

a dinosaur trail, Elizabeth— a script for SNL, Laura— something close to true love, Kelly— a bargain, Pam— scout songs, future research classes— my data, Crystal— next year, those on 2C— my legends.

I leave to the student body of NCSSM the desire and ability to resist the voices of empiricism and objectivity which our society seems to hold so dear; the passion to create; the intelligence to recognize that the most material things are immaterial; the better judgment to realize that it is better not to judge; the insight to reject the bland institutions of modern America, with their systems of constant grading and classing, seeking to champion anything mediocre and easily digestible while they repress all pleasure and natural instincts; and finally, I leave you the trust and compassion to believe in the holy contours of life.

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I, Waverly R. Harrell, give my love to the following. Along with: to Cara, freedom from boredom. To Dipika, Hari Krishna and a street sign. To Elizabeth, directions to the golf course. Deep-purple irises for Julie. To Kelly, live plants, windows opened wide. A prophetic contour drawing to my friend Laura. To Laura again- orangetee and leftist T-shirts. To Lizard, a real pow-wow. Fresh hot bread for Maia. To Matt, all the onion, garlic, anchovies you like. I'm sorry I'll be so far out of range. Healthy fish, sunny swinging to Pamela/Rowena. And to Patricia, self-confidence. You deserve it.

John Haynes:

ok, here it is...

to nat, a bunch of paper...to lee, colby..to colby, lee...to aaron, memories of a banana...to dzung, memories of sherlock holmes...to arthur, memories of a turtle...to lisa, memories of the *original* Group...to the rest of wyche, disgust and elation...top gary montalvo, big, wet, slobbery kiss and a sit-in in the second bryan lounge...to all non-student people, admiration (a few) and frustration (most)...to bobby, a jar o' paint thinner. and to fran i leave the past year and a half of my life, the future, everything i have and/or should have done, nicknames, nights, and all my love.

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I, Wemdy Henson, being of semi-sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following:

To Lizbert, I give a blender, another great SPW, whether it be at Edna's house (don't forget those award winning stories!) or Jesse's (Francis and Food Lion, what a great pair!), lots of hair care products, and a big hug...

To Mike (DOOGIE!), I give infinite trips to Hardee's, number theory jokes, stupid poetry, and bigger biceps than mine...

To Malu, I give Flips' Barbecue (DON'T TRY IT!!!) and the products of having too much free time (poems, dinner, etc.)

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Webby:greenbluepurpleorangeredyellowpueceandAXLROSE!

To Jeff, Andres, and Stephen, I leave another 1AM trip to McDonald's for free food...

To Kim-burly, I leave fresh strawberries and my keys...

To Sharon, I leave a jar of Pace picante sauce and to Rob-Bob-o-etc... I leave a big hug and never ceasing to amaze me with your compliments...it is complete now...

I, Jennifer Hinson, do hereby bequeath the following: to Meredith, any crusty pudding and old milk we have left at the end of the year. To Shuchi - a way cool room and a fabulous hall. To Sharon - anything I borrowed and forgot to return. To Marci -lots of wonderful, romantic moments and hugs. To Robin - luck in calculus next year and a lamp made out of a clarinet. To Melanie - my promise that you aren't a reject. Next year will be great! To Stacy - boyfriend problem advice, laughs and tears, and illegal I-vis. To Stacy and Bonnie - trips down 9th Street on bikes that leave bruises, Lookout, 2 1/2 free days at the beach and promises that we'll get together next year somehow. You guys are the greatest!! And finally, to Bonnie - runs to Revco after every holiday, sour cream 'n cheddar potato chips, nights that we wondered if we really had boyfriends or not, homemade chocolate chip cookies, lat night laughs and cries, fabulous loft quotes, daises, Katherine's Consignments, nickels, camcorder memories, a ride home from the beach, permission to drive to my house this summer, high phone bills next year, all my love and a special friendship that will last forever.

Carrie Hollack:

To Christopher Robin I leave a hairball and maybe even a banana tree; to Kelly 666 Damian and the dancing donut man; to Maggie the art of pen spinning and a loft with hidden messages to freak; to Cheryl a tree to climb and of course "yeh, yeh"; to Michelle a conversation to accidentally enter and physics answers; to April frogbirds and a naked man picking his toes; to Rebecca and Jennifer and Ben candle wax; to Matt Nash fire dynamics; to DRT something grrreat; to Amy Plant a street corner; to Sharice some silent pants; to Crystal, James Brown; to Sabrina a French exposÇ; to Aime and Michelle and Angel and Melanie and all other 2nd Beall juniors a Carrie-free hall;