

Senior Wills

B

I, **Lindsay Baker**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Brooke Sturdivant**, I leave uncontrollable laughter, late night joyrides, Mexican food, Pride Period stummy aches, white privilege, the "Down in the DMs" remix, Earth Wind and Fire, Alien: Isolation, The Evil Within (SEBASTIAN), Little Big Planet, the Boogiemani from Sinister, all of the cute boys we've ever seen, weird hypothetical scenarios, gallons of ranch dressing, all different variations of my laugh, Forever 21, edits of your face on inanimate objects, iMessage conversations done completely through voice recordings, Spongebob references (especially from "Rock Bottom"), the drive-thru Starbucks, McDonald's breakfast, Master of Disguise, and all of my unconditional love and support. To **Sloane Coble**, I leave Nicki Minaj, the aux cord, lunches in Mr. Broer's room, authentic Japanese food, the Luxury Box taco salad, deep conversations, our shared hatred of math, an overly morbid sense of humor, our daughter Jazzy and the musical rats, Snapchat filters (especially the racoon), the minute bell (SONIC BOOM), Sephora, unnecessarily long trips to Target, an unlimited supply of napkins for the chocolate on your face, Ludacris, and the promise that I'll always come visit you at NC State. To **Jill Schuler**, I leave Goodberry's, deep convos at Maude's, walks around Lake Lynn, Eddie Redmayne coloring books, Hayden Christensen, Star Wars, our sophomore year YouTube page, Tumblr fanpages, stick-shift cars, swingsets, EDM music, my SoundCloud playlist, Canadian things, Hamilton, and my intent of visiting you in Toronto. To **Geoffrey Martin**, I leave North Carolina, red trucks, PS3 sessions, TeamViewer, Arby's roast beef sandwiches, adventures with Clifford, the observation deck, Planet Fitness, Little Caesar's pizza, Sons of Anarchy, all of the Boston Terriers in the world, GTAV, back breaking car-hugs, double texting, FaceTime on the beach and all of my Spotify playlists. To **Anna Phillips**, I leave middle school band, Black Ops: Zombies, all of the fart jokes I can muster, meaningful tattoos, veganism, Snapchat, black tea lemonade from Starbucks, a strong selfie-game and shrimp chimichangas. To **Lori Little**, I leave Vine edits of Harry Styles, anything that has to do with Justin Bieber, "Is that a cutie?", our future UNCW memories and freshman year gym class. To **Hannah Blackburn**, I leave outer space, the state of Florida (and all of its bugs), discount Star Wars shirts, Civics worksheets, sad jazz music, and 10,000 pet rumbas. To **Henry Werner**, I leave Justin Bieber music, our encounters at the gym, and a successful 2016-2017 school year. To **Madison Hoffmann** and **Parker Yount**, I leave three years of unforgettable newspaper memories. (I love you guys!) To **Mr. Broer**, **Ms. Engdahl**, **Ms. Wilkerson** and **Ms. Barrow**, I leave you all the knowledge that you are among the best teachers I've ever had and I will miss you all so much next year. Thank you for shaping me into the person I am today. To **Mr. Broer** specifically, I leave my middle school e-mail, articles about Justin Bieber, the fine lines between features and projects and my "reckless driving."

I, **Jason Brown**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to **Ty Perry**, I leave Clay Boneham. To **Joe Talbert**, I leave a good prank, the trunk police and all the other lunch jokes. To **Josh Quesenberry**, I leave a frisbee and Chick-fil-a. To **Grant Hall**, I leave your first decent car. To **Joey Quesenberry**, I leave my anthology book cover. To **Emily Conger**, I leave all the arguments we had, most of which I won. To **Austin Credle**, I leave a shot put, a discuss, and the many hours of embarrassing Ian. To **Ian Artrip**, I leave the ability to run wherever and whenever you want, also your orange comb. To **Eric Artrip**, I leave all the stat homework you never did. To **Sydney Winchel**, I leave the ability for you to just stand around without anyone questioning you. To **Alec Ashby**, I leave Ranch. To **Craig Martin**, I leave a pole to vault with and a good lay-out. To **Ian Hixson**, I leave the loving affection of Elise Hall or Alyssa Pieh, your choice. To the **LRHS Var-**

sity Farming Team, I leave a rusty broken rake, an ugly plot of gravel and Ian's traffic cone. To the **Throwing Team**, I leave the old toe board and the song "I just wanna run."

C

I, **Itzel Castellanos**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Jocelyn Torres**, I leave paying for my lunch practically every single day and Goodberrys everyday after school. To **Erica Hardy**, **Jenna Lyon**, **Othman Fatfat**, #BK squad every Thursday. To **Nicholas Barefoot**, I leave the lifetime supply of amazing hugs and best handshakes. To **Bo Byers**, I leave being there late at night whenever I needed him and making me feel safe when you speed in the Range. To **Elber Muniz** and **Lindsey Stanley**, I leave "los quiero mucho y también Chick-fil-a." To **Gaby O'Brien**, I leave not wanting to sit next to anyone else and talk in English while in Spanish class and get in trouble for it. To Fab 4, **Jocelyn Torres**, **Anita Torres**, and **Emily Torres**, I leave never responding to my texts and coming to my car every single morning. To my amazing **Spanish Mates** I leave *ir de camping*. To **Sr. Ross**, I leave a backpack full of lifesaver wrappers, making fun of each other 24/7, and our love for Tony's pizza.

