

Beethoven, and a weekend in Acapulco. To Lori - the mystery of math plus a few trash novels. To LeeAnn - our haunted room and someone to pop out of your closet. To Blythe - I leave both my art lockers, a bag of homemade clay, and a spell to ward off tendonitis. To Jan I leave the comics! To Jot... your hair (in the shower!) To Mike - my love always plus a few bug bites - I'll see you this summer!

I, **Andy Pope**, being of fried brain and worn out body do hereby leave Scott Garner the Daniels boys, Gamiel a permanent visitor pass, Cheesy D, Perfect Strangers, and Tiny Toons, Andy Rowe a horse's neck, Mohit a ticket to NY, John a vote, Deneesha a lounge of her own, Duck nothing until I get my money, Keith a temporary pardon, Mike 3" on your vertical, Itty a bag and neckbrace. Connie some apirin, Paula a punch, Shannon an invitation to Ms Olympia, Vince a Nintendo, Dominick some vitamins and some guts, Srineth Maya the Bee, John a jawbreaker, & preps a life.

I, **Justin Preyer**, being of crumpled and frequently broken body and sound mind (ha,ha,ha) do hereby bequeath my remembrance (i.e. my retribution), my heart, and my soul to Sheri Chm... (here's most of it; actually I can spell it), Apoo jr. (sorry Pendoo), Kelly, and Heather (wow, what sisters?!... just h— I get at home), the Two Female Hormones (Sharon and Monaca), the great Short Oriental with the deadly room (Nancy), the one blessed with WM's wonderous company (Kerry), the most unusual pair of friends ("Ruff" Ruffin and Chris), the other great Short one (Raine), Nic, and 3rd Bryan (the best for two years running). Please take no offense if you are omitted; you know I just temporarily forgot amidst all the Physics, Calc, and Latin that is prompting serious brain farts in this definitely imperfect world. Ta Ta (and goodbye in Latin, whatever it may be... it's not like it's a conversational language).

I, **LeShawndra Price**, being of sound mind (I think), declare this my last will and testament. To my little brothers, I leave those dinners I was supposed to eat with you but didn't. To Von, I leave Keisha and to Keisha, Von. You deserve each other (Let the fights continue). To Audrey, I leave concerts, Human Repro, and a book full of names for twins (Destiny and Dynasty). To all the rest of my junior acquaintances, I bequeath lots of money, happiness, and a senior year that treats you right. To my senior buddies (Yes, all of you) I leave memories of my crazy antics and behavior, fond everlasting friendship, and stationary and stamps so you'll keep in touch. Peace out — Lucy.

I, **Garrick Purdie**, being of sound mind and body, leave to the juniors in Bryan the legacy of Bryan dominance. To the juniors in Hunt (New) Dorm, I leave about 30 gallons of water. To the seniors, I leave peace and hope for the future. Oh, and for Rain, I leave a trailer hitch...

We, **Beth Putnam** and **Michelle Taylor**, of sound minds and bodies, leave the room (H220) to Sonya Garner and Kelly Goss to carry on the DA / Mountain tradition - our successful social lives to Jeremy Hardison because he'll need them both next year - the duty to carry on the "twang" of Country music in the halls of Hill to Donna Jennings (Jolene) - the "Heroic Bachelorette's Award" to Rozanna from Michelle - the wisdom of "How to treat a woman rite", to Derek Hales and Scott Westbrook - all my warm fuzzies to Holly Stallings, along with great thanks for getting me through baseball

season (between games of course) - an eggstra long list of "non-mainstream" birthday ideas to Mary Herring and Amber R.

I, **Joe Reams**, being of sound mind and body, leave Tejan Hichkad the courage to ask girls out. To Ryan Locklear, I leave my vast knowledge of the French language. I leave Derek Hales the right and duty to tease "Injins" like Tonto (Ryan). To the Empire at Warren Co. I leave a pair of glasses. I leave, to my best friend and roommate Grant Warren, my eternal friendship. Last, but not least, to Holly Stallings, I leave my Duke Cap & memories of: 1104010112071230 3469. I also leave Holly my love and my promise. Finally, I leave a special thanks to everyone who helped make my senior year the best possible.

Mr. Thad Reece, of sound mind and wonder year's body, leave my window to the Breakfast Club, my can of Kickbutt to Scott Lauve, my red cleats to Derek Hales, and to first New Dorm - The Bio Pond.

