

meetings, IM enthusiasm, and all the fun times in the lounge.

As **Stephen Killian, I:** Entrust Ami with my excitement for Design School. Leave a promise to go shopping with you next year, Anastassia. Promise, Andi Hawksley, a tart from Guglhupf. Leave Dustin Burlison late nights with Sunny Delight, a promise not to block you on facebook and my mentor. Bestow unto Liz Ball the creek and walking barefoot and, "The House With the Yellow Door". Promise, Erin Walsh, to BRING BACK THE MAGIC next year and many sleepovers. Promise, Esther Ransom, a trip to the coffee shop. Leave to Jennifer Ashe, The Dixie Chicks in the morning, laughter in the afternoon and SAB at night. Leave Justin Plummer late nights in the SLI office and, "OMG, they have words on them!" Entrust Macey with the name of my blog (one day). Give unto Maggie Armstrong & Michelle Ye the picture of me climbing up a wall and endless laughter. Apologize, Marcela, for Evolution. Promise "Be Nice to Mary Beth Week" every week next year, Mary Beth. Hope you'll stop watching Glee, Polly Tobias. Leave you, Sarah Brodmerkel, the wind, trips to 9th Street and the waves crashing on the shore and eternal love. Imagine. Dream. Create.

I, Branson Kinsey, being in a sleep-deprived state, do hereby gingerly leave Joseph Moo-Young my room, rug, white board, porch which he may never go out on ;) ; William Gilmore the Sacred Safety Scissors of 2nd West bestowed by the Steve Jones; Johnathan Lara Chocolate Thunder Raspberry-Lightning to be used at all sporting events; 2W RLAs-elect my Iron Fist; Joe Nenow the rain-stick for being so cool; Sean Lindsey the notes slipped under my door and elaborately convincing stories; Vlad Krokmal the level he never got; Seon Kang biscuits & a tummy rub; 2W Partiers true IDP's and a broken plate; Mike Jones his rolls; Clint Upchurch cheese to style your hair; Roy Abernathy, Kyle Delehanty, Joel Nortey laughter, cards, music, & interesting conversations; George Zhao a bed to sleep in, when I'm not in it; Freddie Schultz a second chance; Corey Horton a blue hand and cold rainy nights; Gabe Barrientez all the hall logs I completed; Joan Barber all the Health & Wellness I can spare; John Lor applause; Dustin Burlison a hug; Maili Lim love; Hope Wolf an all-nighter spent writing a letter; and finally to Paula McDonald, I leave our IM success.

I, Greg Kronmiller, being of sound body even if not mind, do hereby leave to my junior namesake Greg Hurley two-thirds of a giant lance and the title "the senior Greg"; to Cheese, long hugs at Happy

Half; to Jenifer Sposit, more cans of soda than I can count; to Faridah Bori, the title of Honorary Member of 2nd East; to Minh Hoang, a single strand of my hair, on the condition that you keep it away from Faridah and Jen; to Kevin Rocker and Freddie Schultz, an immovable rod; to Ben Gellman, 8 hours of sleep; and to Bryce Taylor, the title "lol math". And finally, to Lee Burnette, I give the ability to divide by zero, which was given to me at the end of last year by Tynan DeVries. Use it wisely in our names.

I, Jeremy Lachman, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Daniel Warren leadership of the baseball team; Michael Alloway long tosses on the field; and generations of players to come successful seasons, Coach Hall's humor, and last minute dashes to the PFM.

I, Alexander Lew, being no less sane than I usually am, do hereby leave: to Lucy Goodwin-Johansson many post-meal waddles and physics lab commiserations, to her roommate uball thubis nubonsubense, to Nick Liu late nights with Ms. Aaronson and Mr. McAllister, to Grace Upshaw an insatiable curiosity and passion for languages, to Paula Gordon the name Paula Gordon, to Claire Zeng a sharp wit and passion for debate, and to Anthony Wu over \$5,000. To Joseph, I leave zhongwen, and to Matt Jordan I leave Chris Maynor, linguistics seminar, a keen intellect and an interest in mathematics; to Kevin Valakuzhy his aliquot of clever puns and blackboards full of Hackenbush trees. To Hetali, my awkward dancing and a request for your timeturner, to Shalini a million puns and a talent for candid photos, to Raya an iCorn and to Jenina a pint of blood and shiny vampire skin. To Saumil, thought-provoking conversation, to Trent, the buffet at Dale's, to Stefanie, the joy caused by my using correct grammar, to Chris, superb meals with even better company and conversation. To Kirby, multilingual laughter, and to Jen that first week in which we rifled through old copies of the Stent.

