

# Senior Last Will & Testament

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

I, Earl Ogburn, do bequeath to Edmund Yongue some pudding. To Rebecca Harwood I leave my honesty. To Gill Harkins I leave the board(beat). To Tim Cope I leave a muzzle because he is always screaming. To Meredyth Lyles I leave my truck because she will never get a yellow mustang.

I, Philip Wilkins, do bequeath to Jake Gaston my HOMERUN hitting ability. To Zack McCorkle — a warm glass. To Brittany Foster — my Duke hat; Kevin McDaniel — my driving skills; Russ Pearson — SPEED; Matt Gilreath — my valedictorian speech, I'm ready to get rid of it; Mike Lippert — luck in your one man Calculus class.

I, Blair Wright, do bequeath to Caroline Wright all my love and encouragement. To Josh Allen — the W.O. car pool; Morgan Parris — a phone card so she can call me; Callie Ladd — a pair of shorts to remember me by; Elizabeth Schachner and Roe Coleman I leave my #33, so you each can have a 3. To Kristen Kerison I leave the '01 yearbook, keep everyone straight. To Meredyth L, I leave my driving skills and a new pair of running shoes; Nicole Collins — a new bumper; Mac Caldwell — my test taking speed; Jeni-Bruce Wilkes — a quarter; Ward Coleman — 60 cents; and to everyone at RW I leave my love and thanks for all the great memories.

I, Hall Sprott, do bequeath to Callie my locker #191; Cassidy Cooper — the best position in volleyball, outside hitter; Brittany F. — my driving skills; Berry Mattox — my number minus 3 and the desk in Mrs. Tant's room. To Jenni Caldwell and Brittany — the legacy of P squared; Graham Simms — my baby-sitting skills; and to Matt Gilreath the fated Bottle.

I, Josh Walters, do bequeath to Jake Gaston my parking spot, which you already use. To Zack McCorkle — the ability to play the spit game, you learned from the best. To both of you I leave a huge Calvin Klein. To Rebecca Harwood — a new car and gas money for all the times I drove your car; Lacy Harsey — just keep the locker and all the pictures inside. To Josh Peake — all the good times at the beach. To Emily Young — the ability to "chill out" and please talk more!

I, Ryan Johnson, do bequeath to Edmund Yongue a bottle of Herbal Essence. To Josh Sanders I leave my truck so he won't get stuck driving over speed bumps. To Gill Harkins I leave my master key to the WOCC. To Allyson Hollis I leave my ability to drive a straight drive.

I, Tyler Porter, do bequeath to Richard Winn the power to overcome any future obstacles they may encounter.

I, Jenny Jones, do bequeath to Becca and Nina Bedenbaugh many more spring break beach trips. To Ashley Smith — much more fun in the sun; Rebecca Timmerman — many more yearbook pages; Kevin Brazell — my late tendencies to arrive at night school; Kayla Isenhower — the ability to be ditzzy.

I, Wendy Gwynn, do bequeath to Jenni Caldwell all my high heel shoes so she can be tall like me. I leave Matt G. my parking space, not far to walk. I leave Jake G. the system in the Beretta. I leave Coach Billy Keels my leadership position of the "midnight owls" and my nice friendly personality. I leave Rebecca H. my I.D. I leave Ward my ability to roller skate. I leave Stuart Edwards my ability to jump; Emily Mills — my awesome catching skills; Cassidy — pitching skills. I hand down my position as spirit squad captain to Callie, represent me well. To Zack — my athletic abil-

ity, play good boy! To Josh Allen — my ability to drive a straight drive. To Brittany F. — the leadership position of P squared — the infinite galaxy; Robert Mason — my basketball skills; Brittini Smith — my car for transportation to and from school.

I, Brandon Rast, do bequeath to Chris Kinard the right to wash "The Purple Passion" every week. To Mike L. the continuous episodes of Mr. Peepers Improvs. To Graham — my escapades and understanding of the women. To Kevin Brazell — my blast furnace so he can burn his CD's. To Sara Beth Huey — my collection of Head-banging CD's. To Rebecca H. — the camper on my truck ... sell it and buy a red door handle for your car. To Kerri Varnadore — the ability to block traffic on main street.

