

right; to Michael Robinson, all authority in Facebook chats; to Zack Fowler, much love and unending happiness; to Jimmy Zhang, understated respect at your ability to play your own loud music instead of just turning speakers up; and to Eoin Walsh, I leave a deep love of Ox & Rabbit, another year's worth of trolling one's way to Melee victories, pointed mockery of colleges which send hilariously desperate emails, ramen-fueled all-nighters, and the cautious hope that after a semester or so in college, I'll be able to come back to visit and bring you a pallet of energy drinks.

I, Elizabeth Sanford, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Mae Davis late night giggle fests, animal crackers and "Oye El Boom", Cori Lopazanski and Annie Venable: the task of putting up, I mean having fun, with the Mr. Uni Contestants! [You two will be great], Tess Stohrer and Emily Strother: I leave you passion, moves, and rhythm,

doing physics and talking in weird voices. To my juniors: make tons of memories and never forget me. Ashleigh: all the attractive men you can find, and future nights at shooters. Catherine: the sketch keys...have fun. Jamie: my unicorn, never be afraid to let your spirit show. Tay-Bay: the right to be the adorable country girl. Brianna: all of your lessons learned and hopefully many more. Alexis: all of the late nights spent laughing at my stupidity. Glenn: my sunglasses, cause the sun never sets on a bro. 1e2e2d: all of the loud nights after quiet hours, many nights in the elbow, and so many friendships.

Jenifer Sposit - To Grace Upshaw, I leave the promise of more lawlnighters and adventures in our college years than her body has room for. To Kristiaan Sheedy, I leave evenings of lawling through WECS papers at the very, very, very last second. To Izzie Nelson, I leave all the Monster

leave head butts and my Muay Tai skills. To Joe, I leave my DotA skills and massages. To Andrew, I leave mana boots, so that you will always be able to sandstorm one more time. To Jeremy, I leave my tea and a room far far away from DotA. To Tyler, I leave everything else on hall. To Calvin, I leave nothing. To Pranav, I leave my RChem legacy, and yummy smelling Indian food. To lil' Vivs, I'm sorry. EC stay big. I'm out.

I, Evan Strother, of sound body and mind do hereby hold all these truths to be self-evident, that all unicorns are created equal. To the entire student body, thanks for making my senior experience a great one, and I wish you success and happiness in the future. To Otis Skipper and Raymond Blackwell, I leave you my room, and all the memories that you will find within it. I also leave you, on behalf of myself and Tony Philips, the ultimate experience

brownies; Pooja Potharaju a CD case for weighing things and an interesting night; Jessica Yoo a new tennis racket and a free dinner; Ravi Chittilla an Express sweater; Sharon Jiang bubble tea; Russell Turner some of my Super Smash Bros. skill; Matt Arnott a new pair of Vans; Shannon Cole rice cereal, whipped cream (for your face), a pack of cards, and a game of Just Dance; Brian Iezzi a watch that doesn't break; Jimmy Zhang a cool guitar pick; Kevin X Huang a great season as my doubles partner; and Jocelyn Keung an "instant house party," Ben & Jerry's, my white DC hat, UNC paraphernalia, walks to the park, honey mustard, and my most fondest memories of this school.

Ryan Sutton - To the class of 2012, I leave the early mornings, the late nights, the webassigns, the Africa papers, the 18 emails a day, the level ones and level twos, the late assignments, the absences,

Vinci Code, jam sessions to the Anastasia soundtrack, and a pile of—hay is for horses and chickens and fish! To my junior sister Debanjali Kundu, I leave a curling iron and a pack of gel pens. To Natalia von Windheim, SAB nights with Jashe and late night talks about our favorite "twins." I leave David Wang days of Calculus as well as sleepless nights and a special broken guitar pick. To Otis Skipper, I leave physics labs, my baby Kougra neopet, large cutout hearts with cheesy pickup lines on them and matching eyeshadow. To Ben Drury, I leave singing Simon & Garfunkel and to Jeremy DeJournett I leave every Spongebob reference I've ever made. Finally, to all the girls of 3rd Bryan, I leave you a piece of my heart.

I, Lydia Thurman, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave: Katie Hoff a full year watching How I Met Your Mother from cribs in the lounge, Vivian Chen my desk, complete with soy sauce stains and blue painters tape holding it together and the right to wear a twirly towel, which not everyone is able to rock, Reghan Horman a partial share of Room 012 with the understanding that the HUGE space will be filled with floor pillows, Grace my undying thanks for her beautiful scarves, Jocelyn "She Gotta Donk" and all the pride contained therein, Hayden Abene and Kathryn Wheeler the responsibility of delivering the traditional pre-conference Pep Talk, leading the MUN team to create a successful (and existent) middle school conference, and lots of gavel, Pranav Haravu a million exclamation marks with the hopes that he'll let me know when senior year gets exciting, Aakash Indurkha the best of luck in finding "Chain Rule Girl" and the promise of pro-tips if said girl is ever found, Chang Sun top 40 playlists and longggg debate/MUN car rides and Hun the obligation to be a fantastic senior brother and the promise of occasional bits of food, encouragement, and support.