I, Hetali Lodaya, being of essentially sound mind and body, do hereby leave VZ my gavel and the right to hit SS on the head with it; RG, RG, and KV the dance that I love so much; PG the hallway where we frequently met; RB, SB, NL, and CZ the mandate to deny, demean, and diminish forever; KY our beautiful vase made for 1st Beall; ML the right to many senior-sis junior-bro trips to make up for the lack thereof this year; RGotwals juniors my always available advice and support for when research goes wrong and Gotwals makes fun of you; SK our lovely trip to Elmo's; CS the best hugs and the worst nickname ever; SJ, WH, and MTC adventures across the

state and trust in each other; HW the ability to make some great tea; MY all the slips that say 'failed room inspection'; AU the Partner handshake; SJ and AL our Magnolia money; JD, NK, JZ, and TS really long meetings; AG and YP '8 AM' choreography; RT and SC anything you desire. So many more that I cannot name, but I love each one of you with all my heart. My door is always open.

I, Ryan Lovingood, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Brooke McKenna my collections of Mary-Kate and Ashley movies, the knowledge that Mary-Kate heals all wounds, cheek pinching, "wait...are you guys talking about....", and all my love. To Kimmie Kai Logan I leave 3rd degree sunburns, rolling computer carts, chick-fil-a trips, throwing Yusra out of the car, all the PhDs in the world and never-ending banter. To Yusra Ifiikhar I leave royal titles, servant games and singing about New Delhi on stage during Discovery Day. To Erica I leave poison ivy farms, sewage treatment plants, Suzy, and creating songs about New Delhi. To Angela, I leave all of our fun times too numerous to count, including Mariposa, "I cast spells", Madame Rione, and the art of avoidance. To Marlee I leave mixers and white girls. To Jordan Blanchard I leave the art of being un-photogenic. To Meredith Armstrong I leave "Quit being....", clam chowder and too much granola. To Claire Addison I leave Whole Foods picnics, May 24th, 2010 and spring break in Miami.

I, Macey Matthews, being of questionable sanity, do hereby leave Brooke Kopelakis all things glorious, hilarious, and said in silly voices, and maybe even a field trip outside her room; Andrew Espenshade many hours inside the theater, star(cloud)gazing, and sketching around campus; Alyssa Rabel internet stalking, delicious cupcakes, AND IRRELEVANT CAPSLOCK CONVERSATIONS; Sam Gilbreath his name back; 4th Bryan straight guy fights and maybe a moment of sanity, because you guys need it; Jennifer Smith stomach touching and death glare contests; Chanell Bryant delicious brownies and smelly good guys; Liz Ball paint covered clothes, "happy" music, and Juniors; Tucker Jones the ability to be a better senior sibling than I; Robert Sprude Chemistry tests (sorry); Walter Vaughan Lowrider, over and over and over again; Chuchitra Thaniwhateveritis French, that's it; Sydney Browning tickle attacks and death threats; Andy Bratton no sleep; Reena Gupta, Gabbie NorTAY, and Kerstin de la Torre crazy juniors, smiles galore, and some fake laughter for Reena's jokes; Sarah Brodmerkel tons of love and not a moment wasted. To those who made these past 2 years

bearable by being hilarious, not killing me, or putting up with my IM's at 3 am: thank you, I love you all.

I, Eugene Maung, under no means of extortion declare that this is my Senior Will. To Peter Ge, I leave Room 324 and the joys of having a junior roommate. I give Matt Lee and Gina Thompson playing "Eywa" in the rain. I give Kelly Kim 3rd stand, Bubble Wrap, and having the most amazing stand partner. I leave Sangeetha Kumar and Cole Finney best friend dates. Victoria Wagner, I leave you S&M Bucks and the friendship that you decided we would have before junior year even started. I give Hannah Namkung ditches filled with dead fish heads and the glory days of first stand. I leave the word "synecdoche" and deceptively romantic singing cards to Dr. Sarrocco. To Trent Stohrer, I leave the bright future of being my roommate next year. I leave Nina Qi lots of sarcasm and AIM conversations. Eugene Wong gets the joys of being a name twin and Hannah Yoo gets Hyuna. To Sara Shariff and Shaivya Pathak, I give alien movies. I leave Jane Ma, Timbi Shepard and Kexin Yin French existentialism. I give my quiet presence to 3rd West. I give NC-SSM my hair.

