

Odyssey



Ontario Middle School Newspaper

May 2017

8th Graders Say Goodbye to OMS.

By: 8th Grade Students, (Thank you Mrs. Tagg)

Period 1:

I, Abigail Stewart, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to my brother James Stewart, I leave all of my notes so 8th grade year will be easier for you. To Ava Ruhe, I leave my swim cap and goggles, so the coach will notice you doing the 50 fly. To Chole Pore, I love all of our memories during soccer practice and game days. To my favorite swim coach, I leave my bag of equipment and my locker for the next group coming in to the season. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my ruler and graph paper to you since you might use it a little bit more than I did. To Bailey Graaf, I leave my trumpet, so you can grow in trumpet just like I did. To the swim team next year, I leave the winning "A" relay for championships next year. To Kenzi, I leave my shin guards for soccer games.

I, Allison Fischer, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following; I want to leave behind my horrible time-management skills to the whole school. I leave my daily roast sessions with Maria Gallo to the table closest to the art room. Maria and I WILL put you on blast. I leave behind all the naps I took in Mrs. Sorenson's class. I leave in 8th period Health my jokes and hysterically laughing with Aubrae Clifton to the new 8th graders. I leave behind my bad grades in math to Mrs. Stover. I leave behind my hilarious sense of humor to all the 7th graders. I leave my high jumping skills to the future 8th grade track runners, I also leave my ability to "dust them" to the future 8th grade runners. Mr. and Mrs. Tagg will always be my favorite teachers. I leave all the pencils that people "borrowed" and "accidentally" stole from me in the

middle school. Last, but not least, I leave all the tests I didn't study for in 8th grade. One thing I did learn was not to wait until the last minute, and to actually study and do the homework. We out here doing big things @aubrae.

I, Amy Evans, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Shelby Keever, Ava Ruhe, and Tiffany Whittaker, I leave my swim cap and goggles that will give you all the ability to beat my times. To the future Algebra I class, I leave you all my amazing math skills, even though I struggled most of the time. To McKenna Gorbett, I leave you my school locker and my footsteps to follow. To Mr. Mutti and Mrs. Carcione, I leave you my sweaty gym clothes that I never cleaned and my love for sports. To all the future 8th graders, I leave you all an incredible 8th grade year!

I, Andrew Eagleston, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mr. Tagg, I leave my brain. He can dissect it to extract information from my genius mind. Note: Not actually a genius. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave my ability to write. As you can clearly see, I am a far more literate person than any English teacher. If I can pass this to the next generation, I will be happy. To Mr. Mutti, I leave my fitness. With my ability to run as long as half a mile before I wish I was dead, and almost being able to do an entire pull-up, it will be of use to even the most fit athletes. I hope he uses it well. Perhaps I would have left something to a student if I knew any. Sadly, I do not.

I, Aria Reuer, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Alexis Barry, I leave my vision so that you do not have to wear glasses. I leave all of my smelly cross-country socks to Ellie Maurer, because I love to run with you. To Miss Fulk and Mr. Ridenour, I leave my medals and ribbons because you were both great coaches. To Amanda Phillips, I leave my place in the NOL because I believe you can do just as good

this coming season. To Giana, I leave my gymnastics skills (wink, wink) because we were always trying to do flips and other stupid things. To Miles Meisse, I leave a plate of cookies because I keep forgetting to bake some for you. I leave Aliyah Mullins some of my hair because I have too much of it anyway. To Alexa Reuer, I leave my cross-country times that you will hopefully never beat. I also leave you all a great 2017-2018 school year!

I, Calaya Walsh, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Jasmine, the seventh grader on my bus, I leave all my encounters with boys. I definitely do not want to remember them, so you would be helping me a lot by taking them. You always seemed to enjoy my misery when I told you about them. Especially that stuff with Daniel. That is the last thing I want to remember. To Cali, my sister, I leave my last breath. I probably used it yelling at you for taking my clothes. Bet you will stop now that I'm gone. If you do not, you have some major problems. To every seventh grade boy, I leave my intelligence and common sense. I hope that next year, you will be smarter than the boys in eighth grade are right now and have the common sense to tell what boundaries are - especially when it comes to girls.

I, Carter Kroll, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Ethan Turnbaugh, I leave a pair of my wrestling shoes. To Teyron Cantey, I leave a Batman T-shirt so you can bring out your true super powers. To Mr. Stimpert, I leave a Brainpop membership so you can enjoy more Tim and Moby videos. To Miss Miller, I leave my leaning chair for all the times you yelled at me. To Mrs. Weirich, I leave the grape stain on the light in the cafeteria since you can still see it. To Drew Barnes, I leave all of the conditioning that we do during wrestling. To Mr. Mutti, I leave all of the sentences I had to write when I did not want to swim. To Nate Cogar, I leave my Friday school from 7th grade.

I, Erin Holzmilller, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following; I leave to Sarah Mink all my notes so it will be easier to study for next year. To Abby Mink, my love for school, so you can love it as much as I do. To Mrs. Stover, for all the help in Math class; it was a lot easier. To Mr. and Mrs. Tagg, for all the laughs in class; you help me get through the day. To Mr. Delong, for all the laughs in band class, so we could have some fun

during the hard parts in the music. To Sophie Humphrey, my seat in Science class because it is nice to sleep in. To the lunch ladies, for all the food you gave me to eat. To all the upcoming 7th graders, to be a lot nicer to the upcoming 8th graders.

I, Hunter Gray, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: My definitions for chapters in Mr. Tagg's that I usually took way too long to complete to save a future 8th grader's time to study. I leave behind a watch to keep any future 8th grader from being tardy to gym or band like I usually am. The final thing I that I leave behind is good luck to ALL future 8th graders, for all to have academic success.

I, Izzy Graaf, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to my brother Bailey Graaf, all my notes and binders. I leave James Stewart, common sense because you will need it or your sister is going to be annoyed. To Adam Thompson, I leave my height for good measure and all the extra food in my locker so you cannot bother anybody else about it. To all the 7th graders in Adios, I leave the good memories and fun meetings. To Taylor Mullins, I leave you my catching glove and gear because you will grow as a player. To all the volleyball players, I leave my hard work, drive, and love for the game. To JJ Shaw, I leave my clarinet because we all know that is your favorite class. To Mrs. Ohl, I leave you all my doctors' notes and conversations we had. To Mrs. Nagel, I leave all my middle school memories. To Brandon Litteral, I leave patience to deal with your friends and homework. To Savannah Havens, I leave my closet because you helped me pick out all my outfits.

I, Jahlaya Rimblert, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: I leave my genes on my basketball jersey to Janazha Rimblert; you can be like me now. In addition, to my little friend Macy Mangan, I leave all my shot blocking to you; you will get up there some day. In addition, to Miss Fulk, I leave my spot on the court for a new body to push. In addition to Mrs. Carcione, my smile to your formal new favorite student.

I, Josiah Stover, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: I leave my smelly football pads to Zander Osborne. I leave my

terrible connections to Mr. Tagg. Lastly, I leave my organized locker to a future 8th grader.

