

know it. Also, go talk to Mrs. Linden whenever you get the chance, she's the best! Gooooo dukes!! To Pit, I leave you staying in the AC during band camp, "marking time", trailer rides to the competition fields, mics, Donny and Nathan, never knowing the measure we're at, broken mallets, that one vibraphone pedal, "jamming out", and Doubleya. I really can't sum up the last three years in a sentence but you all know how much you mean to me. This past year was the most rewarding season I've experienced and I look forward to hearing what next season holds. Take care of the incoming freshmen and don't hate on cymbals more than you already do, miss you guys!!

N

I, Glorious Njoroge, being of busy mind and curvaceous body, so hereby bequeath the following items: To the next guard captain leaders, I leave the team to you, good luck. You each have a huge challenge in front of you, but I believe in both of you so much. I know you both have so much potential to bring the guard up and to make it 10x better than I thought it would be. Although I will miss you guys I know you both can handle it. To the rest of the guard babies have fun! Guard is such a fun thing to do and just make the most out of it. Please encourage the freshmen because the first year is the hardest and just be a great example. To the Black Student Union club, I leave the Annual Talent Show to you. BSU you guys are an amazing group of individuals. You each can make the BSU club better than I thought it would be. I cannot wait to come back and see what you guys will do. I am so honored to be a part of these two groups which have changed me for the better.

O

I, Mikaela O'Fallon, being of great mind and wonderful body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Abby Fornadel, I leave honeycomb, pottery class, art class, and gummy worms. To Ashley Iscoa, I leave soccer talks and hugs. To Abby McCollum, I leave movies and Bad Ass Coffee. To Korry Sochacki, I leave chick-fil-a milk shakes, track meets, and car rides. To Samantha O'Fallon, I leave face masks and clothes swapping. To Austin White, I leave ice cream, road trips, and smiles. To Johnny Pundido, I leave training sessions, tacos, and making fun of Tre. To Tre Butler, I leave messing with Johnny and workout videos, and to Cesar Diaz, I leave helping me and Christian everyday and off guard videos.

P

I, Emmanuel Peralta, being of hilarious mind and amazing personality, do hereby bequeath the following items to: Genesis Martinez, I leave you all our funny jokes and memories made over the past year. You are the real definition of a best friend.

I, Nyah Phengsitthy, being of sassy mind and

golden body, do hereby bequeath the following items:

To my sweet sister Rachel, I leave our intense car rides to and from school and the sassy, confident attitude I carried. No matter how far I am from home, just know I will always be your sister and you will always have me. To Caleb Goss, I leave the Keurig. Thank you for making me a cup-of-joe every morning and you will be an amazing editor. To Mia, Holly and Sophie, I leave the prime editor positions to you guys. You will run it next year and kill it your senior year. To Besty, Ozi, Dany and Sid, I leave making the Newsstreak class fun and wild. To Juju, I leave Rachel. Good luck, sister. To Maya, I leave our backpack page we created and our Tropical Smoothie runs. I also leave "thanks Owen". To Simon, I leave saying "Simoooooooo" everywhere I go. To Tucker, Leifo and Ethan, I leave the back of the enviro room on 4B days. Thanks for signing my left cheek. To Mallory, I leave the sassiest attitude ever and Aunt Jemima. I hope your cankles get ran over. To my sweet Stella, I leave our emotional and hilarious car rides. You do you boo and I love you. To Atilia, I leave any form of math we've ever done together. Good luck and you got it, queen. To Jenny Arteaga, I leave our final DE Speech Project. I'm glad we are both still alive today. To Isaiah Hamilton, I leave all the dramatic moments you've left in my life. If you know, you know. To Cam'Ron, I leave a fun prom. To Seth Fernandez, I leave punching you in the abs and calling you Sethy Wethy. To Jakaya, I leave our emotional talks and all of our Spanish classes. To Ashley Iscoa, I leave roasting sessions and emotional text messages. To Macy Swift, I leave classy outfits. Please cover up, Lil Mace. To Jackson Weakly, I leave Geometry and our love for UNC. To Gabe Eshleman, I leave our memories at EMHS and moments in chemistry. And to the biggest impact in my high school career, Kibler, I leave you the brightened Newsstreak classroom I created. At least I think it's brighter. Thanks for being a big part of my achievements. You are the greatest of all time.