I, **Jill Catalano**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to **Alexa Garbarino**, I leave, the sports section and honesty hour. To **Meghan Gasper**, I leave the early years in dance class and trunk lunches. To **Caroline Rogers**, I leave our fitbit challenges and top gent. To **Mary Carmen Dawkins**, I leave stray animals and fireman's carry. To **Lindsay Lehman**, I leave my One Direction concert videos. To **Olivia Huckel**, I leave Emily Dolegowski. To **Alli Van Lenten**, I leave JSB, roadtrips, a lifetime supply of barbecue sauce and spray tans. To **Sydney Stark**, I leave that time we almost died in the Zipper. To **Emily Dolegowski**, I leave our flawless titrations, Brent from yearbook camp and the Bojangles' drive thru and kidnappings. To **Jill Schuler**, I leave the notebook, One Direction concerts and Thanksgiving mountain trips. To **Victoria Rushing**, I leave early morning jams and Ms. Sherwood's class. To **Anna Woodhouse**, I leave lunch picnics, Fetters and Nuttle and endless hours at Yogurt Mountain. To **Hallie Hnatek**, I leave Goodberry's runs, tattoo parlors and that time we dumped cupcakes on your driveway.

I, **Austin Credle**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Sean Nicol**, I leave a lifetime supply of cheerwine and 0-6 Captain Status. To **Joey Quesenberry**, I leave chair force jokes. To **Jason Brown**, I leave a golden shot put. To **Nathan Marcellino**, I leave endless kayak rides and trips to the beach. To **Bryson Smith**, I leave my Call of Duty. To **Grant Hall**, I leave everything Jeep and a new Axel after too many donuts. To **Josh Quesenberry**, I leave Reet cob!! To **Alan Wessel**, I leave a US-Egyptian alliance. To **Ian Hixson**, I leave the best of luck with your lady. To my **Physics II class**, I leave *two* many two puns. To **Sidney Credle**, I leave big body status and my room. To **Caroline Credle**... well you're leaving too, sorry. To **Hallie Hnatek**, I leave the office of the First Lady, a jelly leg, a ray of sunshine, and my heart. To **Ardeshir Pirzadeh**, I leave the presidency, serve the office well. Finally, to the **citizens of America**, I leave hope for 2048.

D

I, **Will Denton**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to **Ms. Dobbins**, I leave an owl pellet. To **Dr. Stone**, I leave my artwork. To **Mr. Caggia**, I leave my mom's phone number. To **Matt Kolflatt**, I leave my wings and halo. To **Wesley Carroll**, I leave my allowance and \$40. To **Coach Dink**, I leave my left and right ankle braces. To **Courtney Nelson** and **Christian James**, I leave my bug collection.

I, **Antonia Dingeman**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Lauren McNamara-Clement**, I leave our morning jam sessions, week long sleepovers, feeding the giraffes and Queen B. To **Kendall York**, I leave your sarcasm, banana pudding, and our Saturday night adventures. To **Ashley Gill** I leave, your style, indecisiveness, dance lessons and sass. To **Zekia Randle**, I leave the sass, honest opinions and crazy prom dress ladies. To **Ange Escobar**, I leave *la lucha, está bien*, and I don't know knowledge. To **Stephen Schelfe**, I leave spontaneous lunch trips, 6th grade memories, and my favorite escort. To **Harry Freeman**, I leave *las jirafas*. To **Daniel Pham**, I leave constant laughter, awful dance moves, and Twitter fame. To **Danielle Wiener**, I leave randomly crying, broken bones, and awkward dance moves. To **Alex Jensen**, I leave Brandon Haga, and the rest of 3rd Period AP Computer Science, the struggle of Schram. To **Mrs. Roszko**, I leave weekly trig parties, all of the SAS(S), and Schram's logic. To **Señor Ross**, I leave *mis preguntas, sus chistes, y mi inspiración por español*.

I, **Emily Dolegowski**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to **Cole Chance**, I leave our date at the DMV. To **Parker Yount**, I leave our dear "friend" Alli. To **4th Period AP Chemistry**, I leave Kyo R and a negative volume. To **Alexa Garbarino**, I leave the fate of the yearbook. To **Emma Sheppard**, I leave the entire ads section, endless hours increasing the resolution of pictures, and days spent converting PDFs to JPEGs. To **Maya Socha**, all the Polish Power. To **Allison Van Lenten**, I leave "Do you wanna get food with me?", my broken Snapchat heart and sleeping in the hallway because Hallie broke the bed. To **Jill Catalano**, my clammy hands that you always hold, trench foot and our near death experience because Drew Walczyk is so cute. To **Hallie Hnatek**, I leave your second chance with a military man, a map because New England is not in England, and the butterfly snake. To **Zachary Walker**, I leave asymmetrical crying faces, the responsibility of setting up the tent, the ability to say no, and the word "mucho." To **Sara McCauley**, I leave our trip to Poland, midnight trampoline, all my fanfiction about you, the Baltic Sea, one small chili, Sinatra Dutchess, the time we saw Abel, and Boss Tweed. To **Brooklyn Collins**, I leave sneaky sneaky Applebee's, the Marissa sticky note prank, Argentina, years worth of Skype conversations, HFP, popcorn mischief, that night I looked like chicklepie and the corpse. To **Isabel Smith**, I leave the picture I sent Sara and your "special party". To **Maddy Kunkel**, the baked bean community service project, Matty P, your Super Sweet 16, and clapping for the stage. To **Luca Menozzi**, goldfish, and my picture with Steve. To **Andy Lam**, absolutely nothing.

