



future success and glory.

I, Ga Kay Gao, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave my First Royall girls all the wonderful memories I made with you all over the past two years; my Enthaply juniors swag on swag, dance on; Rebecca Shen fun times in Ecology and Aquatic Ecology; Arnab Subramanya Minecraft, and my love for being the cutest junior brother a senior could ask for; Atif Mahmood Gas Pedal, strange late night conversations, the pizza and brownies I never got, and kisses from your grandma;



and to Connie Chen all the bubble tea you could ever want, toilet paper that is never actually in the holder, peanut butter and turkey sandwiches, milk, Nutella, endless hours of dance videos on Youtube, room 113, and an award for being an amazing roommate.

I, Laura Goodman, being of caffeinated mind and stressed body, do hereby leave my junior brothers, Tucker Green and Connor Black, plenty of badly-timed, but sincere hugs as well as a couple of magical ducky-corns. To the Model United Nations Club goes world peace and many gavels; to Mock Trial, lots of productive meetings and a couple of the unproductive ones as well; to my 1C2CID ladies, I leave chocolates, hugs, and movie-marathons. To my cross country juniors, I leave you motivation, soft trails, and perfect weather; To Mayura Patwardhan, I leave you my paper flowers will last as long as our friendship does; To Mary Van Buren, I leave the most twisted posters I own, my lucky Buddha, and endless chats about life. To Jackie Hausle, I leave a junior as supportive and loving as you. To the HOSA Forensics team, knock-em "dead" in competition. To Betty Liu, I leave the most epic dance moves imaginable. To Sam Oesterling, I leave a knock-out shot at Mr. Uni next year. To Michael Li, I leave admiring crowds to behold your amazing talent.

I, Shouri Gottiparthi, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the Trap to Trenton, Justice, and Miles. I hope you guys enjoy the lack of internet, lighting, and

cellphone signal. Its ok I also pass down the trap bed to you guys. Next, I pass down my position of Master of Culinary Affairs for the Tennis Team to Dhru. Remember to take the team to Cici's and Cookout as frequently as possible. Justin Yang you can be the first alternate, I don't even know if Dhru is going to make the team. To Andrew Gavin, I pass down my itis I don't want to fail college and you have so much of it already. Alex Ludwig, Micah Halter, and Thomas Winslow, you can have my get out of jail free cards, I hope you all don't go to prison. Harrison Lee I appoint

you to the position of true RLA (Realest Living Alpha) on 2nd East. Abhi Kulgod, I'll do prep for you next year, you better win everything. Lastly to the Oval Office and the Trap, thanks for the best two years of my life I love you all. I hope we stay in touch.

Ava Gruchacz - I leave strength and endurance to Nick Leary and Claire Naboodri as they lead the NCSSM Young Life Club next year. I leave Becky Chen late night talks, one on one math tutorial sessions, and the power to love a baby june as much as I love you. Lastly, I leave adventurous runs, any goddess-like features you think I have, and my NCSSM soccer mom t-shirt to Sunny Patil.

I, Grace Guo, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Madeleine Gonzalez our deep, philosophical discussions on life and turnup soup... "go Ephs!"; Guy Blanc and Jiyu Cheong the position of DECA chapter co-presidents— don't mess up; Amber Woodington and Addie Jackson our "best frans" lunch dates and mixer dance moves; Madeleine Tilley trips to Ninth Street and random get-togethers; Evan Brooks our ratchetness and food delivery mishaps; and four more great years to my friends going to UNC.

I, Emily Hagstrom, being of as reasonably sound mind and body as one can be at this point in his or her Smath career, leave Fourth Bryan in the care of Rachel White, Anna Xu, and Esther Lee. I firmly believe in your abilities to keep our home happy and warm—

and clean. To Tony Courville and Jacob Sebastian, I leave finicky mic-stands and my spot in the back of Woolworth. To Casey D'Amato, family dinners. To Madison Batten, late night rants and dirty dishes. To Jesse Hansen, chicken love. To Megan Wicks, dancing and happy music. To Kayla Boling, a lifetime of hope. To Kasey Marshall, all the Chi-ness of Chi. For Nina Sannes, Ashlyn Parsons, and Darby Madewell, I leave the love of storytelling. And Elly Leidner, I'll forever be your cheerleader. And lastly, I leave a multitude of high fives, cheek-pinches, sushi dates, jam sessions,

laughs, panic-attacks, and overwhelming love to my best friend in the whole world, Paul Smith. Thank you for being my person since that first day of school when you made us twenty minutes late for our first Physics class by thinking we were early. You'll always have a place in my heart.

I, Jesse Hansen, being of sharp mind and stable heart, do hereby leave to Alex Suggs, a year of firsts and adventure. To Adrienne Orbita, I leave an unwavering friendship, late nights, shark sightings, and sushi nights. To Emily Hagstrom, I leave a year of highs and lows and friendship turned to sisterhood. Best wishes, my dear. To Paul Smith, I leave last minute skits and the woes of Google drive. To Nina Sannes, a love of physics, a certain floral dress, tradition, and to Quinn as well—all the magic of Koffeehaus. To Kerri Smetana, pineapples, bus rides, my carpet, and so much more. To Hannah John, I leave plastic spoons and super glue. To Emily McGuirt and Meera Parikh, I leave the revolution. To Madison Batten, talk of tents and ginger tea. To Andrew Adams, the night sky, long phone calls, and walks around the school. To Alex Ludwig, I leave my SMath bucketlist, fences to be climbed, and early mornings. To the Triforce +I I leave the carpet, rafting through the Amazon, YGS, and Loca People. And finally, to a certain grandsenior, I leave a forever kind of friendship.

