

remembering all the birthdays on hall, Jessica Yao math class (Good luck!), Michael Yang scarring images of Guy Blanc giving me a midnight massage, Monica Mehareb rights to claim me as a relative on college applications, Kunal Lodaya and Max Schlenker the Mock Trial club, Vikram Aikat the secrets of living with the Student Body President in hopes that he will not terrorize his roommate, my junior sister Emma Railey whatever she wants, and to everyone else, I have hidden a treasure chest of gold somewhere on campus; if you find it, it's yours.

I, **Addy Liu**, being Addy Liu, do hereby leave Catherine Ryu, Grace Marshall, Kelli Sudol, and Meghan Bisignani the care of 1E2E2D; Nicky Quiñones the world to set on fire; Seth Hollandsworth unconditional love; Vikram Aikat the BIG VIK facebook

of years past, knockouts, meerkats, and a potato dynasty scattered in all of your books; and Alisa Cui all the unpeeled clementines, late-night conversations, gallons of spicy ramen, spontaneity, the puppy onesie, few-and-far-between-runs, "hold on I want to take a picture," the city of Durham to continue exploring and making your own, terrible jokes/puns/comebacks, trips down 9th street, some of my schmaltz and ridiculousness, your cheeks which unfortunately neither Grace nor I can take with us to college, awareness of all the the supercalifragilisticexpialidocious strengths you have - especially in nonacademic pursuits, millions of pet names, < 1/2 a bed, and all of my heart. Everything else - I leave to kismet.

I, **Caroline Liu**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Ian Bunner and

conversations late at night and a long list of ex-lovers; Katherine Li with "fun-size" jokes and ugly pictures of you in deep slumber; Jennifer Zou with cuddles and kisses that you incessantly reject; Sarah Wu with Wheeler's winks; Daniel Lee with early morning texts and a common love for Pooh Bear and honey; and Guy Blanc with a James Dean daydream look in my eye, a plush swordfish to get you through the darkest of times and a place in my heart to cherish the impractical promises, the blissful laughter, and the endless memories.

I, **Emily Lowery**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave Corinne Greenblatt our long discussions about the American education system and our strong disdain for jogging, and exercise in general. I leave JingJing Jacobson my love

following: To Grace Marshall, I leave my check board and the responsibility of 1E2E2D's AirBand. To Kelli Sudol, I leave the lovely Lehman the Unicorn and my undying love for her because I love her most. To Simon Marland and Sarah Phipps, I leave control of stage right and the knowledge that you shouldn't stand with one leg over the rail or you might break a headset. To Mackenzie Harrison, I leave the ability to be intimidating which will just add to her amazingness. To James Chapman, I leave the ability to recognize nonsense and not put up with it. To Sarah Stephens and Maison O'Neil, I leave the confidence I have in them, which I wish they would have in themselves. To Kalleen Kelley, I leave a love of chocolate rabbits and food of all kinds to share with her future june babies.

I, **Atif Mahmood**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Kevin my hatred of his alarm tone, pictures of his unique sleeping positions, "WOP," and my eternal roommateship; Bailey late night Zoolander and Ride That Pony; Sope and Fate late night BMS; Ronald my neighborly essence; Sabarish "Atiffing" and Star Wars debates; Blake "Paco;" V a swaggy handshake; Zack Cheese Nips; Arnav my tickle laugh; Liam my promise to play tennis; Mark lots of hugs and my RLA checkboard and bat; Seth "the wrong direction" and "HOSA"; Frank a turkey leg; Andy my punctual initials; Adam an ambulance; Pranav a pineapple, late night conversations, and Michael; Michael late night dancing, "the list," my floor to sleep on, and Pranav; Shalier two straws and spontaneous gifts; Janet my fatherhood, an awkward hug/handshake, and scandalous Netflix history; Miranda a flying squirrel suit, personal assistanceship, and hilarious Spanish adventures; Deepika sketch hunting and my name's pronunciation; Michael Yang random late night appearances and my best wishes; Koko "awoooooooo"; Ashima a gentle caress; Meera befriending middle schoolers; and Maebelle aaaaah's, muwahahaha's, bleh's, meh's, eh's, sometimes leh's, your Raas tank and shorts, an IOU for my leather jacket, and a "HAGS."

