

somewhat sound mind and body, doth leave all of those crazy nights in 217 to Kevin Edwards and Corbin Ester. My chillness goes to Josh Rymiszewski and Ryan O'Donnell. "Extra Krispy Machine" goes to Josh Martin and Evan Stone, for sure. I leave all things inappropriate to Morty Gaskill. I also leave Michael Porson to Morty Gaskill, sorry, but it just had to happen. Zack Fowler, I leave you our uncanny similarities. Joshua Martin, I leave you the very important title of carrying on the name "Jaysmooove", I know you will make me proud. I leave all "lolzy notebooks" and lolzy classes to Emily Price, even though Pre-Cal was the only one that was actually lolzy. I leave the title of Second Hill North RLA to Jacob Pawlik and Hun Wong. I also leave Jacob my interest in music, and all of our great adventures to jam out at guitar center. I leave "the Glenn" to Glenn Nichols. To all of the awesome people, I leave great times. To all juniors, I leave the greatest year of your life; senior year. Live it up, and make it count!

I, Taylor House, being of questionable mind and broken body, do hereby leave 1E2E2D and the best of luck to Molly, Ashleigh, Pooja, and Caroline; to Molly, the best single with its own hallway and my clipboard; to Catherine Bradley, my "map" of NCSSM (use it for both meanings); to Ashleigh Caison, the Reynolds Tradition Book and ; to Kimberly Bourne, the Imagine poster and hopes the bad decision bucket doesn't become too full; to Neel Kuila, the all-American childhood you never experienced; to Pooja Potharaju, hating all the people (use it wisely and pass it on); to Austin Hopkins, getting hit by French buses, every gift shop ever, and "PFM 11:35?"; to Matt Summers, a third trimester sibling adoption and all things "obscure"; to Steven Phillips, turkey stations and to Pranav Haravu, turkey legs. 2nd East, I leave you the hopes of having a sister hall as great as we were. My lovely 1Eers, I leave you pearls, calamari, carrot cake, fancy letter openers, and all things classy- OH, and I leave you GO HOG HEAVEN. Most importantly, to all of 1E2E2D, I leave you the title of senior as long as you remember you'll always be my juniors.

I, Kevin C. Huang, being of sleep deprived mind and exhausted body, do hereby leave Russell Turner my tennis serve, idiotically leading the tennis team, falling off of shopping carts, and being the most random kid I've ever met; Reghan Horman interesting bets, getting chased around the sundial, soccer championship trips to NC State, and talking every few months; Sharon Jiang sketchy adventures to Locopops, pizza rolls in Hunt kitchen, nicknames Lilo and Berkeley, TMNT accessories, and being blown over by the wind; James Andrews

wrestling on random people's beds, the couch of all couches, and getting slammed into the door by Richard Sun; Brian Iezzi white pants, basketball after tennis, and insulting each other in the hallway; Natalia Von Windheim fake birthdays and trips to Frankie's; Adele Bernard the Apocalyptica quartet and Barbie Girl songs; and Sarah Chao failed attempts to study together, solving impossible puzzles, weird music libraries, awkward encounters on the tennis court, never finishing movies and never knowing what to do, Pachabell Cannon chords, paper flowers, trips to Duke Gardens (sort of), nice guy accessories, trips to UNC, developing photos, playing celebrity, an amazing Semi, an interesting Sadie, a memorable Prom, and a wonderful five months together.

I, Garnt Humffan [sic], being of stout body and altered state of mind, do hereby leave a totally appropriate wall decoration for Bobbly Baraldi [sic], and the rest of you may have my dignity, which is a nice way of saying that you get nothing.

