

Senior Wills

The Stentorian | NCSSM

June 2015

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worth of tears, laughter, long talks, and amazing memories. Thank you all <3

I, Logan Nixon, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Spencer, Andrew, Joe, Arjun and Marcus the power of the haka, our debauchery and hoodlum activities either on running trips or on loops; to Chandler, Murali and James I leave the rocketry team and Shelia to Murali (may she flourish even more under you guys); and finally, to Ruth Alexander I leave the long list of movies that I believe are worthy of watching, all the late night conversations, all the memories, good and bad, and the sombrero I promised you so long ago. I said I don't break my promises. ;-D

I, Adrienne Orbita, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Cheryl Wang ranting sessions and late night horror movies; Deepika Senthil Latin America Fest practice struggles; Jackie Warren all of my hugs and kisses; Jennifer Lin our Asia Fest. 2014 friendship anniversary, Kwave and Asia Fest struggles, late night talks of boys, college, and the future, 2 am venting sessions, ordering Vine and Dragon Gate, unspoken secrets, my love, friendship, and my heart; Jeffrey He Jennifer Lin, I am entrusting her to you, take care of her.

I, Tess Overton, being of sound body and mind, hereby leave Adrienne Huang sleep talking, frozen food, 1am talks, George W. Bush quotes, and a new roommate. I leave all of 3rd Beall the lounge, Jeff (the small plant in the corner), computer parties, ukulele jam sessions, and several new MPCs. To all rising seniors, I wish you luck and happiness for the next year and for the rest of your life.

I, Zachary Parham, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Danny Ferguson and Kati D'Anjolell the responsibility of creating the best Show Choir this school has seen. I leave Becky Beasley days in Voigt's office grading papers, making copies, and (potentially) putting together the art board. I leave Donovan O' Daniel the care and keeping of all of our actors, especially Liam and Colin. I leave Brinda Sarathy the opportunity to be a much better roommate than I was, the Elvis poster, and Beall 305 if she so chooses. I leave AJ Goren the LGBT+ Seminar, all of it's materials, and a wonderful partner. I leave Marcus Christensen my love, access to whatever clothes of mine you want, and all of the clothes you've ever let me borrow. To Maison O'Neil, I leave the support of friends that can more than make up for those who do not support you. Most of all, to all of the juniors I have met and befriended, I leave my memories, days

by the swings, boats in Hill Lounge, and the ETC to you. Good luck.

I, Sunny Patil, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave late night heart-to-heart bonding sessions to Rachel Gopichand and Bhakti Vahewala; pulling, laughs, and unplanned talks to my incredibly funny and smart junior brother, Tanas Gangadhar; one more amazing prom, failed Orgo tests, and chocolate chip pancakes to Vishal Naik; and the freshest dance moves, the biggest smiles, and funny pick up lines to Seth Yook.

I, Dolan Potter, being of hot body and sound mind, hereby leave these of my possessions: to Justin Savage, I leave my hair (this is a hint); to Elena Ehrlich, I leave a cool chuckle and a joke or two (stay cool); to Vibha Puri, I leave ice cream and Koffehaus (use them well); to Mason O'Neil, I leave my love and my awful sister (good luck); to Sarah Stephens, I leave my muscular, blood pumping heart; to Allison Hopkins, I leave bees; to Josh Sekela, I leave my maidenhead (however, I'm taking custody of the child). To the rest of you, I leave my snapchat, "helladolan". Hmu bb ;D

I, Jordan Probst, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Colette Cambey and Taylor Stevens the women's soccer team and all of the sweat, commitment, and love that come with it. Taylor Kirk and I leave Room 203 to Allison Semands and Rebecca Alderson; keep it weird. To Rebecca Alderson and Ruth Alexander I leave the excitement of receiving your very own 2BL juniors and the hope that you find the balance between pushing boundaries and being smart. To Emma Railey, Angeli Gupta, Lindsey Bunch, and Caroline Boyce I leave excessive snapchatting, group chats, and pathetic shower parties. To my junior brother, Cole Kirkpatrick, I leave all of the happiness that accompanies senior year. I hope you make great friends, make great memories, and find who you are along the way; love you always fam. Finally, I leave the rest of the class of 2016 senioritis, hardcore TTSing, and making mistakes great enough to earn a spot in the rule book.

