

Arts, Letters, & Entertainment

Testament

I, Michelle Sasser, being of energetic mind and body, hereby leave to Joy Starkey the ability to get out of bed and make it to those morning classes at least once a week.

I, Kati Vines, being of beaten and bruised body and questionable mind, hereby leave the following:

To Tracy Victorio - I leave the ability to drink most any guy under the table or at least give it a good shot, the patience and good leadership skills to lead the women's soccer team and deal with the coaches, a membership to the 25 club, money for all the food I ate out of your room, a senior year that is a blow-off and a life-long friendship.

To Jen White - I leave a roommate who will actual do work once in awhile, a clean room, a bottle of hairspray, since you go through so many, the hope of making it through a soccer season uninjured, a VCR you only have to hit play once on, a roommate that is not psychotic, a senior year that you can enjoy. I'll miss you lots, good luck.

To Catherine Holsopple - I leave the ability to tell everyone to f--- off more often, a 'normal' roommate, the ability to enjoy life and do the things you want to, a bill for all the advice! (seriously, I leave the memory of all our wonderful talks), the

I, Pamela Naves, do hereby bequeath the following...to Dan Dieth - my pocket edition of The Procrastinator's Handbook to Life..., to Jason Rich - a rain check for "Wine Night"..., to Lee Martin - a brand new Harley, a full-time stats tutor and most of all, my heartfelt thanks for all you've done and all you've meant..., to Amy

strength to beat up Tracy and Amy when they are mean to you, common sense - which I don't have much of, and a very special friendship. I'll miss you.

To Amy Blaser (a.k.a. Condor) - I leave a blow-up doll that you can slam around in memory of me, a sweeper who you can trust, a bottle of Gin, your own personal shower so you won't be inclined to share one, an exercise program for you and your 'new' roommate so you both will not turn into porkers, and many thanks for being there for me, you're a great friend. Good luck next year.

To Ellen Spotts - I leave many great memories, a person to talk to, a senior year that you can enjoy and not stress over work, someone to Gum Swamp with, and a friendship that will always last.

To Greg Stupinski - I leave someone else to play three-man head-to-head with, the memory of GANZA on Saturday night, \$2 for a show, and someone to always laugh with.

To Kelly Childers - I leave many memories, someone to go to Gum Swamp with, a bottle of Beam, 25, a 'clam', and a

Pfeffer who has been my best bud through it all - I leave memories of 'the house', the critters, cigars, spitting lessons at Gump Swamp, popcorn, whiskey drinks on warm nights, S.O.S., Jeopardy and everything else too numerous to mention. Thanks Amy, for making me sane when I was too crazy and crazy when I was too sane.

friendship I will never forget.

To Gary Wood - I leave someone to play Guts with, a wrestling partner, a razor, the hope of graduating, great memories, and a wonderful friendship. Thanks for always being there, I don't know what I'd do without you.

To Bobby Kulinski - I leave a new liver, the memory of our laps, better luck than I had with the opposite sex, 25 anytime you party, years of memories, and a fun senior year. Good luck.

To Vic Hall (a.k.a. Son) - I leave any brain cells I can spare, my 'lightning' speed on the soccer field, the hope of making mom proud and partying hard, and a wonderful experience at St. Andrews. I'll miss you son.

To Mike Bombaro - I leave clothes that fit, the desire and drive to keep giving 100% to soccer, and the hope that you enjoy your years at St. Andrews as much as I did.

To all my friends - Thanks for all the memories and great times. I'll miss you all and wish everyone the best of luck.

We, Annabel and Christy, of the same brain do hereby declare this our last will and testament:

To Heidi-Ho, we leave the magic bag, the couch, and a Gary Wood doll.

To Jennifer Forrester, the memories of Anderson, Buford, Wakeman and Howe.

To Amy, a whole year without roommate problems.

To Joy, parties in the hallway and Garth Brooks at 20 decibels.

To Missy, a quieter suite at Chapel Hell and a skinny dip.

To Jennifer Hitch, a free getaway card for stress relief and a \$50 gift certificate to Victoria's Secret.

To Chelle, the Reds!, streakin in the sunshine, and a Ganza without a bee.

To Cayce, we leave the room and its tradition of good parties.

To Kerry Nuti - I reluctantly leave Phillip, our kid who is growing up faster that we can sometimes handle. With him, I leave you much patience and energy.

To the remaining suite seven crew - the fab five seniors leave a diverse tradition and much laughter (I'm taking the incriminating photographs with me).

With Janna I send a bag of wiles, wishes and K-fits for your conve-

To Suite 6 Winston, the memories of half-gallon Beam nights.

To Suite 6 Orange, we leave lots of giggles on the Sunday of Ganza.

To Rod, an open door at 3 AM, all the Christmas carols you can sing, and our Christmas lights.

To Alan, shooters of Jim Beam on a Christmas night, a pair of sunglasses and the same open door at 3AM.

To GW, we leave the damn ball!, five puffs and the same open door at 3AM.

To R.J., Vic, and Mikey, we leave all the damn balloons you want, a Mickey Mouse puzzle, the same open door at 3AM and a gift from the bottom of the left hand closet.

To the St. Andrews community, we leave Lake Ansley C. Moore with bladderwort and the beavers, train whistles in the distances and the sunsets.

nience, one more half hour list and a book of words that should never be forgotten.

To Tad - I'm taking most of you with me, but I will leave you my half of the room, with a TV that never has to be turned on to "All My Children" (unless you're already hooked), a tiny but very observant giraffe and a spare key to my house, in case you ever get lonely. Te amo con todo mi corazon.