I, Gabe Poirot, being of joyful mind and tired body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Jose Ayala, I leave the big hits and pickups and hurt ankles and wack trash talk. To Austin White, I leave the locker room aux cord. To Steven Aguilar, I leave the good laughs and air balls. To Kelvin Contreras, I leave the awesome good news club. To Quentin Smiley, I leave the ankle breaking juke moves. To Kie Lockhart, I leave the hilarious jokes. To Conner, I leave the corner interceptions. To Janitor Chris, what is gooooood. To Dunstan, I leave the unnecessary hits and wrong foot plants and clutch fumble recoveries. To Isaiah Hamilton, I leave the unwanted advice. To Blake Metcalfe, I leave the awesome scout team hustle. To Jaiden (or John) Jackson, I leave 4 years worth of not being able to tell y'all apart. To all the sophomores in Euro, I leave the prank LEQ. To Kate Cummings, with the always awesome pants. To Christian, I leave the fun communications class. To all the kids who stay trashing the cafeteria, y'all are wrong for that.

I, Stefan Price-Aguirre, being of sound mind and healthy body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To the kids in the hallway, If you realize that teachers do not teach to get

paid, and that they are here because they care about serving the community and educating kids, maybe you wouldn't cuss at them in the hallways and disrespect them. Then, once you flunk out of highschool after refusing to learn for four years, you will not be able to enter the workforce as you will have no marketable skills. Then once you are unemployed you blame the system that you failed in. Long story short, make good use of your time in highschool.

R

I, Eric Ramirez, being of open mind and goofy body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Anthony Lopez, I leave my #10 jersey to you, To Marco Bautista, I leave my rolling chair in coach's office to you.

I, Anna Rath, being of daydreaming mind and lazy body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To my little sister, Ava, I leave walking the halls during class, my procrastination, and my truck-loads of sass. To the Girls Varsity Swim Team, I leave our team bonding sleepovers and locker room procrastination. To all of my many, many little sisters (you know who you are) I leave my mind full of advice for any situation and the knowledge that I will always be there for you no matter where I am, whether it be Pennsylvania or right here in Harrisonburg. To Jennifer Arteaga, I leave online latin classes and the hope that therapy chickens will become real. To Angie Ventura, I leave the management of the boys soccer teams, good luck, you'll need it. And finally, To Harrisonburg High School I leave all the many, many life lessons you taught me, you will never be forgotten.

I, Domonique Rudd, being of procrastinating mind and lazy body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Jayla Rudd, I leave you wisdom and success in whatever you draw.

S

I, Ruben N. Salazar, being of distinct mind and medium sized body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Tyrus McDaniel and Jacob Miller, I leave the legacy of the station with you, and to the STEM Academy I leave a lasting idea of always thinking outside of the box.

I, Elisavet Savides, being of open mind and overly hydrated body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Ava Rath I leave morning car rides and a lifetime of advice. To Stella Alexiou I leave an unlimited amount of hugs to get through the next two years of High School and all that follows. To Gia Yoder and Sweta Kunver I leave a terrible geometry class that lead to wonderful friendships. To the Girls Swim Team I leave pictures in the VVA dance room. To the Varsity Swim Team I leave "hands in the saddle" and mason twists. To the Debate Team I leave the gift to debate instead of argue. To Genesis Martinez I leave shared looks of gloom or laughter in early morning debate class. To Mr. Cosner I leave a mutual love of Black Sheep Coffee and Cage The Elephant as well as my gratitude for opening my mind. To Coach Morrell I leave malfunctioning bus-

ses, long swim meets, and being the best company in the school and at the pool. To Mr. Rice I leave motivation (and crystalized ginger) to continue to be the sassiest and most unique teacher in the school. To Harrisonburg High School I leave my love for the person that it made me become.