F

I, **Allison Fisher**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Beka Towns**, **Braxton Degler**, and **Lizzie Rohs**, I leave getting kicked out of IHOP at close, chicken nuggets, love, and tech. To **Elise Gabriel**, I leave last minute studying during lunch and Whole Foods adventures. To **Tyler Emery**, **Drew Connelly**, and **Jacque Cox**, I leave body mics for Sound Crew. To **Grant Fisher**, I leave rides to school and your own bathroom. To **Lindsey Bateman** and **Patricia Hash**, I leave so much love to you beautiful girls. To **Brendon McCauley**, I leave "Broken Vessels", steak and potatoes, cake, and getting lost. To **Mrs. Scioli**, I leave my love for politics, current events and patriotic turtles. To **Mr. Caggia**, I leave always starting random conversations in class. To **Mrs. Bryant**, I leave talks about life. To **Mrs. Saldanha**, I leave emails freaking out about college.

G

I, **Andrew Galamb**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: To **Sean Nicol**, I leave a triangle, the numbers 3 and 12, confirmation of the Illuminati, a 400m workout, the rising south, a screw in

the foot, new running shoes, galaxy shorts, a propeller hat, 12 seasons of running, an early morning summer run, "stick shift", Jayquan gear, Barnwell, Wilkey Way Bars, Personal Finance Club, three timed writings, four years of an open post office full of letters, one year of football, one night at redneck beach, The Greatest Mom That Ever Lived and NCSU. To **Joe Talbert, Jr.**, I leave a yellow car, horror movies, animal crackers, milk and cereal for your bowl, party, the roof, "suh dude", tan thighs, foliage and general swoleness. To **Matt Franck**, I leave the quad quad squat squad, all my gains, a promposal poster, a lamp, fishing, fireworks, ignant stuff and crazy girls. To **Joey Quesenberry**, I leave a 777, Dylan Spitz's chicken, a headlamp, a brand new calf, an extra letter, the most likely to have a fab man bun award, lunch in the pit freshman year, and nature walks in APES. To **Josh Quesenberry**, I leave a frisbee, "reet cob", and so much running. To **Nick Barefoot**, I leave chaco tan lines, an eno, home-made Jello, and a dozen donuts. To **Sydney Winchel**, I leave icing to the face, the wisps, Ian Artrip, a bun squeeze, a four-year some expenses paid running vacation to a random dorm in the mountains, and all the good that you've given me. To **Eric Artrip**, I leave the Boy Scouts of America, "Errrrrrriic!", Schwa, and 20 minutes of silence. To **Nathan Gamble**, I leave a running log with 60 miles per week, cloud shoes, Nev, an Aussie barbecue, and one sexy headband. To **Nevada Mareno**, I leave Nathan's heart and a gold medal. To **Caleb Petty**, I leave a cockroach, a giant hill to run up and Umstead conversations. To **Haley Zoltowski**, I leave my hair, a neon shirt, the walk from stat to the parking lot and a stat book. To **Craig Martin**, I leave *The Office*, man, dude, stud, and a new pole. To **Preston Jones**, I leave nothing. To **Quinn Conrad**, I leave the title of ruler of the little boys, a ride home, and a penny. To **Joe Talbert, Jr.**, and **Joey Quesenberry**, I leave Cedar Ridge and the Cardinal Gibbons track. To **Jacob Nelson**, I leave RET!, and the time we made the clock fall down in Latin class. To **Ian Hixson**, I leave the words: "freak", "heck", "man", "such a", "what a", "dude", and a poster that says "dude why are you so fast?". To **Matt Oertel**, I leave a cornbread cake, 300m hurdles, and a sleeve of Ritz crackers with 15 crackers inside. To **Taylor Hemming**, I leave an epic pasta dinner. To **Max Birkelbach**, I leave German Engineering, Latin, an American sandwich and 300m hurdles. To **Zach Nicol**, I leave a squirrel, and "flavor ice, flavor ice". To **Shane Weisenberger**, I leave Harriet Tubman, a Trump toupe, a gallon of bleach, and "yaaaaaaa". To **Chase Smalls**, I leave a Letter in Varsity Farming. To **Elise Hall**, I leave Ian Hixson's Ian Hixson. To **Jason Brown**, I leave a shotput and a pillow. To **Austin Credle**, I leave the presidential nomination, up for pushdowns, eternal spring break, clash royale, and a sweet new suit. To **Jessica Tremblay**, I leave two plane tickets to travel the world: one for you and one for your lucky boyfriend. To **Nathaniel Brooks**, I leave our middle school years. To **Grant Hall**, I leave a better jeep, a better phone, and a donut frisbee throw. To **Mackenzie Ammons**, I leave country music (you can have that crap) and an endless offroading trail. To **Amanda Weaver**, I leave Donkey Kong and all of Psychology. To **Katie Gray**, I leave the highest average in AP Psych and a life partner. To **Jakob Oury**, I leave a nature walk and APES ball. To **Charlie Hardy**, I leave the Hercules costume and a lunch date with my grandma. To **Parker Yount**, I leave Chubbies shorts and Latin club. To **George Goto**, I leave a mean dap. To **Abby Hixson**, I leave a Latin poem and a promposal poster. To **Jeremy Park** and **Nathaniel Brooks**, I leave a calculus video and a music video. To **Jack Gilewicz**, I leave philosophical conversation and a college education. To **Delaney Briggs**, I leave an A in physics and a snapchat of Nate Yando. To **AP Physics 2**, I leave Two many Two puns. To **AP Latin**, I leave flaming acorns, Virgil's Aeneid, and class on the roof. To **Dr. Stone**, I leave the joy of learning and a 5 on the exam. To **Mrs. Duncan**, I leave two awesome years of chemistry and college credit. To **Mr. Miura**, I leave a fist pound even though I never took one of your classes. To **Mr. Robin-**

