

always sampling my food, especially Cheeto Paws.

K L

I, Genevieve Kennedy, being of crass mind and tired body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Sweta Kunver, I leave poorly placed lines of sight, cackling over all the small things, a long and successful career in the popularity contest that is high school politics, and a healthy dose of fatherly love. To Sarah Deloney and Samantha O'Fallon, I leave being blonde, loving art, and dropping out of fine arts academy. All choices that I not only notice in you, but have personally endorsed myself. Enjoy having a senior year full of all of these same fantastic qualities. To Alice Mckennett, I leave being in all the wrong classes, enjoying the stupidity of seniors, as well as Aiden. He's your responsibility now. Beat him up as necessary. To Claudia Obenschain, I leave years of underwhelming dance classes, a brief resurgence of a true learning experience, and a good dose of jealousy that natural came from watching you grow taller than me. To the color guard underclassmen, I leave band camp, whatever horrendous prop you're going to have this year, and teasing Jessica (or whichever poor JMU student is going to have to babysit you this year). To Faith, Lizzy, Kathy, Grace, and Kailey in particular, those lovely little ladies I've known for most of my high school career, I leave a lovely senior year and the strength to get through both an emotional final season and a stressful final year. You're all so amazing, you'll do so great. To Jenny Arteaga, I leave being left on read on accident, rainbow turtles, being confused as lovers, and all of my hopes and dreams for you to be so so so happy in the future: as happy as you deserved to be the whole time. To Aiden Kennedy, I leave my best of luck on your five AP classes next year and a preemptive very smug and entirely related I told you so. Also, the promise that I may actually miss you when I move away, as well as some karma for your treatment of me in the form of Rowan in a few years. Have fun with that one, bud.

I, Bismah Khan, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To underclassman, your friends, family, and teachers care about you, even if it may not seem like it. Don't be afraid to ask questions because time flies and you will be a senior soon, asking A LOT of questions, so start early. You will 'grow up' before you know it, and when you do, you will want to be an underclassman again. Take every opportunity, especially the ones where it feels like you don't or won't "fit in." To HHS, it's been real.

I, Audrey Knupp, being of old soul, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Mallory, I leave mom's office, trips to 7-eleven, and Jalapeño bagels. To Mrs. Cash, I leave the main office, and the never ending phone calls. To Mrs. Atkins and Mrs. Hill, I leave our heart-to-heart talks about everything in my life and all of the things within the halls of HHS. To Mrs. Warren, I leave the satisfaction that we accomplished this and that you helped me through the last two years. I could not have done this without you. To Maddy Scott and Soph, leave the soccer team... Good luck with that! To Wendy Miller, I leave my errands and you

I, Samantha Daniele Little (sammydsmall), being of song lyric-filled mind and Nike-covered body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Jane Thompson, I leave Keith, the baseball field bathrooms, the legacy of Rico and Shelly, the spirit of this nation, the Willow trees at Newman Lake, all of my seasoned Chex from the blue Chex Mix, Burger King coffee, good luck hand tattoos, my broken sunglasses, Breakbot's "Baby I'm Yours", Wendy's fofofo, all of my Spotify playlists, the bike helmet in your car, Tropical Smoothie Acai Berry Boosts, my password ;), documentary marathons (gotta get that relief), and, most importantly, the fourth tee box. Never forget the motto. To Gabe Eshleman, I leave sunflower fields, an extensive knowledge of the wars in asia, every pretty tweet I ever come across, ivory colored modeling clay (if you can find it), the story of a dog and turtle living in Africa during the Cretaceous time period, bdubs, the bucketlist, fear forest, the arboretum - even when it's muddy - and the Pokemon on JMU's campus. Above all, I leave what may last the longest: a couple of broken bones, some pocket change, a bright yellow jacket, and a paper plane or two. Australia is waiting. To Jackieboy, I leave the shack, Cici's after orientation, the iconic picture of your twin, my car and Tony's mini sombrero, Wallows, section leader feuds, Roger, Hillandale's exercise equipment, mojo, the Galley and its waitresses, all of my leftovers, the bright lights and big stage for your new acting career, and, as always, the aux cord. Don't grow up. To Jacob Seefried, I leave my solo in the Greatest Showman (in spanish of course), Miles and Daniel, your Xymox, my snare harness with the spongebob sticker- wear it with pride and protect it at all costs, The Twilight Zone season 2 episode 6, chicken nugget-filled water bottles, a four door minivan, chees- es, House Party, and many thanks. Remember to feed the cat. To Deckles, I leave flip flops, the dot book box, inferno, a permanent blockade between you and Ryan during rehearsal, diet pepsi, the death stick, Anthony's pizza, and one last big hug. Never leave the zoo. To Kate Cummings, I leave an unlimited supply of snaps saying how much I miss you, that one good night, Mr. David Rush, and all of my love. I expect an autograph when you make it big ;) To Ritt Culbreth, I leave John Denver's "Take Me Home, Country Roads", Shpongle, Morrell and the entirety of the swim team, and, of course, Martha. And Mia. Use your twitter well. To Mia, I leave plead the fifth, paranoia, and every other possible game on bus rides back, pies that take much longer to bake than expected, and full confidence in your ability to make it to the olympics for Romania. Kill it next year. To Stanley, I leave my entire collection of Nikes ;) To Upton, I leave my cast and crutches, the first email I ever sent you, all of me and Alexia's gossip, UVA's Good Old Song, my recent sass and eye rolling, PASIC and the expo, every timpani part you've ever given me, Island Jam #9, all of my Newsstreak articles, Mr. Foster, your instagram profile pic courtesy of me,