I, Riley Reid, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Allison Semands, Kendall Futrell, and Maison O'Neil the 2BL RLA legacy; Colette Cambey limitless investigations and an unfathomable hatred for AP Calculus; Corinne Greenblatt the trials and tribulations of mentorship and the pure bliss of TTS, you've more than earned it; Shreya Patel the struggles of being a Narwhal

and a chlorine soaked second trimester; to Ruth Alexander and Rebecca Alderson, Abbie Drake and I leave a thousand more laps around Duke East and all the joys and paynes that come with it; also to Ruth Alexander a reminder of how much you rock and my grey duvet, may it help you sleep during those troublesome nights; and to Rebecca Alderson Nutella obsessions and a beautiful excitement for life and all that it has to offer. Finally to 2BL, belly laughs, unconditional love, and an immense gratitude for the best 2 years of my life.

Daniel Ren - I, DRen, leave my bros: Hari, a pair of Duke athletic shorts, dumplings, a haircut, and the wish that everyday be de-Wednesday; Bic Boi Kevin, a shower, flip flops, a monkey, a coffee maker, and Aloe juice; Justin, our failed late-night attempts at understanding existential nihilism; Ryan, 5 years of friendship with far too much girl drama; Michael An and Alex, chillin in 328; and Abhi and Kristian, good times at ASG. And to my juniors: My boy Larry, finna cop gucci jordans to da crib; Michael Yang, lots of bulls...; Sarah, confidence in yourself because you are incredibly smart; Sharon, the hope that you will be a better senior sibling than I was; Taesoo, fewer questions, less confusion, and some common sense; and Adam and Vikram, the future of SG and the ability to achieve whatever you set your minds to. And to my teachers Mr. DeHaven and Dr. Halpin, I thank you for all you've taught me and leave the promise of future visits.

I, Alyanna "Alyonion" Ridimann, being of jumbled mind and body, do leave my "Jam and Bread" Spotify playlist open to anyone interested in hearing the interior of my brain; Jooles Jbro a well placed jab in the belly button, and hope for his jsib to be as amazing(ly strange) to him as he have been to me; 3rd Beall that irreplaceable shade of <3BL blue, Ms. Marlene's 5 pieces of life advice, and the best of luck in fighting for the carpet. To Tech, I bequeath an undying admiration-fear combo of our technical director, crossed fingers for a new scrim, an inevitable headset headache, and a phrase spoken with an intense need to protect our beloved auditorium: "Don't touch the curtains." And finally, to Allison Hopkins, I leave a promise to come back to visit, an insistence that she find adequate adventure (and perhaps mischief) somewhere in this institution, the precious, gentle beast of a light board (and of course with it, the seat of power- don't you dare let Josh or Morgan claim it. they get the god mic.), and official permission to usurp me starting after June 6th, 2015.

I, Jenyane Robinson, hereby leave to the future Summer Bridge TAs summer days with anxious juniors, classes, and laughs and summer nights filled with gaga, SMath stories, cards against humanities, and dreams filled with Dr. Regalis reading Ithaca. To my wonderful children: Bekah C., Sarah M., and Monica M., I leave a heartwarming mother's touch. Embrace my future grandchildren and make sure they follow me on Instagram and Twitter and add me on Snapchat. To my HOSA partner, do what you do best next year! Relive the moments we had and never forget that time we went to Wendy's. To BigDBookroom (Ben and Cat), I leave my clearance level, which means nothing at this point, priceless memories in the bookroom, endless laughter, my imaginary spades trophy, and my heart to you. Always remember: "The bookroom is closed. AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY!" To my wonderful junior siblings, I leave my care for others to the both of you. Always look out for those around you. Be willing to lend a helping hand. Seth, I leave you my dancing skills for mixers. Lastly, Marilou, I leave you a year filled with joy and accomplishments. I love you all, have a great senior year!

