

junior "juniorpointfive", Will Jackson the best-friendship I always wished we had, Mandy Drake movie nights on 2D and slamming the door in people's faces while laughing hysterically and Brianna Bohnam the ability to give sweet treats to everyone on her new hall next year in her efforts to make them fat.

I, Brian Grose, of sleep deprived body and caffeine

**Hawk Harrison** - To my roommate: all of our late night talks, laughs, hates, aspirations, awkward conversations, I leave to you. Also I leave to you the trust that we have built up together, and the thanks for always being the best person to talk to. To Lillian Strickland: I leave all of my happiest memories that were ever created within the boundaries of this school. I leave all of our hopes and

Bellis: the soundboard. It's your problem now. Racks, amps: on. Amps, racks: off.; Marcela Cervantes Cortez Aztecian AYAYAY: bubbles, a copy of Hearts of Hoodlums, and the irish hat. One trip to the cat's cradle.; Chaz Schlarp: one apology . . . CHAZ!; Dustin Fuller: A ticket stub to epcot center and a glove. And another glove; Weston Nelson: A less reflective mirror. And a pillow; Ester Ransom: A picture of Meg White and a clone locator

I, Juliana Hodges, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Cameron Shoaf my "we-taad" hearts and my lupy-ness; Gabrielle Revette my coveted single; Josh Chappell his right of being forever I-A; and "My Junior" softball girls babysitting privileges.

I, HeeTae Hong, leave Mike great Baba Ghanouj trips and a walking buddy; Sal

you press the bar against the receptacle plate and use a thin screwdriver to slide it over in small increments. Harrison Hutchens, Alex Williams, and Mrs. Lovett, we all deserve to die. Apparently, Sheev gets nothing. To all Juniors, do your schoolwork with a strategy to maximize evolutionary fitness.

I, Justin Huang, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my sacred RLA single, to my successor, Andrew Hicks. I leave Science Olympiad, the closest thing to my heart, to those awesome kids that followed me into the craziness that is Augusta, GA (you know who you are). State Champs forever. I leave free meals to Becca Pham and Jenn Zhu, the best junior siblings ever. I leave the Asian Cultures Club and AsiaFest, the Cultural Explosion, and the GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, to the Asians of the NCSSM network. You will all forever be close to my heart. I leave to Olivia Pan and Sandy Kim the most epic Food Drive ever. To Akhil Jariwala, all of the physics you can eat, and a book of cultural literacy on the side. To Anku Madan, I leave late nights and a few cases of Monster. To Ryley Davis and Patrick Yang, one word: DOTAAAAAA. I leave the best mixers in the universe to David Stoy, and the rest of the hall under the jurisdiction of the succeeding RLAs, Anku Madan and Andrew Hicks... and Sheev gets nothing.

I, Elizabeth Hutchins, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Paula McDonald a cinnamon sugar bagel with strawberry cream cheese, and a trip to Cosmic's, like you even know; Hope Wolf a hairnet in your bed, and "the plan"; Abby Wu and Linda Yang an honorary spot on 2C; Juliann Stalls my first tri schedule; Sunni Utt a hamburger with a pickle; Laura Brown scandalous boy stories; Christian Searcy the ghosts in the wall between our rooms; and 2C the legacy of Benjamin Hubert.

I, Jan Jorgensen, being of nearly sound mind, do hereby leave to Colin Ringwood my imaginary video camera; to Clayton Price macaroni and cheese, an egg MacMuffin, and a Mac computer; to Ryley Davis more mountains for his deck that doesn't have enough; to David Stoy the hole; to Ankesha Madan my study habits; to Alexander McCabe I leave Natalia's first-born child; to Andy Kwok a neck nuzzle; to Shane Pusz my undying love; to Anna Kang and Kayla Corbin the bus, to Peter McNeary a D20; to Amanda Drake BWAH; to Andrew Hicks learning how to pass clubs later; to George Zhao beating Sheev at Monopoly; to Lanair Lett CALM DOWN; to Ben Stone spamming chat logs and the strength to resist

Continued on page 7



Photo by Devika Chawla

influenced mind, hereby leave my soul and self esteem to Dr. Barber and the majority of the administration. To Adam, I leave my addiction to monsters and the hope that you will make it to your own graduation. To Sam, I leave the trips to the scrap exchange and yard sales. To Kyle, I leave random ideas, late nights drawing on the hall mirrors and a bottle of Ritalin. To Ashley I leave counseling and a pair of sunglasses. Joe, I think you can deal with the ninja routines. To Nick and Ben, I leave HL220 and its rich heritage. To Courtney, I leave whatever motivation I have left.