and a vacant passenger seat and open DJ spot for car rides back to Harrisonburg- find a good replacement.

I, Irene Y. Liu, being of clumsy mind and exhausted body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Jeslyn Liu, I leave morning car rides and never winning the aux cord (or the passenger seat for that matter), secret knock codes, the penguin family, China camp 2017 and basically any memory with Alex, and over a decade of arguing over everything but mostly clothes (just remember that you can't steal my clothes when I'm in college). To Claudia Obenschain and Alice McNett, I leave the Powerpuff Girls, trying to come up with a creative salute and then never using it (sorry about that one), girl power, getting 3rd at POC, and, most importantly, the HHS marching band. I hope I've taught you everything you need to know, but I already know you'll be amazing leaders and phenomenal drum majors. To Alice McNett, I leave the extensive legacy of the HHS oboe duo, from district bands to youth orchestras. Don't worry, I'll be back to see you as first chair oboe at All-State next year. To Luke Tao, I leave playing cards literally everywhere we go, mini golfing in freezing weather and the kinda sketchy AirBNB in Tennessee, Chinese New Year parties and Nerf gun wars, running around JMU and EMU on Friday nights, and Wii Party TM (Game Board Island of course). Don't forget about me and Cindi when we're gone. To Wendy Santiago, Alexa Coburn, and Rachel Everard, I leave the clarinet section in very capable hands. I'm proud of how far all three of you have come these past few years and I know you will continue to grow and lead in your own ways. To Kim Portillo, I leave rides to Clementines, the Barnacle dilemma, and balls of yarn to stay entertained with of course. You're going to go far in life, and I believe in you! To Carly Corso and Spencer Spears, I leave subtly dancing to songs when we're not playing in band, trying to tune without tuners, and falling asleep in the morning (which was mainly me). To Carly Corso, I leave making baby noises, pretending to do your hair in Daughter of Delta Nu and "Hey, that's Elle's man", Salsa Nights, and Trader Joe's lotion. I'm confident you guys will continue being great leaders and people for the rest of your lives. To Anya Newman, I leave the very extra warm-up sequence (you know the one), "CHAIRS??" and the Soprano 2 section. I'm proud of how far you've come in general and I'm going to miss being your choir buddy next year, but I know you'll be able to figure out the notes on your own. To my Delta Nu family, I leave sleepovers with karaoke and face masks and junk food and essential oils galore, "Someone Like You", endlessly crying on closing night (that might've just been me though it's hard to remember), pink pink and more pink, the Delta Nu hand signal thing which we used way less than we could've, and OMIGOD and Positive and never knowing what the timing for "Greek Chorus" was, and the ever so stressful cheerleading quick change. Thanks for such a fun last musical experience, and I'll be back to see you all kill it in next year's musical. To Kelvin Lopez-Contreras, I leave watching you and Ryland play Super Smash Bros, drum major Kelvin, and Starcatcher. Keep being the most helpful and kind person I know, you're going to do great things. To any-

one else I may have left off this list because I'm rushing to finish this thanks to procrastination and senioritis, you know who you are and I love and appreciate you all. Enjoy the rest of high school, it goes by pretty fast.

