

Dalton Hermanson

By Faith Johnson, Tiger Times

As Dalton Hermanson's time at Smith-Cotton comes to a close, he's ready to move on to the next chapter of his life.

Hermanson would describe his high school career as eventful and always busy. This is understandable as he is a part of many different clubs and organizations within S-C. Hermanson is a part of the Student Council Executive Board, class officers, National Honor Society (treasurer), Health Occupations Students of America (HOSA), Medical Explorers (president), and Math team.

Student Council sponsor Gregory Willson describes Hermanson as an "absolute dynamo." He has had a big impact on STUCO the past four years, making it "leaner, tougher, more efficient, and has made the parade more successful and run smoothly," said Willson.

Hermanson has plans to attend the University of Missouri-

Kansas City (UMKC) six-year medical program. He also applied to Mizzou and wasn't nervous about being accepted. He said the UMKC program is very selective and he was excited to be accepted.

Hermanson was also the recipient of the National Honor Society Scholarship. He applied for it during first semester and wasn't too sure that he would receive it. Then months later, he received a call from NHS sponsor Lorin Blackburn that said he had been the recipient of the scholarship.

Hermanson said, "I almost had a heart attack."

To him it was a nice surprise and he was pretty excited. Hermanson also thanked his teachers who had helped him be able to achieve the scholarship.

After graduating from UMKC, Hermanson hopes to become a doctor. He decided this was the best fit for him after doing job



Dalton Hermanson, right, and Edward Toderescu-Stavila planned the S-C Activities Banquet the past two years.

shadowing and taking anatomy classes. Both of Hermanson's parents are in the health field, which he also thinks influenced him in providing exposure to the field.

While he's ready to move on to bigger and better things, he's going to miss the atmosphere that S-C provides. He said "It's a very student-centered

school." He also said that S-C has an open-minded and supportive administration.

Another big change that is happening is Hermanson's last name change. He is currently in the process of being adopted by his step-father and is changing his last name from Gear to Hermanson. The process will be finalized just before graduation.

Akaycia Mather

By Jeffrey Goodson, Tiger Times

The high school experience is something that most all young teens look forward to. Smith-Cotton senior Akaycia Mather made the most of her high school experience, filling up her schedule with involvement in different clubs and activities throughout her four years at S-C.

"I'm involved in National Honor Society, Math Team, STUCO, and Link Crew, I also did FCCLA sophomore year," Mather stated.

Being involved in so many different activities can cause plenty of stress for a high school student, but thanks to her own ability to plan out her day, Mather was able to juggle school, and all of her activities and a social life.

"Time management was definitely one of my biggest struggles, but I figured it out eventually, when you do a lot of stuff you have to find out a ways to plan out your daily schedule," Mather stated. She also planned out her days, and helped her time management skills thanks to the use of



modern day technology.

"I actually used a calendar app, which is the best thing in the world," she said. "I always set reminders for big and small things,"

Mather enjoyed her high school experience, and because of clubs and activities. "I liked high school in general, the classes,

the clubs, and the freedom that you get compared to the junior high," she said. Mather also emphasized the opportunity to take classes that weren't previously offered was something that made high school enjoyable. "

High school was exciting because it was a new school, it offered all of the classes I had heard about but never had the option of taking before," she said.

Mather advises younger students to get involved in activities to maximize their four-year experience at S-C.

"I would encourage people to join a lot of stuff, it's a part of what makes high school fun," she said.

According to S-C math instructor Jennifer Crane, Mather's character is unmatched.

"Akaycia has had a positive impact on S-C during her time here. She always represents S-C in a positive way when competing with the math team. She is kind to others and is compassionate," Crane said.

After graduation, Mather plans to attend college and pursue a degree in computer/software and engineering, but isn't concrete about the details at this point.



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Class of 2019

Seniors ready for next steps on journey

Michylah Hawkins

By Victoria Wheat, Tiger Times

Throughout her Smith-Cotton High School career, senior Michylah Hawkins' family, teachers, peers, and the community have been there to support her through the good and the bad.

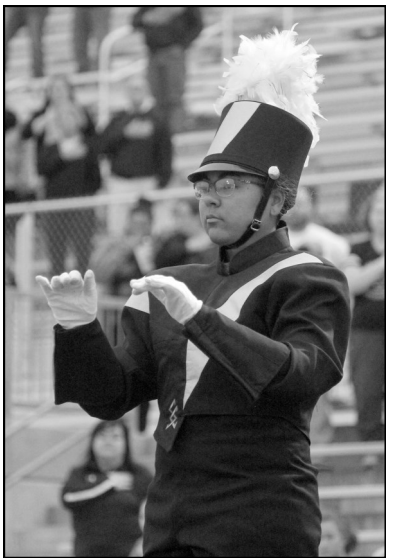
At the beginning of her freshman year, Hawkins was super shy and wasn't involved in much besides band. If it wasn't for her mom, Rhena Hawkins, she believes she probably wouldn't have gotten involved in anything else. "My mom has always emphasized getting involved and has always pushed me to get involved and try new things," said Hawkins.