I, Sam Schaeffer, being of exceptional mind and long body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Simon Beach, I leave trap music, thrifted Jordans, and Honors Choir. To Ryan Seacrist, I leave enviro, percussion, and the infamous groutfit. To Leif McCoy I leave Low Volume, District Jazz, giggin', and school butter. To Stanley Inouye, I leave Bacon Clobber, Mancapella, the gig 'fit, Flight Club, Declan, and your enthusiasm for music of all kinds. To Matt Schaeffer, I leave the countless morning rides to school, food runs after school, and guitar playing at all hours of the day and night. To Elizabeth Wyatt and Kate Cummings I leave countless J's trips, the phrases "girl" and "oop", my flakiness, Matt (don't scare him too much), and two friendships that I will cherish forever. To Declan Leach, I leave Eric Moore, PASIC, your unbelievably sturdy head, Big Dave, Wendy's, Stanley, Percussion Two, and Upton (good luck). To everyone else who has made an impact on my four years at HHS- I am so proud to have known you. You guys are going to do amazing things! Love you all.

I, Kyle Showalter, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following terms: To the One Act Cast, I leave our fun bonding experiences and me struggling to be a Stage Manager. To the One Act Freshmen, I leave so much hope for your futures, you all are awesome and so talented. To Claudia Obenschain, Lizzy Burzumato, Rachael Wilcox, and Maggie Botticelli, I leave an endless stream of love and laughter. To Oziel Valdez, I leave two years of musical and friendship in such. To Nataly Ruiz, I leave loads of laughter during Musical season. To Cesar Diaz, I leave the awkward moments during Gibson's Theatre class. To Val Hantke, I leave all the adventures you got to go on in America that I got to be apart of. I love you so much and you are not allowed to go back to Germany. Lastly, to everyone I consider a friend, I leave all of my love for you and the hope that all of you succeed in the future.

I, Noah Siderhurst, being of mondo mind and green bean body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Gabriel Eshleman, I leave dreams of engine swapping an e46 and a highway that leads to the Danger Zone. To Michael Hulleman, I leave that steamroller at Liberty. To Elias Wickline, I leave broken eardrums. To Tucker McGrath, I leave hazing. To Kibler, I leave a lot of stress and a lot of reward. I wouldn't be the same writer or person without your classes. Also uhh, that thing I can't say. And Nascar I guess. To Evan Neufeld, I leave vASSar College. To Hayden, David, Alex, Jeremias, Jeffrey, Josh, Calvin, and the rest of the running gang, I leave "doing core." To coach Hertzler, to Denlinger, I leave the best shape and most pain of my life. To Marshall Coffman, Holly Bill, and Lucia Gabel, I leave our riotous Newsstreak class. To the rest of Newsstreak, I leave that online thing. To Bair, I leave thanksgiving lunch. To Tueting, I leave the copy of

AMSCO I never opened and some bars from Keynes and Hayek. To Linnea, I leave not doing Newsstreak and the basement. To HHS, I leave.

I, Becky Staton, do hereby bequeath the following items: To my chemistry teacher, Kasey Fisher, thank you for making science so fun and being my school mom. I can't wait to make you proud with my chemistry degree.

I, Owen Stewart, of calculative mind and squarish body, hereby bequeath the following items: To Nathan Henderson, I leave Crunchball 3000, GeoGuessr, first block online classes, and being a dump truck. To Ann Diaz, I leave Lil Brick, the ability to antagonize Tueting, Δ Shnut and AP Macroeconomics. I do not, however, leave you my pugs. To Keenan Glago, I leave the hope that you learn to capitalize proper nouns, street hockey, and the Buffalo Sabres first Stanley Cup...hopefully. To Ryan Muncy and Seth Fernandez, I also leave GeoGuessr and the ability to procrastinate in English class. To Ashley Iscoa, I leave the fact that Tekashi69 is NOT in fact cute. To Simon Beach, I leave BLUEFACE BABYYYY, censored talk shows, and Ahmed Hill's missed tip-in against Duke. To Ilana Mattson, I leave an apology for the time that Ann and Sarah dragged you to my house against your will. To Simon, Keenan, Maya Waid and Sophie Sallah, I leave Blue Streaks Sports Talk. To Dylan Burnette, I leave the reminder to always "stay quiet, bro", and the pole on the Purcell Park basketball court. To Tristan Fink, I leave ridiculous amounts of Mountain Dew consumption and Fortnite grinding. To Zach Cooper, I leave half of an Easton S2. To Ritt Culbreth and Gabe Eshleman, I leave the Birthday Bowl and all of the nicknames that came with it. To Coach Ty, I leave my .118 average in stirrup socks, the ability to pass on the job of team meteorologist, unnecessary diving in practice, and a 2-2 changeup to Ben Custer. To Coach Hook, I leave a promise that I am not in fact "wrong-handed". To Coach Sorber, I leave the most unexpected district championship in the history of golf, and the Burger King in Verona. To Mr. Tueting, I leave ΩShnut (sorry), the pit of despair, Hayek v. Keynes rap battles, the PPC curve, and my ranking as your 137th (or so) favorite student. To Mr. Livick, I leave the 32 class periods we spent watching Rain Man, my still ungraded Chapter 5 unit test, the tremendously attractive picture from your college graduation and some hope for the Islanders. To Ms. Fisher, I leave my 'undivided' attention in chemistry class and the power to reinflate the yoga ball next to your desk. To Mrs. Kibler, I leave *vrrrrrrrrrrrrrooom* LEFT TURN *vroooooooooooooom* LEFT TURN *vrrrrrrrooom*, yee yee, Jeff Gordon, Orlando, Indianapolis, Dallas, and Chicago, clip art, large colored headlines, unjustified text, poor cleaning skills, my two unfinished Life After High School projects, two dozen pens and pencils that are likely scattered around the school, the small note written behind the printer, and a friendly reminder that my handwriting isn't that bad. Finally, to Mia Stewart, I leave nothing. Especially not my car.