I, Ade Ilesanmi, do hereby bestow upon my crew (Lam, Careese, 'Mone, Stella, Blair, and JB) my undying love and gratitude for being my second family, my rocks, and for making me see how much fun can still be had here. Mone, our arguments have made me stronger. Lam, our late-night FB chats made me feel like I can relate on an emotional level. Careese, our squeals and hugs and your cute little dances always cheer me up. To Stella, you've always got something to say, I almost always look forward to seeing you. To JB, you natural hair and "Shaytards" laughter make me feel more cultured. To Blair, your vibrant smile, edginess, and attitude inspire me. Timbi, thanks for being the guy everyone thought I was dating. Davis and Seon, our newspaper endeavors have been interesting. My MPC family, I've had a blast with you. Xavier, BBC has been amazing.--I know that it will be even more successful next year. Next year's MPCs, welcome your new advisors and make your influence even bigger and stronger. Next year's Stentorian Editors-in-Chief, take this paper to new heights. My track girls, thanks for leading our teams without me this spring. J (you know who you are), thanks for the memories. Finally, my Royall Juniors, you all are royal at heart.

Being a third tri-senior, I realize that my time here at NCSSM will soon be done. I leave to all juniors, and those after them, these words; keep exploring, always bring a friend, and never lose your curiosity. Also Remember to seek the lion within you and the lions around you. Climb to the

height of your potential. Yours truly, Samuel (Simba) Jacobs

I, Xavier Jarrett, being of sound mind and body, willfully and voluntarily make known that the following possessions shall be given upon the reading of this living will: to my children (Bo Harley Warren, Abigail Marion Armstrong, Jackson Scott Mower), sisters (Andrew James Espenshade, Israel Sebastian Nelson), wife (J'naya Diane Marville), and brother (Brandon Scott Gilreath), I leave individual letters with my truest feelings. They are not to be read until you have left the campus. To Jackson Scott Mower and/or Tyler Bradley Kissinger, I leave my 'BooBoo Stewart' poster. To Ahmed Zaeem, I leave my Finding Nemo bobble toy--continue this new 4th West tradition and pass it down from senior to junior at the end of your senior year. To Joseph William Hallett II, I leave you my role in the Gay Triple--be loud, be proud, shake that booty, make your presence known. To J'naya Diane Marville, I leave you full custody of our children. To Mae Tanee Davis and Coraline Cecilia Badgett, I leave "fi** dich sch*****." And finally, to my fellow MPC's, I leave you all the laughs, the gay lessons, and the ranting and raving we had throughout this entire year.

I, Whitney Johnson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave SM and CS all those lovely Anat. Phys. lab reports; a 1/3 Polynesian to AS, HM, and CS; strikes to TR; lots of interesting conversations at softball practice to all the softball juniors, and the title of best Junior Brother/Softball Dad to DR.

I, Matt Jordan, having eaten my daily apples, reject the notion of dying on June 4 as I walk across the stage. I could leave a few things to a few people, but to what end? I could make anyone smirk or reminisce with a well-worded facebook status. But this? This is a NEWSPAPER; it is black and white and red all over, so I'll use it as a pedestal. So to the class of 2011 and 2012, I leave some thoughts (and none of this Carpe Diem crap-- as good as that is). 1) You are not a cat-- you have but one life, and if you are not using that one life to cause mischief, enjoyment, humor, or other merriment, you are wasting it. 2) Let $v(t)$ be the value of yourself. If $v'(t) < 0$, you're doing something terribly wrong. This is to say, you should always be aware of your $v(t)$ and its derivatives. 3) Know why you're here. It's not for the grades. 4) Two things in life determine success. Luck is one of them. 5) You have no idea how much luck affects your life-- don't fret over coin tosses. 6) Work hard, but troll harder.

Neel Kabadi - To Sean Murray I leave the glorious job of basket ball announcing, don't mess it up. To Darrow Goff, Daniel Mikkelson, and Brian Iezzi I leave third west, take good care of her! She is a delicate one! To Pooja I leave being the Indian jerk that never stops making fun of people. To my fellow senior Indian bros, Bhavin, Sagar, and Kevin, I leave my thanks for a great two years. Finally to Caroline LaFave I leave my love!

I, Charlotte Ke, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the Narwhal swim team and bromance to Connor Davis, Austin Hopkins, Denise Elizondo, and Wynter Wolff. To Cori Lopazanski, Olivia Truax, and Wynter, I leave the beautifully blue best Beall hall and the opportunity to influence their new juniors however they wish. To Debanjali Kundu, I leave endless biology and physics labs, all the glitter and sequins in the world, and an open door (oh wait, it was closed; you just didn't knock.) <3. To Connor, I leave orchestra rehearsals, the joy of tutoring others, Sunday afternoons and evenings filled with work, weekday nights in the library, and the wonderful world of Disney. To Austin, I leave the invitation to come to Summit Church each Sunday to see-me. To God by glory forever.

