

Bah!; to Mary L.—my Obsession advertisements; to Heather—my leftovers; Amanda G.—Eeyore floating in a river; Maia—timed 400's and the downtown loop; Amy W.—a squeaky hammer; Amy H. and Nancy—my bathroom and a backward checksheet; Crystal—caffeine, chocolate, and the downtown loop with autumn leaves and good gossip; Laura and Isabeth—Fleetwood Mac and REM memories; Julie—Camels and “magic” Sprite; Scottie B.—Kool-Aid points, pineapple, sand, and ice-cream at 85 mph; Charlie R.—the country tradition and directions to his own house; Priscilla—huge cups of orange juice and a shower curtain that I cannot close all the way!

I, Bryan Sharp, being of somewhat sound mind and body do hereby leave the following: To Dorrell Royster, I leave the Weightlifting Club along with the new and improved weight room. Thanks for coming to all of our meetings and helping out. To Michelle Sever Annie Thompson, Angel Robinson and all of the remaining junior members, I leave UTHO. Each and every one of you helped make the club a success. I know I leave UTHO in good hands. (I also appreciated all of the work from you seniors. Thanks a bunch!). To Adrian Rowland, I leave the title of “Beast.” I know that you will carry the name well during next baseball season. I also leave the baseball team to you and all the rest of you juniors. It's been fun this year and I wish you guys the best of luck next season. To Chrissy Heafner, I leave the good times we had, and I wish you luck in basketball next year. (Thanks for teaching me how to shuffle cards, too.) To Bobby Jackson, I leave my thanks for all the cheerful conversations and greetings of “Hey, little brother!” To Jack Sinerly, I leave my utmost respect for a good, honest man. I'll always remember you.

I, Maurine Shields, being of confused mind and klutzy body, leave to Nicole two cases of “diet Coke” and some stomach pills; Jennifer, an answering machine and a hair separator; Chris, a car and some snackwells; Kavita, my title of B#1; Jamie, the golf course and “Little Miss Can't Be Wrong”; Ed, the newsletter and a plane ticket from Princeton to Chapel Hill; Bobby, bizarre English classes; Steve, xenophobia; Alex, a rematch; Second E girls, unending gossip fests; Beth, late night talks, my phone number, and a blue-line pass; and to Hermann, a second championship, happiness, and my love.

I, Bonnie Siegler, bequeath the following: to Shuchi Shah and Theresa Killian, a great hall, and to Shuchi, a cool room with an awesome loft; to Marci Kiser, lots of “Oh, I'm so happy!”s and a place to stay when you visit UNC; to Annie, Christina, Shaune, and Tara- You Go Girls!; to Melanie Wall, the best roommate and friend you could ask for; to Anuja Antony, memories of basketball games (whooo....) and a wonderful friendship; to Stacy Wolf, memories of dance practice (practice??), late night tears (3:00 AM), boyfriend troubles, the ability to make a long distance relationship last, and a proven

friendship that will last forever; and finally to Jennifer Hinson, memories of catching snowflakes on our tongues, being clueless, a trip to the Salvation Army, late night philosophical discussions, funny expressions, laughs and cries, dateless weekends, 9th Street, nickels, a painted post, 2 red ladders, Ho Ho's, those noodles that just aren't company, and a lifelong best-friendship!

I, Ranier Orlando Simons, having demented mind and sound judgement bequeath the following things to the following people: to Marcello Morgan I leave Third Bryan and the “Iyes Nigra” award. To Shannon Fatuesi I leave my cultured mind, bang, shears, and my black pants. To Richi Harris, I leave my 10 and my money bag. To my roommate, I leave controlling stock in the Trojan Company. To Joe Farr, I leave and unforgettable 4/1/93. To Taneya Koonce, I leave my boday and a brand new illusion hair brush. To Mary Frances Coleman, I leave Missy.

We, the students of the North Carolina School of Science and Mathematics, do hereby leave all of our theatre experience to Mr. Matt H. Nash.

I, Darcie Smith, having a mind and body, leave the following thoughts to the following people: BL - “School of Science and Math. Can I help you?” Micah - Looks like you'll have to find someone else on the bus...; Derek - Want to go running?! A few good jokes. Some bad jokes. Some more bad jokes and even more bad jokes. A heart-felt thank you for everything and don't forget to go outside everyday. Barry - Fred is dead. You're in charge. Just DON'T LOOK UNDER THE TABLE. Best of luck!

I, S. Peter Smithing, being of sound mind and body leave as my last will and testament: To Tracy Moldin I leave my underwear, 'cause I never wore it anyways, my bed at Carolina, and like Brad, a bottle of Coke. To Ryan— a feel of my one-half sometime. To every one else, this quote from T.S. Elliot, “So far as we are human, what we do must be either evil or good; so far as we do evil or good, we are human; and it is better, in a paradoxical way, to do evil than to do nothing, at least we exist.”

I Brian Smithwick, M.D., being of sound, do hereby bequeath Eric the Wonder Skull and the rest of Bryan 401 to Chad and Josh, my Orlando Magic hat to Sandy and Raysun, 3rd Beall lounge to all those guys on 3rd Bryan, and “Don't Cry” to Ben Fisher, a guy I've never met.

On second thought, I'll keep Eric.
Peace.

I, Jeff Spaleta, being of unsound mind and vertically challenged body hereby relinquish the following items: Dr. Haskell-Quantum Billiard Balls, Ms. Maxwell- juniors like me!, Dr. Kolena-one hour of work service, Ms Winborne- a spatula, Dr.