son and **Mr. Hunt**, I leave being the funniest teachers I know. To **Dr. and Mrs. Mash**, I leave so many years of Latin. To **Coach Hale**, I leave "Whale oil beef hooked!" and who I am as a man today; I owe it to you. To **all the runners at Leesville**, I leave being my family for the past four years. To **Bailey Butler**, I leave my heart, my soul, my senior year, and many years to come.

H

I, **Donte Hannah**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Mr. Phillips**, I leave the ACE paragraph and love of movies. To **Mr. and Mrs. Swann**, I leave the strictness of getting work done. To **Anthony Lewis** and **Rob Profit**, I leave conversations of anime and manga during lunch. To **Leise Hernandez**, I leave driving me crazy since middle school. To **Jaya Long**, I leave all the laughs during 2nd period. To **Daniel Guerrero**, I leave sometimes helpful advice. To **Mr. Hall**, I leave random sarcasm that makes the whole class more fun. To **Maddie Matal**, I leave torturing me with food. To **Ms. Hughes**, I leave funny moments in class and the cooking labs. To **Mr. Gaston**, I leave roasting everyone in 1st period. To **Ms. Cade**, I leave hating on the Carolina Panthers. To **Mrs. Browning**, I leave homemade snacks. To **Mr. Russom**, I leave the school bully. To **Levi March**, I leave the random jokes in class. To **Diana**, I leave driving me crazy during 1st period everyday. To **Mrs. Whitley**, I leave debates about the *I, Frankenstein* movie. To **Beth Mckenzie**, I leave friendship since middle school. To **Jalan Lee**, I leave Owl neck trick. To **Karise Baron**, I leave friends since middle school. To **Alyssa Gwisdalla** and **Maya Wright**, I leave an awesome friendship. To **Shakarri Cunningham**, I leave conversations about *Empire* during lunch.

I, **Erica Hardy**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Anna Young**, I leave the time I drowned at Owens, sideways kisses and snow days. To **Keara Glasgow**, I leave jammin to Fergie, my clothes in your trunk and endless amounts of bagel bites and easy mac, and LiveLoveCov. To **Malena Waters**, Disney World(((; and Cyrus. To **Maria Codisoti**, I leave the Pool with squadron, Levin LiveLoveCov and sledding into an ice cold pond with frozen fish. To **Katie Calloway**, some extra ribs (just in case). To **Adam Bateman**, my baby boy, I will forever be in love with you. To **Juliette Rabins**, I leave fist bumps, iggy, hallway butt slaps, huntie, freshmen year rooftop pic and iPhone gamers. To **Hunter Shelly**, I leave my first love and a spunky gm. To **Emma Douglass**, I leave all the times we laughed so hard we cried and Super Bowl sports fanatics. To **Jenna Lyon** and **Othman Fatfat**, I leave BK Squad, surviving 3rd, 5 for \$4 and a small fry. To **Itzel Castellanos**, I leave Mexico. To **Morgan Hinton**, look at the color wheel please. To **Grace Alcorn** and **Jessie Brown-dorf**, I leave the best PEPI partners I could have ever asked for. To **Kendall York**, I leave Bachelor Monday's with Chris Harrison, I am never going to stop taggin you in cute animal instagram videos. **Natalie Muma**, I leave my Cali girl. To **Mckenna Nixon**, I leave #1 on Daniel Pham's murder list. To **Laith Alkaissi**, I leave wilmi wingman, your 3rd grade crush(;. To **Suzanne Abdullah**, I leave Friday night dates. To **Nur Darar**, I leave ghostie and Food Lion. To **Evan Dezutto**, I leave my favorite boyfriend. To **Alex Shearer**, see ya later alligator (in your weird voice) and your Apple Watch reflection in my eyes. To **Hope Mungall**, I leave matching pjs, illegal movie websites, your first tackle and somo. To **Bailey Mabe**, I leave school mornings, Bojangles, baka (in British accent), ur godson. To **Kelly Funderburk**, my all time love, I leave feeding. To **Kobe**, I leave candy corn, and popcorn jelly beans. To **Chandler Craig**, I'm leaving nothing with you because I'm taking you with me :) p.s. "venti da venti catir vanti cama" pss Tummy. To **Tate Cohen**, I leave after school car rides<3. To **Elie Glass**, I leave indoor soccer, Mario Karts, Andy Lam's big head that can't fit a balloon over it.

