

Senior Wills

A

I, Jenna Altaii, being of tired mind and tired body, do hereby bequeath the following items:

To the other half of Staph Only, Faith Evans-Haywood and Rachel Hermosillo, Abbie Menard and I leave bowling alleys, collapsed lungs, Just Dance, Africa by Toto, and badly put on face masks. Specifically to Faith, I leave glitter. A whole lot of glitter. Specifically to Rachel, I leave my original sense of humor so that you won't have to take jokes from the Internet. You two girls mean a lot to me, and words cannot describe how much I'll miss having you two in my everyday life. Thank you for three wonderful years. To Gia Yoder, I leave the many adventures of turtleneck girl, awkward love poems, Mr. Brightside, and many late night calls. And those red rugs from Siddhartha. And just a whole lot of strength for your senior year! To Sweta Kunver, my brown bud, I leave the raw power of Ilhan Omar. Keep making your impact! To Maya Pope, I leave pineapple! May your cuteness always bring you free fruit! There are so many more of you who have made my high school experience wonderful. I love you all very very much. Thank you for the best senior year possible!

I, Nina Simone Andrews, being of peaceful mind and confident body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Lora Cantwell and Jen Glazer, I leave my love and support, hoping that whoever takes my place in being your school child isn't as hard headed as me. To the varsity volleyball and softball teams, I leave belief; I believe in you even if I am a thousand miles away. To all my younger friends, I leave my arms open, know that you can run to me any time, I'm only 30 minutes away. Lastly to the whole school I leave anger: y'all let me fall down the main staircase my freshman year.

B

I, Casey Blankenship II, being of happy mind and jacked body do hereby bequeath the following items: To everyone at HHS, I just want to thank everyone here for everything. I'll be the first to admit that school has made me feel every type of emotion you can imagine, but at the end of the day, I've had an amazing and super fun four years. I've grown so much from the freshman I was in the fall of 2015. To all my teachers and friends, thank you for pushing and motivating me to be where I am.

I, Hannah Brown, being of arcadian mind and effulgent body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Abbey Fisher, I leave my cheer squad, Friday night football games, and an alarm clock since I will no longer be able to let you into the school during second block. To Lydia Grogg, I leave my softball team, our football game posters from middle school, and Taylor Swift's "22". To

Mama T and Carico, I leave my cartoon drawing, my beanbag chair that I tried so desperately to fix, and most importantly my index cards that you always wrote me passes on since I will no longer be needing them. Lets hope I get some running shoes for college. To Coach Hook, I leave my hundreds of questions, my projects that always seem to take me forever to finish, and you will no longer need to go back and change my attendance from absent to tardy, so shout out to Mama T and Carico for keeping me in good school standing.

C

I, Abby Campillo, being of cheerful mind and energetic body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Isabel Campillo, I leave the party van, goofy dancing, all the clothes I've stolen from you, lots of APs, Camp Varsity, and getting to school in the nick of time. To Sarah Deloney, I leave the girls distance team, hard workouts, team sleepovers, the distance baton, sunscreen, your own seat on the bus, and cones from every XC race. To Holly Bill, I leave Taylor Swift cds, laughing in the Tropical Smoothie drive thru, and B relays for summer swim league. To Kate Kirwan, I leave bad lying, the wind chicken, and a freshman running spirit. To Kira Blagg and Iris Cessna, I leave a lifelong love of running. To Brigid Banks, I leave many seasons of running at HHS! To the boys distance team, I leave Cici's dinners and evac. To Kate Cummings, I leave flowy pants, struggling in calc, and the title of gamer girl. To Maddy Scott, I leave daily hugs and smiles. To Nathan Henderson, I leave early mornings at Mr. J's. And finally, to Jenny Arteaga, I leave avocado trees, chickens, Jesus Calling, the nutchuck document, hardcore, and Cooking Mama.

I, Kaeden Click, being of brilliant mind and astonishing body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Ritt Culbreth, I leave the Low Brass and your amazing future, to Stanley Inouye, I leave the rest of Low Brass and consecutively beating me 1000 times in Smash. To David Beck, I leave toutes mes félicitations et mes sincères condoléances, to Leif McCoy, I leave our many awkward greetings and bops, to Jeslyn Liu, I leave JESLYYNNNNN!

I, Christa Cole, being of curious mind and carb-loving body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Stella Alexiou, I leave early morning car rides to that singular French pop song and the knowledge that all wounds heal with scones and a little time. And an open invitation to text/call for anything, anytime, ever. To the HHS girls swim team, I leave my everlasting love, a tradition of mirror pictures in UVA's dance room, and the hope that you all never encounter sketchy Walmart shoppers at 3 am every again. You ladies are incredibly strong and fast, and you all never cease to amaze me. Keep breaking records every single year. To Luna Fulgueiro-Fuchs, I leave the skills of a swim team mom (I promise it's not much. You'll be great) and the knowledge that

swim sweatshirts should be ordered during the first few days of the season. I did NOT know that. To Katie Ramsey, I leave the passion we share for the STEM Academy, the duty of showing girls in the trainer's room the truth, and the goal of making mandatory mean something. I can't wait to hear about all you do next year. To Kate Cummings, I leave my constant and everlasting admiration as well as my entire collection of EXPO dry erase markers. You know what to do with them. To Jenny Arteaga, I leave hours of talking in my front seats, talenti gelato in times of crisis, many many yellow hearts, cooking with my mom, Reuben sandwiches, apples and cheese sticks, first-block back scratches, a place as a part of the Cole family, and a permanently ajar basement door. My mom has to move to Lynchburg though, I'm sorry.