Since then, she has joined Team SCREAM, the competitive robotics team; Future Business

Leaders of America, Tri-M Music Honor Society, and was a student advisor for the Sedalia 200 Board of Education. Compared to Hawkins' freshman year, she has become more confident in herself and is more outspoken. If she had the chance to tell her freshman self a piece of advice, she would without a doubt encourage herself to become more outgoing.

"In all of these groups, I've been in leadership roles and have gained better communication skills and learned what responsibility is," Hawkins said.

S-C band teacher Grant Maledy has been an important role model in Hawkins' life for the past seven years. With his help she has been able to grow not only as a musician, but as a person. Hawkins quickly gained leadership



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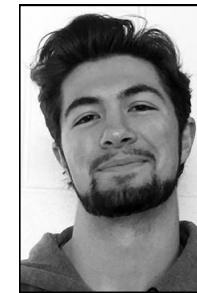
Joseph Anderson

By Natalie Adermann, Tiger Times

Moving is difficult for most people of any age, but Joseph Anderson moved to a whole new state - the second semester of his senior year.

Joseph is originally from Nipley, Utah. His father was offered a job at the new steel plant being brought to Sedalia, Nucor. Joseph noticed the kindness that was shown to him when he first started attending Smith-Cotton, and he notices that all the students seem to have a "unity" among one another.

Senior counselor Carmen Brock notices the kindness that is in Joseph as well. Brock describes Anderson as "a very compassionate and polite young man." Joseph's dual credit college algebra teacher, Jennifer Crane, agrees, stating that he is



reserved, but is very personable. "He has that sense of humor where I'll crack jokes and he'll laugh," Crane said. Brock also believes that Anderson has done a great job getting involved in activities such as FBLA. "I cannot imagine moving the last semester of high school, but Joseph has

made it seem easy to an outsider," said Brock. Crane states that throughout his time in her classroom, Joseph has become a "quiet leader." Joseph's sister, Samantha Anderson, is appreciative for the support her and her brother have given each other throughout the moving process and starting a new school. Samantha adds that

it's been great having someone to hang out with. "He's a great older brother," Samantha said.

One thing Joseph was disappointed he missed out on was basketball. He had played basketball back home in Utah, but moved here in the middle of basketball

season. He was afraid that he would not get enough practices in to play, so he sat this season out.

Joseph believes his time in high school, not only at S-C, has prepared him for adult life. "It's given me skills to be able to survive in the world," Joseph said.

If given the chance, Joseph would start caring about his grades a lot sooner in high school. He advises underclassmen to start taking their grades seriously at the very beginning, instead of trying to catch up junior or senior year. Not only would he advise them to be conscious of their studies, he would advise them to always be kind.

Joseph has continued to be kind to everyone during his time at S-C, which students and teachers alike have noticed. "It is just remarkable that he had to move in the middle of his senior year and chose to make the best of it," Crane said.

Following his graduation, Joseph plans to go back to Utah to spend time with his family before he leaves on a mission trip.

Brandon and Brody Kindle

By Jeffrey Goodson, Tiger Times

Brothers usually have a bond from birth that is unbreakable, but for Brandon and Brody Kindle that bond was created over time. These two brothers met in the third grade, by way of baseball. “We both were on the same baseball team, and it was history after that,” Brody said. The two share a relationship that is full of endearment. “We have a lot of brotherly love, we fight but we also always back each other up even when the other one is in the wrong,” Brandon stated. For Brandon, formerly Brandon Neale, becoming a Kindle was something that was years in the making, “Me and Brody have known each other for what seems like forever, but freshman year I started living there full time; from the start, Cassie and Tommy treated me like their son, and after a while I wanted to be adopted, I wanted them to officially be my parents,” Brandon stated. When the news broke that Brandon would be coming to live with his future brother, Brody couldn’t have been more excited. “It was the summer before freshman year, and my mom had told me that he was going to come and live with us, and when he moved in it didn’t even feel different, one of my best friends was coming to live with me,” he stated. Over time, the two became comfortable with their living situation, “If something changed now, it just wouldn’t be right,” Brody stated. One of the most exciting things about creating this bond is having a sibling who is high school at the same time as you, and all of the qualities that it brings. “Having a sibling that’s the same age is pretty cool, it’s nice having someone else to share things with like sports, awards, and experiences,” Brody stated. Brandon added, “We do everything