I, **Shannon Hardy**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: To **Brenna Murry**, I leave the 18 yard box in Marshall Hamilton stadium. It's your house now, protect it well. And dinosaurs. To **Malina Pardo**, I leave L.A. love. To **Kristen Jensen**, I leave the Jensen Family Legacy. To **Reagan Norvell**, I leave orange Gatorade. To **Cayley Kennedy**, I leave sass. To **Hannah Arostegui**, I leave Jimmy Choo. To **Avery Gardner**, I leave what can you leave just a kid from Charlotte? A potato? A moon? How about a 5 in coachability. To **Mackenzie Gower**, I leave a sumo suit. To **Rachel Golden**, I leave post goal fist bump hugs, pre game baseball games, and the schlumped lollipop snapchat. To **Natalie Carpenter**, I leave squeaky toys. To **Brooke Sroka**, I leave the best spot on the bus. To **Rebekah Bailey**, I leave the best neighborhood and goals scored from defense. To **Lily Peden**, I leave a warm welcome into d-squad fam. To **Brenna O'Brien**, I leave Brad Paisley, a big booty and pregame heck bruises. To **Kayla Jensen**, I leave Harry Potter, always. To **Izzy White**, I leave the phone charger I let you borrow after CASL practice. To **Anne Marie**, I leave make-up and yams. To **Hannah Atkinson**, I leave John Mayer, feisty dogs, and perfect attendance to all Nard events. To **Jordin Mosely**, I leave grandma glasses, anime dance moves, and serious go kart skills. To **Meaghan Robinson**, I leave neglect. To **Rachel Feutz**, I leave killer eyebrows, vegan food and silent arguments. To **Madison Hoffmann**, I leave Clif Bars, a broken Sanderson streak, jamming car rides, early mornings in Dink's and the best marriage ever. To the entire **LRHS women's soccer program**, I leave Moe's Mondays, crocs, and some of the best memories ever. To **Allie Moss** and **Shea Plocharczyk**, I leave thrilling basketball games and fire tweets #SophomoreSuperNinjas. To **Stephen Schelfe**, **Morgan Mann**, **Lindsay Lehman**, **Renee Rightmyer**, **Cailley Michaud**, **Shelby Lattimore**, **Tyler Bond** and **Josh Lawton**, I leave Friday Night Fanny Packs. And finally to my person, **Olivia Huckel**, I leave Zora Felton's world history class, Dink's religions class and everything in between.

I, **Hallie Hnatek**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Alli Van Lenten**, I leave the right to call me Hallison and Hal Pal, endless trays of chicken fingers and BBQ sauce, and sleeping on the airport floor at 3 am. To **Emily Dolegowski**, I leave all of the "gifts" you left on my car, everyone's favorite video from the night at Steak n' Shake (even though that's none of my business) and a Benz, so you can look good with your friends. To **Jill Catalano**, I leave getting drenched in the rain at boy band concerts, my orangeness after our spray tan adventure, and our rants about the future. To **Squad**, I leave stories, our theme and cover project struggles sophomore year, and our Nick Jonas/HSM sing alongs. To my **Yerds**, I leave food Fridays and honesty hour from 12 to 1. To **Jill Schuler**, I leave the very complicated math calculation of 300 divided by 3. To **Austin Credle**, I leave my first and only lunch detention, and all of the tickets to every movie I've fallen asleep during. To **Victoria Rushing**, I leave a bag of zanahorias, my aux cord from all of our morning music sessions, and our very many near death experiences in the car. To **Anna Woodhouse**, I leave four hour naps at the beach combined with battles of aloe and bags of jelly beans, the book "Willie's not the Hugging King", and a position as the nanny of my future children. To **Meghan Gasper**, I leave our favorite song by the Chainsmokers, constant struggles of not having a license, and blasting Spanish music even when we don't know all the words. To **Anna** and **Meagan**, I leave Trunk Lunch Thursday's and the various prom pictures describing our relationship. To **Abby Holland**, I leave my sparkly glitter folder, getting in trouble in freshman (and senior) English, our adventure to the production of "Cinderella", and a room for you in my house when you're a successful director. To **Ariana Pirzadeh**, I leave our countless deep conversations and advice sessions and a position as my honorary little sister. To my **APSL Familia**, I leave all of the Kahoot username references and "Chippi Chippi" outbursts. To **Sr. Ross**, I

leave *mis metas para el espanol que me ayudó a lograr, y mi error en el mensaje de GroupMe*.

