

the essence of a prosperous and fun Dance Marathon. Amber Woodington and Addie Jackson, remember that I will forever be in your presence. I've spent enough time in your current and soon-to-be rooms. To Angel Chukwu, Lamara Parnell, and Gabby Masseaux, you'll always be my triple babies. To the rest of <3B and my other baby junes, I leave you the freedom to do anything that I would do. I more-than-like most of y'all, but it's time for me to graduate. Make senior year kick rocks! HOLLAA HOLLAAAA!!!!

I, Sid Modi, hereby leave my ambassador jacket to Saurin Kantesaria and my Maggi noodles to Aakash Patel. I also leave my basketball skills to Samuel Lee in the hopes that he will use them to better himself on the court. To James Um I leave my mac keyboard. I leave David Choi my passion for SG, and I hope he will use it to help those at NCSSM and to pay attention in SG meetings. I leave my speakers to Isaiah Bryant and my bed to Harrison Rashley. I leave my Jsis Anne Lee an XXL bag of M&M's and Kim Ngo my love for scary movies. Finally, I leave my chips to Josh Jiang, hoping that he will finally find some salsa to compliment them.

I, Katie Morris, being of questionably sound mind and body, do hereby leave Anna Strawn my room, Kat the Cat, York Peppermint Patties, and conversations about everything under the sun; Emily Barbee zombies to kill, trips to Chubby's, and memories with Scarlet; Erin Mayo (my twin, George Weasley) and Grant King amazing happy-half conversations and summer plans; Vanessa Ponce trips to the bank, pokes during hall meetings, playing X-box, and being fatties; and all my beautiful softball ladies all the fun (and not so fun) times we had playing the game we all love.

I, Hannah Munro, leave to Gabrielle and Lucy, my room, the D104. Treat her well! To Shraddha and Mona I leave all of the laughter we shared. To Heenal I leave the awkward face poke. To Mallory I leave the viola section, counting, and an awesome work service. To Priya I leave our daily encounters, crazy essays, and smiles.

I, Susan Ngo, hereby leave my senior will. To NCSSM class of 2014, I leave you guys the endless stacks of Asia textbooks and best wishes for yet another year of stressful, overwhelming loads of schools work (oh and college applications). To the cutest and amazing junior brother I could've ever asked for, Stephen Yang, I leave you all the cucumbers and lettuce in the PFM and the responsibility to exercise at least once a day.

To my wonderful breakdance partner during Asiafest and my twin, GaKay Gao, I leave you bags of ramen and the "swag" walking skills we learned from Jin. To the most hardworking study buddy, Shan Yu, I leave you all my physics notes and trips to Joe's during the weekend. To the super smart, genius, Wanlin Xie, I leave you the best wishes of dealing with my junior brother. To my beautiful 1st Royall juniors, I leave you the mystery of missing trash bags and many visits from Ophelia. And to my future ACC officers, I pass down the torch of honor to represent the Asian culture and responsibility of organizing the biggest fest on campus.

I, Nina Ondona, being of tiger mother mind and short stature leave my dear junior brother Chris the potential to become a legend - do it big your senior year JBro. To Meredith and Jungsu I leave my Asiafest act. To Harrison I leave the opportunity to redeem himself. To Josh, Trace, Isaiah and Vishesh I leave my baby, TSA. Good luck with everything, bring back lots of shiny things, and make tiger mama proud. To Catherine and Katelyn, I (and Yvonne) leave dance ensemble, my passion for dancing, hours in the studio and crazy dance breaks in front of a webcam. To Alice I leave perfect lab reports. To Catherine, my darling daughter, I leave you all of my fatherly love, a spot on 1D, and a seat at mob family dinners. To Samantha and Katie, I leave adventures down 9th street and senior year shenanigans. To my breakdance babies, I leave all of the swag I can as a pseudo-captain. To my dancer babies, I leave exhilarating senior performances. To 1C2C1D I leave my loud presence at hall meetings. To 2W juniors, I leave my legacy as the one small Filipina hallmate per year.

I, Christopher Louis Panuski, being of stuntin' mind and body, leave 100% of my abilities to Kavi Jain for his future successes in competition math (and academia in general), 60 miles a week and lots of DC jokes to Chatham Ellwanger to keep him entertained, plenty of all-nighters working on research and trying to figure out exciting new ways to blow something up (or just do awesome stuff with physics) to Zack Polizzi, all the ladies to my immaculate playa slick Jack Allen, a life to Danielle DeJournett, my consummate and professional tennis moves to Danny Oh, lots of love to ZuZu pet, watermelon out the game (with Jin Yoon, of course) to Yvonne Lei and Anne Lee, a debt collector to Sydney Muaka (in hopes that one day I will get my well deserved \$5), any Ultimate talent that I may have to Nathan Kwon, and my best wishes to all of the RPhys juniors and the future of Research in Physics Program.

I, Marcy Pedzwater, of fairly unsound body and completely unsound mind, do hereby bequeath the following to my beloved juniors: to Amber Woodington, Amy Blew, and Su Cho, I leave the task of making the 3B awesome next year; to Abby Smith I leave sitting in the lounge and sharing stories; and to all of my 3rd Bryan ladies I leave the task of making your senior year the best year yet!!!