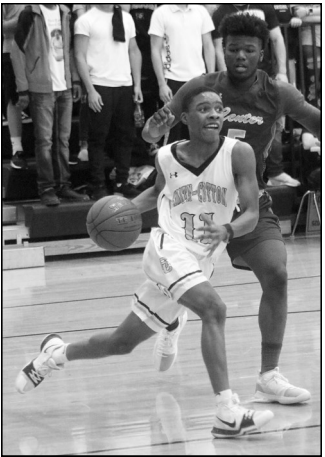
together: We hunt, fish, and play sports.” Throughout high school the Kindles have been involved in multiple sports, participating in football and baseball all four years, they were also members of the wrestling team their freshman and sophomore years. Smith-Cotton counselor Carmen Brock had nothing but delightful things to say about the two brothers. “They both have impacted the school through their leadership skills on the football and baseball teams, and through their compassion for others they’re all around well-rounded personable young men,” Brock stated. Like most high schoolers, participating in activities has made time go by very quickly for both of the boys. “Being involved in sports have made things fly by,” Brody said. Brandon emphasized that the involvement in baseball has made things go by swiftly. “With baseball at the end of the year, it has made things feel like they’re going by extremely fast,” Brandon stated. As far as post high school plans, the two hope to continue going to school, and playing the game that helped create the unbreakable bond called “brotherhood”, either at State Fair Community College in Sedalia, or Metropolitan Community College in Kansas City.

Cortez Douglas

By Alexa Rowe, Tiger Times

Smith-Cotton senior Cortez Douglas enjoys being around school, and he is admired by his peers. Cortez played on the boys basketball team his freshmen, sophomore, and senior years, and is a member of Link Crew and SPIZ. He enjoys basketball because it helps clear his mind, and he’s been playing his whole life. His senior season was one of the best years of his life, he said. One memory of S-C he’ll never forgot, is when the Tigers played against Webster Grove, “That was one of the hardest games I played,” he said. He will never forget the Boonville game, where he was the game’s high scorer “Cortez is a great at scoring and defense; he was a great asset to the team,” said Boys Basketball Head Coach Kevin Thomas. Other than his accomplishments on the basketball court, he has good bonds with his teachers and administrators, and he is proud that he is passing all his classes. “I enjoyed the environment at school; school just gives me a good vibe,” Douglas said.

The one teacher who inspired him the most was Spanish teacher Julie Willadsen. “She has helped me a lot, she is like my second mom,” he said. What Douglas will miss about S-C are the teachers and his younger friends. His advice for younger students: “Take this serious, get good grades, and just show up at school.” “Teammates love him, he’s easy to get along with. I’m definitely gonna miss him,” Thomas said. “I’m going to miss Smith-Cotton, and especially playing basketball,” Douglas said. He plans on attending State



Fair Community College to use his A+ and getting a degree in Sports Management; he hopes to become a basketball agent.

Hannah & Katelyn Beebe

By Kali Butts, Tiger Times

Growing up with siblings can be challenging, but it does come with benefits and good memories, Now imagine growing up with a twin. Seniors Katelyn and Hannah Beebe demonstrate how bittersweet it can be growing up and going to school with a twin. Hannah and Katelyn are involved in many of the same things: Both are class officers and active in National Honor Society, SCUFL, and Medical Explorers; Hannah also was in track throughout her four years of high school, while Katelyn has been involved in soccer and HOSA. They agree that being twins, going to high school together and being involved in the same things can be challenging but also good. Hannah said, “Having a twin is having a sister you share everything with,” and Katelyn said, “It’s someone you see all the time that you have to see even more often.” This helps them remain very close. “We get on each other’s nerves but we get over it in 30 seconds,” Hannah said. “We do everything together; our friends are the same and so are our activities.” People ask them all the time how they do it and what it’s like; they always reply with, “It’s just normal.”



There are many pros and cons to being a twin. Katelyn and Hannah agreed that it’s nice never being alone, but they get tired of seeing each other and they bicker. “Sometimes we like to do things on our own, but we have to do it together,” said Hannah. She added that it’s hard having so many classes together, and Katelyn said, “Yeah, then I have to go home with her.” Sharing friends with a twin sister can be hard. They said it can be nice but also annoying. Hannah said, “Friends come and go but Kate is always there. I always know she’ll be there and won’t go anywhere.” What brings them closer is being together so much. “We’re similar people but at the same time were different. We understand each other very well,” said Katelyn. Hannah added that it’s easy to get over fights since they’re always together. “You’re so used to each other that you might as well be mean to each other because you’ll get over it,” Hannah said. But don’t let those comments fool you, Hannah and Katelyn both said they wouldn’t know what to do without each other; they are each other’s best friend and believe that growing up with a twin is cool. If there was anything that the sisters would do differently, they would have taken different classes so they can also do their own thing and have their own friends. “Were so grouped so it’s hard,” said Katelyn. Hannah said her best high school memory is going to prom, Katelyn said any homecoming is her favorite memory, because “everyone is involved.” Hannah said her school highlight is getting her academic banner, and Katelyn added hers is “not getting an academic banner but beating Hanna’s ACT score.” Hannah and Katelyn are both furthering their education at University of Missouri and are both majoring in psychology.