I, Rebecca Shen, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Amanda Li the endless GeoLogic struggle, annoying crosswalks ("Wait!"), coupons for Chinese takeout, and Pelicans SnoBalls; Alisa Cui "borrowed" nichrome wire and terrible lab goggles; Katherine Li sarcasm, those crazy plants outside of Hill, and the world's greatest protein models; Monica Mehareb PFM dinners after a long day at swim practice; Suhas Rao sleep, your monkey moves (?) from that one time I was trying to take a stats test, and mad balling skills; Callahan and J. Lin a winning record for future SMUG; Nicky Quinones hilarious commentary; Emma Bartlett the spirit of IM's; and the Junes of SciOly the 4 points they deserved more than anyone.

I, Sandeep Silwal, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Kelly Zhang math posters, prime numbers, and yellow flowers; 2nd Hill Fifa, Cookout runs, and in rooms; Mol Gen all nighters; Ashley Yang multi problems, David Luiz, and happiness.

I, Charleigh Smith, in my dramatic state of mind and body: to Elly, I leave a year of laughter and tears, and loudly sung show tunes. To Femi and Nicole, I leave long nights of homework and badly aimed insults and puns, as well as a corner where I lived most of my life. To Keliyah and Simone, Pentatonix and laughter through walls and "this

is probably one of those things I shouldn't tell anyone but...". To Madi, endless hours of beanbag conversations and the anticipation of the year to come. To the Promethean Players and Sampy, I leave two amazing years, a horrible character voice, a game of wack-a-mole, and a love for an art I would've never truly appreciated without all of you. To my Greynolds hall-mates, I leave Dramione fanfics in the lounge, fetuses on doors, "Get your crap out of the lounge so help me God", and "I hate everyone at this school except you guys". To Perry and Sarah, I leave a stick of gum and a couple cough drops. Finally, to William Roscoe Turk V, I leave a year and a half of memories, friendship, and first love that I wouldn't trade for anything

I, Kali Smith, do in sound mind, body, and spirit leave these possessions behind. To JP Rickabaugh, I leave my kingdom, my heart, and many nights of playing board games. To Mac, I leave the song "Look Down" and LifeSaver stealing. To Josh Sekela, I leave the subreddit /r/ NCSSM- add the stickynote! To Annabelle and Julia, I leave the title of "weirdest people on hall". To Edward Zhuang and Sophia Chickenova, I leave a million awkward encounters. To Curie, I leave zero rare pepe's. To my softball juniors and Christian Chavis, I leave my legacy. To Kara and Marci, I leave memories we did not make because I forgot to visit you in your room. Thus concludes my will. EDIT: I seem to have forgotten someone rather insignificant. To Sarah Stephens, I leave my happiness. Without you, I will not have it nor do I care to. You have single handedly made this year at NCSSM the best of my life and I hope you won't forget about me. Please remember to write, call, visit, tweet, and subscribe. Live long and prosper my baby Koala.

I, Madeleine Tilley, being of sound body and mind hereby leave my RLA clipboard and unicorn to Perry Healy, run crew to Sarah Phipps, and wishes on 11:11, running trips to Joes, and pineapple pizza to Lauren Gilbert.

I, Marcus Tisdale, being of remotely sound mind and body, leave Charlie and Christian my happiness. I'm not ready to leave you guys! L I leave Dasha, Maury, Kevin, and Kwo with the job to drop buckets next year. IF YOU CAN'T RUN, YOU CAN'T RIDE!! I leave the basketball team all of our reckless actions on the bus (#EABG). I also leave Anjie and Senita our crazy dinner conversations. Kevin Jarman and Dasha, y'all are expected to keep the roast alive next year. Dasha, I solely give you the job of causing havoc at NCSSM. I can now

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