

he pleases; Colleen McGuire emails that arrive firsthand instead of me forwarding them; and the 2009-2010 LIT@COM Liaisons the downstairs bulletin board of doom.

I, **Sarika Mendu**, of reminiscent mind and bittersweet spirit to hereby leave: A room filled with trippy rain and hidden disco lighting to Sarah Wang and Aisha. A futon for late night sleepovers, multitudes of multi homework, and editing amazing homemade videos to Wen. A jug of milk, an extra pair of pants, and hopes that you'll have a junior neighbor as crazy cool as you to Kirby. Months of Exploring Aerodynamics, identifying Fingerprints, eating gummy worm golgi bodies, and my proudest moments this year to Tasha. A pair of untied shoes and one "Burly bear" shoutout to Kevin Chu. Pleading phone calls and penthouse parties in Development to Mitchell, Sara, Courtney and Emily Revelle. A couple of leaves for Rishi to chew on. Plastic identifications and creative cookie tins for Hetali and Shalini. Ballin' bhangra moves and hilarious practices to Yesha. More out of tune notes than I could count to my amazing stand partner Antonia. And last but not least all my love and best wishes for an amazing year in The City to Fourth Bryan.

I, **Jerred Miklowic**, am shortly going to leave the world that we all know and love. In times like these we must not dwell on the present but look at the wonderful memories from the past and forward to the future that holds so many amazing experiences. In preparation of 2009-2010, I leave my lessons in pwning and the birthday ritual to 4th West. To Alex McCabe and Mark Ferris I leave the legacy of the DDR Club. To Ryley Davis and Justin Plummer I leave the hours of DotA that will be much missed. To David Stoy I leave the memory of the greatest Halo 3 beat fourth west has ever seen. To Anku Madan I leave memories of many intense ping-pong matches and awesome rallies. To Joseph Lynch I leave my final snickers bar that is finally yours for the eating. To 4th West I leave the countless hours of fun, laughter, bickering, gaming, pwning, arguing, the good times, and the bad times. I hope that I have in some way impacted all of your lives positively, and my final words to you are from a great man named MYM]Susiria: "gl hf dd ds ^^".

I, **Keally Miller**, hereby bequeath room 223 to Sara Eagle, the magical unicorn head, Ox and Rabbit visits at least twice a week, geocaching fun, and a very sad farewell to Jillian Froelick, late nights in 227 to Kristen Westfall, SAB presidency to Allison, Kristen, Amanda, Alex, and Stephen, the best prom night anyone could have asked for to Mr. Neville, many, many harassing

comments to Kevin Chu, and all the love in the world to every girl on second Bryan.

I, **Marseille Mosher**, hereby leave the following to my juniors: for Peyton I leave daily trips to the pfm and trying to talk like Tay; for Hannah I leave sarcastic jokes and awkward hugs that last two minutes; for Navya I leave conversations about RoRap that no one else understands; for Toyosi I leave bragging about Carolina's greatness compared to Duke; for Lydia I leave our huge room and

not being able to come up with something in this short window before the deadline and eternal gratitude for making this year more memorable.

I, **Sydney Ness**, leave David Stoy a small hot coffee, a shaker full of coco powder, a Bon Iver album, a 150 mL flask, a really awesome car, a cute panda bear, free packs for life, a \$0.75 coupon, the African man safety pin, "another?", gold aviators, the power to get to level 27, and yo' stuff on lock; Erica Venning a set of hot rollers with instructions

to appreciate and love being around. Eh, you think you could will me your unbelievable ability to find anyone without use of facebook, AIM, or a cell phone? Olivia Pan: Another year full of just barely being on time for check. Emma Hawkins: My creeper skills and a better Senior Brother. Kenny Pass: Another great year in Colours while having to put up with Mr. Leon. oh, and a million term papers to keep you warm at night. :D Caitlin Connelly: My Mad Bop-it Skills!

perfect; Jennifer Tran more memories in the coming year; Tiffany McCreary Matilda; Catie Earnhardt the unmade softball calendar; Drew and Marshall first trimester junior year and random lunches; and everyone else memories that will last a lifetime.

