



and Praruj, the confidence to succeed as fantastic 1st Hunt RLAs; to Chris, thanks for being a spectacular roommate and even better friend, I promise that 2,789 miles isn't far enough to separate us forever; to Wolverine, I leave memories of swim season and Asiafest, as well as my eternal gratitude for all of your Mom's Indian food; to Andrew, I leave late night rants about life and my thanks for you sharing your food and Netflix; to Annie Jo and Josie, I leave Fun with Friends 2014, and the many other adventures we had together, even though Italy wasn't one of them :( ; to Kavi, procrastinating on Comp Chem and Med Chem; to Kim, Allison and Zack, memories of our endless Miniterm adventure; and to Madeline, memories of struggling in Multi, and the promise of hanging out a lot next year (and this summer!)

I, Elisabeth Parker, being of hella mind and body, do hereby bequeath the memories, tears and love of junior year, the power of the TriForce+1, and YGS to Hannah, Layla, and Jesse, my maze Five shorts and a bottle of my tears to Jackie, allegiance to Perturbia to Tomi, every single all-hall to Isabel, awful split sideline cheers and years' worth of wheeeekends to my hardcore SMUF core, Locopops dates and everything blue that I own to David, pink Legos and bus keys to Zach, AP chemistry anxiety and my room key to Gabster, the cat heart sticker and peace offerings and apt50 to Nathan, a new yearbook program and iPod and phone charger to Stephen, 352935 discs to Madeline, a crystal ball and tarot cards to Gerri (not that she needs them), and the best team and the best hall to the fantastic class of 2015. Be sweet, kids!

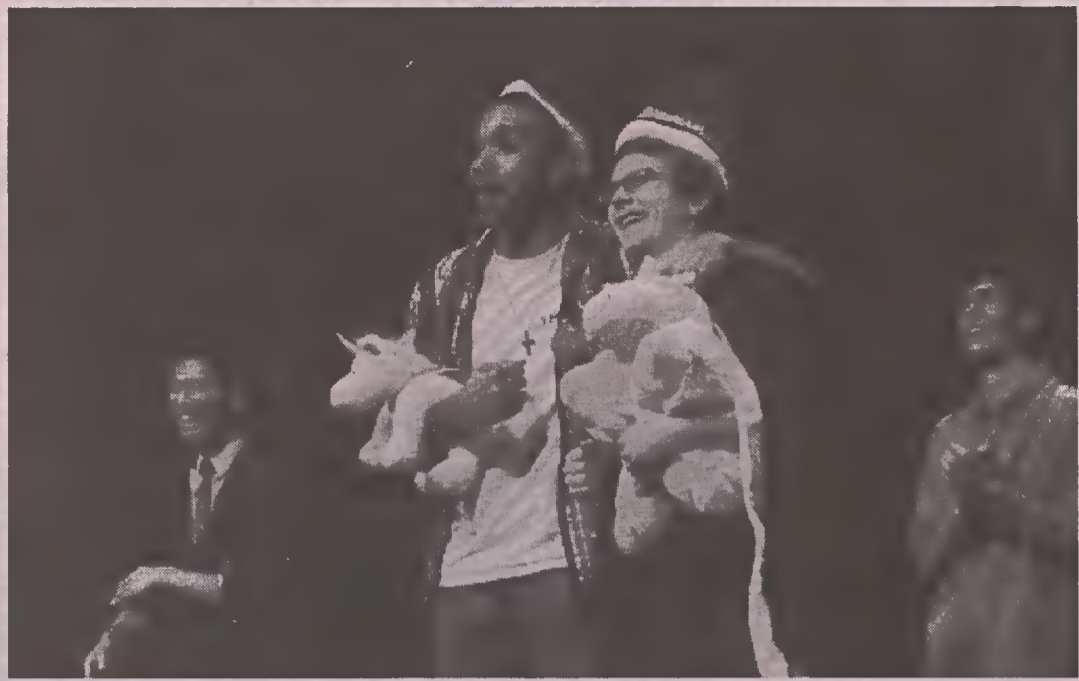
I, Lamara Parnell, leave: Kennedy and Charlie: I leave you love. Nothing I could say would be can express what you mean to me. You've been there for me when no one else was. Long live the 4:02 squad. Kennedy: I leave: The juice, 4:02, movie dates, blanket forts, inverse spooning, broken iPhones, my morning face, Dr. Who, and the memories of yogastics and chive. Trent: I leave Sports Medicine, with laughter, with you I was