I, Kris Klaus, do bequeath to Kayla I. the memories of the party at the playhouse. To Nina, I leave memories of bowling and watching 'someone' wash his truck. To Rebecca H. I leave my ability with people.

I, Joe Brown, do bequeath to Boyd Brown my place on the golf team and to Meredith Brown my school spirit. To Corey Sims — position as football manager and Myles Rowe — assistant football manager.

I, Jae Mattox, do bequeath to Berry my truck 'cause I will not need it next year. To Roe — my #3 shorts; and to Wade — my putter. To Matt — my ability to sway the crowd and get into trouble; Jenni — stress relief; Adam Williamson — "the SHANKS"; Edmund a 'six'; Josh S. — my ability to make a truck look good; J.D. Hodges — my good luck; Gill — my love for football practice; Chris Kinard — directions to the next party; Hannah Phillips —patience with Willy. To everyone, good luck and enjoy these years ...they will fly by.

I, Joseph Cook, do bequeath to Ward my most beautiful jump shot. To Stuart — my end position on the tap line; to Trim — a roll of quarters to buy grapes; to Keith Carter — my machine tool technology skills.

I, Taylor Goode, leave the essence and the very marrow of my being and accomplishments in this school and my life in general to my cousin Stacey, in spite of the fact that she has already achieved perfection.

I, Amanda Bell, leave Stacey Goode with being the only person in the senior cosmetology class. To the rest of the junior class the ability to actually make it through their senior year.

I, Reid Patrick, do bequeath to Hannah and Gill the White Oak transportation duties. To Ruthie — my softball #; to Jenni, Cassidy, and Brittany F. — lifelong membership in P squared; to Callie — a good right knee.

I, Russ Brown, do bequeath to Meredith and Boyd the "luck" I never had, you're going to need it. To Ms. Reid — my locker since you enjoyed searching it. To Jenni, I leave all my great studying skills for journalism class; to Rebecca — the sailboat; Gill and Becca, I'm counting on ya'll to carry on the tradition. To the rising seniors, I leave one of the best years of your life.

I, Kyle Stokes, do bequeath to Josh S. my ability to sleep in class. To Matt — my quarterbacking ability and shower crew leadership and to Jake G. — my ability to dance.

I, Willy Pope, do bequeath to Joey Burroughs that Ford hubcap. To Jenni — all my niceness and kindness; to Gilla — my ability to block down on the Bucksweep and the book of thugs; to Ruthie — my sense of humor; to Spot, I leave my athletic ability (especially tennis), driving skills, and \$143.

I, Coleman Startzman, do bequeath to Mary, Lacey Feaster, and Kristen K. (and all my other loyal cheer-

leaders) my school spirit to cheer RWA to another state championship. To Brittany F., I leave my love for basketball; to Nicole — my ability to play rough and some advice — try not to foul out; to Sara Beth, I leave my shoes. Rebecca H., since I had so much fun 'with you', I leave you all of the memories of our awesome times. And finally to Mary, I leave my tennis racket and inner drive to succeed.

I, Andrew Williamson, do bequeath to Chris Kinard the 'Rice Rocket.' To Michael Smith I leave my soccer skills; to Edmund Y. — a weight set; to Gill — some Advil.

I, Kristen Pullen, do bequeath to Amy Branham all my waffles and orange juice and my top locker since you put your stuff in it anyway (LYE!) To Christina d'Erizans I leave my parking ... oh never mind, you won't need it. To Sara Beth I leave my French-English dictionary and 'pretty paper'; to Graham — something; and to Allyson H. I leave all the memories of all the food in Texas (Fuddruckers), the pictures, and water rides, and above all else Surge (it was Diet Pepsi).

I, Justin Wilson, do bequeath to Trim my parking spot to keep the cool car tradition alive. I leave Paul Atkerson the coolest hair in the school. I leave Mary Startzman the right to be the prettiest girl in school, I also leave Trim my speed so he might one day be as fast as me. And finally I leave Zack McDorkle the right to be semi-cool.

This document has been duly sworn to, 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 and Testament of the Class of 2000.