I, Ally Pfozter, being of fine intellect and large smile, do hereby bequeath my fun times in the cold mountains to Camille Fulbright, Andrew Green and Henry Seiler, my rockin DC adventures to Ryan McCord and Tristan McGregor. Late night talks to Rosalia Preiss, Madison Boice and Jojo drake. Dancing nights, musicals and pool parties to Suzanne Philips and Christy Powell. Physics I throw at Jack Doyle as a thank you for getting me through it. Prom I leave to the hot Lisa fan and soulful Ingrid Lorese. My hall I leave to Caroline!!! Soccer games and mentorship bus rides to Garrett Powell. And my heart now and always to phoebe Castelblanco. It's been swell smath!

I, Suzanne Phillips, leave Ali Eakes all the memories of making up spicy Spanish songs in Srta. Smith's Class, and being the best Spanish partner I could ever have. Dallas Warren, I leave you way too many snap chats, and so many great days not paying attention in Spanish. Spencer Yacos, I leave you a metaphorical jersey for TEAM BLUE and all of my phenomenal volleyball skillz that you always wished you had. Dallin Yost, I would leave the best hugs ever and the most loveable personality ever, but you already have those <3 To Catherine farmer, I leave the awesome times ahead of you as the best attaché and being the 1C2C1D dance queen! Jenna Reynolds and Alex Smith, I leave you sexy dancing. Use it wisely. Evan brooks I leave you the Service Learning Board, making stuff happen with it, and ultimate Frisbee lameness. Matt Weaver, I leave you the knowledge that Helen Christy always loved me more.

I, Vanessa Phuong, with great sincerity and deep affection, do hereby leave Paul Kim Raisin Bran cereal and yards of gray fabric for making quilts; Andrew Peterson all of my pathophysiology knowledge because I know he's going to place first place at nationals for the both of us; Lucky Ketheeswaran trips to Joe Van Goghs and all my Super Junior fan-girly goods; Anne Fang a thousand apologies for not being the senior sister I thought I would have been; To Ga Kay Gao I

leave spicy seafood ramen, a lifetime supply of seaweed, trips to Chubby's, late night real talks, Eskimo kisses, a fart or two, and all of my love; All the girls on First Royall good luck and best wishes for the next year; Susan Ngo a life size doll of Joseph Vincent—complete with singing when you push his belly button—a pantry full of granny snacks, and actual pillows; Natalie Ung a golden crepe pan, karaoke nights in the car, the baby of Totoro and Hello Kitty, and the honor of being my bestest friend/3rd or 4th cousin ever. And lastly, to Austin Sun I give layered bean dip, cat pictures, Farmers, Markets, Loops, and 10am.

Helen Christy Powell: To Madden Brewster I leave the duty of making Mountain Cultures Club legit, a feat no



other leader has yet been able to do. To Gabrielle Beaudry I leave 1D. Make sure it's awesome, even though my room wasn't good enough for you. I also leave you the ritual of ridiculously long dinners after swim practice with Jack Allen and Kevin Parham, and the cardboard cut out of me that shall be placed at every meal. To Matt Weaver I happily leave my senior year. To Gabe Shepherd I leave Matt Weaver.

I, Harish Pudukodu, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave Shouri Gottiparthi, Dallin Yost, and Paul Smith the mess we've left behind; Priya Desai and Ali Eakes the reason to smile all the time; Parth Thakker and Matthew Kornberg the job to help students; Anshul Subramanya all those slaps in dance practices; Pranay Orugunta the tools to advance RPhys... so long as Dr. Bennett approves; and Duncan Brown and Trace Birchfield the legendary corner triple.

I, Maddi Putman, being of sound body and mind hereby leave Kera Ktul my awesome RLA skills, calling people princess, obsessing over Chuck and Blair, and the right to make one of your juniors ask you to semi; Elizabeth Westbrook 'Murica, oatmeal, and half of my basket of candy (come see me!); Lindsey Locklear the right to be a wonderful 1st

Beall RLA; Shayna Jacobs sassy pants; Melissa Mason an intimidating softball face and the right to be the most supportive voice in the dugout; Kasey Marshall lots and lots of cats; Kiya Walker my room and the perfect Ethan Whitehorse; Sarah Kohrt borrowing your stapler and making perfect man lists; Thamir Santillan the right to yell at people for being too loud at basketball games; David Cuppett awkward meetings at the t-shirt signing dance and the right to take tons of selfies; and last but not least my best friend, Sheridan Earnhardt, my RLA position, my room, my clipboard, sleepovers, ordering pizza, watching TV instead of doing work, and most importantly the right to find a junior best friend make your senior year as perfect as you made mine.

I, Cassidy Ring, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave 1D in the loving hands of Gabrielle Beaudry; my ability to play soccer with my left foot to Mona Amin; numerous running adventures, late-night street soccer, and excessive "hello's" to Madden Brewster and McKenna Reed; all my motivational snacks and cards to my wonderful soccer son, Matt Nichols; a spot at the lunch table to Baby Chase; giant hugs to my best friend Ugochi Nwamara; falling asleep in Spanish class to Nquyen Le; a strong defense to Madelyn Krebs and Erin Rymiszewski; physics and unstoppable leadership skills to Alice Wang, thank you for everything; my motherly love and bonding time with the mob to my doting daughter Catherine Farmer; being happy to Travis McKay because he could always put a smile on my face; the ability to confirm and deny Abby Thurman's outrageous stories to Meredith Dorminey; superb aquatic experiments and wonderful lab partners to Matt Weaver; all the ways to avoid broken noses and concussions to the women's soccer team; future success to the cross-country and indoor track teams; and all my happiness and love to the wonderful ladies of 1C2C1D.

I, Sophia Rowland, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Caroline Conrad the honor of reading

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