

Mouse, twerking, and cuddles; the triple late night laughs and ratchet braids; Cassidy all the times in the C212 last year that can't be spoken of, Herbert, and the struggles of us doing homework together; Kate, Dana, and Anna spring break and prom; Taylor future trips to the train museum, coconut oil, prom, and late nights on the 2BL/4B; Hannah Pearl all her wondrous beauty and sparkles; Carrie my company and Zane; Nia all the Latin skills in the world and adventures as Spiderman; Hope the joys of being the same person, the tasks of being a Latin TA, and the struggles of being a senior with no cute junior boys; and Dr. Tougas, the fun of being a Latin TA all year and the knowledge I can carry on with me.

I, Kedar Dange in both sound mind and body, leave my final will. To my juniors, what can I give other than my love and gratitude for this wonderful year? Oh right, sweet, sweet material wealth. To Jonathan, I give my Guitar poster. Carry with it a love for music and playing guitar that you and I share. Care for it and pass it on to 3rd East's next guitar player. To Zach, I give the unicorn poster. It was given to Wes and me by our very own RLA named Zach. To Gerardo and Tomas, we give our Marvel poster. We see a bit of ourselves in you. Next year, pass it on to another dynamic duo. To Brian, I give the Tinnes Can. Keep what you want and pass on what you don't. To Teddy, I give the Dwight Schrute poster. I give it in memory of my RLA, Evan. He was a lot like you. To Kevin, I give my love and admiration, and a little bit of melancholy narcissism. You're like me, but white and considerably different in many respects. To my juniors, I give my love, and my tearful departure.

Wesley Darling's Last Will and Testament: To Annie Jo, my sweet, sweet sister, I leave you everything in the world, and everything your heart desires. I wish you the best of luck next year! To Josie, I leave the title of Captain of UniChords, and every uncomfortable situation ever. To Ava, I leave my Breaking Free dedication, NEW YORK CITY (Josie can have a small portion of the city. Like Queens. Ciera can have that Applebee's that we didn't talk to one another at.). To the Quadeumverate, I leave Diplomacy, Communism, and entirely too much exclusivity. To everyone in Rising Son (Working Title), I leave you the glories of the theatre department, and I thank you so much for helping me become a man this year. To Nিকেley, BUTLE ME THIS WILL. To Dallas and Mary Lynn, I leave Myrtle Beach and friendship, may you both go far; I know you will. To Kevin Parham, I leave you this quote: "Fine then, keep your secrets." ~

Frodo Baggins. To Philip, I leave you that debt you owe at Hot Headz Salon (you really should eventually pay them), and those late night talks that I never fully understood.

I, Steven Deepee, do hereby leave Madeline Finnegan my excess of Ben and Jerry's coupons to use on a daily basis and the Student Ambassador jacket I so proudly wore throughout this year; "Baby" Chase Hayhurst the Ping Pong Club that I built with my own hands and the right to be my successor in wearing an excess of Nike clothing each and every day; Kevin Parham my position of head director of Junior Civitan; Anne Lee my position of Elections Board Chairman of Junior Civitan and the love for food that we share; Julia Yu the right to believe that she is decent at "Scramble with Friends"; Harrison Rashley the right to wear colorful Nike Elite and Sequelizer socks that no one else owns; Rob Andrews a great thank you for all that he did for me throughout this past year; Ellis Johnson some type of reward for being able to put up with me on hall; and to Cierra Hinton all of the ratchetness that she thinks that I possess.

I, Yohana Dierolf, leave to Karter Lucas a reason to laugh anytime someone talks about either cats or dinosaurs and especially both, and chocolate after hard days; Simon Wolf memories of mischief, walks down Ninth Street and lazy days in the sun; AbaGayle Younts my unending belief in her abilities, lots of venting sessions, and a reminder to smile; Andrew Adams every ounce of my respect for your dedication and incredible intelligence, and late night phone calls about hating laundry; Elliot Holliday nail biter basketball games, Ox and Rabbit milkshakes, and lots of meows; Dallin Yost lots of head scratches; Zihui Yang lots of sass and the ability to do rolls in heels; Sam Christensen rants about environmental science topics that no one but us actually care about; Grayson Bodenheimer my promise to stay in touch and a love of good poetry; Marc Arrambide music, milkshakes, and long talks; Emmalee Todd lots of late nights and first friendship; The new Student Ambassadors an incredibly rewarding experience and an office full of amazing people to work with and learn to love next year; and my love to everyone here who has touched my life somehow.