I, Madalynn Yeager, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Miss Miller, I leave you all the books I checked out but never read. To the 6th grader Keith Johnston, I leave you my swimming skills for the hallway races. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave all my 8th period "help". I don't know how you'll get anything done without me. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave you all the laughs that always got our class in trouble. To Mrs. Sorensen, I leave you all the naps I took every Monday. To Mr. Tagg, I leave every piece of paper I didn't finish my notes on. To all of the 7th graders, I leave you the trouble all the 7th graders will cause you in the future.

I, Makayla Jacobs, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: I leave Justyce Jacobs my soccer skills. I leave Mr. Tagg my long hair. I leave Mrs. Tagg my tardy slips since I've been late so many times in her class.

I, Maria Gallo, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following; First off, I leave Mrs. Tagg a box of brand new tardy slips because I have used up all of hers. I leave my eyebrows to literally anyone in need. As for all the upcoming seventh graders, I leave maturity because none of the previous ones had any. As for the new eighth graders, I leave common sense, because none of you have that either. To anyone that feels the need to roast anyone at any given point in time, I leave you my ability to put someone on blast right on the spot. As for individual people, I leave Alexis Barry my left pointe shoe, because she always has it on anyway. For Brooke Hagerman, I leave my sliding skills ;) (Softball bases and dm's). For Josh Young, Brock Hill, JJ, and Collin, I am leaving you an unlimited amount of hugs. For all of the new eighth grade ladies, I leave you positivity and a drama-free year. Lastly, I leave the rest of the middle school my sense of humor, because none of you are funny. Love you all! :)

I Natalie Johnston, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Brooklyn Blaising, I leave my wonderful dance moves because you are going to need them! To Victoria Moyer, I leave you my drama-free life because you need it. To Ella, I leave you peanut butter crackers that you did not give me during

track. To Nate Judson, I leave you my basketball skills for when I break your ankles. To Ashton, I leave you all my excuses to not come to school. To Jansen, I leave you all my streaks because you like to ruin yours. To Keith, I leave you all my lunch detentions because you will need them. To Mr. Tagg, I leave you all the work you let me throw when I had surgery. To Mrs. Stover, I leave you all the homework I never did.

I, Ariel Hookey, being of sound mind and body, hereby bequeath the following: I leave to Jordan Reed all the hard math homework I had this year, only because you say "that's not hard!" To Zoey O'Hail, I leave the fun track times we had and all the times we were "100% probably sure" about something. I also have one last word to say - "food". To Sophie Humphrey, I leave you my soccer cleats and ball. To Mr. Tagg, I leave my name so you can sing songs to the class. To Mrs. Stover I leave all the math homework I wish I had asked you for help on. To Brooklyn Wharton and Mengqin Ye I leave my gym clothes I never changed into. Finally, to Mrs. Ohl, I leave the memory of the last day of 7th grade year when you dabbed for me and made me laugh.

I, Nik Blevins, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: our winning basketball season to the 7th grade boys. To Mr. Michael Joseph Tagg, my spinney chair. To Teyron Cantey, my speed. To Morgan Carroll, my big body. To Chloe Hollar, I leave forehead Fridays.

I, Ryan Brophy, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Morgan Carroll, all of my basketball skills. To Darian Delbrugge, I leave my height even though I'm not that tall. To the 7th grade basketball team, I leave a winning season. To Mr. Stimpert, I leave you some Bill Nye videos. To Brock Hill, I leave the computer chair in Mr. Tagg's room. To Mrs. Zahn, I leave all my orthodontist excuses. To Chloe Hollar, I leave you the ability to pass all of the easy vocabulary tests that Mrs. Tagg gives every other week.

I, Samantha Montgomery, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, all of my hall passes. To TJ Ludwig, all my homework for Math and Social Studies. I would also like to give him Mr. Tagg and the

library with all the books. I would give Jordan Reed all of my stupidity. I would like to give 6th grade students Morgan, Katie, Emma, TJ and for everyone else who is in drama club, thanks for picking each other up and for helping people get through school. I give Mrs. Tagg all of the helpfulness that I have done in her class. I leave to Zoey O'Hail, my funniness that I have brought to some people. I also leave Zoey O'Hail, Mrs. Sorenson for all the AR reading and all of the writing responses and all the vocabulary tests and everything else that you have to do in her class. Oxoxoxox.

I, Sierra Whitmore, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following to Mrs. and Mr. Tagg, Mrs. Rinehart, Mrs. Sorensen, Mrs. Furr, Mr. Ridenour, and Mrs. Stover: To Mrs. Tagg, I leave my ability to get up on time, be late to first period constantly or even miss it completely, and my ability to conjure up enough tardy slips to fill a grocery bag. To Mr. Tagg, I leave my all of my Friday schools and my awesome ability to remember where 20 states in the U.S.A are. To Mrs. Rinehart, I leave my almost-perfect grade on most tests without studying (sorry). To Mrs. Sorensen, I leave my love for the books I never would've read if you didn't give them to us. To Mrs. Furr, I leave my weird talent of being able to make different pitches when singing *Respect* by Aretha Franklin. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave all of the D's on most of my tests and the comfy desk that made naps convenient. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my calculator that hasn't been in existence since the middle of the school year and my lovely 5th grade math skills.

Period 2:

I, Alexis Johnson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To the 7th graders who are taking Spanish next year, I leave you my flash cards because you will need them. To Mr. Tagg, I leave you a Michigan shirt because you deserve better than an Ohio State shirt. To Mrs. Whittaker the lunch lady, I leave you my love for Scooby Doo fruit snacks because they are delicious. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave you my last piece of gum because I'm paying you back. To Sophie Humphrey, I leave you my hugs because you always want one. To Chloe Pore, I leave you my soccer ball because you always forgot yours. To all of the Algebra students next year, I leave you paper and graph paper because you will need it. To

Savahna Havens, Emily Cacchio, and Macy Mangan, I leave you my swim caps because you guys always ask for one when we swim in gym. To James Stewart, I leave you \$0.40 so you can buy fruit snacks. To Chloe Hollar, I leave you my Adidas shorts because you can always use an extra pair. To Mr. Stimpert, I leave you my high fives because we won't be able to high five every day. To the future 8th graders, don't procrastinate.

I, Allaura Carpenter, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Madi Male, all of my failed science tests so you know exactly what **not** to do. Mere Bise, I leave you my Spanish notes and work because Ms. Talarico can be very scary when you don't do well. My dear cousin Timothy McWhorter, I leave you my maturity because we all know you sixth graders could use some.

I, Allen Smith, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I leave all of my fond memories of your class and my love for history. Along with memories I leave to Mrs. Stover, my math journal (so you can always remember your 2016-2017 8th period class). Speaking of remembrance, I leave to Mrs. Tagg, all of my stories on my word document. (so you can revise them and tell me what I did wrong later.) The greater stuff is always going to be remembered. And to Mrs. Weirich, I leave my kindness and patience; it will come in handy with all of the trouble makers. I give all of my love to my teachers for teaching me things I never knew how to do before. Thank you.