Katelynn Montgomery

By Alexa Rowe, Tiger Times

Senior Katelynn Montgomery has accomplished a lot during her four years at Smith-Cotton High School. Montgomery has been involved in many activities during high school: HOSA, Envirothon, Science Club, National Honor Society and she was executive director of the Community Cafe,. Of these groups, she has been on Envirothon the longest, all four years of high school. “I stayed on Envirothon because I love Mrs. (Mona) McCormack (S-C science teacher and Envirothon sponsor),” Montgomery said. “I also love messing around in nature.” While she was on the Envirothon team, they qualified for state all four years. She is the only member that has been on team since freshman year. Montgomery also won the district’s Belcher Scholarship, which is a \$250 scholarship awarded to a senior who shows outstanding academic performance and extracurricular activities; the application includes a personal essay. “It’s just really good to get my hard work and my community involvement recognized,” she said. Some of her other accomplishments include keeping a 4.0 GPA all four years, being executive director of Community Cafe, and winning science teacher John Lamar’s Organic Chemistry Bracket Challenge, an annual competition for Lamar’s Chemistry classes. “Katelynn is an amazing young lady. I will miss her wit, her attitude, and her can-do spirit. She is also very driven,” McCormack said.



Montgomery said if she were to redo high school, she would worry less about school, make more friends, and be more involved in her activities. What she will miss about Smith-Cotton is all her friends and teachers who she won’t be able to see anymore. Her senior year was special because of the connections made and people who became her friends. “I will miss Envirothon, and Mrs. McCormack. It was a lot of fun,” Montgomery said. “She will go into any competition with a mindset of, ‘Why come here if we aren’t going to win,’ which is really great,” McCormack said. Montgomery said the teacher who has influenced her the most is S-C math teacher Jennifer Crane because she seems to really care about the students she teaches. “She is an amazing teacher and I definitely have learned a lot from her,” Montgomery said. Her advice for the future senior class is, “It flies by really fast so try and remember everything.” “There is only a handful of people that I think are going to do great things and Katelynn is one of them,” McCormack said. “I wish Katelynn all the best with her future endeavors.” Montgomery is planning to attend the University of Missouri-Columbia and major in Clinical Laboratory Sciences, which is her backup plan in case she doesn’t get into medical school. “I’m ready to graduate and start the next part of my life,” Montgomery said.



TIGER TIMES

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I, **Emma Sharp**, leave **Akaycia Mather** Marvel movies, lots of pizza, nasty jelly beans, and homework/study sessions. I give Walmart runs and pints of ice cream, and, most importantly, my gratitude for six years of putting up with me and my homework questions.... But really, thank you for the friendship we’ve formed over our love of Marvel, being extra, making fun of me, and being in the same classes together. You’re the bomb.com. To **Marta Treuner**, I leave you Ms. Cairer’s Kindergarten classroom, countless soccer games, and that “Get Low” video that should have never been created. I give you limitless sour suckers and pasta. Love you ya weirdo. **Gabbie Sproles**, I leave a listening ear for your daily doses of “tea” and the hopes that you remember me someday when you’re making it big on Broadway. You’re going to be famous, I can feel it. **Quinn Jones** and **Sarai Cervantes**, I leave football games and our Dairy Queen dates after. I’m so glad I found people who also didn’t really have a clue what was going on to watch with. To **Ashley Webb**, I leave the scariest driving experience of my lifetime (we will never speak of it). Make your senior year fun...it makes it go much faster than you think. **McKenna Perusich**, I leave a lifetime supply of Valentine’s Day candy, too many nicknames, and our sixth grade notes notebook. I give you many memories of laughter, and much thanks to the counselors at the middle school for putting us in **Mr. Yeager**’s class together. To **all the teachers that had multiple (or all) of the Sharp girls**, I leave endless amounts of ham and cheddar rolls and party mix, and a huge thank you for putting up with us for so long (17 years to be exact).

I, **Jonzel Washington**, leave **Davin Scribner** the job to create all of the dope inside jokes at track. It’s a pretty hard job but I’m sure you’ll do great. Don’t screw it up now. Whenever you get to Columbia hit me up because we’ll hang out constantly. To **Camden Gear**, I leave a small loan of \$1 million to help out your art career. Hopefully one day you’ll actually be the next Picasso. To **Drennen Sampson**, I leave you as the (un)official leader of the percussion section. Even though you might not get captain itself you still gotta lead them all in the right direction, but don’t forget to screw off a little in between OK? Nobody likes a dictator. I have so many memories with you and you’re the main reason why my junior/senior years were amazing. I love you brother. Hey bro if

