

the duties of feeding the bio-pond fish and retaining balance in the world as the Avatar2. As well as the crown of "randomly breaking out into song." To my amazingly awesome junior sister, HeeJung Paula Chang, I entrust you to carry on the family name, the traditional Locopops trip, and my knowledge of the Japanese language. To the juniors of 4th Bryan, especially Kathleen Daniels and Maggie Armstrong, you eternally have my love. To my mini-me, David Rice, my understanding and acceptance of all people goes to you. To Nick Peavy and Stephen Cavell, a futon, with the understanding that it's open to listen to people's feelings. Kevin Huang, the guy with North Korean eyes, you already stole my heart. And finally, to all juniors, the friendly smile and wave in the hallway I hope I've already shared with you.

Freddie Schultz - I, Da Hammer, being of (not necessarily "sound") mind and soul, does hereby leave: 1) All those crazy times with the Loon Table to the Loons, 2) Those away game bus trips to the baseball team and coaches, 3) Many days of hours on the baseball field to Mr. Jeremy Lachman, 4) Those post-midnight activities (playing along to Taylor Swift) to Andrew Chung, 5) Those late-night conversations, both over AIM and otherwise, to their respective people, 6) The memories of my first Prom to Ms. Anne McLean and company, 7) Various memes and inside jokes to those who want them, 8) The memory of a junior's name on the Senior Bench to said junior, 9) The hall of Second West to those who will make it what it is next year, 10) The game at shortstop and that fateful base hit to all those who helped make it possible, 11) The baseball season, in its entirety, to my left shoulder: It lasted longer than I ever thought possible, and 12) My nickname to all those who call me by it and will continue to remember me by it. Oh, and DON'T LOOK AT THE CHICKEN!!! -Da Hammer

I, Stefanie Schwemlein, being of relatively sound mind and incredibly sound body, do hereby leave: Olivia Pan, the things in our ceiling; Jenina Rivera, infinite NutriGrain bars and loudly sung Queen songs; Raya Taylor, meine Katze; Alexander Lew, puns, witticisms, and a quarter; Peter Ge, and end to labs with Lessie; RChemers, F and G block; MUNsters, a roll call vote; Violette Zhu, January 21st; Samuel Stone, a year's worth of Wednesdays; Akhil Jariwala, my hand in marriage; Anastassia Tretiakova and Wen Huang, everything behind the door of Bryan 222; Matthew Jordan, captainship of teams that run, Duke Gardens, and Nick Lehman; Michael Jones, ...; Frances Dougherty, Callie

Turlington, and Ashley Baker, a million more miles (Franny you get some show tunes as well); and Christopher Maynor, endless cups of coffee, all of which you will pay for.

I, Cameron Joy Shoaf, do hereby leave GFH my love; 2R my daily visits; Whitney Johnson Lafilia and Laquita, Traci, booda bellies, watching YouTube videos, ninja, chubby bunny, percentage, kool-aid hur, PCC, softball, don't go ninjieing nobody don't need no ninjieing, peace and blessings; William Gilmore ninja, chocolate on clothes, love for UNC, clavicle laxity test, judy chop, karate chop, ninja chop; Taylor Ligon ninja, slapping people on the shoulder while playing ninja, zebra prints, miniterm. Jonathan Lara ninja, getting stuck on elevators; Amber Ellis Chemistry and reduce red cat; NCSSM <3.

I, Eileen Smith, hereby leave all that is important to the few juniors I love. To Jeremy M, A sky-high stack of Bali Hai. To Maggie, my room and all the socks in the world. To Travis C, all of my feminine wisdom. To Pernell B, my common sense. To Nkenge C, all of my physics knowledge, a late night talk, and a rainy lunch at Elmo's. To Grace H, Ashli H, Matt L, and Sangeetha K, ACC. Take good care of it. To Erick L, a trip to the lakehouse. And to Gary L, absolutely nothing. You've all helped make my senior year worth remembering.

