

you do. Brookie: I give you the right to be known as the "sexy, tall one" of our group (even though you have always worked it so much better). Elizabeth Sanford: I give you the J-ness that me and countless others have expressed to a girl as awesome and well-rounded as you. Jessie Brown: I give you hugs. 3rd Beallians: I give you the memories of the countless times I creeped outside your hall. Jordan: I give you unending love. You already had it and you will have my heart for as long as you want it. You can have anything you want from me, anytime you want. (Also, you can have my carpet if you want it.)

I, Sean Connor, pass over the title of Loon to Greg Kronmiller, Minh Hoang, David Chillburger. I leave the space for the lazy kid to Cheese. Heather MacMoyle gets nothing.

I, Mary Beth Conrad, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Justin Martin ship-shod haircuts and long evenings on the Physics floor (the latter is also left to Jessie Duan and Elliot Cartee); to Bella Irvine, I leave the first week of school where people mistook us for each other; to Sydney Browning, I leave conversations on linoleum floors and music sharing; to John Mitchell and Sean Lindsey I leave a mutual love of knitting; and lastly, to Paula Gordon (official pseudo-roommate) I leave home-made mochas, fake Spanish accents, knitting, Skyping, and naps in my green therapy chair.

I, Allison Cotter, being of sound mind and body, do leave behind coffee trips to Joe Van Gogh's, baseball games, nose poking, swing around hugs, and AIM conversations to Evan Strother. In addition, I leave our hall, 1E2E2D, to Taylor House and Brianna Price; may you have the life changing experience that I did. To Seth Taylor, I leave behind International Relations class participation, the Japanese language, and Brother/Sister hall activities (share with Kyle and Myles). To Kyle Lynn, I leave the willpower to leave your room and socialize. To Liz Ball, I leave my memories of her and Melodi's wedding as proof to Simba of their love; to Lucy, I leave poke fights; to Cathy, I leave N'sync. To my hall, I leave all my love and my hopes for an amazing next year. To Aleise Preslar, I leave the 2D lounge; we are so happy that you joined our hall. To the triple, I leave a perfect housekeeping grade; you guys rock my world. Finally, to my seniors and fellow classmates, I leave good luck for the amazing years of college to come and my love for the time we have had together.

I, Matheson Davis, being of sound mind and

body, do hereby leave Lydia Allen friendship and Saturday morning trips to BeanTraders; Peyton Lambeth cheer practice and completely random conversations; Toyosi Oyelowo America's Next Top Model nick-names (TO and MA represent!); Olivia Whitt Spanish practice and memories from Nicaragua; Ashton Lowry random dance parties and RLA-bonding; Joshua Chappell AMPS classes and Leonard; and Molly Kuo, Whitley Watson, Nikki Mogensen, and Jennifer Iwerks wisdom, confidence, leadership, and enthusiasm for knowledge. To you all, I leave love! :)

I, Allison DeNunzio, inhabiting Bryan 308, with pink hair and short stature, hereby bequeath the following: to Reena and Catherine, I leave 3rd Bryan and its inhabitants in your care. To Catherine, my darling wifey, trips to Joe Van Gough's, late night eyeball, guitar in the hallway, cute little T. Swift, and my addiction to Make It or Break It. To Reena, brown DeNunzio, the confusion of skin color, and geisha-ing. To Kerstin, all the pink your heart could desire, IM Soccer, and GAK. To Gabby, our Japanese heritage, clean shower shoes, theme songs, bear hugs, and GAK. To Sangeetha, chill time and Gamecube. To the rest of 3rd Bryan, IM Ultimate champions, bedtime stories, and pantlessness. To the soccer team, excellence, life-style choices, the cookie fairy, and unicorn kisses. To the future inhabitants of room 308, an amazing room that I hope will serve you as well as it did me.