I, Christopher Maynor, being of sound mental capacity, bequeath to Elizabeth Ball delicious weekend breakfasts; to Arjee Restar charm and entertaining drama; to David Gu a passion for photography; to Christian Johnson every question I couldn't answer; to Michael Jones a fantastic friendship built on absurdity and pitching of tents; to Conrad Nguyen First East and hypothetical situations no one else understands; to Trent Stohrer a shared love for music; to Matthew Jordan brotherly late-night talks and a spot with me at MIT; to Gary Li absolutely nothing; to Alexander Lew brilliant conversation and exquisite meals; to Shane Pusz and Weston Nelson the honor of working with such fine RLAs; to Kerry Ellwanger a lighter pack; to Ashley Baker whatever; to Frances Dougherty one massage and the assurance that she is hot; to Callie Turlington a big thanks for being so positive when others weren't; to Nicholas Lehman the pleasure of running and working for such an admirable coach and SLI; to Stefanie Schwemlein an unforgettable year filled with coffee, food, and friendship among so many other things; and to Eric Yun never ending love and gratitude for being my ever constant friend.

I, Paula McDonald, being of sound mind and body, leave Radhika my room, my checkboard and extra quantities of sanity to help. I leave Molly Burns Sunday trips to Brueggars, an unfinished rap battle and the plan. I leave

Jessie Glee, Koko and cheerful greetings. I leave Elliot my senior schedule, scratch that, you already took it, so I leave you movies outside and, along with Justin and Jessie, the advice and lessons from the physics floor. I leave Brett McDonald the family tradition. I leave Chris Forcinito delicious Fajitas. I leave the Swim team Juniors the Narwhal Spirit. I leave Katelyn tinklesheet comebacks; Chanell, white board doodles; Maggie, songs on repeat; Ade, homework breaks; and Indya, the time spent in the lounge.

I, Chris McMahon, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Koffeehaus Technical Director and Publicist to Justin Martin; to my underappreciated junior sister I leave a Spectrum Co-Presidency; to Tucker Jones the other Spectrum Co-Presidency; to Walter and Timmons I leave room 431, may you enjoy it's perfect internet and bounteous space; to Jim Mize my co-presidency of iRIP; to the class of 2011 I leave my perfect senior schedule; and to Kagan I leave afternoons of Gauntlet, cozy Tuesdays of Glee, and a love I will miss.

I, Ariane Nabors, of more or less sound mind and body, do hereby leave to Hallie Kirkman the solemn responsibility of maintaining the traditions of Ground Reynolds, and of creating new ones as she sees fit. To all those who earn a share of the spoils, I leave the Trophy of the Weekend-Day. To Adam Carey, I leave the responsibility of embarking on the dangerous quest to defeat Ganondorf when he returns to spread darkness over Durham once again, which of course is inevitable. A party of helpers shall be permissible in the execution of this task. And to everyone in the Class of 2011, I leave simply the responsibility to make every second count.

Hinson Neville - To Brittany Davis, I leave keen senses of sight, smell, and sound for whatever might "come up." To Valencia Quiett, I leave you the right to poke any random junior deem appropriate. To Monica Poletti, I leave the biggest BBQ African rib known to North Americans. To Christian Colon and David Harris, I leave the obligation to befriend only two juniors and permission to ignore the rest. To Evan Strother, I leave my futon - may it furnish happiness to your senior year.

I, Mitchell Owens, of cowboy body and mostly stable state of mind, hereby bequeath: My roommate- our dirty carpet, less abuse in the future, and some sense for your thick head. Keagan- more koffehauses, a less crappy guitar, some sliver of optimism, more Daltrey concerts, and a windmill move Travis- Music. Bass. Alarin- more faulty computers to poach

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