

# Class of '99

## Last Will & Testament

We, the graduating class of Richard Winn Academy, in the year Nineteen Hundred Ninety-Nine, being of tired body and confused mind, this the twenty-seventh day of May, do hereby declare this to be our Last Will and Testament.

I, Alison Davis, leave Jenni Caldwell the ability to win Homecoming Queen her senior year, although she probably doesn't need any help. I leave the variety cheerleading squad the ability to be totally humiliated in front of the whole school at pep rallies, and for the captains, good luck. I leave Marcy Rice my locker since she always seems to not get one, and I leave my parking space to anyone who likes to walk a mile from their car to school.

I, Baetti Smith, leave Jenni Caldwell my ability to speak my mind. To Wendy Gwynn I leave my sister so she can take her to and from school, and to Brittni Smith I leave my love.

I, Beth Sturm, leave my thanks to all the teachers that taught me and a loving goodbye to the school that watched me grow up in more ways than one. Then a thought for all the future students — learn all you can because life is short.

I, Blair Feaster, leave Tyler Porter my encouragement; I believe you can do anything when you put your mind to it. I leave Lacey Feaster, Kristen Keroson, and Amber Twitty my wardrobe (since they think it's theirs already). I leave the entire Varsity girls Tennis team my ability to keep my head up on the court; don't give up until it's over!

I, Brent Branham, leave Jae Mattox my ability to shank a golf ball and Ryan Klinger my ability to pass tests while sleeping in class and taking no notes.

I, Candace Oxner, leave to Reid all my notes from George Taylor's class and I leave my system to Kayla Benhower so she can have some bump in her car. I leave my composure to Nina Bedenbaugh.

I, Christy Smith, leave Ashley Smith, Michael Smith, Chuck C., Jenna Burroughs, and Jae Burroughs my love and support to do well in school and go for your goals. To Jenny Jones I leave my coffee to stay awake in class).

I, Courtney Melton, leave Wendy Gwynn the title of "The Best" and Bob Hamilton a never ending hall pass. I leave Jenni Caldwell my ability to mess up the Figure 8 shots and Jeni-Bruce Wilkes my clothes.

I, Frances Ladd, hand down my position as captain of the Spirit Squad to Wendy, Hall, and Reid — don't let me down. To Jenni Caldwell I leave my position at shortstop and all our "great talks." I leave Blair Wright the '99-'00 editor position — have fun. To Kyle Stokes I leave my awesome quarterback skills and a cushion to soften the fall. To Earl Ogburn and Ryan Johnson I leave someone "novice" to play tricks on at WOCC ... and some dice. I leave Willy Pope all my old homework and my ability to paint portraits. To Elizabeth Schachner I leave the nickname Lizard Breath, and I leave my love for sports to my favorite Brittany's: Foster and Melvin — you two are going to be incredible. To Callie I leave my good grades, ability to be a "good leader", and some awesome high school years filled with great friends and great achievements. I leave William my #10 and a constant supply of success in everything that you do. To Josh I leave my ability to make decisions, my outstanding memory, and the numbers 1-4-3.

I, Jamie Pugh, leave Wendy Gwynn my stereo, Ryan Johnson my car because it's nicer than his,

Josh Walters my awesome square dancing skills, and Justin Wilson a new pair of shoes because his are ugly.

I, Jan Smith, leave Jenny Jones the privilege of washing my truck every Saturday. I give Wendy Gwynn and the rest of the rising seniors, the right to aggravate the teachers and not get in trouble for it. I leave everybody else my ability not to be stuck up and not to put their noses where they don't belong. And also, good luck y'all, it's gonna be hard!

I, Jennifer Atkerson, leave Paul Atkerson my awesome study skills and to Erin Edwards I leave my softball glove — good luck. To Callie Ladd I leave the nickname Mickey D, While I leave Jenni Caldwell my ability to argue. I leave my big mouth and ability to speak my mind to Reid Patrick. I leave Philip Wilkins my number 9 parking space.

I, Jennifer Parker, leave to the underclassmen this advice: Live life to the fullest and stay young. Don't try to grow up too fast. It already happens too fast.

I, Jim Edwards, leave Kyle Stokes my blue soccer shorts so that he and Wendy can match. To Willy and Jae I leave the determination and drive to keep the "shanks" alive. And also to Willy I leave my ability to unsuccessfully coach a "B" team. To Gill Harkins I leave my car because it is so much better than the "Nutt-mobile." I leave Kevin McDaniel to Callie and to Brittany Melvin and Nicole Collins I leave my shagging ability. To Paul Atkerson I leave my incredible soccer skills and my jersey. To Ian Taber I leave my amazing goalie skills. To Marcy Rice I leave my ability to make buttons correctly and I leave Stuart Edwards my ability to be a procrastinator. To Erin I leave my excellent study skills. To the Junior Class I leave one of the best years of your lives.