Lauren Donoghue - With much love and appreciation for the memories, I leave Tasha roomie hugs, Ninth Street ventures, and late night talks about Mexican involvements; Jordan, my FR, "none" pizza toppings, ab work-outs, story times, shower notes, and fruit snacks; Yusra & Erica across the hall love; Caleb wishes at 11:11; Akhil & Marcela best friendships; Yvonne numerous hugs for which she smelled amazing; Kim Logan office talks and warm hearts; Hope MightyM survival skills; Sangeetha confidence in being an amazing Student Ambassador next year; Andrea Ruddock candy surprises and smiles; Jen Zhu bamf shout-outs and hugs at check; Clint a common appreciation for common sense; Kristen shared early Saturday mornings for SA; Kevin summer AIM talks of green gummy bears; and NS one inspired for what's out of the ordinary.

I, Mandy Drake, leave to Liz Ball, awkward turn-around-one-leg-up-sowl face greetings in the hallway and the permission to sing Moulin Rouge songs to your heart's content...particularly "Your Song;" to Lucy Goodwin-Johansson, eternal junior creepi-

ness and the ability to break a rule or two; to Aleise Preslar, Wednesday night Top Model sessions and my lovely room; to Sam Stone and Cole Finney, lame car rides to Science and Math...particularly those that involve the singing of Disney songs; to Eunice Lee and Pooja Kodavanti, the ability to beast at all of your senior papers; to Jim Mize, a not fail junior sister; to Sydney Browning, fantastical bus rides to Asheville...real or failed; to Nikki Mogensen, success in all your future scavenger hunt endeavors; to Evan Strother, the irrefutable status of "gangster" and third trimester afternoons on the grass in front of Hunt; and to Will Greene, Battlestar Galactica weekends that will actually happen, my supreme Pokémon Gold skills, and of course, Soggy the Unicorn.

I, Adam Elhammoumi, of worn out body and mind, hereby leave random trips, counseling, cakes, bothers, and my eternal love to Brooke McKenna the most amazing junior sister any senior could have. To Jessie Brown, best lab partner a senior could have, I leave long Monday nights from 8:30 to 10:00 of immunology and hard lab "work." To Jordan Blanchard I leave one Mr. Garrett Joseph Collins you may have him once a month during college. To Radhika Ghodasara, I leave my physics knowledge, one large birthday cake, and a forever long series of complements to her beauty, intelligence, and charm. To Sheila Rajagopalan I leave pizza and skipping Africa fest criticism talks. To Elizabeth Sanford I leave messy hair and unfruitful hair cut plans. To Malik Oliver I leave one Acer 23" HDTV and my apologies. To 2nd Hill Gamers, you know who you are, game on but go outside once in awhile the sun isn't so bad. As for the rest of 2nd Hill, I leave the traditions passed down to me by my seniors. To Jeremy Saxe I leave my care-free personality, I know you need it sir, but I have faith that you will do fine.

I, Kyle Finn, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to Chris Gamble, a random rising junior to crash on his couch when he's not in the room, to Sydney Browning and Anthony Wu, a motion into the conversation, to Tony Fang, the desire to stay up all night guarding the bathroom from zombies and a sponge to clean the kitchen, to Stephen Cavell, a mention in my will, and to Nick Peavy, all of the excuses I know.

We, Teresa Pincus and Raven Foust, being of sound, mind, and body hereby bequeath the following to our heirs: To Osaro Obonor and Nelessa Lewis, even though you didn't get the room, we leave you the 313 legacy; make us proud. Nelessa, we give you the spirit of the Fro

and Federer's love. Osaro, we leave you the mystery of your biological father, and eternal 'Get Out's'. To Nathaly Lemoine aka Frenchie. We leave you the rainbow rug and Pit. Those will come in handy someday. To our friends, we leave our rip away pants for those late night dances. To Sherry and Charlotte, we leave you a soundproof room for those noisy neighbors next year. To Rochelle Scott, we leave you endless amounts of Ramen and Osaro's Nigerian Spice. To 314, we leave apples to apples, luck, and gratitude for letting us mooch on your makeup, and clothes. To Ivana Mbullah, we leave splat. Maybe you'll have better luck next time. To Nick, we leave you the blonde wig and our amazing dance moves. To Keira and Ade, make those juniors run even faster! To anyone else that had the pleasure of being in our presence, we leave you the strength to stick it out one more year. You can do it! 313 Forever.