Elizabeth Kelley - To Giszell Weather, I leave fabulous hair and walks to Duke Gardens; to Jillian Loftis, I leave ill-timed not-quite-tickling, delusions of grandeur, and the solemn responsibility to, in her turn, adorably abuse her Juniors; to Mia de los Reyes, I leave the *blink* RPhys *blink* lab, in all its dark, tiled glamour; to Jennifer Kronmiller, I leave the requisite competency for basic chemistry labs; to Adele Bernard, Wynter Wolff, and Olivia Traux, I leave Greece, a gorgeous view of the Parthenon at night, and associated (mis)adventures; and finally, to the Junior class as a whole, I bequeath my younger sister.

I, Brooke Kopelakis, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave my superfluous collection of hi-lighters to the lovely ladies of Third Bryan; may they use them in a colorful and productive manner. To Rebekah Proctor, I leave my yellow smiley stress ball; it will show you my affection long after I am gone. To Jenna Boyd, I leave long nights of sitting in the hall; may you find a Junior to sit beside you when I cannot. To Linsey Morrison, I leave my talent and expertise at Rock Band; may you use this talent to show Mr. Rash who is more beast. To next year's lucky resident of Bryan 325, I leave the bus drawn in pencil on the wall; it was there before I moved in. And to all of the Juniors of the Class of 2012, I leave a budding sense of senioritis, and the privilege

of forever more being referred to as a Junior by any member of the Class of 2011; may you cherish it, and pass it on to your Juniors when the time is right.

I, Sangeetha Kumar, do hereby leave the following warm memories and possessions to her lovely juniors. To my little baby second bryan juniors: Liz Bevels, role of hall Harry Potter freak; Joy Hill, "ACC officer"; Emily Strother, Little China and a replacement flower vase; Rebekah Wells, food drives (because you really like them); Alex Schmid, role of the bffl and placement on her "true" hall; Grace Yook, my first junior friend and inspiration that you will succeed in everything you do; and to Caroline Lamb, I leave nothing. To my dear junior brother, Vitchyr Pong, I leave you five dollars and gratitude for being the best brother/ best friend I could ever ask for. To Jeremy DeJournett, I leave you the role of my "junior brother". To my three favorite idiots on 2E: Steven Phillips, I leave you the role of lil cub and inside jokes with your "cousin"; Pranav Haravu, late night fail charades and awkward bhanga encounters; and Viggay Kumaresan, to be the best Southie Kumar NCSSM has ever seen. To Lisa Zheng and Emma Boyd, the position of Envirothon Co- Captains. To the class of 2011, thanks for the two best years of my life.

I, Molly Kuo, do hereby leave Mariya Husain, Reghan Horman, Grace Lamblin, and Lauren Bunch powerpoints from the beginning of the year including how to put the toilet paper on the roll; Reghan Horman the role of photographing everything; Jocelyn Keung and Sarah Chao, the best room on campus and the wooden things that hold up the cabinets; Jocelyn Keung ab workouts every other day; Vivian Chen Happy Endings (on TV and in real life); Katie Hoff the unicorn you never made me; Alyssa Ferris surprising everyone with amazing Just Dance skills; Tristan Gaddis owning the most Duke shirts on hall; Amanda Dango free stuff from sweepstakes online; Caroline Vilas the ability to know everything about everyone; Hailey Gosnell memories from the Ethics and Leadership weekend; Alexis Frady baking mini muffins in the lounge; Jessica Yoo smiles are warm hellos; Molly Bruce, Alexa Armachain, Cassie Lindquist, Kinesha Harris, and Nicole Serem quotes, the job wheel, and memories from a great season; Mae Davis the order of shows and the ability to recruit good juniors; and Edwin Yun trips to Ninth Street and insightful advice for your junior sibling.

I Eunice Lee state that I am of sound mental health and of contractual capacity, revoking all other wills and

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