I, Andrew Timmons, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave any future 4th Easters the room 431 and may it bring you joy with it's amazing internet; Brian Hart the title of "King of Monopoly"; and Mae Davis the position of assistant stage manager and the hopes that they will recognize your job in the theater.

I, Grace Upshaw, being of sound body and lost mind, hereby bequeath Liz Bevels omnivorism (scoff scoff) and—finally—a clean half of the room; Mollie Crawford possessed llamas and rope; Katy Drews Cthulhu-ness and messed-up hair; Jessica Farmer endless looba; Jozef Lisowski hen lihai de yinyue, the thumbs-up dance, and copy-paste;

Continued on page 11



Photo courtesy of Camirra Williamson

Tess Stohrer: our similarities and the ability to know the future [just give me a call], Cori Lopazanski: encouraging sticky notes, juice boxes, and dreams of MY future husband [Nick Jonas], Michael Robinson: trips to Blacknall [I wish we would've started going sooner], Daniel Mikkelsen: my apologies for being the worst senior sister ever, Zack Fowler: worried texts the night before move-in day, bear hugs, and massage trains, 3rd Beall: all of my favorite memories of the past two years and my undying gratitude for being my second family.

I, Marlee Sloan, being of very little mind and a never sound body, leave the following to the people that have made a difference in my life these past two years. The 1e 6: lots of love and laughter, music guess who games, 3 am dance parties, and 2 wonderful years of friendship. Annie, hours and hours of laughter, and life changing NC Court Calendar dates. Wendy: I hate you, but I love you. Taylor: so many laughs, plotted murders, and many hours of dancing, jamming, and bird calling. Liz-bef: lots of late nights

and internet and willpower she needs to become completely independent of sleep (I believe in you!). To Katy Drews, I leave thousands and thousands of pop tabs—to find and steal from people (come on, I can't just give them you...) To Renata Barsanti and Kaitlyn Rappleye, I leave all of the glory and madness and corruption of Beall 208—a lot of great memories have been made in that room, so take care of it."

Samuel Stone - To Viggy, I leave my position as Alpha, the leg strength to crush a watermelon or Steven, and my Basketball skills. To Steven, I leave my position as Second East RLA and my Soccer skills. To Uncle, I leave your name, all of my unused swear words, and my Ultimate Frisbee skills. To Nasty, I leave that cool bracelet I made in electrical engineering and my Volleyball skills. To Chubes, I leave the position of God in Mafia, and some hot info pertaining to your job. To Jaime, I leave my Spanish vocabulary, and the color Green in smash. To Bobby, I leave business socks, swag, and swag poses. To Neil, that's you man, and I

in 'roommate bonding.' To Raymond, I leave my love of baseball. Both of you enjoy everything while it lasts, and cherish every moment. To Huston Collins, I leave you my position as a First Hunt programmer, and the countless hours I have spent in creating and implementing programs, calendars, and data sheets. Have fun. To Grace Lamblin, I leave high-fives, and the joy of making new friends. To the future seniors of 1st Hunt, I leave my First Hunt pride, by far the most important thing on this list. Keep it with you, cherish it, and never, never, let it fade away.

I, Richard Sun, being of delirious mind and delicate body, do hereby leave James Andrews an H&M shirt; David Wang bread from Jimmy John's; Christina Lee trips to Bali Hai, interesting text messages, and cherry Dum Dums; Vivian Chen (my Butterfly Lover) tasty chocolates, yummy grapes, and a street sign from "Vivian St."; Christina Stone delicious Hot Pockets for our Hot Pocket date; Christal Stone grapes to eat when studying in the library; Calvin Xiao some

the hours wasted on facebook, the movies, the old furniture, the twenty minute naps, the uncomfortable bed and couch, the rug we found on the road that one time, the couch we found on the road that other time, the hall meetings, the room inspections, the lack of internet, the second-hand posters, the loud music, the walks off campus because you just can't take it anymore, the relationships, the acquaintances, the contacts, the people I will never see again, the promises, the pissed off parents- to you, I leave all of these things. You can have it all; it's time for me to move on.

I, Catherine Thriveni, leave Grishma Alakkat, Deveney Brown, and Alice Huang 3rd Bryan, as well as RLA meetings and dinners with Linsey and Scott. To Grishma Alakkat, I leave late night talks, broken Malayalam, creative writing stories, an American Eagle belt, and my room. To Emma DeJournette, I leave physics labs, slumber parties and watching The Da