I, **Ashley Melia Reiter**, un-willing to leave, do hereby leave enough of me here that when I come back it will still be "my" school. To Nicole and MaryPat - another year of fractals; Marc - Walden Pond; Ty - Dr. Kolena's job in 20 years; Tripp & Anna - supershuttle between Cornell and Carolina; AlanB. - trip to Colorado; Gargi - warm Chicago clothes; Julia - another four great years in Durham; Karen - perfect GM car; 2ndE - birthday parties every night of the year; Paul - happy talks to counteract the others; Greg - working water-wheel and wonderful senior year; Theresa, Karen, Julie - Tuesday night Cal sessions; Rachel - many long discussions (not arguments!); Shubie - friendships with everybody at Carolina; all my teachers - my appreciation; for ALL my friends, Stars, Songs, Faces and my love.

I, **Lee Ann Reynolds**, being o' sound mind and body, hereby declare my last will and testament. To Brian Fricks I leave a big hug and all the earthenware he can use. To Joe Hensley I give a bright smile (for all the times he has made me laugh), and a power tool. To Chris Karloff I bequeath 10,000 head rubs and an interpreter. To Patrick, I give all the wonderful music in the world. To Allyson I leave Saturday morning sunshine and late night talks. To Barbie, I give my Peter Gabriel tape and an open invitation to Asheville. And finally, to John Kelly, my love, I leave the rolling ocean, unspoken feelings, and the secrets of where all the beautiful flowers grow.

I, **Darius Russell**, being of sound mind and body leave to all, what little I have. To James Smith, I leave MY ability to not care about anything. May he use it and not take things so seriously. To Kevin Pierce, I leave my PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY. May he enjoy the squeaky sounds that it makes. To Roland Leak, I leave a bag of Purina Dog Chow. May it give him the HI-PROGLOW. To all the junior members of AUΦ, I leave THE CIRCLE and UNITY. To all the juniors, I leave feelings of love and peace. May you all use them.

I, **Shubie Saksena**, being of sound mind & body, bequeath: To Greg W. - the frisbee I stole from you a few months ago; To Alex T. - a soft stick for you to whup your children with; To Jan G. - a PhD in Discrete Math; To Theresa - millions of strips of silver foil-best wishes with your new roomie; To Karen - the right to stand in my doorway and lip sync love songs to me; To Ashley - loud conversations in the bathroom at Willowdale; To Marc - my Jedi Knight &

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle powers - use them well; To Gargi - an endless supply of Mountain Dew & a friendly waaga waaga; and finally to Rachel - flat tires, beautiful trees, and all my love!

I, **Shamit Sarangi**, bequeath to the juniors many fun-filled weekends, all of which were spent at Carolina and Duke. I leave to next year's New Dorm seniors the tedious task of dealing with Dick and Spanky. To Kris I leave another year here. HA! HA! HA! I leave to Scott, Rob, Stephen, Tikku, and Thi a Farm in Boone. Finally, to my soon departing friends I leave with you the memories of the good times.

I, **Scott Shelton**, of mound sody and bind, do hereby bequeath mine: Comic books to Stuart Allen, Chris Farmer, and Bill Davis; Wider variety of music to Nathan Lockwood; Hurdle-leapage to Ben Watson; Humor to 3rd Beall; "Do Me!" t-shirt to Carl Larsen; Wrestling Helmet to Chuck Wright; 4 x 800m baton to Roland Leak; Video gaming expertise to Eric Plaksin; "Shmoo" to Alex Thompson; Graphing calculator to Mrs. Whitehead; Hordes of candy bars to Mrs. Graves; sophomore ancestry to Christy Shi and Kim Wagoner; Big Joker to All of Second East; π to WHOMEVER WILL TAKE IT! Mongo Sword to J.R. O'Neal; Supreme Senior Schedule to all you poor juniors.

I, **Harjot Kaur Singh**, of silly mind, do hereby bequeath the magic of room 205 to Blythe Dyson; a warm tent and cough syrup to Barbara Watson; a lifetime supply of sugar to Sandy Gosnell; several strands of hair to Teresa Lambe; the beautiful land of dragons to Alexandra Rhetts; physics labs and late night secrets to Laura Poole; a clean new gauntlet to Ethan Clause; George Strait to Christy Fowler; another manic monday to Brian Fricks; all the pandas in the world to Sharon Chow; memories of wonder twin powers (ssss...) to Beth Bumgarner; a set of jingle anklets to my hall; 113 pink carnations to Vanessa Wood; ear plugs to Erica Garner so she can never hear another clam joke; my secrets and silliness to Brian Marks; and to all my friends and this school I leave the most beautiful rain.