I, **Madison Hoffmann**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to **Mrs. Dinkenor**, I leave a semicolon and the ultimate goose group. To **Dink**, I leave an eternal shadow giggle, an endless supply of Clif Bars and Welch's fruit snacks, and the best four years. To **Mr. Broer**, I leave soccer talks and my Sierra Nevada sticker. To **Mrs. Barrow**, I leave gossip sessions during class and you being the only reason I lived through pre calculus. To **Mrs. Cade**, I leave before class talks and baby bump belly rubs. To **Avery Gardner**, I leave gang-gang and locker room raps by Fergie. To **Brenna O'Brien**, I leave One Direction singalongs and team sleepovers at your house. To **Bekah Bailey**, I leave a dino and rips from outside the 18. To **Brenna Murray**, I leave the best senior T-shirts of all time and my vast knowledge of dinosaurs. To **Brooke Sroka**, I leave unshaved legs, a hello every day walking to third period and game saving goals. To **Cayley Kennedy**, I leave procrastination in newspaper and last minute precalc tutor sessions. To **Rachel Feutz**, I leave fruits and veggies, silent arguments, the greatest accents and the best daughter award to Rachel Feutz. To **Meaghan Robinson** (Goose), I leave the world's best inhaler, an abundance of love and attention (no neglect), handshakes with Sydney, and the best daughter award. To **Jordin Mosley**, I leave an endless supply of love, cheese fries from Manchester, super human speed and the best daughter award. To **Anne Marie Cawley**, I leave Matthew Wagner's love, trips to the nail salon, drives home from team dinner, pregame fist bumps and the best daughter award. To **Hannah Atkinson**, I leave rainbows, singing to "Better Together", code red drills, dabbing and the best daughter award. To **Hannah Arostegui**, I leave Jimmy Choo, mini-me and pregame slaps. To **Izzy White**, I leave a bionic ACL, putting ketchup on fries the RIGHT way and Chick-fil-a Fridays. To **Kayla Jensen**, I leave elementary school memories and pregame passing. To **Kristen Jensen**, I leave the coolest jibbitz and the Jensen family legacy. To **Lily Peden**, I leave a genuine appreciation for Sean Nahas and a promising future as a defender. To **Mack Gower**, I leave a bubble wrap full body cast and a killer freshman season. To **Malina Pardo**, I leave the best nickname of all time and mornings in Dink's room. To **Natalie Carpenter**, I leave squeaks and a great future in the military. To **Reagan Norvell**, I leave inspirational talks during the game, a bottle of honey and a 100% healthy future. To **Shannon Hardy**, I leave the world's greatest marriage, pregame rituals, brownie Clif Bars, the best third wheel, mornings in Dink's and my other half. To **Rachel Golden**, I leave a great captain and trying not to run too hard during the warm up circle.

I, **Olivia Huckel**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Ethan Huckel**, I leave my cool factor, "pick a shelf", and the eternal joy of being my sibling. To **Kendall York**, I leave my pride and joy, NHS, I know you'll take good care of her. To **Kendall York** and **Erica Hardy**, I leave Bachelor Monday, long live #TeamJoJo. To **Allison Van Lenten** and **Shannon Hardy**, I leave Panera Wednesday, or Tuesday, or Thursday, or whatever day we actually went. To **Kelly Funderburk**, I leave wedding dates and "favorite little friend." To **Madison Hoffmann**, I leave "Maddy," lots of giggles and friend of the program. To **Jeremy Park**, I leave my gratitude, Bob Goff, Sola, and Chacos. To **Abigail Hixson**, **Shannon Hardy**, and **Kayla Jensen**, I leave Zora Felton's first period freshman year: I am so so thankful for her and our four years. To **Abigail Hixson**, **Shannon Hardy**, **Kayla Jensen** and **Morgan Mann**, I leave the Fantastic Five, a four-year friendship that never broke. To **Mrs. Dinkenor**, I leave the sexiest form of punctuation there is: the semicolon. To **Mr. Broer**, I leave any future success I may have because I owe them to your incredible teaching, TED Talks, and frustratingly critical debates. To **The Broer Bunch**, I leave my most sincere wishes for you all and could not be more thankful for our time together. To the **2015 Junior Marshals**, I leave my eternal love for

Zachary Walker and feud over him with Allison Van Lenten. To **Christine Lee**, I leave my love, science classes and wish to reunite with you as Cristina and Meredith (but with less death and sadness). To **Jacalyn Schoening** and **Christine Lee**, I leave our AP Biology lab group...forever collecting whack data and writing immense lab reports on Thursday nights. To **James Drew Hickland**, I leave Peru headbands, my best wishes, all my love, and college sleepovers. To **Shannon Addison Hardy**, better known as my Twisted Sister, I leave Florida, Atlanta, Jason DeRulo Pandora, matching tattoos, weddings, beach trips, Waffle Wednesday, Taco Tuesday, sappy HSM quotes, Zora Felton's first period, a room in my future home, hours of driving me places, our list of the largest, first world problems from freshman year, the party trick, vent sessions, Donovan and Owen, and all of the BFF/friend of the program love you could give someone.