I, **Maebelle Mathew**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Murali sibling outings that I sleep halfway through; Kunal, trips to Monuts, the joy of having known (of) me for the past 6 years, and pinching the cheeks of the cutest couple on campus; Deepika, body rolls and late nights of dancing; Vibha, the not-butt end of a corn-on-the-cob; Michael Koceja, Murali; Angeli, the title of Mangeli and a turban; Cat, my check board and broken unicorn; 1e juniors, my eternal love and mothering; Komal, a donation to the Komal-Foundation in

the form of eyedrops and flies; Pranav, trips to Joes, cream sodas, and conversations that make me think until my mind hurts; Michael, thirst and your younger sister, Pnav; Sabarish, the title of Sabba and a dislike towards board games; Daria, potato chips, chocolate milk and Korean things; Elly; my admiration and love and open arms; Madi, an addiction to Dr. Pepper and an amazing junior year; Ashima, a desire to skip dance and boy problems; Meera, a repayment for all the drinks I've stolen; Darby, salt (both metaphorical and literal); and Atif, the stomach, paninis with mustard oil, ahhhhs and muwahahas, tickling, movies, ranting, and more.

I, **Adriane McDonald**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave late nights in the GRL 007 watching #Morehouse19 videos to Kailyn Price; boy talks, and makeup tutorial videos to Aviana Spruill; silly facial expressions and complaining about teachers to Lauren Emer; my basketball skills (You'll need them :)) to Lindsey Bunch; little compliments to one another (You're so cute, ily) to Hannah Callahan and to my gorgeous roommate, Emily Adcock, I would like to leave you our jokes when we gang up on people and sharing clothes/food, and our bomb room. I would like to leave the NCSSM Softball Team and our constant food runs to Cookout to Kendall Williams; Facebook group chats, Wednesday night bedtime stories, and late nights working on homework to all of my baby juniors on Ground Royall. To the future RLAs, I would like to leave a hall built on community, love, and friendship. To all of my other juniors, y'all are beautiful and will do great things next year. #StayWoke

I, **Emily McGuirt**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Anna Farlessyost hours of pointless time wasting, vending machine raiding, awkward sibling outings, and bio pond adventures; Fifi Ali putting off schoolwork to swing on the swings, playing follow the leader, and always failing to "get our lives together" after grades come out; Hannah Black late-night, 4 am talks in the floor of my room, sleep talking in my bed, and laughing at my bad bollywood dancing skills; Allison Semands way too many trips to the gym where we end up laying side by side on yoga mats talking and laughing instead of working out and 16 years of friendship that I hope always continues; Claudia Aiello pillow forts in the lounge, borrowing my entire wardrobe, and annoying chants that we love ("lets study!" and "going on a trip!"); Kelly Zhang in-room levels, made-up 9th street hobo stories, and most importantly, the legend of bulldozertractorshovelrake. For all of you, I leave a year's

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album; James Wood the question and directive HYEKAG?; Michael L. Yang our middle name, Wisconsin, and my paternal love; Josh Sekela a senior year; Katherine Li mung beans, a clean room, your own adorable juniors, and all the laughter and joy; Donaldson skunks, ALLEN!, memories of spoons glory

Kelli Sudol with the better senior siblings that they deserve (sorry); Katherine Wang with too many One Direction and/or Lil' Wayne decors to count and enough smelly farts to cause climate change; Karly and Kimberly Andreassen with wrestling matches in the spur of the moment; Cheryl Wang with beautifully cynical

for twentyone pilots, and hatred for Fall Out Boy. For Ruth Alexander and Rebecca Alderson, I leave the desire to always push the limits. May you all TTS properly.

I, **Darby Madewell**, being of relatively sound mind, do hereby leave the