always genuinely happy. <3 Charlie: The memory of 402, Puerto Rico, Ambassadoring, yogastics, and understanding judgment-free talks. Peter: I leave happiness, friendship, hilarious valentines day cards, and never being too old for Lillo and Stitch. Shane: I leave happiness, seeing you always brightened my day. Miles: trips to pelicans and heart-to-hearts. Thomas: taking shots, and casual kind of awkward encounters that end in a smile. Eric: Questbridge, and the ability to forever be fabulous. Angie: I leave morning face, and blunt honesty. Jarod: The bond of a senior sibling. Adrienne McDonald: my sincerest apologies for being such an awful NIA sister, and hopes that you'll be better than I was. You're beautiful and amazing! NIA girls: I leave sisterhood, and the will to succeed.

I, Timothy Qi, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave my juniors everything I loved about NCSSM. To Christina, I leave failed trips to Pad Thai and a mental gymnasium, because emotionally, she is the strongest person I know. To Dina, I leave dance practices and a wish that she get as much sleep as possible, because she deserves it for all her hard work. To Aaron Sartin, I leave the shambles of an E-Sports club in full confidence that he has the leadership to succeed where I failed, and Ayaka Kamiya even though that was totally Irwin. To Auston, I leave self-confidence and academic success, in hopes that he will accomplish his life-long goal of getting into a good college (and a healthy dose of sass). To Michael I leave advice, and invitations to workshops which he better accept. To Tucker, I leave nothing but a passion for dance because he needs nothing more than himself to succeed; no one should graduate next year not knowing him as a great guy. To Ryan, I leave my best wishes for an enjoyable and successful senior year, for there is no one I see myself in more than him.

I, Sahana Raghunathan, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Pranav Kemburu philosophical talks, Satan, success, mutual respect, family



outings and no life problems; Aninda Manocha A10/10da, unfinished late-night movies, motivation to exercise, and my love for Aneasha; Vinay K\$hir\$agar SG, sibling outings, and racist Mr. Uni MC skits; Connie Chen The Conjuring, pictures of your nose, my right breast, and a place under my bed at college; Garima Tomar running, booty blasting, a great senior year and good decisions; 1st Royall juniors my undying friendship, and the legacy of the greatest hall ever; Miranda Carnes and Emily Foss the best room on campus; Alyanna Rideman, Amy Townsend, Chichi Zhu, and Sierra Dunne, Matthew Kornberg (kronbrog?); Neeraj Suresh confidence-with girls, and the role of the coolest Tamilian in the school jk; Praruj Pant broken umbrellas, terribly hilarious jokes, derpy and/or sleeping pictures, walks, ovals, a lack of hand-eye coordination, Chubby's, pants, a sense of direction, weird childhood/present-day stories, baby pictures, good taste in music, Vennu Malleh, useful pets, creeper status, an extremely successful future, bagels, lionesses and bear cubs, and a part of my heart; and to Howard Li, Praruj Pant.

The will of Marcus Ramos-Pearson: To Nick Kowalski, I leave with you the pride of Puerto Rico and the 4th East Roll out. To Jackie Hausle (aka DJ GoldStar), I leave with you the well-being of the Unicorn Radio Club. Keep it strong and help it grow to be bigger and better Ms. President and Shadow Queen. To Kayla Bolin and Heather Malin, I leave to the both of you Poet's Corner. I entrust y'all to find more poets and help them grow in the craft. Sabarish, keep up the quality of 4th east like I did using the ol' Tre Dub style. To John-John, my mentee, I hope you make your Gentlemen's club for Aesthetic Living grow and be well known like how I made the URC. By the way, I left a treasure for y'all to find. Good luck finding it!