there’s a fermata what’s the point in even counting? And never forget that my head has been killing me all day. To **Morgan Spratley** I leave the responsibility of the section. I know it’s uncertain at this point on who will be the official leader right now but if by chance you don’t get it there’s just one answer to that: Who cares? Don’t let that stop you from putting them in the right direction. Also you’re going to have to goof off with Drennen while I’m gone for me. Be Jonzey 2.0 for the little guy. I also leave you Vic Firth everything to help replace all of the sticks that you have let me borrow over the years. You’ve made high school a great experience for me. Thanks man.To **Devan Scroggins**, I officially leave you every bit of lightskin powers that I own. I know you already have some drip but why not a little bit more? Thank you for pushing me in AC and in track, I’m going to miss you buddy. To **Caleb Clark**, I leave you the official speaker of slowness at track. You have the ability to call out what you see, just make sure you aren't the one falling under yourself. Wouldn’t wanna sound like a hypocrite now. Keep working, you have the potential to be a beast in high school, no cap. To **Trinidad Kleme**, I leave you the heart of percussion. Don’t let those idiots fight all the time. Spread love not hate. I’m glad that I had the opportunity to get to know you this year, you’ve proven to be a great person on and off the field. I’ll never forget when you answer with “which one?”. Officially the most savage moment in the year by far. Take good care of the guys while I’m gone. To **Carlos Guzman**, I leave you the title of Master of the Memes. You never fail to make me laugh



Cadet Tristan Perkins salutes veterans as they enter the gym before the annual JROTC Veterans Day ceremony.

in comp, without you in the class I’d be so so so so bored. Our petty little arguments when you act like you’re dumb to just test me were the best. Thank you man. Also you’re gonna be one of the few people I know in Mizzou when I get there so hang out with a man down on his luck please and thank you. To **Keyshawn Williams**, I leave you a huge guinea pig ball because you’re always seem to be gettin’ hurt. But in all honesty thank you for making me laugh throughout the year, you’re definitely in my top 3 of Freshmen, I’m gonna let you figure out which one that is. Thank you for all of the memories man. To **Pablo**, I leave you as the joker of football and track. Never fail to have fun, but also know when seriousness is needed. You’re definitely one of the strongest Freshmen, work for that top spot young blood. To me completely honest I have no idea what your last name was, probably some Jewish/Latino hybrid that I’m not even gonna try to touch. You’re better off as just Pablo anyways **Alejandro**. To **Carmen Brock**, I’m not quite sure what to leave you because you basically have everything needed in life. Tremendous personality, passion, and integrity. Thank you for ALWAYS caring about the decisions that I made in life and checking up on me when things ain’t look too good. To **Ashley Young**, I leave you with all of my idiocracy. It’s not like you already have an abundance of it already, but what’s a little bit more? Thank you for never failing to make a bad day good. You’re one of the best teachers to ever walk the halls of Smith-Cotton. We never got to redo that newspaper picture now did we? And to **Jake Thomas, Grace Edgar Isaac Spilker, Herbert Chinchilla, and Tyler Eckhoff**; Thank you. Thank you for being the best group to grow around throughout high school. You’ve always had my back and picked me up when I was down. You are my best friends. I hope you guys literally have the best lives after high school, nobody else deserves it if you guys don’t. You all have played a big part on my high school career than anybody else. I truly love each and everyone of you and wish you guys the best. But I’m not saying goodbye, nor will I ever. I’ll still visit Sedalia for my State Fair peeps. Don’t think that I won’t drive up to Truman to see you either Grace, because I’ll prove you wrong. We’re finally here guys. It’s the end of a chapter, but certainly not the conclusion of the book.

Olivia Dailey

By Natalie Adermann, Tiger Times

Olivia Dailey’s high school career has been full of twists and turns, but she overcame all of it and is ready to continue her journey. Dailey has been involved in Smith-Cotton show choir and theater all four years of her high school career. She was in “Smokey Joe’s Cafe” and “A Piece of My Heart” her freshman year, “Little Shop of Horrors” her junior year, and “The Sound of Music” and “Radium Girls” her senior year. Dailey was also involved in Theater for a Cause and the district One-Act this past year. Although Dailey has found an interest in those activities all her life, she first got involved when she moved to Sedalia from New Mexico when she was 14, right before starting her eighth grade year. Family is what brought her to Missouri, where she currently lives with her aunt and uncle, Kelly and Brett Hieronymus. Dailey has lived with the Hieronymus family off and on, but most frequently through her sophomore and junior years. Brett Hieronymus describes Dailey as quiet sometimes, but also very vibrant at others. “She is strong, yet fragile and has a very bright future if she keeps her head on straight,” said Hieronymus. He believes that it was his and his wife’s goal to give Dailey a loving home. Hieronymus stated that it was important that Dailey could “find herself.” Hieronymus added that Dailey has made an interesting addition to their family. “Some awesome things, some frustrations, and some ‘What the heck were you thinking?’ moments — don’t all teenagers do that?” Hieronymus said. He believes Dailey’s hard work and good character has earned her each of her accomplishments. One of those accomplishments came at a show choir competition in Branson, where Dailey won Best Female Stage Presence.