M

I, Owen Marshall, being of burned out mind and tired body. To Simon, I leave tormenting Kibler for your remainder of the time at the high school, BLUEFACE BABBBBBYYYY, and shoooooot. To Dylan Burnette, Josh Engle, Evan Bert, and Zach Cooper I leave the two strike approach. To Dayan, I leave "Go away ball!" To the rest of the baseball team, I leave the pregame 7/11 runs. To Dylan Thompson, I leave the endless grind out of silver. To Jane Thompson, I leave the four million Pro Vi's scattered across the woods, lakes, and anywhere but the fairway of Heritage Oaks. To Jamiere, I leave a wave check. To Sophie and Maya, I leave controlling Simon and Keenan on the talk show. Good luck. To Keenan, I leave garage band beats and running it back on the talk show. To Gabe Eshleman, I leave the name Brett and bingeing Bob Ross. To Maya Waid, I leave the chair art and dolphin drawings. To Kibler, I leave DJing for work nights, selling all the ads, and left turns. To Coach Ty, I leave staying short and the "The Riot" (best closer in high school history).

I, Nesyer Martin, being of excellent mind and not-so-good body, do hereby bequeath the following items: I did not do anything in this school

I, Pierre Mbala, being of strong mind and muscular body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To the HHS staff, I want to thank all of you for everything you do every day.

I, Nathan McIntire, being of extremely unsound mind, do hereby bequeath the following items: For all freshmen to enter this school, to respect ONLY the teachers, attendance department, Cafeteria staff, Janitorial staff and nursing staff. If they so do fail, they are cursed and hexed to have bad luck, poor health, and stench that will prevent them from ever being happy again. And I bestow a blessing for all of HHS academic competing teams to do well.

I, Abbie Rae Menard, being of wandering mind and beautiful body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Malakai Johnson, Jason Tejada, Jessica Lawson and Javion Green, I leave Walton's Star Wars references, his loud, strong declarations and jokes, and all the laughs and fun times and the close community of the Spring Play family. To Rachel Hermsillo and Faith Evans-Haywood and Casey Fisher, I, along with Jenna Altai, leave the bees, thrifting, art, "butter boi" shirts, and the ongoing legacy of Staph Only. To Grayson Campbell, Isabella Guzman and Esmerali Villa Mateo, I leave memories of Hagmaier and her stories about garbage and cats taking her outside and Minecraft and her sweet iconic songs and quotes, and the "School quotes" Document. I can't wait to hear about them all. To Brigid Banks, Julia Mehegan, and Mikal Medhin, I leave all the stress over late assignments, collecting giant piles of coloured pencils and fun conversations in Art class.

To Brigid Banks, Cecelia Thomas, Kate Cummings, Gia Yoder, Oziel Valdez, Anya Newman and all of the future cast and crew and pit members of future musicals, I leave the best of luck and the best memories to produce the best shows with Gibson and his goofy spontaneous energy. And finally, to Logan Smith, I leave the walks in the halls, the Pathfinder games, the car rides and dates at Bella Gelato's and Ruby's Arcade, the ASL conversations, the bonfires, and the homecoming dances we had at home. I love you guys so much, and I hope for the best for the rest of your high school careers.

I, Hannah Miller, being of miscellaneous mind and busy body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Sarah Deloney, I leave swoops and swings, four leaf clovers, and the single seat on the bus behind the heater, where you will have plenty of (not burning hot) leg room. I also leave the girls distance team. I have faith you can help it reach double digits. To Kira Blagg and Iris Cessna, I leave a love of running despite physical hardships. To Isabel Campillo, I leave years to come at Camp Varsity, teeny tiny white t-shirts, and fear forest... watch your back in line! To Brigid Banks, I leave the promise of cross country. I hope you join the team and share your day-brightening smile with all of your future teammates. To Holly Bill, I leave my love. I honestly love you so much and I'm going to miss you next year. I also leave HHS Media online (sorry if you don't want it, you've been chosen anyways), basement sleepovers, and weights. You'll come to love them one day. To Frosh Kate K, I leave our cozy corner in Liberty's track, candle sticks, arm-related insecurities, and bad decision making in burger king, whether it be weird red slushies or too many sodas. I also leave those quarters from food lion, short runs, and mamma mia dance parties on your couch. Much love, don't forget us by your senior year!! To the boys distance team, I leave Cici's dinners, EVAC (because the girls team totally found it first), and Garmin watches with possibly cracked screens. Tucker, I also leave the amazing position of STEM Vice President. To Grace Miller, I leave thrift shopping addictions, fence jumping, tofu, and my eternal love. To the Newsstreak sophomores, I leave the legacy of the Newsstreak. You guys are going to do great things :)