I, Emalee Bise, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mere Bise, I leave you all of my Social Studies notes because who knows if you'll ever do them, ha ha. To Rylee Nigh, I leave you my defensive skills to add on to your own, because defenders are the best. And lastly, I leave Mr. Tagg all of my height because we all know you need it.

I, Ethan Glenwright, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Dylan Damron, I leave my Spanish homework because he never does it. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my dream homework assignment of 1-59 multiples of 60. To Colton Geer, I leave my A minuses because he needs something besides an A plus. To

Mrs. Sorenson, I leave my copy of the Christmas Box and all my Scope magazines.

I, Griffin Shaver, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Josh Young, what I give to Josh Young are my skills to play the great game of basketball, he still hasn't played me 1v1. To JJ Shaw, I give my height, even though he is already a big body. To Alex Rathburn, I also give my basketball skills, but I also give him something else. I give him my ability to talk to the ladies. I wish all of these youngins the best of luck, and I hope they succeed throughout their 8th grade year, in whatever it may be.

I, Jake Kmetz, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to my brother Colin, I leave my reputation, you'll need it to justify me. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave my past exams to model our final after them. To Mrs. Johnson, I leave my AR points; she'd be proud of me now. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my pile of math papers, larger than my future. To Mrs. Sorenson, I leave my thanks for no genre requirements. To future eighth grade students, I leave my advice, study while you can. To those who run track, run as fast as you can. To those who make homework passes, I leave you my words, make more, losing a few more trees won't hurt.

I, Joseph A. Cinadr, Supreme Chancellor of the Wolfthorne Brethren and founder of the Neo-Existentialist Hedonistic Polaritists, PhD (Except in Ethiopia), being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to all of the individuals residing within this school, I leave my philosophical creation which has been influenced by the proceedings of the times and are as follows, the sacred beliefs of the Neo-Existentialist Hedonistic Polaritists. These beliefs have taught you all that negativity is the divine presence of unscathed positivity. Love is Hate, Fear is Audacity, Exultation is Despair, Vexation is Patience. All emotions, regardless of their connotation and origin, are all connected to the indefinite divinity of nature. Life is Death and Death is Relief. The answer to the meaning of Life, is indefinite and unsure. Uncertainty is the only certainty we shall know. Our logic adapts to suit the environment in which it cultivates and when one is aware of this, life ultimately means nothing. Embrace the philosophy I have bestowed upon all of you. Learn to live for nothing. The Cosmos owes us nothing, it offers us

nothing, yet we must pursue satisfaction through our mutual dissatisfaction of indifference. We must be Riders on the Storm. I, Joseph A. Cinadr, Supreme Chancellor of the Wolfthorne Brethren and founder of the Neo-Existentialist Hedonistic Polaritists, PhD (Except in Ethiopia), being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Ridenour, I leave you the memory of myself, a pathetic mediocrity outshined by all aspects of my experiences. When one stares into an abyss, the abyss stares into them and this applies so very well to the human condition. I, Joseph A. Cinadr, Supreme Chancellor of the Wolfthorne Brethren and founder of the Neo-Existentialist Hedonistic Polaritists, PhD (Except in Ethiopia), being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I leave the memory of my precarious and utterly inane nature. Allow the memory to fade in the shadow of the mind's eye. Remember to tear the veil, if you wear a mask long enough, you begin to forget what is truly underneath it.

I, Leandra Viscioni, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Davis, I leave my patience because you'll need it for the upcoming 7th graders. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my math tests because I don't want to remember the grades. To Mr. Tagg, I leave my voice because those pipes are a little rusty.

I, Nolan Payne, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to JJ, I leave my height because we all know you need a lot of that. To Mo Money, I leave my skill of the game of pool on iPhone because I can take you any day of the week. To the upcoming 7th graders going into Algebra 1, I leave you my homework passes because you will probably need all the extra points you can get. Lastly, to Brock, I leave my semi-flat jump shot because you definitely need to take some arch out of yours.

I, Savanna Harriman, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Logan Harriman, my ability to run because you think you can run. To Rylee Nigh, my ability to take notes in Social Studies because you take a lot of handwritten notes. To Miss Fulk, my ability to not get mad because you get mad when you find things on your chair. To Mrs. Cap, my ability to put yellow slips away because you don't really like doing them.

I, Spencer Hall, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I leave you my strength because you might need it to lift in the weight room with Mr. Mutti. To Mr. Tagg, I also leave you my cross-fit workout because we always go back for more. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave you my seat in the 3rd row, 2nd seat back because a trouble maker will hopefully sit there. To Mr. Mutti, I leave you my athletic ability to help other kids out that don't have much.

I, Hunter, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Chloe Spicer, I leave my A.R points behind because you always complain on how you don't want to read and get A.R. points. I also leave my Math notebook because you might want to know what you have to learn before you start not doing your work. Mr. Tagg, I leave you my pun book so you never run out of puns like this one - "When a clock gets hungry, it goes back four seconds." To Miss Vannest, I leave my kindness for all the unkindness first period gave you when you were talking or teaching.

I, Wyatt Dille, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I leave you my cross-fit workouts because you're not allowed to do cross-fat forever. To Zane Fulmer, I leave you my running endurance so you can keep the great track and cross country seasons going with Miss Fulk and Mr. Ridenour. Also, I leave my soccer skills because you'll need them for high school. To Miss Vannest, I leave my Chipotle keychain because you made my outfits look good. I also leave my handy dandy Warrior Time skills to you, so hopefully a good helper will come in 5th period. To Mrs. Stover, I leave all my homework and packet problems you made us do, as well as notes.

Period 3:

I, Addi Kissinger, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Julia Oblisk, I leave you my softball bat so you can finally hit one out of the park, and I leave you all the kneecaps you desire. To Kyla Spencer, I leave you more arm strength than you already have so you can throw out every runner on the field. And to Darian Delbrugge, and Alex Rathburn, I leave you all the high fives that there are.

I, Bobby Haney, being of sound and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Sorensen, for which I am a legend because of, I leave you my respect because I put that weave game on you. Thanks for the support. To Mr. Tagg, for making me laugh even when I'm down. Your class was tiring, but easy. I leave you my drowsiness and boredom. To Corey, my low key little brother. I forget what I was going to say but I leave you with my strength because you will need it. To Mrs. Weirich, who I'm sure is glad to be rid of me, I leave you with my bad behavior. To Ms. Vannest for being a free and logical person who doesn't act like she's better than everybody else. I leave you with my childish leverage. To all little annoying brats, if you so much as peep a wrong word I will hunt you down and make you.... apologize? I have to be careful about what I say.

I, Brianna Hurrell, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Siera Mullins, I leave you my math book because it has all of the answers in it. To Mr. Ridenour I leave you coffee for the days you get irritated. To Kylee Mullins, I leave you my small feet because yours are so big.

I, Cadan Mitchell, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mason Jacobs my height because I don't need to be any taller than I already am. Also, you look like you need it more than I do. I leave my beautiful hair to Mr. Tagg because I feel bad for people that don't have hair. I am also aware that mine will grow back, unlike some people's. Finally, I leave my locker to whoever wants it because it gets stuck a lot and I hate it, so good luck to whoever gets it.