HAWKINS

From Page 1

roles within the band and her passion for music was clear. She was baritone/euphonium section leader her sophomore year and was the drum major for the past two years. One of the biggest challenges in her high school career appeared in Hawkins’ freshman year. Her house burned down and she



“That is something that I’ve always strived for,” said Dailey. She has achieved many other awards in her years of show choir. She auditioned and was accepted into the Missouri District Choir in 2017 and 2018, as well as receiving a 1 rating for District Solo Contests in 2017 and 2018. In 2017, Dailey received a 1 rating for State Solo Contest and Bronze rating for State Solo Contest in 2018. She earned Vocal Music letters in 2016-2018, and was an Alto Section Leader for New Score in the 2018-2019 season. “She is always ready to play a leading or supporting role, to the best of her ability, for the advancement of an entire team,” said Director of Vocal Music Anna Wooderson in a recommendation letter for Dailey. Wooderson added that throughout her years of show choir, Dailey has become a leader who displays many valuable traits. Although Dailey is very involved in the fine arts department, she would try out for a sport if she had the opportunity to do high school all over again. Dailey would advise underclassmen to try everything that they can, and to not be scared of the unknown. “Don’t ever short yourself,” said Dailey.

Looking back on high school, Dailey has seen the importance of being surrounded by loving people. She believes that is what has helped her overcome her struggles that she has been faced with. Dailey is thankful for the opportunity that she has been given to live with her aunt and uncle, and is forever thankful for it. “They gave me a secure home,” Dailey said. Hieronymus is also thankful for being able to raise Dailey, at least for the past few years. “I hope she knows her true self worth and never settles for anything less than what she deserves,” said Hieronymus. Kelly Hieronymus also has had a huge impact on Dailey’s life. “Aunt Kelly is Olivia’s biggest fan, cheerleader, and supporter,” said Hieronymus. Dailey plans to attend Northwest Missouri State University on a vocal music scholarship. Hieronymus would like to leave Dailey with one thing: “I am very proud of her and love her very much although I probably do not tell her or show her enough.” Hieronymus adds that throughout their journey together, Dailey has become his own child.

lost everything she owned. “The fire had started in my room, so I literally only had the clothes on my back after the fire,” said Hawkins. It was a hard time for her family, but with the help and support of the community things eventually got better. After high school, Hawkins is going miss the support of the students and teachers at S-C, but is also going to miss the community of Sedalia. She recently accepted a scholarship to the University of Central Missouri to perform in the concert and

marching bands. She has plans to major in music technology. Besides college, Hawkins isn’t sure what she wants to do after she graduates, but is constantly looking for new things to get involved with. Hawkins is looking forward to being more independent, but is also scared of having her own independence. As graduation gets closer, Hawkins feels excited and is ready for it. “I need to start this new chapter in my life. It will be exciting to go beyond high school and do more things,” said Hawkins.

Hayden Ellis

By Victoria Wheat,
Tiger Times

Smith-Cotton senior Hayden Ellis wasn’t sure graduation would ever come, but as the date gets closer he is anxious, but ready. Ellis’ high school experience was sculpted by everyone at S-C.

“Whether that be the students, staff, or administrators, everyone at Smith-Cotton is looking out for your best interest and truly wants you to succeed,” said Ellis. When Ellis graduates, he will miss the community atmosphere and the people of S-C. During the past four years, he has met and gotten to know several friends, teachers, and mentors. These people have impacted Ellis and have shaped him into who he is today.

There have been a few dramatic changes in Ellis since his freshman year. He grew both in maturity and as a person. As soon as Ellis entered high school, he immersed himself in the groups and clubs at S-C. During his freshman year, he joined Team SCREAM, the Student Council Executive Board, and the baseball team. He was inducted into National Honor Society his sophomore year, joined SPIZ his junior year, and joined DECA his senior year. These clubs and teams have been of big importance in his high school career. They have all helped impact his character, attitudes, and maturity. Each group has helped him in different ways.

Certain groups such as Student Council and NHS have showed him the importance of community service. Team SCREAM, the competitive robotics team, allowed him to take pride in his work and discover what hard work truly is. Baseball has helped him mature and gain discipline on and off of the field, and even though Ellis joined DECA his senior year, it has given him leadership experience and helped him get over



Team SCREAM scout Hayden Ellis tells emcee Jojo Aguilar that the Smith-Cotton High robotics team will invite Team 2383 - The Ninjineers of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., to join its alliance at the 2018 FIRST Robotics World Championships in Houston. Ellis and Team SCREAM returned to the World Championships again in 2019.

his fear of speaking in front of an audience.

“Looking back on my freshman year, I have come a long way. From someone who was afraid to talk in front of a class of 20 to a new person who is not afraid to speak in front of 2,000 people at a robotics competition,” said Ellis.