I, Juliann Stalls, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Laura Byrd crazy 9th street adventures and talks; my cheer dears the squad and an awesome senior year; Scottie Van Gilgamesh a hug and a "meet me at the swings"; Anthony Myers my lucky scrunchie; Taylor Haag and Laura Brown my sleep habits; Clare Howerton my awesome single; Mr. Spanish a good conversation; Molly Burns and Bianca Grey a senior year full of smiles; John Lor an opportunity to create an album; BFFL a best friend hug; and to Weston, Shaivya, and Christine, another four years of memories to make and a HUGE congratulations, because we finally did it!

I Trent Stohrer, being of indie-inclined mind and Frisbee-riddled body, hereby leave the following things to the following people. To Matthew LaBarbera I leave asinine philosophizing and the role of music propagator. To Myles Dixon I leave insane ramblings, late nights, and random noises. To Kagan Griffin and Hoel Wiesner I leave having to deal with all of your closest friends being gone. To William Su I leave the secret ways of the bottle rocket. To Chuck Floyd I leave the ring of power. To someone I leave my chain and maybe something else. To Neel Kabadi, Ryan McCabe, and

Daniel Warren I leave the best hall on campus. To the entire junior class I leave my sister as a continuation of our family at this school. To Saumil Jariwala I leave my heart and oh so many memories as roommates. And finally, to everyone I leave everything that ever happened, good and bad, happy and sad; everything that happened made us who we are.

I, Benjamin Stone, leave to Samuel Stone some A's, permission to visit me often, females, and my undying, unreciprocated love; to Cole Finney, a year's worth of testosterone, hugs, and the Envirothon team; to Joseph Moo-Young (principal bassist), words of wisdom, easier math classes, and lots of sleep; to Gino, the word "chumpbaby," eventful NCSSM weekends, and taunts; to Sean, the permission to shoot lay-ups, title of best Ness, and the ability to fairly divide cake and tally votes; to Johnathan, my amazing week one ping pong record and good music taste; to Taylor Ligon, the ability to beat Johnathan at rock-paper-scissors; to Will Gilmore, the title of "Champ Baby," and the responsibility to actually check housekeeping; to Max Huelster, the status of "interested in..." on Facebook; to Josh Chen, unlimited projectiles; to Bob Lou, annoying but effective up-tilts; to Alex Yoo and Andrew Chung, Korean dance moves; to Sam Vercauteren, lemonade; to Hoel Wiesner, permanent 2nd West membership; to Kyle Delehanty, Roy Abernathy, and Joel Nortey, the responsibility of keeping 2nd west blekk; to Nic Peaks, infinite Cookout runs; to Dustin Cockerece, a repaired shoulder; and to John Lor, the right to sing to your heart's content.

I, Ami Sueki, hereby leave Nikki Mo many free rides to NCSU, Ronald holiday cards, John a pyramid of cards, Starling Gibbons hats from my trash can, and Kelly Kim uhuh a lot just stuff.

Jon William Sweitzer-Lamme - To Michelle "Pocky" Ye and Maggie "Strudel" Armstrong, I leave wheel pottery seminar, stalker photos and a pair of pants with handprints bigger than the butt. To Pawwla Gordon, I leave our height difference—may you find someone else to share it with. To Bella, Bailey and Elizabeth I leave flailing hands; skepticism; Dr. Who, A Bit of Fry and Laurie and Black-Adder; and endless rounds of science, politics and humor-related links. To Elizabeth, I leave my deep and abiding love of humanities, in the hopes that it may infect her as well. To Sydney Browning and Tucker Jones, I leave the responsibility for the promulgation of filthy socialism. To Sarah Brodmerkel, I leave my love and a few red paint splotches on the wall of Hunt 212. To Justin Martin, I leave my

fondest wishes that he will find the little scene girl of his dreams. To Lydia Thurman, I leave my deepest affections, wealthy trilingual children, and an amazing song. To the entire class of 2011, I leave the reminder that you are now and will forever be juniors, the certainty that you will never be as awesome as us, and the solemn responsibility to try anyway.

I, John Taylor, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the backseat of Coach Hall's baseball van to Dylan West, use it well. I leave Neel Kabadi all the off the wall conversations one can have, and Robot Unicorn Attack, may you retire from playing it with the highest score ever. I leave the senior lounge, 312, to Kevin Valakuzhy and Sagar Shukla, may it treat you well. To Maxi Ammons, HawKK Hawkins, Little D Dickey, DJPage, JayTizzie and Peetah Naw I leave the XBOX, the senior lounge, Steel Panther and Bojangles; To Brian Wagoner, the baseball scoreboard and fly balls. To Sangeetha Kumar and Eli Turlington, Yusra and I leave the two of you with Junior Check-in for Ambassador Events next year. To Karsyn Bailey I leave early morning IHOP trips, walks to Ben and Jerry's or Ox and Rabbit for a sugar fix and Student Ambassador.