I, Hillary Dimig, being of debatably sound mind and body, do hereby leave Emma Dedmond arm amputation, YOLOIYYOLOHEITL, and the wings we found in our ceiling; Randi Gibbs conversations in Ubbi Dubbi and Mandarin; Maggie Caruso (I mean Bob) neuroscience seminars; Katie Brey foosball

and the knowledge that Perchucky was always his name; Carmel Zhao our plan to terraform Mars; Sravya Kaniti vocaloid and a mutual dislike of pasta; Tischen Wade String Theory meetings; Tony Li aerials and double dream hands; Michelle Zhao adventures in wind ensemble; Megan Wicks acrylic painting and conversations in the laundry room; Herbert Hoffmann potato potato potato; Mitchell Tague evo labs and unfortunate face hugs, and all the juniors of Third Bryan an amazing senior year.

I, JoJo Drake, do hereby leave UNIs Fighting Hunger in the hands of Vany Nguyen and Andrew Peterson; leave



Katelyn Johnson the biggest and best girls' single on campus, all my dance passion and zeal, and my RLA duties; Madden Brewster my craziness and outbursts, late night lab work the night before its due, and infatuation with Mr. Milbourne; My mini me, Nguyen Le, my shower singing and uncanny ability to make new friends like she and I did way back when on move in day; Su Cho fun choral times with good 'ole Mr. Stuntzy and my RLA duties as she heads off to 3rd Bryan; Catherine Farmer the backpacking program at E.K Powe and love for 1C2C1D; Danielle Dejournal my not-so-good wall-twerking skills, tapping dance frenzies, and my tendency to go off the wall nuts when bumpin' at mixers; leave Jesse Hansen and Annie Jo my love for life, for acting, for performing, for the theater, & for the arts for that matter; leave Taylor Fort my sarcasm even though she has plenty and my "no-cussing policy" that was hers first and that I actually don't abide by; Gabe Shepherd what will hopefully be many trips to UNC.

I, Alex Elder, do hereby leave Madison Batten Room 419, my RLA position, clipboard, and a set of eyes and ears to make sure my babies

are always cared for; Sheridan Earnhardt the right to be an amazing friend to her juniors and make a friendship that will last forever, and to be the kind of CRAZY only she can work; Thamir Santillan the right to call anyone a "poop" stick whenever she wants; David Cuppett the right to be the best Senior Brother anyone could ask for and weird happy half conversations; Nicole "Nana" Ward gets my fast pants and all their glory; Caroline Conrad gets to keep the softball team laughing and the right to ask someone a question every 5 seconds; Ann Bingham gets the mother pants of the softball team and to tell them that they are crazy if they think they can play with half a leg; Courtney Bell gets to speak the truth

tre fo; Vishesh, D-Cupp, and Amir the patience to help new juniors become acclimated; Sam, Chris, and James the chemistry of our flag football team; Ugochi the prowess of our bernie; D-Cal the state of not knowing what to do; Lawrence, the potential to become the best Settlers of Catan player there ever was; Parth the portable generator soccer ball that we never made; Zack and Anshul the ability to model with differential equations; and Gabe Shepherd five and a half chickens.

I, Luke Fernandez, being of sound mind, do hereby leave the annex late night council meetings, shower conversations, and loud

with no filter; and last but not least, Maureen Xu, may she find a junior that worries her as much as she did me and may it bring joy to her when they finally understand what she's preached.

I, Haley Erickson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the C102 and (most importantly) the C102.0 to my beloved Mona, a love for squirrels, jokes, and inevitable distractions to Grace, a need to climb and the potential to succeed to Kevin, the best junior brother a senior sister could ask for, the official title of my "Favorite Junior" to Harrison, motherly love, cards, and all my best wishes in everything he attempts to my soccer son, Matt, control of Fifth Bryan and the Astronomy binoculars to Madeline, the power to push through drowning in Chemistry and Miller papers to my other Madeline, and finally, my noisy but always well-intended best wishes, support, and absolute love to my lovely ladies of 1C and 1C2C1D.

I, Warren Feng, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Derek Zhang the legacy of viscosity; Jeffrey, Hong, and Sammy the pride of

music; the cuatro unparalleled brotherhood; QS two years of crazy shenanigans and laughter to the point of tears; HS stars, soccer, a magical smile, adventures, and a heart of pure gold; EM a view on life and a goal for the future that I can truly admire; CE a love for nature, horrible jokes that no one else should be allowed to hear, the best running conversations, late night jam sessions, and a passion for music; ZP legendary 1st Hunt status and the mind of an inventor; HT tolerance; KN the best jumping hugs and a zeal for life that should make the world envious; AE and RD my friends at UHOO and heartwarming moments; MA my not-so-silent admiration; and AL an intoxicating laugh, third tri bonding, and future adventures at UNC.

I, Devin Finney, being of sound mind and body, do leave Priya and Ali all the love of their senior mommy and high hopes for next year as the best groyall RLA's ever. To 3rd Beall juniors the best of luck with marmar and incoming baby junz, may you always love your time spent in that blue hallway. To Madelyn, I leave never doing Chinese homework and fangirling over

Continued on page 9