I, Sara Ursula Gutekunst, leave nightly walks to Bryan Desk and all of my motherly love to my daughter, Raya Taylor. To Shalini I leave my door bell - just because it is on your door, though, does not mean you cannot still ring it. To Jillian and Jordan I give all my Second Bryan love. Kristen, to you I leave the nerdiest of nerdy clothes and the school spirit that goes along with them. To Tony I leave the rights of "GUUUUUU!" And to Matt Hughes, I give the rights of being the one and only certain pretty blond senior.

dreams brainstormed for the future. To Colin Ringwood: I leave...hair. Not necessarily my hair....just hair, oh yah.... and pretty much the best baby unicorn in the world!! To Allen Lyons: TOKEN MALE...you know what I mean.

I, Brenda Hathcock, do hereby leave Josh Mason trips to Elmo's, great weekends, 10 years, "positive things about coming to Smath", sketchiness, and too many more amazing memories to name; Bridgette, Laura, Kaylee, and Heather lots of fun stories, plenty of questions, and our late night hot chocolate; Brian Grose puddle jumping/sliding, fake kisses, and many hugs that have brightened my day; my Junior Triple hopes for a great senior year; and Jordan, Jules, Brett, Laura, and Josh nights sitting outside 2E.

Patrick Heenan - I hereby relegate to Shane Pusz: Audio insanity (carry the legacy); birthday \_ \_ \_ and mounting (duh); a combat-shotgun in Fallout 3. WECS; Mitchell Owens: Vinyls, a printer, a fake copy of the Indian Removal Act of 1830 (T.O.T.) and the temperance movement. Mounting. Physics of Magikarp; Eugene Wong: HOUSEKEEPING; Britney

device; Collin Ringwood: A copy of The Warrior's Code; Sarah Balance: only the strangest poems and short stories; Josh Quinnett: WHAT IS THE PRIMARY. MAIN. OBJECTIVE. [?!]; Ami Sueki: Crater, Susan, bugs, flowers, crowns, trees, scavenger hunts, long letters, longer letters; a suitcase suitable for discretely smuggling an Irishman in relative comfort to a small, densely populated Asiatic country. Love. 3E: NINJAS!

Savannah Helvey - To Amanda Ackovitz, I leave the prop closet, the sweater, and the drama mama title. To Miki Hayes I leave the book and happy Jeff Dunham memories. I leave all these things to my juniors. To Polly Tobias, I leave the crown of singing random show tunes, an honor that is passed down from year to year. To Mitchell Owens I leave a big hug and a bunch of sibling-like pokes. To Brent Nash I leave craziness and all my love. To Sam Meeks, I leave happy memories of cyborgs, pirates, and demi-gods. To Colin Ringwood, I leave Dr. Thunder. To next year's Drama Board I leave love, memories, and lots of crazy-awesome responsibility. Oh, and Adam. To any junior I forgot - I leave everything else - have at it!

my superior skill in combat arms; Angela brotherly love, adventures to new places and long hugs; Thomas and Patrick amazing beach trips and car rides; Akash techno and my comfortable bed; Jihoon tennis rallies and ping pong matches; Simon our hall and infinite free housekeeping weeks; Abby poses and B+'s; Linda my constant disbelief of how weird you are; Jinyi my niceness and butt kicks; Sara my promises to take you out as a senior brother; Shane my music collection and lack of ethics; and 3rd East with hall nighters, flash techno raves and lasting memories.

I, Eli Hornstein, being in possession of both a mind and a body, leave some, but not all, of my possessions to the following people and organizations. To the Stentorian, I leave my refrigerator. Cherish it. Do not remove the stickers. To the high speed imaging class, a better pair of wire cutters. To the biology floor, a striped death shrimp and a guarantee of return visits. To First Hill, I leave an entire cabinet full of cooking supplies. To the Debate team, I leave the triple-D plan and a promise of judging. And T-shirts. To Antonio Kornegay, I say, 'Never give up, never surrender.' To Ryan Boodee,