I, Corinne Fanello, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Kylie Snow, I leave my Percy Jackson books, because the movies are nothing compared to the books. To Sean Snow, I leave my glove, so you can finally catch a ball, (example: The Payton incident). To all my 8th grade teachers, I leave a piece of my soul, because you all crushed it to a million pieces.

I, Dylan Fraley, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Weirich and the janitors, the grape stain on the ceiling, because I'm sure you loved cleaning that mess up. To Mrs. Fulk, I leave you my expert tripping skills, so you can trip somebody if they're

in front of your best runner. Finally, to Mrs. Fulk, I leave you all those pushups you made us do for taking the short cut, because we thought we were slick.

I, Elle Kaiser, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Macy Mangan, I leave my amazing dance moves because I know you need them. To Adrienne Kearns, I leave my basketball skills because I know they could help you. To Chloe Hollar, I leave all my good grades and homework passes because I know they will come in handy. To Rylee Nigh, I leave all my face masks because I know you love them. To Morgan Carroll, I leave my locker because that's where all the boys hangout.

I, Emma Shaffer, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Savannah Havens, Brooklyn Blaising, and Kaylee Calhoun, I leave you with grippes and knee pads for the hurdles because we all fall every once in a while. I leave Josh Young with 1,000,000 chocolate milkshakes because you are always asking me for one. I leave Ellie Maurer with your socks I borrowed because I always forgot them. I leave Ms. Fulk with my cross country ribbon because you are the one who helped me become faster. I leave Mr. Ridenour with my first B+ because I am never going to get one again.

I, Gwen Malone, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to all of my teachers, I leave my grades for you to give to other students. To Mrs. Carcione, I leave you my Nike shoes for all of the different outfits you wear. To Mrs. Rinehart, I leave you my heart for you to teach about next year. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave you coffee for the days you are irritated. To Mrs. Stover, I leave you a binky to give to your children, so you can get some more sleep at night. To Mrs. Sorenson, I leave you M&M's to eat while reading That Was Then, This Is Now. To Mr. Tagg, I will leave you my hair, just in case you want some. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave you a TV to watch the Steelers on.

I, Halle Cirola, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Chloe Holler, I leave you my 2 cats, Big Kitty and Little Kitty, so you can add them to your collection of your thousand cats. To my brother Colton Cirola, I leave you my phone since I cracked yours. To Kylie

Snow, I leave you with my volleyball skills because I know you're going to be a beast this coming volleyball season. To Mrs. Weirich, I leave you with all the clothes that you dress-coded me for. Now, finally, to the upcoming 8th graders, I leave you with my math notebook, because, trust me, you don't want to take all the notes that you will have to.

I, Jayden Allen, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg my height because I'm easily gaining on you. To Zander Osborne, my ankles because I don't even know if yours are working, considering how many times I've broken them. To the head lunch lady, I leave you some money so you can see how much I appreciate you feeding me every day.

I, Jenin, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath that following: to Omar Abdelaziz, I leave you my DOL quizzes because I did well on them and I know grammar isn't your strongest subject. To JJ Shaw, I leave you my height because you'll need it if you want to get anywhere in basketball. To Mr. Ridenour I leave you every single test I failed because I never understood what we were learning.

I, Kayla Klautsch, being of sound mind and body, hereby bequeath the following; to Hannah Montgomery, I leave my math notes because I know you don't understand math. To Mr. Tagg, all the random notes about history my friend and I passed to each other in your class. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave you all the doodles I drew in my Science book. To Mr. Delong, my Michigan shirt because I know deep down inside you loved that shirt. And lastly, but certainly not least, to Mrs. Tagg, I leave you all the vocab. quizzes that I somehow aced even though I didn't study.

I, Lexi Johnson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Tagg, I leave a stack of printer paper because I used so much of yours for my writing. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave my interesting bell-work discussions. To Mrs. Carcione, I leave a pair of gym clothes because I "forgot" mine so much. To Mrs. Stover, I leave all of my colored pens and the time it took for me to color code my notes. To Mrs. Rinehart's future students, I leave my interest in Health class and memory of the muscles. To Mrs. Rinehart, I also leave my hand-drawn tibia and fibula that we

had to make because I accidentally ripped the legs off of my skeletal system poster.

I, Lilly Casey, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mrs. Furr, I leave you the jar of pickles I left in the choir room for the rest of the year after Christmas break because some people are hungry during fourth period choir. To Alex Rathburn, I leave you my short fingers as you might be needing them if you ever wear short shorts. To Mrs. Stover, I leave you my calculator to give to other kids like me who forget their calculator every other day. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave you all of my notes I took in Science class because your Physical Science class would like at least a few notes before tests. To Morgan Carroll and Savahna Havens, I give you my friendliness and maturity because you always made fun of me behind my back.

I, Liv Bise, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mere Bise, I leave my good test grades because I know how much you hate studying after school. To Madi Male, I leave you nothing because you're a big body. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave you my Spanish skills because you need to work on them. To Mr. Tagg, I leave you my crazy hair because you don't have any. To Mathew Male, I leave you my reading skills because you'll need a lot of AR points next year. To Rylee Nigh, I leave you all the spicy chips from our house because I will never need them.

I, Makayla Fields, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Ridenour, I leave you a hammer to finally smash my phone because I know you've been wanting to since November. To Miss Miller, the many, many, overdue books I probably still have not returned. To Mr. Tagg, I leave you a burger and fries at The Warehouse for driving my brother home from Friday school. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave you whatever book I/Heather was reading when we refused to proceed with a fire drill. To Officer Gongwer, I leave you Pizza, because it's a salad. To Lucas Fields, I leave you that three dollars I "borrowed" from your lunch account. To Mrs. Huber, I leave you ten gallons of water, because I've probably drunk that much out of your water fountain in sixth period. To Miss Vannest, I leave you a gold medal for being a great teacher, mentor, and friend. Also, because we never received ours, all we got was a certificate. To the sixth and seventh graders, I leave

you with luck, because, believe me, you're going to need it. And last but not least, to all of my past teachers, I leave you my gratitude; thank you for putting up with me, and my excuses, for so long.

I, Megan Grimwood, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Chasity Mies, I leave a good knee, so you can do track because I know you love it. To Lilly Fetzer, I leave you all of my clothing, since you have half of it anyway. To all sixth and seventh graders, I leave you my common sense because you're going to need it.

I, Miah Henderson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to coach Fulk my benchwarmer bum so no one ever gets cold during basketball games. To Madaline Henderson, my beloved sister, I leave you with my charm because a little charm never hurt anybody. Madaline, I also leave you my basketball big body skills. To Mrs. Johnson, I leave you all my attendance from first period this year. To Kylie Snow, I leave you my iPhone 7 plus because every time you come over, your phone is broken. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave you a framed picture of me you can put it on my desk during Warrior Time so everyone knows that's my desk. To Kayla in my gym class, I leave you all my perfume at my house so that you can share with everyone and not just me. To Josh Young, I leave my love.