I, J.T. Crossland, leave Paul Atkerson my mad soccer skills and Andrew Williamson an insurance plan. To the upcoming seniors, I leave my excellent manners, friendly attitude, my talents, intelligence, and my modesty. To everyone else I leave my singing ability.

I, Julian Hamilton, leave my ability to get so many tardies to Ryan Klinger. I leave my football skills to my brother Bob and my locker to whoever is brave enough to open it. I leave my ability to listen to Mr. Fowle and all his stories.

I, Julie Mattox, leave B.J. Mattox and his friends all the happiness and wisdom that you can acquire.

I, Kate Jackson, leave my ability to keep an open mind and my #8 parking space, to anyone who is worthy.

I, Katherine Brown, leave to the entire class of 2000 and all that follow, my personality, my ability to make people smile, and the knowledge that the high school years are the best of your life. So live it up, and if you have any time left ... STUDY!

I, Kevin McVicker, leave my guitar and guitar talents to Gillian Simms and my dark tan to the Puerto Rican moose.

I, Kim Jones, leave the entire class of 2000 a special tube of "Senioritis cream" to alleviate any symptoms of this devastating illness that may begin to show around Spring Break. Also, I leave my parking space to any member of the class of 2000 that has a car that is capable of leaving as many oil spots as my old car did.

I, Lauren Hoppe, leave Kris Klaus the ability to be sweet and vulgar at the same time.

I, Maribeth Coleman, leave Kristen Keroson my nickname "Flighty." To Jae Burroughs and Joey Burroughs I leave my phone number — call me in 5 years! To Rebecca Harwood I leave my ability to be the "Herbal Essence Woman" and to Roe Coleman and Wade Coleman I leave my awesome Calculus ability. I leave Jae Mattox my great canoeing skills, my ability to stay calm in near-death experiences, an endless supply of drinks because I know how you're always thirsty, and the best of luck on your next golf season and your senior year.

I, Matt Wagaman, leave Ryan Klinger the duties of hating school and riding around the parking lot before the home football games. I also leave Terry Kelly the ability to stop lying.

I, Matthew Wilkes, leave my literature book to any junior that can find it. I leave my blazing speed to all future linemen (especially Kevin McDaniel), and my basketball skills should be equally divided among all those in need. My ability to sleep from 8 AM to 2 PM I leave to Ryan Johnson.

I, Meachel Knight, leave my ability to sweet talk my way out of speeding tickets to all the juniors who've ever been pulled coming late to school.

I, Michael Anderson, leave my football jersey to Willy Pope and my truck to Brittni Anderson.

I, Michelle Quinn, leave my organizational skills to Mrs. Martha Ladd, my ability to forge Mrs. Ladd's name perfectly to any future journalism student who might need it, and my position as Business Manager of the yearbook to Wendy Gwynn. To my brother Brooks I leave my study skills and ability to not get in trouble. To the 1999-2000 first grade class, always remember to reach for the stars. They may seem too high for you right now, but they'll always be within your reach.

I, Rita Good, leave my double-barrell shot gun and confederate car tag to Tyler Porter. I also leave my ability to smile and get along with others to all the mean people.

I, Sally Hinnant, leave my coordination to Kristen Keroson and my locker on top along with the responsibility to bully whoever has the locker below to Ashley Thompson. I leave Jenni Caldwell my bowling skills and to Willy Pope and Josh Walters I leave my outstanding spades skills. I leave Rebecca Harwood the legacy of the only other cheerleader to get suspended from school. To Reid Patrick I leave \$2.00 for Wendy's after volleyball practice each night.

I, Tommy Haeusler, leave my massive upper body strength to Trim Cope and my blonde hair to Keith Carter — take care of it with Pantene Pro-V, Keith. I leave all the ladies with separation anxiety from missing me. I also leave all the ladies memories of me and my Miss Homely beauty tips — memories of me is all they really need though. I leave my shoes, because I know how people always talk about that they wish they were in my shoes.

I, Trey Fletcher, leave my ability to play ball to Zack McCorkle and my ability to find the right women to Jake Gaston.

This document has been duly sworn at, falsely witnessed, signed, sealed, and delivered, and to the best of our ability is false in every sense of the word, but is published as the Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1999.