I, John Collier, being of capable mind and skinny body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Gabe Eshleman, I leave my Eagles license plate frame and west side, to Ritt Culbreth, I leave NMD r1s and hnh, to Katherine Cummings, I leave a clean car and my fit that was given a 10, to Jane Thompson, I leave enviro study guide grinds, to Nathan Henderson, I leave the oppression of gamers, to Jenny Arteaga, I leave chickens, ducklings, and squirrels, to Stanley Inouye, I leave any streetwear I own, to Jack Hotchkiss, I leave a decent sleep schedule and Billy y las Botas, to Alyce Kilby-Woodward, I leave my horrible driver's license picture, to Isabel Campillo, I leave Old Town Road.

D

I, Noe Delgado, being crazy minded and funny body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Tristan Fink I leave last years baseball team, to Simon Beach I leave my dumbness and finally to whoever wants it I leave my shoes in my locker.

E

I, Sarah Earle, being of indecisive mind and nonchalant body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Ann Diaz, I leave a plethora of VT dad apparel, a pair white new balances to go with your dad look, a mobile grill, taking care of our papa Mike at Water Street Bohemian, all motion picture credits to Big Mouth, salsa nights, and motivation, to Caleb Goss, I leave a long lost Michael Jackson's Greatest Hits album, a zen garden, permission to eat anything besides pizza and french fries at every restaurant, so many laugh til we're in tears moments, and all of the ASMR in the world, to Jenny Arteaga, I leave wombat food, a Farmer's Only free trial subscription, patience, and a stomach pump to get rid of all of the plastic consumed, to Katie, Fiza, and Samantha, I leave taking care of our girls tennis team next year and babysitting Yoder, to Yoder, I leave a shell, a soundboard to connect all of your squeals and shrieks onto for a potential soundtrack, and enough

gifts to get you by when Andrea and I leave, to Livick, I leave the best love-hate relationship, that bacon, egg, and cheese sandwich on an everything bagel I "owe" you, and a game of tennis to prove who's the better two seed, to Ilana, I leave mother-daughter talks and a mini mini-cooper since you can't have a real one, and to Holly, Caleb, Sophie, and Mia, I leave leading the best high school newspaper and media publication out there.

G

I, Juliana Greaver, being of a blank mind and empty soul, do hereby bequeath nothing to nobody because it's my 1st year here and I don't know anybody.

H

I, Weston Hatfield, being of epic mind and big body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Jack Hotchkiss, I leave Josh Sun. To Gabe Eshleman, I leave nostalgia and epic 4 stocks. To Declan Leach, I leave the drumline and Jack. To Jacob, I leave questionable moral codes. To Cesar Diaz, I leave Ella from Virginia Beach. To Ritt Culbreth, I leave the Great 8. To Katherine Cummings, I leave all my talent. To Benny Ramsey, I leave nothing.

I, Katelyn Hawkins, being of kind, warm mind and beautiful body, do hereby bequeath the following items:

To Mrs. Green, thank you for everything you have done for me. You was always there when I needed you I just want to say thanks.

I, Sam Heie, being of devious mind and languid body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Gabriel Eshleman, I leave ownership rights to my former real estate of The Bench, The Hill and Hillandale Park shelters, Brisk pink lemonade, the back of the tennis bus, Subie Society, and intellectual rights to the formation of GodGamerz. May these properties, items, and organizations serve you well in your quest for new friendship in your senior year. It'll all work out. To Jane Thompson, I leave the broken Nalgene head in the school parking lot, approximately three dozen Pro Vi's littered in the forests of Heritage Oaks, jailbroken Spotify, and any mainstream sad music (RIP Jah). I know that your dreams will come to fruition in the form of an array of D1 college golf offers. Grip it and rip it. To Ritt Culbreth, I leave the threads of your dress pants attached to the Patrick Henry High School stadium fence, a unique intellect that will serve you well in the college process and life, and your neighbors motion sensor light. Remember the importance of a work-life balance and to be happy. That's stamped. To Nathan Henderson, formerly NHenny, I leave the entire University of Virginia, Yonex overgrip, and fake Supreme hoodies. Everybody eats. To Aaron Cosner, I leave a notes section on your iPhone for all of the borderline provocative

debate quotes, hundreds upon hundreds of miles of tournament travel, and the longest list of my favorite memories from high school. I'm eternally indebted to you for your guidance through my rollercoaster of a high school experience. To Valerie Kibler, I leave the letters to the light up billboard whose location shall never be disclosed, a personalized photo contained in room 444 whose location shall also not be disclosed, and Jeff Gordon. You influenced me to be a better writer and person, a task that, as you know, was not always a simple one.