I, Harrison Craig Rashley, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to Noah Gavenus, I leave the running

of this school; to Jacob Sebastian I leave capitalism, patriotism, lady liberty, and my country, do her proud; To Ethan-Cole Evans I leave half lap "jogs"; to Tucker Green I leave the Rice Purity Test; to Ethan Harrell I leave being ridiculously southern all the time; to Graham Pash I leave pretending to work out while really just talking to people in the weight room and taking periodic water breaks; to Michael Brown I leave snapchatting Shay; to Robert Cooper I leave being amazing at everything I'm bad at and terrible at everything I'm good at - keep up the good work; to Graham, Michael, and Robert, Hunter and I leave the Danger Zone, Archer, and our little friend Nancy the Gnome.

I, Mitchell "Joshua" "Twin" "Thing 1" "Thing 2" "Oh Sorry I Can't Tell Which One You Are" Rees-Jones, in sound mind and sound body, do hereby leave this school on May 31. To Steven Tulevech my Prefontaine poster and some moldy apples for the fridge, and a unicorn head; Guy Blanc the Computer Science Club; Walt Hambrick, Thomas Andrews, and Daniel Cantwell good fortune and lack of injury in the XC season; and to Logan Nixon a boundless unquantifiable amount of #swag written in ketchup on PFM plates. To the cross country team, I leave fond memories of quarry runs, pickled cucumbers, tempos, easy distance, late-night ab sessions, the haka, and exactly twelve 600m loops of pain at West Point. I leave a smooth dirt trail blanketed with freshly fallen leaves, crisp yet musty autumn air, controlled footsteps, and the gentle murmuring flow of the river. I leave unearthly kicks from three hundred yards out, the Trial of Miles, and the magnanimous eruption of energy when we realized we had won the thing. Thanks guys, for everything.

Hunter Rideout - To Zoe Sparks I leave my chem lab writing skills and that stupid urge to pull an all-nighter for no reason. To Robert Cooper, Michael Brown, and Graham Pash, Harrison and I leave the Danger Zone, Archer, and our

little friend Nancy the Gnome. To Riley Reid I leave Hunt Kitchen. Have fun but don't do stupid stuff.

I, Urvi Sinha, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave: Pranav Kemburu family outings and the appearance of a single mom; Aninda Manocha workouts, booty slaps, and being a losah; Garima Tomar group chats and a new laptop; Judith Rivera embryos; Connie Chen uno and spades; Amanda Hsiao sisterhood; Kali, Christina and Kimberly my inability to model; Praruj Pant Facebook hacks, sibling outings, great selfies, and my best friend; and to Neeraj Suresh I leave Buzzfeed quizzes, Vennglish, California Pizza Kitchen, Holi, "orange juice", a washing machine, my first slam dunk, rap battles, ice skating, being good at humanities, the month of April (and March and May too), two free cones, Mark Roberts' approval, Quiz Bowl, all my sons, and all my love too.

I, Hannah Sloan, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Ivette, Riley, and Taylor the 2BL RLA legacy; Brenna late-night talks, flawless sarcasm, and your own box at UNC next year; Riley the last family strand of Lane 4 and the ability to sleep anytime, anywhere; Komal, Maggie, and Ivette the struggles of Wheeler; Niles cookies and the promise of delayed siblingship; Jina, Aimee, and Jenny small group encouragement; Jordan and Taylor the beautiful 203; and 2nd Beall the inexorable weirdness that makes you wonderful.

Alex Smith - To Miranda Carnes I leave one super-sassy Christmas number. To Abbie Drake I leave to motivation to keep up good dance technique. To both of you I leave an overly-emotional contemporary piece in the Spring Show that makes you miss your juniors as much as I'm going to miss you. To Kenzie West I leave all of my cheerleading skills, including, but not limited to my hulk-like strength and everlasting

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