I, Schereeya Taylor, being of mostly sound mind (and better sounding music) do hereby leave the following: To Deanna Harrell, a year full of Smart Little Dee-Dee Dreams and the occasional drawer slam; To Kexin Yin, Caleb Owolabi, and Samuel Stone (respectively) the titles and positions of Lead Pairer, Assistant Pairer, and Publications Manager; To Kevin Valakhuzy, many happy "minutes" and the notion (and practice) of Cookie Time; To Nicholas Davey Sanford breakfast at 9 on Wednesdays; To Trent Stohrer, the position of my best friend; To Anastassia Tretiakova, 30 minutes between 8 and 8:30 pm (and all the time in the world to tell me about your life); To Hoel Wiesner, the best impromptu sibling relationship to ever take place; To Jenina Rivera, wordless communication; To Seth Taylor, the S.T. legacy and dinosaur hugs; and To Hetali Lodaya and Shalini Chudasama many late night conversations, gmail threads, and books and books and books of memories.

I, Mary Jeanette (Polly) Tobias, in order to pass down parts of two of the best years of my life do hereby bestow the following. To Maggie Armstrong: long conversations late into the night and everything they entail... To Kathleen Daniels: my Snuggie and getting caught for in-room in the lounge. To Andrew Espenshade: my pink pants and all the anti-frump

that comes with them. To Michelle Ye: Bart, Millet, and the international standard of cuteness as well as the ability to use Jorge for good... and evil. To Taylor Brown: You're already so wonderful I can't think of anything to add. Keep cheering people up :D. To Gina Thompson I give the prestigious award of "Queen of Randomly Bursting out into Song"- a slightly modified version of an old, time honored tradition that you may pass on to a worthy candidate next year. Last but not least, to the hundreds of juniors I couldn't include because of space restrictions, I wish you all a wonderful senior year- have fun, don't stress, and enjoy your last year here as much as you possibly can.

Marcela Torres-Cervantes - I hereby leave: Kagan, a dumb voice, a bird cage, coffee dates, tea parties and a ridiculous joke to keep you laughing throughout next year. Taylor, a nap in someone else's bed, hugs after quizzes, BORIS, a trashy song jam session, je t'aime beaucoup! Hoel, a pillow fort and ASG sessions. John Mitchell, a kiss on the cheek and a prom raincheck. Andrew T, the family legacy. Andrew E, a cute note. Michael P, the Spanish language. French Class, BONNE CHANCE! Paula G, my life but I know you'll do it better. Michelle K, dragon hugs. Garrick G, my red monster and an outrageous wave. Chelsea, a rude look sent with love. Brianna, the hall is yours, keep it clean;. Cathy, a scare in the hall. Lucy, a tickle attack. 1E, the filthy elbow. 2E, the balcony-make sure you use it. 2D, housekeeping battles. Sean, student ambassador loving. Kelly Kim, a night out and licking x's off of our hands. Nikki M, a hummus date like old friends. Roy A, TSA adventures and bad stories. Dominique, run ins after check. Maggie H, a smile, wave, and love for Reynolds. Monica P, trophy wife status. Colleen, random conversations down the hall.

I, Anastassia Olegovna Tretiakova, after two wonderful years, leave the legacy of fashion at NCSSM and addiction to peanut butter to Kagan Griffin, Pitchfork's "Best New Music" and all of my indie cred to John Mitchell, photography skills, all the best literature, and being foreign to Hoel Wiesner, gossip and mentorship lamentation to Wen Huang, and the best weekend of the year to Marcela Torres, Ami Sueki, and Maggie Jordan. And finally to Marcela Torres, I give all of my love, tea time, glow sticks, attempted Spanish conversations, and balcony times, to take to Washington DC.

I, Callie Turlington, leave Eli Turlington the family reputation and I high five for