I, James Henderson, of positive mind and "reasonably probably a 6" body, Hereby bequeath the following Items: To Nathan, the Outback (Hint: double the tones means double the ladies) and melon rings. To Ritt, Ott Street and the leadership of the swim team. To the other members of the swim team, Finders Keepers Rice Krispy Treats, shameless dancing, early morning enthusiasm, all of my vocal chords, and baby shark. To the younger LDers, Morality is false and ethics are a social construct. To Mikey, Tequila (but chill administration the song by the Champs that all it says is Tequila). To the rising MRGS folks my role as bus safety captain, may the bus always be safe, and every single poster that I have done this year, which are hidden somewhere at MRGS. To Leif, Declan, and Jack Extremely specific analogies. To Tucker, Michael, and Grace Ruthless efficiency in everything that you do senior year. To whoever that'll take them my endless supply of movie, song, and inspirational quotes. To Harrisonburg High School business cards To every Blue Streak present and future, Dream On.

I

I, Julia Inouye, being of emotional mind and stubby legged body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Maya Pope, I leave the happiest hugs, future dorm room cuddles, and a snowglobe for you to live in at BYU. To the One Act family I leave, banyan trees, giant red rugs (carpets?), imprisoned uncles, om, the butta, bonding nights, Albermarle's mics, the costume ball shenanigans, and "now kiss." To the One Act seniors of next year, I leave the famous stickers. To Faith Evans-Haywood I leave frantic FAACL evidence drafts, peach rings, your capstone rap, and I am not a salmon it's just not what I am. To Gia Yoder I leave possibly the most bizarre moment of my life although I can't explicitly describe it here, car rants, that one awful FAACL project we did at your house, and countless capstone filming days. To Paula Rivera-Lugo and Nataly Ruiz I leave never having a table at lunch, tummy tucks, the funniest video on the planet of a kid stuck in a costume, and Hit the Road Jack, to Mariel Joven I leave, that weird laugh I did in your room that I'll never forgive myself for, my beetle pinterest board, long legs vs short legs (you know which one is the winner in my mind), your rainbow gatre belt, your homecoming dress that you made me sew too tight, my celia make-up, and the fact that you'll

always be the Joy to my Grace. To Danner Rebhun I leave Love Island, bars, all the sensory things, purgatory and hibernation, a love of cats, a mutual lack of motivation, and all the cuddles. To Kate Cummings, I leave forgiveness for eating my Reese's that one time, heavy beef that will never be resolved, that weird face shouting thing that we do, our undeniable chemistry, the miracle of us actually playing opposite each other, all the choir dances that we've ever done and... buddy time. To Grace Miller I leave many nicknames, the iconic song Grack is Back, summer picnics, poor planning on my end, You Shine, thrifting for sweaters and sweatshirts in the summer, my terrible sense of direction, Reputation: the tour and the album, the position of president of the Noah Mac fan club, it's nice outside, daily hugs, stolen hair ties, ponytail makers, begels, and llove you llong time, to Stanley I leave Louise (you must be nice to her even though she's old and not very functional), goofy grins, online seminary, your love for shoes and my inability to keep up with your knowledge, the fact that you get to go to school with Trevor and I don't and I'm mad about it, getting out of work because of long nails, Taylor Swift's immense relevance, a certain meme about Manny and almonds, borrowed no show socks, and the request that you FaceTime me all the time next year.

J

I, Ryland Jones, being of strange mind and unfit body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Gracie Jones, I leave extra trumpet skills and all my funnies; to Kelvin Lopez-Contreras, I leave all the Smash skills and the strength to control the trumpet section; to Benjamin LaFauci, I leave a single dabbing Luigi; to Samuel LaFauci, I leave Rufus, the estranged Mii; to Elizabeth Burzumato, I leave a "get out of an awkward situation free card" and an antidote to lactose intolerance; to Claudia Obenschain, I leave a dropped letter and the ability to deal with Lizzy and the entire marching band; to Alexa Coburn, I leave a bag of rainbow goldfish and the power to think in the morning; to Anya Newman, I leave May 4th and the roof of my shed; to Kenneth Bennett, I leave a lobster and the entire Persona series; to Alan Reyes, I leave a cheese-cake recipe; to Nathan Ringle, I leave the entirety of In The Mood; to Marshall Coffman, I leave a six inch gremlin grandpa and a jar; to the marching trumpet section, I leave 5 pushups each and some goofiness; and to the Legally Blonde trumpet crew, I leave a ball of Hershey's kiss wrappers and some LifeSavers mints.

I, Dayby Joya, being of capable mind and fortified body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Kevin Ferman, I leave the shenanigans we always went through, to Alejandro Olivares-Escalante, I leave all the content we learned in classes together, to Andy Ventura, I leave the confidence and pride of a thousand men, to Emmanuel Maclin, I leave all of the aspirations we have for our futures.