I, Reagan Kearns being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Macy Mangan, I leave my amazing dance moves because I know you will need them for all the parties you go to. To Adrienne Kearns, I leave you my A+ grades because I know you aren't the smartest. To Rylee Nigh, I leave my 2 teeth-whitening strips that I have left because you used all of the other ones. To Chloe Hollar, I leave my cat to add to your 85 other cats. To Morgan Carroll, I leave all of my hoodies because you always steal them.

I, Rylee Utz, being sound of mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Chloe Hollar, I leave you all of my homework passes since you never turn in your homework, and get bad grades. I also leave you my big, luscious lips since you have none. To: Morgan Carroll, I leave you my good looks, my clothes since you're always taking Chloe's, and my voice since you can't sing to save your life. To Brooke Hagerman and Nuhami, I leave

you my rockin' bod, and my volleyball skills. And finally, to Mrs. Weirich, I give you all of the ripped jeans that you dress-coded me for, even when it was literally .5 centimeters over my knee. Thank gosh the rules aren't as strict in high school.

I, Savahna Gremling, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to my dear brother, Cole Gremling, I give you all the tricks from when I used to pull all-nighters for when you forget to study the night before a test. To Mr. Wilke, I leave all those unfinished math work sheets I didn't do when you didn't check them. To all of my brother's friends, I give you my ability to cope with stress, with him you'll need it. To Mrs. Sorensen, I give you all the characters of The Outsiders to go to the next group of 8th graders, except Dally, he's mine.

I, Spencer Milliron, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the follow: to Alex Rathburn, I give you my height because you look like you need some height. To Kyle Walters, my baseball bat because you need to start hitting the ball. I give Mrs. Tagg my jokes because your jokes need practice.

I, Will Bolin, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Ridenour, my lovely fort because I know you love it so much. To Kenny Chang, a baton that will never drop because I know you have a hard time handling it. To Ian Barnes, I give my amazing swimming skills because I know you will use them.

I Zach McCristall, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Tagg, I'll give you some of my jokes because your jokes are pretty whack. Zander Osborne, I leave you my layup abilities because you can't make one. Josh Young, I leave you my haircut because yours is uneven and looks really bad.

Period 4:

I, Aariona Jeffery, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Ethan Browning, I leave my WAY-better grades than yours. Sure, to mom you're the smarter one, but not according to the comparison of our grades. To Mr. Wilke, I give all of my knowledge from Spanish class because, well, you're really bad at it. To Mrs. Stover, I leave you all of the times I pretended to

know what you were talking about and nodding my head like I understood it.

I, Aubrae Clifton, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Morgan Carroll, I leave all of my good grades so she doesn't have to stress at all about grades this year. I also leave her all of my Instagram followers so she can get many likes because she deserves them; also, go follow her @morgancarroll_! To Jansen Hildreth, I leave all my skill in dog training because your dog is crazy. Also, I leave you all my skill in basketball because I'm the best baller at Marshall, obviously... Lastly, to Mateya Anderson, I leave all my skill when it comes to talking to boys because it seems as if it's hard for you to keep a boyfriend. Lastly, I leave all of my and Allison Fischer's inside jokes in 8th period Health to all of the upcoming 7th graders. I also leave some shout-outs to some of my all-time favorite 7th graders.

I, Avery Hooks, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Chloe Hollar, I leave my good grades so her mom won't ground her. To Morgan Carroll, I leave my ability to procrastinate on every assignment she has. To Mrs. Sorenson, I leave all my AR books that I actually did read. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my laugh because she doesn't have fun enough, also my lunch detention slip that she gave me. To Mr. Tagg, I leave all my connections and current events that I wrote on the way to school. To Zander Osborne, I leave my gym ability because he has none.

I, Bailey Slater, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Nathan Slater, I leave you here in middle school with the upcoming stress from your future classes because I'm a great sister like that. To Chasity Mies, I leave you the memories of our "signals" while we walk past each other in the hallway; (Wink wink.) To Macie Hamilton, I leave you the duty of untying other people's gym shoes since I won't be there anymore, and also a chance for a new gym partner even though we both know that there is no one better than me. To Ella Ritter, I leave you a warning from me about how you treat people because you say things to people without thinking how they feel or what they have been through. If you don't listen to this warning, karma will come right back at you.

I, Bostn Baxter, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr.

Stimpert, the courage to play me in basketball because I knew you were scared to play me. To the 7th grade basketball team, I leave you our wins because I know you need it. To Mrs. Sorenson, all the books I didn't read. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave hope because I know you lost it every day 4th period. To Mr. Tagg, I leave the test I could never get a 100% on.

I, Brayden Shaver, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Stover, I leave Patsy the bird because I know how much you loved him in our presence. To Mr. Tagg, I leave the Chicago Bulls' losing season. I know we have a shot next year. To Alexis Shaver, I leave behind my books I've read this year. You're constantly reading and I know you'll like them. To the seventh grade basketball team, I leave behind our winning season. Hopefully you can keep the tradition!

I, Caden Armstrong, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Weirich, my unexcused absence that left me with a 68% in Algebra for almost a month. To Alex Rathburn (a.k.a Tank, Jr.), I leave you with everything but my height, seems how you are already 6'0". To Brock Hill, I leave my starting running back spot on the 8th grade football team. To Kyle Walters, I leave you with my first-base position and my pitcher spot on the baseball team. To Mrs. Stover, I leave you my homework that was always incomplete. To Madi Male, I leave you the dodgeball that I always hit you in the face with. To Mrs. Carcione, I leave you the dodgeballs that you yelled at me for throwing too hard.

I, Claire Henige, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Julia Oblisk, I leave my ability to catch fly balls because you will see a lot of action in the field in your future 8th grade softball games. To Riley Vavra, I leave my incredibly large number of AR points because you will surely need a lot of them to receive a good grade. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my math notebook because it is organized and you can use it as an example for unorganized students. To the 7th grade class, I leave my ability to stay organized because organization is the key to success in 8th grade. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave all of my essays because I couldn't have gotten good grades on them without your help.

I, Claire Mies, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Chasity Mies, my cousin, my curly hair, because your hair won't hold curls! I leave my friend Kaylee Calhoun the ability to never be late to a class. I leave the future 8th graders the ability to rule the middle school. Lastly, I give my AR points to Ethan Turnbaugh.

I, Colton Geer, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Brody Conley I leave you my right foot, so now on the soccer field you won't miss that simple shot. To all future honors eighth graders, I leave you my luck and notes so you can pass Physical Science and Algebra. To Mr. Mutti, I leave a brand new kickball so California Kickball is more enjoyable. Lastly, to Mrs. Stover, I leave the grand Pi-thon so it can frighten away Patsy the bird if she ever returns.

I, Ethan Duffner, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mr. Tagg, I leave my hair due to the fact that he lacks hair completely. To the future 8th grade shotput and discus throwers, I leave my throwing amazingness, due to the fact that you need it. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave the burden of Vincent's freeloading due to the fact that I don't want it anymore, and because you can use it for all of our comical enjoyment.

