

Harrison and Skye Frame the infamous room 215 filled with fond memories of senior year, Ankit Gupta and Sid Modi hellos from the senior bench, Wes Darling an awkward arm hug and compliments on his outfits, and to Sam Joo and Caroline Sprinkle work service awesomeness.

I, **Austin Hopkins**, being of questionable mind and broken body, thereby leave the end lane of the Narwhal Swim Team to Katie Cater; footprints on the moon to Kathleen Boyette; cheerful greetings to Caroline Sprinkle; secret plans and happy half scheming to Katherine Treacy; nine lives to Teagan Pollock; my love for swimming and my spotless practice attendance record

mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Marcy Pedzwater, the honorary title of Former Roommate, a messy room, and Wicked songs; to Ying Qi, our CompSci Snake game and also a hug; to Kristen Larson, memories of tea and late-night calc studying; to Hannah Krueger, full permission to mess with my hair as much as you like, even though yours is longer and flowier and super-pretty; to Ryan McCord, fun memories of hanging out before Prayer Circle; to Ingrid Tablazon, compliments on your epic guitar playing; to McKenzie Millican, Laura Weng, Sri Sure, and Yohana Dierolf, gratitude for making Physics fun (and some sound effects for Yohana!); to Jack Doyle, fun devotion times and less-fun calc class; to Grayson

I, **Mariya Husain**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Kelly McCarthy GRL airband 2013 and all of its loveliness; Abby Thurman all of the comedic humor that GRL (and you!) can possibly provide; Joey Lew all the lolesy, yet memorable times in the 006, nguyen and OH HI MARK; Tori L.R. Baker the ridiculously wonderful nicknames and funny, awkward bonding moments; Natalie Papp the love and family bond of GRL, keep it in-tact!; Jaeyoung Yoo the lovely 8 am laps to class; Camille Fulbright to-ris_tweets, enough said; Hannah Munro the genuine kindness and musical spirit of hall; Christie Jiang the brains and intelligence of GRL; Brandi Lawrence smiles smiles smiles and RLA-initiation

Suraj, and Matt for next year and the new officers each year to follow. To Jay Buchanan, my little protégé, I leave my love of NCSSM, Student Ambassador awesomeness, and the leadership of the Stentorian alongside Jordan and Carl. To 4B fun times, and to 2B all of my love. To all the new Student Ambassadors whom I made dance idiotically, I leave you the power to do that to your junior-babies next year ;) To the First Hill family I leave my love of the lounge, boats, canoes, and good dinners. To Matthew Boyd I leave long afternoons playing in the creek, movie times, my Yu-Gi-Oh craze, and a smile for each day I am gone. For Suraj I leave good judgment, mentorship fun, and fulfilled potential. To my J-bro

but with the reminder than one should practice love, tolerance, and ponies. To Vitkus I leave some sleep, what little I got. To Team 900, I leave holes in the chassis, but not as many Meaghan. I leave Jordan H, many thanks and my doll Woody, who can use the computer. To Graham, I leave my tolerance and the remembrance that 'Errare Humanum Est'. To Bo Kane, I leave love for chemistry and German, in that he, too, may find peace through them. To Kyle Elmore and Justin Finklestein, I leave my non-compiling code. All others receive JASON.

I, **Meaghan Johnson**, being of unsound mind, do hereby leave Reba Martin the



to Waverly Wolff; all my love and affection to Samuel Joo; the best of luck to whoever inhabits room 132 next year; and all of the hipster animals in the world to Janssen White.

I, **Reghan Horman**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave AT - my ability to do a body roll; NP - a dead baby futon; TLRB - judgmental looks in class when people make ridiculous statements; WM - long afternoons of doing nothing and happy songs; KR - ¿Donde esta...? jokes and high pitched sneezes; CR - Hunt Classroom movie nights, CookOut runs, Hunt desk tricks, and my photography developing skills; LF - a mechanical pencil and fake punches; TF - my ability to unlock the photography cabinet and Band-Aids for your forehead; VC - custody battles and my three emotions; BL & KK - Ground Royall and all of its glory; BB - bruises from racquetball, hilarious faces, sleep deprivation, fake break-ups, and memories with the person who made my last trimester unforgettable.