T

I, Walker Escobar Thompson, being of mystical mind and wearied body, do hereby bequeath the following items: To Jack "Toes" Hotchkiss, I leave my "F Edit" keybind, as I think it would serve him well in his quest to Champions League, To Gabe Eshleman, I leave the 20-year-old mad dog that we encountered over the summer time far too often. To my beloved sister, Jane Thompson, I leave my Vokey SM-6 wedges, as I will not be needing them any longer and she will use them more efficiently than I ever could, To Nathan "N-Henny" Henderson, I leave my most secret and coveted fishing spot, may it bid him good fortune, To Katherine Cummings, I leave the most beautiful thing to touch stereo speakers, The Smiths Complete Studio Album and any song having the privilege of Johnny Marr's presence.

W

I, Ray Walton, being of nerdy mind and questioning body, declare this my last will and testament. To Forrest Matter, I leave you several frustrating hours of Senior Capstone, and everything that Ray Bradbury has ever written. To Tessa Karr, I leave you the ending of Us and the diner scene from Mulholland Dr. on repeat. To Kai Johnson, I leave you found memories of bad movie nights, and hopefully more in the future, (be prepared for The Room.) To Jason Tejada, I leave you dinner. To Ryan Brueckner, I leave you a year of love and happiness. To Kyle Showalter, I leave you eight years of friendship, and a slew of Disney movies and musicals. To Abbie Menard, I leave you the Senior Capstone that we wrote together, and eight years of friendship. To Aerious Kubian, I leave you the best friendship that I could have ever asked for, and thanks for being there all of those times I needed you. To TJ, I leave you "Whip, stir, whip, stir, whip, whip, stir!", wookie dialogue with no subtitles and Jefferson Starship from The Star Wars Holiday Special. To Marissa Plummer, I wish you a successful career as a professional stage manager, and leave you a giant pride flag, and a killer sheep. To Mrs. Hendricks, even though she's not here anymore, I leave you thanks for making me feel comfortable, and for being the first teacher I felt like I could talk to. To Ms. Hagmaier, I leave you thanks for making me challenge myself as a writer. To Ms. Fisher, I leave you nerdy conversations about my obsessions for Are You Afraid of the Dark? and other things from the 90s, even though almost no one knew what we were talking about. To Mrs. Barr, I leave you thanks for helping to steer me in the right direction, and showing me what to expect for when I go off to major in English in college. To Mr. Goble, I leave you thanks for always knowing that I was doing my best in class, even though I almost never understood the material. It's better to have a student who tries their best and get a D, then someone who slacks off and gets an A, right? Right??? To Coach Hook, I leave you Law and Order, and thanks for giving me an excuse to crush on Skeet Ulrich in class. To Mr. Tueting, I leave you an abundance of chairs to throw across the room, and a preacher who gave a sermon so powerful that his father died of a heart attack. I wonder what that dinner conversation was like.