I, Gregory Tan, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to all my middle school teachers, I leave a stack of magazines, because I'm over your issues. For the swim team, I leave the pink sunglasses that aren't mine, because I looked good in those. And to all the incoming 7th graders, I leave my AR points; I have more than enough to spare. Lastly, I leave a megaphone to Mr. Stimpert, because, why not.

I, Hayden Hoover, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Savahna Havens, I give you my ability to do hurdles and not fall! To Ethan Turnbaugh, I give you my ability to read in Social Studies. To Mr. Tagg, my perfect hair and my lack of ability to read.

I, Isaac Swogger, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Rinehart I leave the 300 worksheets that we worked on. To Ethan Turnbaugh, I leave my energy bars because, according to you, you can never have enough energy. To Mrs. Garberich, I leave my

many art projects that look nothing like your examples. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my homework papers that are wrong or too messy to read.

I, Jace Howell, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to the 7th grade track throwers, I leave my strength and perseverance so you may throw as far or further than me. To the 7th grade football team, I leave you my skill for which you can use to make yourselves better for 8th grade - not just on the field, but off the field, also. To the 7th grade wrestlers, I leave you my heart for every sport I try because you will need heart to continue wrestling and fight through the pain on and off the mat. To the teachers, I leave a thank you for what you have done for the 8th grade because you were some of the best teachers in the school.

I, Karson Kersh, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I leave you my boots! Hang these boots up somewhere in your classroom to show all of the yuppie seventh graders that Tex was once in your classroom. I leave Mrs. Tagg, my half eaten chicken nugget because I look like a carrot. Besides that, who doesn't like half-eaten chicken nuggets. They are the best. I leave Mrs. Rinehart my sock because it's fuzzy and everyone loves fuzzy things.

I Robey Bolen, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Colin Walters, my distance running so you can carry the cross country team next year. To Brody, my soccer IQ; you have to carry the team next year. To Will, my defensive soccer ability; you have to carry the defense next year.

I, Adam Hylton, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mr. Ridenour, I leave you my fort because you seem to love it so much. To Jimmy, I leave you my switch because you like it more than Collin. To Robey, I leave you a sad feeling because I ran out of things to leave you with.

I, Logan Costa, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Brody Conley, my mediocre soccer skills and speed so you can carry your team when I'm not there ;). To Mr. Tagg, I leave my knowledge of World War 2 because I probably know more about it than you ;). And to Mrs. Tagg, I leave my memories of Third

grade because you made Third and Eighth grade amazing.

I, Makayla Minard, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Maddie Male, Bre Roth, Riley Vavra, and Savahna Havens, I leave my mad rebounding skills and ability to foul and injure other players without getting caught. Hopefully, one day you will grow to be a big body like me. To Kate Taylor, I leave you with my book of Things School Really Teaches You. Maybe one day you will see the reality of middle school. I recommend starting with chapter 5, "Manipulating for Dummies". To the upcoming 8th grade volleyball team, I leave my love and passion for the game.... And my vertical. It should be useful. Hopefully this year you will end the season with a winning record. To JJ Shaw, I leave all my height; hopefully you will be able to dunk one day. I also leave you all my lotion for your ashy legs.

I, Makayla Wilson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Nick Moore, I leave my math skills because you will need help next year. To James Stewart, I leave my height because you are a small fry. To the incoming 8th graders, I leave my grades because you will need them next year.

I, Makenzi Hanner, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Brianna Carbary, all of my Social Studies notes because you can never be ahead on them. To Macie Hamilton, I leave all of my A.R. points because you won't read as much as you need to. To the incoming cheerleaders, I leave productive practices because we had very few of those. To Mrs. Carcione, I leave my gym clothes for the kids that never change.

I, Nathaniel Hayes-Poole, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: Ethan Turnbaugh, I give him my good taste in wrestling shoes because his are wack. I also give him the power to not talk during wrestling lessons and meetings even though my power isn't that great, but his are worse. I leave him my chillness because that man has way too much energy. I also give him my amazing strength and power because he a little body fam. I'll leave Teyron Cantey my great hair because his hair is something else. I also leave him my wrestling championships, Can't wait to see you out there next year. I will leave the 8th grade football team all the times I've yelled at a ref

or punched a cooler over stupid calls. Also going to leave the team my sacks and fumble recoveries throughout the year. Good luck next year, boys.

I, Owen Vick, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to the upcoming Algebra students, I leave the hours of time spent on homework that I will never get back. To Ella Vanauker, I leave a lot of magnets for your locker. Also, noise cancelling ear phones for when I talk too much. To the seventh graders on the track team, I leave my 4x400 time, so hopefully you can win a few meets... Hopefully. To Mr. Stimpert, I leave a megaphone so you can broadcast your thoughts as you walk the halls and constantly ask people how their weekend was. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave the correct bleaching chemical so you will never have orange hair again. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my multiple drawings of Patsy that you have yet to see. To Mr. Tagg, I leave Gregory's book with your picture on the back.

I, Paige Neuhart, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to the upcoming winter swim team I leave the endless corrections on turns and starts because something can always be made better. To the upcoming Algebra and Spanish students, I leave the endless nights of homework that help you get good grades, if you do it. To Sarah Mink, I leave the IM's I did almost every swim meet, and 200 frees because I know you don't like them.

I, Randall David Rickel, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Darian Delbrugge, I leave my truly extraordinary academic ability; knowing your grades, you'll need all the help you can get. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave my calculator, for you always lent me yours when I was in desperate need of one. To Jakob Ritter, I leave you my superior sense of humor, since yours needs immediate improvement. Finally, to Mr. Stimpert, I leave my rad rap skills since you witnessed them live.

I, Rebekah Haudenschild, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to the swim team, all of my Ontario swim caps. I actually have so many of them that I could probably supply the entire swim team with at least 3 each. For all those times that they break right before a race, I've got you fam. To Duncan McLean, all of my dankest memes. I know you really need them to

get through life without having multiple anxiety attacks at once. To Mrs. Carcione, the many laps of the track I walked instead of ran; I'm not too good at the whole running thing. I apologize for not running, but I guess I can't really do it now; it's a little bit late now.

I, Katrina Lewis, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg and his future students, I leave my ability to be able to work on my classroom assignments with limited distractions and be able to get way ahead because he seems to need good working students like myself. To the incoming 7th graders who are shy, I leave you my outgoing personality and loudness so you can do better because, in 8th grade you will not get by being shy about everything. To Carlee Hardin, I leave you my ability to never get in trouble because I hope the best for you.

Period 6:

I, Abigail Potter, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Allison Potter, I leave you all my clothes because you always take them anyway. To Madi Male, I leave you my seat at lunch because now that we're (Brynn, Bri, and I) gone you will be lonely at lunch. To Mrs. Sorensen, I leave you the one lunch detention slip I got all year. To Savanna Havens, I leave you all my post basketball skills for eighth grade. To Mere Bise, I leave you all my attitude you say I have. To Coach Fulk, I leave you my smelly basketball shoes because of all the suicides you made me do.