I, **Shannon Elizabeth Houck**, being of fairly sound

Bodenheimer, I don't know what to give you but I'll think of something eventually; to all my 3rd Bryan girls, flowers, fun, and WiiDance marathons; and to the countless others I don't have the room to mention, hugs. (And college applications, if you so choose.) I shall miss all of you dearly, and I hope that senior year is as lovely for you all as it was for me.

I, **Suqi Huang**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave AGuo and CLin music-filled nights in the ETC, funny faces and pick-up lines, super winks and spooning, trips to downtown Durham, and quartet performances; AKelley freaking out over the possibility of getting "bad" grades, learning how to use chopsticks, ranting about boy problems, and camping; KWhang watching chick flicks, awesome taste in music, morning trips to IHOP, and working in lab at Duke; JLee real life poke wars, awkward hugs, and getting bubble tea; JAN trips to Ben & Jerry's; JLew magical moments in chemistry labs; and HLim throwing purple powder into people's faces.

treats; Kimberly Keiter RLA initiation goodies and all the love that room 006 will give you next year; Luke Fernandez cheesy pick-up lines, going rogue, playing guitar together, and being little cachorritos; Lisa Fan "you are tearing me apart Lisa," having alternative career choices, lolesy govpol/Spanish times; Jin Kang 9th street outings, talks at the rock, precise timing, picking off leaves/twigs, and all the love I could possibly give in the hopes that you'll find a really good JS.

I, **Brian Iezzi**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the tennis team to the most honorable, most well respected, and exulted Jin Kang, Warren Feng, Param Sidhu, Abhay Qureshi, and Josh Mu; Warren, Carl, and Jack I leave 3rd West and the honor of chilling with Boss and making sure things don't go to plan; Brad I leave a plethora of FIFA games and contents currently hanging on the back of my door; to Vincent I leave a small amount of respect.

I, **Ashley Jernigan**, leave behind my heart in my work with the FAFA to Vanessa,

Kyle Lee I give memories of Sampson County, in the hopes that you never forget who you are. To all of the students of NCSSM I leave my appreciation and love for this school in the hopes that you never forget what blessings you have.

I, **Sharon Jiang**, being of dragon mind and petite body, do hereby leave Jaehoon Jung gala apples and the continued use of "Kenny"; Brooke Whitfield and Emily Stark YAG sassiness and purple plants; and Sarah Lee nights of advice and clothes to borrow.

I, **Andrew Thomas Johnson**, being of by no means sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Chuber, I leave the swag, for I cannot handle it, to Abigail B, I leave the fun and "zinging paipez", and to Clay I leave Tommy Wiseau. As for the juniors, they will receive such: To Jackson, I leave the drive to work hard and never give up, like me, but to also be kind to others, which I ultimately failed at. I also leave him and David my room to live and laugh in. To Maxim, I leave trolling in every way

mill and the button-maker; Tatiana Miller my awesome Chinese skills and making faces on Bali Hai trips; Kyle Elmore and Justin Finklestein Spoons paranoia; Jackson Thompson our mutual hometown; Marcy Pedzwater and Jamie Smith Girl Scout camp songs; and the 3rd Bryan Juniors knowledge of the glorious Principality of Sealand -- may they all use these gifts wisely.

I, **Madelaine Katz**, being of vivacious mind and adventurous body, hereby bestow upon the Class of 2013 the glorious reigns of the unforgettable ride that is senior year. To Yvonne, I leave endless giggles, an adoration of her adorability, and the undeniable swag of the blue jacket. To Kristen, I leave the unfailing and overwhelming excitement of the stage, the puffy delight of veg-head marshmallows, and the gratitude for teaching me how to be golden. To Carson, spontaneous swing dances, a reverence for her fullness and passion, and nights on that Appalachian, one and

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