I, Alexia Muñoz, being of balanced mind and unbalanced body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Jack Hotchkiss, I leave three years of banter, band camp, big bodies during musical, pep talks, organizational skills for leadership, Megalovania, Kernkraft 400, and toes. There's so much more that comes to mind but these are the essentials, of course. You have been one of the most prominent highlights of my high school experience and I'm so thankful we met each other that first week of percussion camp (lol). You don't understand how excited I am to come back and see you as a senior and also leading your section. I am continuously impressed by your growth and intelligence. I don't think it's possible to wrap up our three years of friendship in a paragraph, so I'll do it in a couple words: I love you 3,000 <3. To Carson Hotchkiss, I leave Jack. Please take care of him. To Declan Leach, I leave Spider-Man, The Grinch at PASIC, flip-flops, "ZING!",

that one little dance we did during Deck The Halls, and that other dance during Zip-a-dee-doo-dah. Thank you for all the memories you've given me and all the times you've made me laugh (a lot). You have been an enormous part of my high school journey and I am so excited to hear about your future plans and everything you learn during your senior year. Miss you already <3. To Leif McCoy, I leave the entertainment that Low Volume and The Magenta Shift bring to the community, your unmatched sense of style, your iconically combed hair, and my laugh. Thank you for enlightening me on topics I knew nothing about in our day-to-day conversations. You are incredibly talented and my favorite performer by far. Continue being yourself, can't wait to see what's in store for you! To Jenny Arteaga, I leave nuggs not drugs, entering from the back door of your house, and when my door hit that one car next to us. We've been through so many adventures which basically take up most of my snapchat memories. Thank you for listening, being patient and supporting everyone around you. Continue radiating positive energy to those around you and working hard towards your goals, love you!! To Jacob Seefried, I leave The Planets by Holst, sectional hangouts, the last minute physics homeworks, and gaming. You have made percussion so memorable and it wouldn't have been the same without you. I can already tell you're going to be a great drum captain (and have the best sectionals once again). So excited to watch you all perform next year, good luck!! To Ryan Secrist, I leave the running during Mercury, burping, Jack's hot tub, and literally being the best at everything. You impressed me every day this year and I'm sure you'll continue to do so. Thank you for making me laugh every rehearsal and I can't even imagine the things you'll accomplish as you finish up these last few years of high school! To Percussion 2, I leave five minute drill, "recovery is the key to success", Ivan Trevino, key signature quizzes (someone please beat Upton), and everyone's favorite: Mercury! Thank you for making my last year as a percussionist one of the most entertaining. You guys are going to be amazing next year and I can't wait to see you perform! To Kim Portillo, I leave musical and getting black paint all over your clothes. I cannot wait to hear about all the things you coordinate as social committee next year. Continue to thrive and brighten people's days with your radiant personality. Love you <3. To Cesar Diaz, I leave my love for psychology, tea, falling at random times, and of course, musical season. I'm extremely glad I met you as a freshman because you have made my backstage experience so memorable. You are one of the only people who can make me laugh-cry until my stomach hurts. Thanks for being a real one and I'm so excited to hear about what you do in the future, love you <3. To Wendy Santiago, I leave you Moana for Tiny Tots!! (if you want) To Backstage Crew, I leave you dancing and singing backstage, never sitting down, and always being big bodies. Have fun next year, can't wait to come back and watch! To the Valley Scholars cohorts, I leave you the amazing GA assistants, mentoring, dining halls, the confusion of college apps, and friendships you will carry into JMU. You all will have incredible opportunities given to you that you shouldn't take for granted. Stick together for