J

I, **Kayla Jensen**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: To **Abby Hixson**, I leave Taylor Lautner, Captain Hook, a home full of cats (including Buffy), Dunkin Donuts, our short golf careers, awkward situations we seem to always find ourselves stuck in, and being too polite. To **Shannon Hardy**, I leave all the mischief you can manage, broken windows, and a lifetime supply of mac and cheese and pizza rolls. To **Sydney Stark**, I leave all the Sheetz you can eat. To **Morgan Mann**, I leave a large block of American cheese and sneaky pranks. To **Olivia Huckel**, I leave baby oranges, bath tubs, and cotton swabs. To **Mackenzie Ammons**, I leave Luke Bryan, "real" country music, overthinking and a lifetime supply of Bojangles. To **AP Latin**, I leave flaming acorns, class on the roof, conversations about cheese and other things and guessing the passages right before the test. To **Jacob Phillips**, I leave stop signs, marriage counseling, et simple math errors. To **Kristen Jensen**, I leave DAY license plates, small watermelons, avocados, and Scope toothpaste. To **Magister Mash**, I leave new Latin derivatives we discover every day, backwards check marks, and frequent Costco visits.

I, **Rachel Jessup**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Emily Thomas**, I leave the bat cave along with a neglected bucket of awful red paint. To **Madison Pendergraft**, I leave my trusty tin snips... "hi there! How're you doing?". To **Jenn Brna**, I leave my obnoxious morning cheer and general early birdiness. To **Kathryn York**, I leave my future treehouse with the hopes that she can continue to care for the woodland creatures that I will have befriended there. To **Cody Todd**, I leave my horde of jotted down ideas and half filled notebooks because, as a fellow writer, he will understand the madness. To **Nishka**, I leave my collection of paints with the hope that she will never stop being an artist. To **Hannah Blackburn**, I leave all of those engineering meetings I meant to attend. And finally, I leave my collection of air guitars to the **students of Leesville Road High School**, that they may find use for them in all situations.

L

I, **Christine Lee**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: To **Katie Gray**, our many years of friendship (and hopefully many more), walking fast in the hallways, and goldfish. To **Christina Song**, my "twin/sister" and forever confusing teachers. To **Olivia Huckel**, the many rants we shared with each other about literally everything. To **Jeremy Park**, *Zootopia*, M.C. Escher, and *Sleeping At Last*. To **Mr. Broer**, panache, the Tao Te Ching, TEDTalks, Genius Hour, *Mountains Beyond Mountains*, and so much other knowledge you gave me. To **Ms. Montgomery**, my gratitude for letting me continue my love for music and allowing me to be a member of The Band. To **Mrs. Dinkenor**, for the best AP English class I've ever had and goose groups. To **Ms. Hoblit**, the Medical Club. Without you, there would be no Medical Club. To **Jacob Nelson**, **Kendall York**, and **Rohith**

Raman, for being amazing officers in Medical Club. I hope to see you all in the medical field in the future. To **Nathan Marcellino**, **Alli Van Lenten** and **Callie Kirchstein**, for being the best NHS officers ever. No one will wear the gowns better than we did. To **Emily Dolegowski**, **Sara McCauley**, **Tate Cohen** and **Rebecca Dupree**, for the days at York Elementary, I will never forget them. To **Jill Schuler**, for accepting this will past the original due date! And finally, to this **school**, I leave loads of stress but even more so, the good teachers, friends and experiences that I will miss.

I, **Jenna Lyons**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Erica Harding**, I leave the Burger King runs, love for Othman, and love for Interior Design. To **Othman**, I leave the Burger King runs, all Kanye West items, my love for cinnamon, G wagons, and love for interior design. To **Itzel**, I leave BK runs and BK squad for life. To **Morgan**, I leave the color wheel. To **Marlz**, I leave all of our memories and life changes since kindergarten from all the different trips to the beach and the mountains and everything in between. To **E Scotty**, I leave club volleyball, boy talk, crazy fun, and all the pineapple in the world. To **Sray**, I leave all the fun boat rides, house hangouts and my love for your mom's cooking. To **Cailz**, I leave the crazy "do it for the grandkids: adventures, and always being down to any adventure. To **Emmz**, I leave my love for Bergs Buttons, all the giggles, jokes, and math classes. To **Jessica**, I leave Logan, Simba, funny jokes, and all my love for Ms. Kitty. To **Maria**, I leave my love for your brother and all the fun nights at your pool. To **7 Dorks**, I leave all the memories to singing "It wasn't me", all the yearbooks, Sprang Break, and unforgettable memories. To **Jacob Daft**, I leave all of our lunch dates and sand volleyball. To **Krazy Kunkel**, I leave my love for golden retrievers, shopping carts, and TJ Maxx journeys. To **CoolCam**, I leave Abbotswood and Wedge's class. To **Logan**, I leave my babies, my secret love for you, and Jessie. To **MadMoney**, I leave my Olympic gold medal and memories from freshman and sophomore year. To **Colby**, I leave the volleyball games and the love for Shelly and Cecil.

M

I, **Sara McCauley**, being of sound body and mind, hereby leave the following: to **Mainstage**, I leave a ripped bathroom cone, a mediocre Irish accent, white socks, and black socks. To **Hunt's Huddle**, I leave camping trips, bridge adventures, and lots of new taxes. To **B.I.O.**, I leave an annotated copy of every book from AP Lit, a snake, and one carton of milk. To **Tate Cohen**, I leave a Bratz doll, a Picnik premium subscription, and a corner of exotic fruit. To **Abigail Holland**, I leave societal norms, the Gatsby maid costume, and a Vincent van Gogh sunflower. To **Ms. Tarson**, I leave a three-legged cow, an endless supply of Gardein, and all things navy and black. To **Zach Walker**, I leave conspiracy club, a penny for the Ivy League fund, a baby goat, and a pink heart. To **Emily Dolegowski**, I leave water with bubbles, a house of balloons, and one chi squared goodness of fit test. To the **Theatre Department**, I leave one dislocated knee, several broken legs, and half my heart.