I, Lindsey Helms, leave to Elly Leidner all of the throat coat tea on campus and my prime seat in Chorale; to Nina Sannes all of the late night physics and the Pregnant

Wallabies; and to John Roberson, Meredith Tooley, and Jaye Sudweeks the many things to "do do do do do".

I, Isabella Hernandez, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Kristian Gaylord all my love, to Gerri Odum I leave you with all my smiles and to Justice Obasohan I leave you all my awful Jokes. Have fun next year! See you guys soon!

I, Jungsu Hong, being of sound mind and body, leave Richard Ong, Sierra Dunne, and Betty Liu the Stentorian with confidence that its tradition and glory will live on, Kenzie West with the lovely memories of Italy 2014, Jiyu Cheong with short-lived runs, love for J.Crew and shopping, k-dramas, the Jung sisters, twins status, and hopes you'll have juniors that make you as happy as you made me, Hannah Kim with the brightest of smiles and compliments, Chase Yuan with regrets of not being a good senior sister, and hope you'll achieve all your goals senior year, Isabelle Lee with unlimited visits to UNC, David Yun with an unofficial sibling status, hopes of being updated on your life, and anxiousness for your Kwave and KCC captainship, Cheyenne Wall, Charlotte Love, and Madison Woo with late night 1st trimester twerk sessions and mixer shenanigans, Sydney Cole with unlimited laundry and love for Lush, Daria Nonnemaker with much thanks for being an amazing stand-partner, and last but not least Ground Reynolds with love and gratitude for obnoxious karaoke sessions, quiet hours, food runs, and lounge bonding. Thank you NCSSM for making the last two years worth remembering and treasuring.

Matias Horst - To Franklin, I leave the frustrations of NCSSM. The third Beall cult got fleeced in this will. Regarding, Joe Van Gogh, I'm keeping it.

I, Stephon Howie, being of an unstable mind and body do hereby leave Jenyane my obsession for Scandal and Revenge as well as my best wishes next year as a Student Ambassador. I leave Auston his newfound knowledge of the location of the Admissions office, the ability to be the amazing Ambassador I know you will be, and your new twerking skills which I have so graciously bestowed upon you. To Christina Neal (aka best friend), I leave my appreciation for twerking and many more entries into next year's #TwerkOffs. May we always be connected through Twitter despite our distance. I leave the legacy of the #TwerkOffs to Atif, Erick, Quinn, and Seyram. I know that it is in good hands with you four. I'm certain that you guys will make it bigger and better than ever. Lastly, to Rebecca Shen I leave

my best wishes for a fantastic senior year. I know that you will accomplish so much; you truly are one of the kindest and most talented people I have ever met. You're going to be a great SPL and I'm already proud of everything you've done. Thanks for being such an amazing JSis.

I, Julia Hu, being of sound mind and body do hereby state my last will and testament. To my dearest roomie, Margaret Bertoni, I pass down all rights to my produce factory and well-deserved naps. To Heather Hudson, I leave Ox and Rabbit runs and softball games that I did end up coming to, however testing bottle rockets the next field over. To Chris Duran, I present you with CAPS LOCK conversations and baking brownies in Hunt Kitchen. To my daughter Becky Chen, I hand over my name, screaming "Andrew wants you to pay child support!" down the hallway, and late-night laughs in the 109. To my son Erick Aguilar, I leave you that one beautiful profile picture, first time data bus runs with the rain and ear piercings, and life philosophies about pastel colors. To my proclaimed son Jared London, I deliver to you my college applications as well as kidnappings at 8:03 pm. And finally, to my future Science Olympiad Captains, I turn over to you my family, well, our family. I leave you jukebox sing-alongs, Friday night cram sessions, a whole bunch of food, and the most rewarding year of your lives.

I, Brooke Huang, hereby leave all of my Ground Reynolds juniors lots of love. I leave romantic candlelit smooth-jazz showers to Madison Woo, the salty ramen soup that she never drinks to Cheyenne Wall, and calling Bryan desk when I'm locked out to Sydney Cole. To my super adorable junior brother Franklin Chen, I leave a (relatively) healthy lifestyle that includes decent amounts of sleep in the hope that he will embrace it. To my juniors that will be next year's ACC Officers (Bina Amin, Jessie Huang, Esther Lee, Pranav Kemburu), I leave an Asiafest that's sure to be amazing.

I, Addie Jackson, being of nearly sound mind and body, do hereby leave: stage right and backstage selfies to Darby Madewell; inappropriate page number jokes and even more selfies to Devin Halvorsen; a wide array of facial expressions and backstage dancing to Alyanna Ridimann; freezing cold walks around Hill and absolute honesty to Jimmy Brincefield; Lord of the Rings and Harry Potter marathons to all of my 3B junes; the 301, and all of its late night fun, to ShiaoMeng and Rachell; and TEDx to the spectacular committee. To my lovely 3rd Bryan, I leave two years of finding a home. And

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