I, Allena Lemaster, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Brianna Carbary, my smile during cheer games, and candy in my locker, because we need more smiles during games. To Macie Hamilton, my pencils in my locker, and strawberry mints, because I know how much you love the mints. To the incoming cheerleaders, productive practices, and loudness during games, because practices get really boring, and loudness is key. To Nicole Lucido, my Social Studies notes, and my AR points, because Social Studies notes are lengthy, and you don't like reading. To Coach Lay, my positive attitude during practice, because I know practice can be rough.

I, Ashton Crider, being of sound mind body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I

leave my all my tests because you know how well I did. To the 7th graders, I leave you my books because you might need them and I don't. To Mrs. Rinehart, I leave my Health notes because you know how much I needed them.

I, Averii Ann Copeland, being of sound mind and body, hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I leave all the testing days we had together. To Jazzy Decimus, I leave our book (that I will still work on with you on the bus). To Mr. Ridenour, I leave you all my labs from your class. To Mrs. Stover, I leave you all my Math notes and quizzes. To Mrs. Weirich, I leave you all the problems you have helped me solve. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave you all my drawings and creative writing assignments. To Miss Morgan, I leave you the six weeks we had together before you had to leave. To Mrs. Sorenson, I leave you all my AR points and reading responses. To Mr. Miller, I leave all my love from your class and all of my time with you throughout my two years of being in your Yearbook class.

I, Brynn Meisse, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Miles Meisse, I leave you my speed. Break those records next year kid. To Madi Male, I leave you Josh Young... Sorry. To Mrs. Weirich, I leave you all my shorts that broke dress code. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave you all the excuses I used to get out of the 400m run. To Ethan Turnbaugh, I leave you my love, but you're still in the friend zone, bud.

I, Carleigh Pearson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to JJ Shaw, I leave my height because you're as short as a 6th grader. To Ms. Fulk, I leave my sweaty practice jersey and never-ending cries of running suicides because you'll never hear anyone whine and cry about them as much as me. To the 7th grade basketball girls, I leave you all gift cards to Wendy's because we all used to get food from there before practice. To Mrs. Weirich, I leave you my wardrobe because I always seem to get dress-coded.

I Chase Bryant, being sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to JJ, I leave my pencil to you because you always run out of pencils. To Mrs. Huber, I leave you my tape because you are ripped. To Mr. Tagg, I leave a picture of my face just in case you are feeling down.

I, Collin Large, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I leave you a stack

I, Daniel King, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I leave you my time that I have lost in your class. To Miss Fulk, I leave you my height because you need it. To Mr. Stimpert, I leave you smarts for being the sun, because my name was Daniel "sun". To Mrs. Tagg, my coolness, because you need to be more like your husband.

I, Deahna Vandenberg, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Miss Miller, I leave my books because I want to add to your collection. To all 7th graders, my ability to pay attention in class because you are going to need it. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my graph paper because I bought too much for me to use.

I, Guage Stevens, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to my teachers, I leave my one good grade because they have been trash all year. To the 7th grade, I leave the one smart thing I said because everything else was stupid. To the gym teacher, Mr. Mutti, I leave my good athleticism because I will not be here for him to see it next year.

I, Isaac David, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Stimpert, I leave all of my raps to you to roast these new 7th graders. To Mrs. Straub, I leave my cool, modern, weird joggers (pants). To Antonio "Usher" Houston, I leave that Usher poster and that Usher Confession CD. To KC, I leave my 6's Black Cats. To Mrs. Rinehart, I leave my fidget spinner to see how satisfying it is.

I, Jasmine Woods, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Carcione, I leave my confidence because I want you to make others have confidence in themselves. To the 7th graders, I leave my ability to write neat notes and pay attention in class. To Meredith Bise, I leave all my suspicions about Grey's Anatomy. To Miss Vannest, I leave my smile because you make me smile every day.

I, Jillian Roof, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mrs. Stover, more lunch detention and tardy slips because she is going to need them. To Dezzi Peters, my love and astonishing awesomeness because

locker because you don't have enough. To Darian, my height because you need it. To Kyle, I give you my love because you're my little buddy. To Mr. Tagg, I leave you my full respect because you are a genuinely good man and deserve it. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave you my love.

I, Jonathan Nagel, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Alex Rathburn, I leave you my post moves because I know how badly you need them. To JJ, I leave you my basketball locker; too bad you won't be able to reach the top shelf. To Darian Delbrugge, I leave you my Lebron jersey; it may be a little big but now you can root for the real Super team.

I, Joseph McCoy, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I leave you all of my Friday schools. To Marilyn, I leave my maturity because you need some more. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave you my hyperness because you need some hyperness.

I, Kelsey Carder, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Hayden Baker, my A's so you don't have to work too hard for them even though there's not very many. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave all my tests I did badly on. To Mr. Delong, I leave all the music I won't play after this year. To Destini in 6th grade, I leave my sarcasm for you to use against the people that are mean to you.

I, Kolten Kurtz, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Coach Fulk, I leave my record 2-mile time of 6 minutes, as the team will need it next year. To Keely and Kayla Kurtz, I leave all of my old textbooks and papers, as it will help them out in the years of middle school to come. To Darian Delbrugge, I leave my everlasting love. I will miss him dearly next year, since he will still be stuck in the middle school, and I will be in the high school.

I, Michael Heins, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Stimpert, a live wolf for the one that you killed with your four-wheeler. To Ethan Turnbaugh, my common sense so you cannot hit your brother with a table. To Mr. Wilke, some new shirts because he sweats so much.

I, Owen Hatfield, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Ethan

Turnbaugh, I leave my luscious blonde hair, because it will help you get the ladies. To Zain Fulmer, I leave you my strength and quickness, because you won't go Division One without it. To Zayne Hooks, I leave you my football skills, because you aren't as good as me yet, but you will with my skills.

I, Skyler Stirtzinger, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Tagg I leave my foolishness, because you need to laugh more often. To Kavon Moxley, I leave my coolest seat in lunch detention. To Mr. Tagg, I leave you my hairline so you can grow hair. To Mrs. Weirich, I leave all my negative attitude to you because I know you will miss me. To Mrs. Sorensen, I leave all my books to you because I don't like to read.

I, Sully McKinley, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following; to Jaden Leach, I leave my luck on tests because I don't study and my insane mind that allowed myself to participate in Honors Mathematics. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave my dis-gratitude for ever giving me a grade worse than a 99.99%. To all the people that leave me on "read", I leave a new phone because, obviously, your ringer is broken because you don't seem to hear it when I text.

I, Trevor Donato, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To the 7th grade, I leave my locker because I didn't use it very long. To Miss R, I leave my math binder to help another student.

I, Zoe Yochem, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Chloe Hollar, I leave my cat because you won't notice one more to your seven of them. I also leave you my clean room for all those times I've cleaned your room for you. To Morgan Carroll, I leave you hot Cheetos and Takis because that's all you eat. To Kylie Snow, I leave you Skittles for all the times you gave me yours on the bus. To Justyce Jacobs, I leave you all my snapchat streaks because you can never keep yours.

