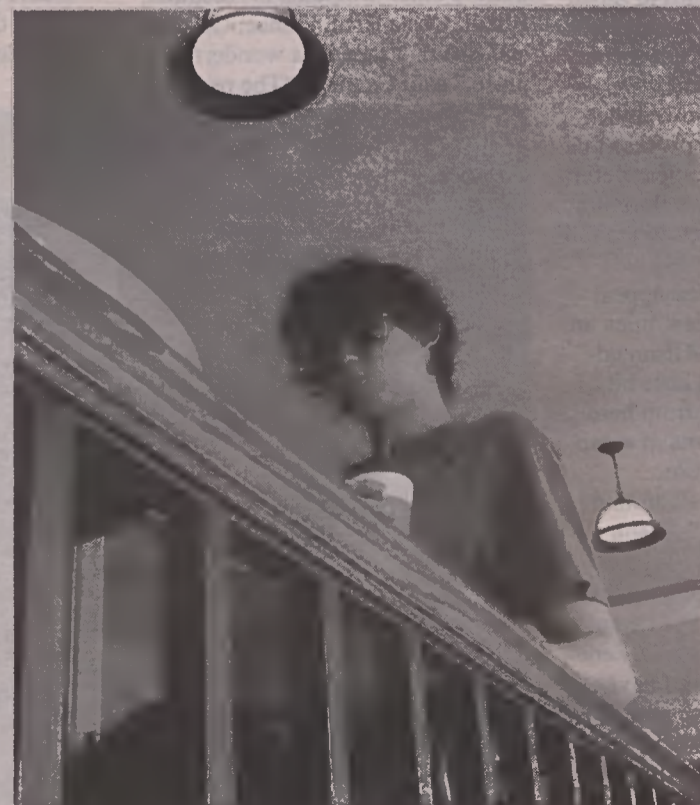


Photo courtesy of Ben Bogardus

winning season next year. I leave Lauren Iannotte countless hours of restricted study and the Mexican hat dance. To

Megan Johnson, I give the outfield of Branson Brown Field, she already owns it anyway. For Rob Andrews, I leave a bouncing van of teenage girls to drive down 15-501 and a HUGE tea. Lastly, I leave Lisa Pepin with "The Indie Hour," don't disappoint me and make it all emo. Remember, we keep it real.

I, BENJAMIN C. BOGARDUS, of solid mind and body or whatever, bequeath all this stuff to the juniors: -Next year's prom to the gaming juniors on my hall. Beck: I leave you a plethora of Vin Diesel jokes and give you permission to make them that was heretofore restricted. Mark Owalabi: I leave you all your cool nick names, like Owabugagoobali

or Owumbugabi, and will be sure to tell all the juniors that I can call you them next year. Will Baker: shade grown Guatemalan free trade imported rotated 180 degrees every three months coffee. Charles: love, and more love. Austin Capabianco: a conscience. Jacob Ulrich: weak shins and the ability to constantly complain about them. Chuckles: a beautiful smile and deodorant for those sleeveless T's. Kumar: My single and all the niceties that come with it. Elly Steel:

advertisements around campus, and the Aim screen names of all the girls I meet in Chapel Hill. Mertaza: choreography lessons and an extremely firm handshake to emphasize manliness. Collin: the right to pown in all things, including frisbee and soccer. D train: the real name and right to be called Daniel Goodson.

I, LEN BOYETTE (Crazy), as a member of the Trifecta, leave Colton Sexton sad pandas, mad guitar skills, France, a room that you can actually breath in, a witness of a drug deal, and TAG grenades along with many late night discussions with Dan Swaim, who I leave Italy (keeping Japan for myself), courage to stay alive at the Coast Guard Academy, swing races,

girlfriends that hate Brazil, and many torn threads on THE football. In addition, I leave fake computer viruses to John Powell (LJTP), Rubik's cube skills and an American flag to Yevgeniy Grechka, high school drama to Ben Sealy (Sheary), a giant pepperoni pizza to Adam Davis, stolen bath robes to Matt Fermanek, and the ability to concede a point as well as a working computer to my roommate, Will Yelton. I leave Twix, late nights at Honey's, long AIM chats, times on Royall porch, "Get NAK'D!", invites, kum-bah-yah, and a great prom to all those who feel they had a part in them. I want to leave amazingly slack/hilarious times to Mr. Rash's BEST pod, Mario Scott, Alex Hill, and Tim Canty. The amazing performances at K-haus go to Aaron Schmidt, Chuck Fort, and Alex Hill. All the great times at Imago Dei go to Richard Pridgen, Chuck Fort, and Steve Brown as well as the rest of the Imago Dei crew. Finally, I want to leave all the memories that were created on Fourth West to remain with those who participated in their creation... WEST HAUS!!!

I, KALMAN BUGICA, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave 1st Hunt the endless checks, housekeepings, hall meetings, and the thing that cannot be said; Carl Schissler the late nights, the music, and the "hardcore"ness; James Slade the legacy of 1st Hunt, the shortness, and what gangsta?; Scott Bowen and Donovan Patterson the movies, the games, and the countless times

on and off hall; Daniel Jang the co-RLA-ship, the check sheets, and the housekeeping sheets; Kyle Wolpert the gangsta raps, the high pitch voice, and the "Run, Kyle, Run!"; the Juniors on 1st Hunt the courage and strength for a good senior year; Stephen Burgess the help and assistance when the waters became troubled; Adam Preslar the good times and jokes with the Asians; Haolan Cai the "Egg Roll-Power Walk," weird Asian accents, and my friendship; Jeanne Chen, I leave you my friendship, my jokes, and a lending hand whenever you need help; Ameer Patel, my Spanish buddy, I leave you my height, but I also leave you my friendship and help; JP and Craig my basketball talent for the 3-on-3; Mr. Trocano and Mrs. Gallagher my never ending thanks for all of your help; and last but not least, the

one and only Sneha Chitra Yerra, for everything that you have done for me over the last 2 years and the understanding that you have had, I leave you my Italian seduction accents, my gangsta rap, my sideways hats, my humor, my laughter, my big, sweaty, bear hugs, and everything else that you have expected from the "special" kid that you know.

I, STEVEN BURGESS, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Hailey Loftis two kidney punches and one weenis grab; Clay Nance all of my biology tests/notes; Gabi Ghali some vienna sausages (of the chicken broth kind lol); Chris Calascione the wonderful group projects in Diff eq; John Kolena the exciting/enlightening times at physics work-service; Luke Lin, the times in my single after midnight; Jake Reardon, the countless sleepovers/in depth discussions on life; Dr. Allen, for giving me a yearning for understanding in chemistry; Saleem Carlson, the best roommate a guy could ever have; Aditi Parmar, for always lumphing me, even when I was in a pissy mood.

I, GERI BUTNER, leave Victoria P. countless molestations and dance parties, Bob the orange, a lifetime supply of candy apples, our children Dickie and Fefe (RIP Big Poppa) and more memories than I could ever list, Irwin Ki one amazing wake-up

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