S-C math teacher Gary Meyer likes to think that Ellis is still that same 9-year-old he saw on the field when he was playing for the Sedalia Bombers baseball team.

“I don’t think he has changed much. He has always been a responsible kid and allows having fun in whatever he does,” Meyer said. One of Meyer’s favorite memories of Ellis is the annual baseball game they would play against Warrensburg. Ellis’ love of the game always put a smile on Meyer’s face. Even though it is sad he is graduating, he is sure Ellis will do good in life because of his desire to do well. Ellis is extremely thankful for his time

with Meyer.

“He has been there through it all,” Ellis said.

Throughout his whole high school experience, Ellis has always struggled with test anxiety. To get over this he took every opportunity he had to familiarize himself with certain tests, such as the ACT. He ended up doing better than what he expected and surpassed his goal when it came to those tests. Ellis encourages everyone to apply themselves and take the harder classes, along with taking the ACT a few times.

“For anyone who has test anxiety, slow down, breathe, and have confidence. Get out there and challenge yourself and I promise you won’t let anyone down, including yourself,” said Ellis.

Without a doubt, Ellis’s favorite high school memory is building the Project Lead the Way wing. He was very excited to be able see everyone in awe when he was giving tours. Ellis is happy to call the new PLTW

wing home for Team SCREAM and is looking forward to seeing the outcome of educating students in mechanical engineering, technical engineering, and biomedical engineering.

In the fall, Ellis will be attending the University of Central Missouri in pursuit of a bachelor’s degree in computer science and cyber security. He decided to attend UCM because it was close to home and he is happy with the community of Warrensburg. Ellis is also pleased with the smaller campus that will be easier to navigate.

As he gets older, Ellis is looking forward to being proud of all that he will accomplish. “Whether that be pride in the work that I do every day, pride in the children that I have raised, or pride in the wife that I married, I am looking forward to having things to be proud of. Things that you can say, ‘Yeah, I did that.’”

High school had its ups and downs. At the end of the day I, **Jose Zaragoza**, learned that with struggle comes knowledge and that there is always going to be a better day. I want to give a special thanks to **Principal Wade Norton** for the chances he's giving me and for giving me confidence that I can do better. I want to thank **every teacher** for dealing with me in class and for pushing to better our mind in the classroom and out of the classroom. Smith-Cotton will forever be my school and I will always support it. Thank You for the priceless experiences and memories. I made amazing friends here and i became a part of a community here.

I, **Mackenzie Newell**, want to thank all of my teachers for always encouraging me to be the very best that I can be. To **Mr. Young**, thank you for always making me laugh and cheering me up when I'm sad or just annoyed by others. To **Mr. Willson**, thank you for always making me feel like I'm worth a million bucks. To **Mr. Meyer and Mr. Fisher**, thank you for teaching me math and making me awesome at it. To **Mrs. Scheiner and Miss Shaffer**, thank you for helping shape me into becoming an awesome future teacher. To **Mrs. Brock**, thank you for everything that you've helped me with to prepare me for my future plans! To my **Smith-Cotton Cheer Team**, I miss you terribly already. I loved EVERY second of cheering with you guys, stunting, our laughs and long talks. Thank you guys for making my senior year the VERY best year at Smith-Cotton. Please make sure to listen to the coaches, they know what they're talking about and are pretty darn amazing! To both **Coach Carrie and Coach Karmen**, thank you so so very much for giving me the awesome opportunity to be a Smith-Cotton cheerleader, for always believing in me & for noticing that I'm a very dedicated & hard worker. To **Mr. Norton & Sgt. Cline**, thank you for always keeping me safe! To **fellow Smith-Cotton students**, please listen to your teachers and get involved with any and all opportunities you're given. Smith-Cotton is truly an amazing school, with amazing teachers that truly care about each and every student. Here's to an awesome future for me in education and I will hopefully end up teaching and coaching for the Sedalia 200 school district!

I, **Herbert Chinchilla**, leave **Isaac Spilker** the 20 nuggets and large fries, I already



Prom 2019 royalty: Queen Marta Treuner, King Dylan Coterel and Princess Katelyn Beebe.

finished mine and you're behind. To **Jonzel Washington**, I leave you some biscuits and gravy, I'll keep the almonds. To **Jake Thomas**, the phrase "cheep", not "chirp", a new speedometer, and the blue javelin, I like the rainbow one better. To **Carlos Guzman**, the Chad personality and all the tennis balls I launched out of the park. To **Tristan Perkins**, I leave you fifth and seventh hour, as well as the Nintendo Switch so you can practice. To **Maris Herrington**, I give you some of my points in anatomy, as well as all the caffeine you can handle. To **Audrey Currey**, all the ironic Texas shirts I can possibly find. And finally, to my beloved **underclassmen**, I leave the rest of my effort, happiness, and willpower. I hope you all learn from my many, many mistakes and become the absolute best you all can be.