I, Jillian Froelick, hereby leave Elizabeth Short the unforgettable unicorn statue; Dominique Beaudry and Morgan Westbrook Monday nights and dinners with Nichole Harris; and Sangeetha Kumar the duty of reserving the hall TV for Gossip Girl.

As my time in the world of NCSSM will soon pass, I, Akash Ganapathi, being of as sound a mind and body as I'll ever be, do hereby leave the following to the following: to Paul Lee, broneess; to Malcolm Durant Carter, all my moves; to Maggie Haynes, fierce glares; to Maili Lim, an ear; to Kelly Kim, stalker texts; to Grace Huh, enthusiastic hellos; to Rani Patel and Radhika Ghodasara, weird faces; to Bryce Taylor and Matt Jordon, Singapore; to Ashli Huynh, mole cell labs; to Justin Harden, Room 327; to Andrew Wu, copies; to Kevin Huang, pastes; to Erick Lee, his name in this will; to Jeremy Saxe, Diff Eq tests; to Nick Liu, his dignity; to Aaron Brown, something to get rid of his excess of modesty; to Jane Ma, her book I've been meaning to return to her for the past 8 months; to Melissa Verne, continuous defeat in flash games and high-fives; to that person who ought to be in this will but isn't, an apology - it's 5:40am and there's a 200 word limit; to NCSSM, my innocence; to the entire class of 2011, a negative delta G; and lovingly, to Gary Li, absolutely nothing.

I, Ashley Guo, who may or may not be of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the excellent room with a creeper view to Molly Burns and Bianca Gray (careful though, the good creeping window is still not completely fixed!). To my dear roommate Jessie Duan, I leave the satisfaction of having gone to bed earlier

than me 90% of the time and memories of wafting creamy chicken ramen while doing homework. To Jessie again, along with the other RChem juniors, I leave the two giant bales of barley straw in the back corner of the lab (you didn't think I would actually get rid of that myself, did you?). To my junior brother Peter Ge, I leave meals over wonderful conversation and ... Starcraft. To Grace Huh, I leave nightly physics sessions on 2C and funny faces made during orchestra without Mr. Laird's noticing. To Cole Finney, I leave Allkpop, Soompi, Sj-World, Soshified... and the ability to finally do work before 8PM. And to make it short, everyone else (including Cole!) can have long Thursday afternoons spent with a good book under the tree next to the PEC.

I, Emma Hawkins, being of sound body and mildly questionable mind do bequeath the following: to Bailey, I leave you quotes of questionable content, my lack of clothing, and Michael Phelps' speedo. To Nathaly, I leave you your leprechaun father and a pot of gold. To Osaro, I leave you thick eyebrows, your own clothes, my servitude, and that dog picture. To Will, I leave you a lifetime supply of Bali Hai (tell them you're my junior brother, and it might work out). To Elizabeth Kelley, I leave you my Bailey and 10 Room 315 tickets: use them well. To the vampire, I leave you my creeping skills, because God knows you need them. To my hall, I leave you my various methods to avoid levels. To Sheila, I leave you my master fob... shhhh! To Sanford, I take your singing and dancing skills. To Beam, I give you back your HP snuggie. Tuberculosis, I leave you witty comments and antibiotics. Audrey, I leave you Sir Mix-A-Lot's only hit... think about it. I know you think I forgot you, but I didn't. The Man only gives me 200 words to tell you what you mean to me

I Minh Hoang, pretending to be of sound mind and body, do hereby leave puddle jumping and running though the rain to Andrew Espenshade, numerous trips to Joe Van Gogh's to Sean Connor, hair dying parties to Heather MacMoyle, late night talks to Aubron Wood, and 3 hour phone calls, a pillow full of nervous down, and a plethora of freaking out to Jon William Sweitzer-Lamme. Additionally I leave the ability to write theme songs for everyone, late night cuddles, long nights of "NO SLEEPING! GAOOO!" the authority to create arranged marriages and cheese to Wendy Bartlett. I leave fourmighers to Jenifer Sposit, space heating to Greg Hurley, distractions from going to the bathroom and rainbow sherbet with sprite to Faridah Bori, and random acquaintances to Rochelle Scott. I leave all of memedom to