I, **Cristian Mendez**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Dylan Spitz**, I leave all the roast sessions in the subie, the terrible job of the aux, the sole reason of me running to class late for almost a month, cookout runs, times I've dropped a 3 in your face and all the shots I've aced in your face, the 2am conversations about life, the fact that your dogs like me MUCH more than you, the days of going to your house and hanging out and playing battlefront with Wyatt, the backseat driving whenever I'm in the Jeep, the days in Dominion and I leave the fact that I'm better at stick, just as long as we don't pull up #ripbeaner. To **Timmy Schmidt**, I leave our old hatred of each other in elementary school and I bring the new bond we had this year, with a near death experience and you the beaner, and with the roast of everyone in the subie squad. Also I leave you with the fact that Miatas are the best car to get. To **Matt Comesky**, I

leave the grave of Joe when you ended his life with one roast, the direct deposit tweet, all the times I've come for your throat, I leave you being the second best and sometimes best roast master in squad. To **Robert Conolly**, I leave my dog, the beaner as well. To **Erich Schmidt**, I leave the nickname on my phone as "cats" lips, the last bit of juice I have and some part of the beaner as well. To **Isaac Thomas**, I leave the days in sports med and where I was roasted for taking too many L's. To **Lucas Vanover**, I leave my turbo for a steep \$65 and an oil change. To **Trevor Njeru**, I leave the long summer nights we had, the dubs we took in soccer and I praise you as the best quarterback to wide receiver connection to ever happen. To **Sarah Myers** and **Haley Hawkins**, I leave the triple alliance and the videos of me dancing with Harry. To **Adrian Brown**, I leave the inspirational talks and the fact that we tried to raise each other up when we were down on the bottom. Stay and don't give up. To **Sebastian Ruiz**, I leave the long days at Frankies, us hauling the team, and all the times we said we would quit but never follow through and I leave you as the Fifa God. To **Joe Ma**, I leave a tub of lotion for your elbows, fix yourself before you wreck yourself, but other than that you loyal, I leave the destruction of your life when I beat you 100-0 on Star Wars as Luke Skywalker, "emperor palpitate can generate his own health" and "hi my name is Dylan Spitz." To **Stephen Schelfe**, I leave the rise and grind of JV lax, the golden days of sitting on the sideline, the procrastination in woodshop, and the shenanigans that we never got called out on. To **Alec Ashby**, I leave the one day we took Cooper home for lunch (easily the best lunch day I've ever had), the roasts I've had in you, Abbotswood, and daily Dylan and clumsy Cristian, also, can Brian hang? To **Jordan Brady**, I leave the days of us jamming, riding the bus together, the old lunch table, and even though you sometimes made me really mad, I still love you like a brother. As a final note to **everyone in the subie squad** and everyone in this will, I just wanna say I love you all and thanks for making this last year so great even though it was filled with a lot of downs and a STRONG L for me. We'll look back on these days as some of the best. Also **Joe Del Buono**, Comesky took your sister to prom.

N

I, **Jacob "Jaysob" Nelson**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: to **Craig Martin**, I leave my collectors edition copy of Threat Level Midnight, my light saber collection, and some free money from Ole Miss. To **Joshua Quesenberry**, I leave my pleasure. To **Joseph Quesenberry**, I leave RET. To **Mackenzie Ammons**, I leave a 3D-printed tank chair and a brand new pool table. To **Austin Credle**, I leave my vote in the 2048 Presidential Election. To **Sean Nicol**, I leave a workout: 4x300M at 75% effort. To the **next generation of Leeaville Road High School Cross Country**, I leave The Speech. (And always remember the answer to this one, simple question. Leesville, what is your profession? War!)

I, **Sean Nicol**, being of sound body and mind, do hereby leave the following: To **Andrew Galamb**, I leave 12 issues of "Man-bun Monthly", ozone, stickshift, and "The Greatest Man That Ever Lived." To **Ben Grant**, I leave Richard Gill's signature and the perfect Jersey Mike's sub. To **Luke Miller**, **Brock Johnston**, **Jordan Hayes**, **Will Hollerung**, **Timmy Wipperman**, and **Nick Barefoot**, I leave Knitting Club, bandanas, and a case of the finest Cheerwine (aka, concentrated 'Merica). To **Caleb Petty**, I leave our epic pre-practice conversations, a stool, and the 2nd mile of just about any 5k. To **Brent Hale**, I leave a clipboard, and 40 hurdles that may or may not say sanderson on them in exchange for an assistant coaching position. To **Clay Boneham**, I leave a cannoli, Sra. Weber's Spanish Dictionary, and Mountain Dew. To **Harry Freeman**, a giraffe one-zie and every one of my Spanish presentations. To **Reid Ross**, I leave physics and an appreciation of your great metal-working skills. To **Jeremy Park**, I leave Yo No se Mañana and welcome oportunidad. To the rest of the **AP Spanish cult**, I leave a bag of Wint-