I, **Preston T. Snee**, being of possessed mind and feathered body, do hereby give away all this neat stuff: To my Cal class I give a chicken, to Eric I leave dark and windy nights and my 3 classes, to Matt and Carolyn I leave weird sounds, to Steve I leave a 30,000 ft. guitar with a million strings, to Patrick I leave 70 ft. of hair, to John L. I leave State University and a wall-bashing, to John W. I leave a vat of liquid nitrogen and a mouse. . . to Kelly I leave control of the entire world's military power, to Brian S. I leave a new pair of shoes, to Brian F. and Ryn I leave a flamethrower, to Kimber I leave a drain pipe and a goat, to Sam I leave my ability to fly to Berkeley without a plane, to Ben I leave a nuclear bomb, to Chris R. I leave a bunch of computer games and viruses, rolls of film, and miles of steam tunnels, and to the administration, I leave.

I, **Talya Somerville**, owner of the illusive Mr. Verb Stick, leave Tonya T., Connie, and Jasmin the ability to do whatever you please, whenever you please, with the help of Mr. Verb Stick (of course). I leave my LITTLE brothers Wayne, Ron, and Keith the usual... NOTHING! You are handlin' thangs on your own, anyway. But I will leave you all of my good luck (which is virtually none) and my love. I leave Kevin Pierce my Janet Jackson pictures (disregard

the dart holes in her face; I used it for practice). And last but not least, I leave Alex Thomson my uncanny ability to dazzle everyone with my overwhelming adorable charm. I know it's a lot to handle, but hey, somebody's gotta do it!

I, **Grant Morey Stevens**, being of not-so-sound mind and a big-boy body, to bequeath the following to: Alan Back - a neck brace so that your head stops shaking. Scott Orang Gardner - all my my incredible grace, charm, coordination, and dancing skills. May they help you more than they did me. Jason Hulkster Katz - My weightbelt and entire bodybuilding library. May they someday help you take down Lee Haney. (Arnold is unbeatable!). John Oakley - one helluva big refrigerator; new dorm preps - the will and power to unite all of the preps in the world, and die. A slow, bloody death. AMBER RADACHOVSKY - all of my love and thoughts. They have been with you since we met, and I want them to continue being so. I love you.

I, **Jay Stewart**, being of sound mind and body, bequeath the following: To Fourth West, lots of late nights, eighteen steps, hall ball, Subway, and bananas. To Steven Dale and Derrick Gaines, future Fourth West D.A.'s, I leave 2 am bed check, have fun and good luck! To Pete McHugh, we gladly leave checks behind. To Brett, late night talks, models, and research presentations. To Faisal, I leave our "little" walks, talks, and Duke in the dust. To Neeta, my little sister, I leave a helping hand. To Ande, I leave Cheerios, seagulls, the stars, the written word, a shoulder to lean on, quiet walks, and Wednesdays.

I, **Michelle Strain**, being of sound mind and body, hereby bequeath the following: to Danica, my loft with its crooked ladder, Watch your head as you go up. To Patty, I leave my position as bench warmer. Don't forget, Batgirl, how important you are to the team! To Imani, Margaret, Christy, and Sarah, I leave you with another year of Addy. Don't disappoint her! To Angie, Tarsha, Jenny, Mary, and Zoë, I leave you with memories of "Senior Sessions", quiet hour violations, and Sea Crest 409. You all have been and always will be my best friends. And to Gabriel, I leave the Easter egg. Do you even remember what's inside it?

I, **Gargi Talukder**, bequeath to the following: Jeremy: test tubes of molasses and hopes that his next lab partner is as exasperating as he has been; Hannah: a notebook of attempted Calculus problems and wishes for a wonderful senior year; Greg: a frisbee and many sunny afternoons; Von: A's in French; Brad: a little sibling as wonderful as mine; Alex: a slam for obnoxious people and lots of good luck next year; Shubie: one big WAAAA!!!, lots of chocolate, and long talks over hot tea; Rachel: mysteries, "supposings" and huge discussions about books, people, and religion; Mark: a portable art studio and the right to be my brother; Ashley and Theresa: poetry; and Kay Bro: just these few words: "Can I walk with you seniorita?"

I, **James Thompson**, being of worn out mind and stud-o-matic body, hereby leave to: Brian C. pec implants, because you need something to cover your rib cage; Dorian puberty; Amy Wilson a tisket, a tasket, a really high basket; Connie a high chair and someone to drop you on your butt; Shannon her picture on the cover of Muscle & Fitness; Paula a disco record; Rav a National Geographic subscription; Soh Ra & Imani a little brother with a southern accent; Jenny



Nia Banks



Faisal Bukhari



James Thompson



Charles Coble



Laura Gilbert



Suzanna Brewer



Andy Pope



Erin Kuniholm



Kessy Dramstad



Zoë Hartman



Harjot Singh