I, **Janneke Parrish**, pretending to be of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to my junior friends lots and lots and lots of stuff. First and foremost, I bequeath to Kevin, Fuzzy, and Alicia the title of Loon, knowing that they will use



Photo by Daixi Xu

potential to be the best senior roommate; for Hinson I leave our junior/senior sibling love to pass on; for Ryan I leave big bear hugs and juicy gossip; for Anson I leave my ice trays to make your ankle better and my threats to make sure you help it heal as well as arguments about Carolina/Duke basketball; and for Antavious I leave our awesome handshake, our real talk on Facebook chat, and my perfected LOOK.

I, **Graham Mulvaney**, with sound mind and body, do bestow SOMD, ridiculous feats of fatness and birthday celebrations to my junior tredubbians, who've come a long way since Move In day. Thanks for a great year. To Courtney Applewhite I leave Target visits and hard falls on cold bmx tracks with seven year old redheads laughing.

I, **Sarbajeet Nadgas**, approaching the end of my Uni experience leave behind the following: to Branson Kinsey and Clint Upchurch YouTube laughs, to George Zhao attempts for you to introduce Beijing man to me, to Akhil, Saumil, and David the best of luck at trying to dodge those conflicting extendeds, to Nina and Anna great shows of support that really were not all too mean, and to everyone else not mentioned apologies for

included, a caramel steamer, an alligator clip, my throne, the courage to walk into the green room any time it is needed, the will to take me to soccer practice, a jacket for cold nights on the corner in the 'burbs, and spider eggs for defense. Visit me every weekend.

I, **Will Nicholson**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave Hill 217 to Michael Lindler, watching "24" episodes in the lounge to Joe Barnes and Adam Elhammoumi, and good times playing Halo to Ben Holden.

I, **Volina Noriega-Solomon**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following for: My AMAZING Junior Brother, Weston Nelson: a great senior year and my outstanding ability to find the perfect sibling. I've been privileged to find my long lost brother and you have made this year worthwhile. Sarah Brodmerkel: A friend who visits your hall nonstop not to come see you but to go into your lounge and play MARIO KART! Alex Tulowiecki: Some of the God-given rhythm that came with my being black so that you can learn to dance a little better, or at least keep a beat! :) Max Wolpert: An annoying little know-it-all junior friend whom you grow

I, **Kate Norris**, being of (more or less) sound mind and body, do hereby write this, my last will. To Amanda Ackovitz, I leave drama board meetings, slow jams, road trips, and chëzyp00fs. To Christian Searcy, I leave late nights, taking lots of pictures, and seeing the beauty in everything. To Ellen O'Brien, grape juice, and falling off the top bunk. To Meredith Armstrong, I leave sleepovers, eternal happiness, and listening to your juniors when they need advice. To Ryan Lovingood, proper use of the yearbook office. To Genevieve Conty, I leave all-nighters, awesome booty, Gulla Gulla Island, and mooching food off your juniors. To Victoria Wagner, I leave hot Azn boys, talking instead of studying, and Philippians 1:3-5. And finally, to Sarah Thomson, I leave my room, shower parties, a purple cat, and all implications thereof.

I, **Laurin Novitsky**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Erin Jones many hours of watching movies and Friends, swing time in the chiba, and the sexy man wall; Michelle Ajumobi good music (by my definition), trips to Northgate and half of a sub left in a dressing room; Kutala Balla IGC mints and Jeff; Yurhee, Jessica, and Angela- each a hug that is in itself

this to cause as much mischief as possible. To Simon, I leave Khrhughndhnd (or however you spell it) knowing that she will continue to mess up his carefully planned campaigns. To Fuzzy goes some mouldy spaghetti I found in my fridge and the promise that I will always defend his honour. To Nick, I leave the lasting taunt that my priest is far greater than his death knight could ever hope to be. To the other juniors at our lunch and dinner table, I leave the promise that I will eventually remember your names. And finally, to Alicia, you can have my bed which happens to reside in Kerry's room, all the beautiful poems written in Quelf, and Chase, just as long as you keep the tally going. Enjoy it all, silly juniors, and have an excellent senior year!

I, **Taylor Parsons**, leave my most cherished possessions to those who impacted my life at Science and Math the most. To Michael Jones, I leave my kite; enough said. To Judy Deng, late night pancakes and exotic cooking. To David Gu, my passionate love for Physics and an appreciation of far too few free study blocks. To Akash Ganapathi, I leave my overwhelming fondness of 8am classes. To Eileen Smith,

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