Period 7:

I, Abi Perez, being of sound and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Miss Morgan and Mrs. Tagg, I leave the secret recipe of "Meme

Munchies” and our wonderful, yet hilarious commercial. To Mrs. Stover, I leave all the weird jokes that I made and all the wrong answers that I shouted during Math while we were taking notes. To Hayden Baker, I leave a piece of my brain to help him get through 7th and 8th grade. To Mrs. Ritchey, I leave patience for Academic Challenge. For all the 7th graders in Academic Challenge, I leave the quality of being quiet during Academic Challenge practice. To Shelby Keever, I leave all the swim caps that I had to borrow from you in Gym.

I, Avril Copeland, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, all the fun memories in Social Studies, all the poking and messing around you did to me, and my embarrassing laugh. I leave Sarah Mink all the secrets we have shared, and all the funny talks. I leave Abby Peay all our funny phone calls, and secrets. I leave Sterling all our funny jokes, pictures, and slime. I leave Chloe Spicer, all our funny jokes, secret conversations, and funny videos. I leave Mrs. Tagg all the fun we had doing projects in your class. I leave Chloe Pore all the fun talks we had. I leave my Gym class all the fun we had in Gym and all the laps we had to run. I leave Nyhia all the funny chats we had on the bus. I leave Mrs. Stover all the hard homework we had to do. I leave Nate Corwin all our awkward conversations. I leave Mr. Ridenour all my Science homework

I, Bree Mullet, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Carcione, I leave you my stinky gym shoes. It is because of all the hard work you made me do that makes them smell. Febreze might help. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave you my fear. I was deathly afraid of you at the beginning of the year, but as it turns out you’re a great teacher. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave you my research paper for Honors Social Studies. I know that you hated the amount of grammar mistakes I made. Sorry, not sorry. To Mrs. Stover, I leave you a pack of glue sticks. I borrowed many of yours. To Mr. Tagg, I leave you an apple. I know you’re on a diet.

I, Bryan, Dafney, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Casey Wilkins, I shall give you the power of my excuses. To Kyle Walker, my good basketball skills.

I, Emily Spencer, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Sarah Mink my book bag so you could have a lot more room to store all your supplies. To Marlin Brokaw, my brother’s helping words to help you. And to Gina Smith, my desk to sit in while you are in class.

I, Evan Booker, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to James Stewart, I give you my ability to bang screamers in soccer. To Brandon Litteral, I give you the ability to put your defender on skates in soccer. To Ethan Turnbaugh, I give you my ability to ball up at Pickle ball. To Zavier Marlow, I give you my ability to never zip your lips.

I, Carter Underwood, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Ridenour, I leave my Science book so you don’t buy another one next year for your class. To Mrs. Stover, I leave my Math binder so that you can give someone next year a nice and ready binder already put together. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave my binder so you can give someone a binder to put their papers in. Thank you so much for these years in middle school; I have had a good time here. Now OMS, Good Luck Next Year and take care of my cousin, Hannah Montgomery!

I, Lillian Nelson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Miss Vannest, I’ll leave you behind a Starbucks gift card. Thank you for always letting me drink it in your class in the morning even though you got tired of it. To Mrs. Sorensen, I’m leaving you my books for every Monday when we would read and I would leave them in my locker. I’m also leaving you behind a bird house. To Mr. Ridenour, I’m leaving you behind a stash of candy so you’re always in a good mood.

I, Magnus Hartz, being of sound of mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Zander Osborn I leave my towel to you when you swim. To the seventh grade football team, I leave you our even record. To Mrs. Rinehart, I leave you a bottle of Tylenol for the headaches in 6th period first semester.

I, Max Jewell, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Ridenour, my Cowboy boots so, not only will you win all of your marathons and track events, but you

will look awesome doing so. To Mr. Tagg, my unibrow to keep between your eyebrows to keep them warm in the winter. To Mrs. Tagg, my mullet wig to always remember me by. Remember me for my epic cowboy boots, cool unibrow, and awesome mullet wig. Farewell, Amigos

I, Pacey Floyd, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Zayne Hooks, I leave my smartalecness and my laziness in every subject. To Mr. Boyd, I leave the mess that “we” as seventh graders left under the tables at lunch and the grape stain from landing grapes on the ceiling during lunch. To Zavier Marlow, I leave the shuffle I do when I’m throwing Discus for track. To Mrs. Weirich, I leave the memory of me being in her office when I was getting suspended.

I, Quentin Skropits, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Casey Wilkins, my basketball skills and religious faith. To Tyler Milligan, my track skills and wisdom. To James Stewart, my kindness and good grades. To Mr., Ridenour, a huge amount of gratitude for the things he has done for me. To Mr. Tagg, my thanks for helping me out of tight spots and making me laugh. To the 7th grade wrestlers, the hope for a great season next year. To the whole middle school staff, thanks for pushing me to do my best even at times when I wanted to throw in the towel. Thanks for teaching me how to be a better person and student.

I, Sabrina Crabtree, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Miss Morgan and Mrs. Tagg, the secret recipe for Meme Munchies. To Mrs. Stover, the probably \$15 worth of butterscotch candies I ate during testing. To Mr. Boyd, the spoon-apple-orange concoction that you for some reason forced me to throw away even though it wasn’t mine. To Mrs. Sorensen, the laughter over Ponyboy’s parents’ death. To Mr. Tagg, all of the hair that I cut off, since you need it more than I do. And to Miss Morgan, the Beyonce Cow.

I, Seth Dailey, being if sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Tagg, I leave you a pencil - nothing special - just a pencil. To Mrs. Tagg, I leave Gavin because he is obviously not going to pass. To Mr. Ridenour, I leave a rock that I shall make seem cool when it in reality is just an ordinary rock.

I, Sidney Reed, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Kris Boor, I leave my favorite Ticonderoga brand pencils, my good coloring pencils, and my best of drawings. To Zoey O’Hail, I leave my best memes that I found online. To Mr. Tagg, I leave my best memories (we had a LOT), and my good sense of humor to you and your students for next year.

I, Tyson Rupp, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Dillon Whisler, I leave you my good wits and tutoring skills and I will always be willing to help you if you need it. I also leave you three new books because you will need them. To Mr. Tagg, I leave you the good memories of the more intellectually-minded jokes and how good they were. Last, to Thane, I leave the book The Outsiders. I promise you will like it.

I, Zoe Traxler, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Miss Morgan and Mrs. Tagg, the secret recipe for Meme Munchies. To Shelby Keever of 7th grade, Sparkle paper towels due to the fact that you insist I am the Sparkle Fairy. To Libbie of 7th grade (I apologize for not knowing your last name), my three-hundred-page book of anime fan art and recommendations. To Mrs. Rinehart, Julio the Half-Head who is also my adopted daughter. To Mr. Tagg, all of the hair that I cut off. And to Mrs. Carcione, instructions on how to perfect the dead man’s float and the Macarena.