I, **Penelope Main**, leave **Gene Walker** a car that doesn’t break down in three days, but I’ll always be a walk away from a constant ride to class. I also leave you many rants and snack runs. I leave **Carin Whitall** countless bus rides to wrestling and soccer, a lot of spilled tea, and announcer that doesn’t call you Karen Whitul and a ride to Dominos. I leave **Jessie Hayes** a new back-up camera, a bumper and plenty of duct tape In case of snow. For **Brody Kindle** I leave a pencil, headphones and passing grades for graduation. I leave **Freja Ketilsson** the sound “R” makes in America and a flight back to Missouri. I leave the **Girls Soccer Team** business braids, the woah, plenty of spit, crocs for cones, and the best of luck. Always stick to what you love even when the hourglasses suck. To **the wrestlers** I leave scales that you’ll always make weight, plenty of Bangs, and state qualifiers. But especially

Kathryn Philbrook, sprints after your first win and plenty of gum. **Everett Wood and Triston Cook**, I leave your forever nicknames, Gimp and Crutch. Gimp for you plenty of apple juice. And Crutch for you squid wars colored eyes. I leave my **teachers, coaches, preschoolers, and classmates**, an overload of thank you notes, without many of you I wouldn’t be the person I am today and certainly wouldn’t be pursuing a teaching degree. Finally, even though missing many of you, I leave my youngest siblings, **Davin and Trinity Scribner**, the best years left of high school, excelled grades and sport successes. I love many of you more than you’ll ever know .

I, **Kaylee Bohle**, leave **Jake Thomas** his second semester of chemistry, endless inside jokes, and an unforgettable handshake. To **Nate McFail**, I leave stolen UCM shirts, an archery medal since he could never get one, and an award for teaching me how to drive a stick shift. To **Brett Robertson**, summer conversations, fight night, and pointless drama that only made our friendship stronger. To **Shelby Bradshaw**, I leave long rant sessions, pale jokes, and a forever friendship.

I, **Kelsey Sharp**, hereby wish to to leave the following: To **the golf girls**, a lot of laughs, and good memories. Strive to do your very best, and try not to hurt Coach Guffey this year. To **Kelsey Anderson**, for being my favorite underclassman, always surround yourself with positive people, and be sure to make as many memories as you can. To **Marta**, thank you for being a great friend through all the years, and thank you for the ability to learn how to squat. To **Mrs. Swafford**, thank you for being my aunt at the school and for the words of wisdom when I come visit you in the office. To **Mrs. Dean**, thank you for your willingness to always help, and being the best teacher and role model. To **Mrs. Brock**, thank you for being the best counselor and making these four years of high school bearable. You were always willing to work with us and ensure that we had the best high school experience. And last, to **all the underclassmen**, be sure to get involved in as many things as you can and just enjoy the time you have. High school will be over before you know it.

I, **Adaleigh Hazel**, leave **Dalton Bartlett** endless peach cobbler, Perkins, four Jr. Bacon Cheeseburgers, and a large Dr Pepper with no ice. Along with endless ratchet straps, tool boxes and my address for a wedding invitation. I leave **Tyler Gerken** endless haircuts, Cop tops, Perkins and silly string. I leave **Colton Motsinger** unlimited chances of being in my way every time we change blocking and the permission to always pick on **Chase**. I leave **Chase McMullin** our pre-show ritual, an endless amount of Bangs, and a gorilla stuffed animal. To **Bryson Mckneely**, i leave our little dance in the beginning of “Come Alive,” a lifelong supply of Starbucks cups and endless peace signs. I leave **Alexa Rice** a life supply of hugs, hourlong rant sessions and a Cherry Dress. I leave **Alyssa Lowe** all the shares in the world. Along with late-night hotel laughs and the nickname Penni Head. To **Ashley Webb**, I leave every Billie Eilish and Khalid song in the world, along with an endless supply of glitter and makeup brushes. I leave **McKenna Perusich** a lifelong supply of hugs and back scratches, along with plane tickets to come home and all the #WINS in the world. To **Olivia Dailey**, I leave many nights spent laughing until our stomachs hurt, the times spent under the spotlight, stale cheese balls, and endless coffee. I leave **Macie Curry** our early morning and late night adventures, the mountains in Colorado and the endless supply of tan skin. I leave **Alysa Evans** not only the summer of 2016 but every memory we created in it. From being in the pool for hours, to the endless amount of Crunch Dipped cones from DQ. I leave the endless trips to the cliff with the windows down, Russ blaring in the background and a real fruit strawberry slushy with nerds. I leave all our late night talks about life and arguments we’ve shared. And lastly a quote: “Everything will work out in the end. You don’t need to know how, you will just have to trust that it will.” I leave **Jackson Hazel** courage. Courage to be yourself and to always stand up for what is right. To prove people who doubt you wrong. You are smart and talented in ways you don’t even realize. Show them who you are, I love you bub. I leave **Smith-Cotton Show Choirs** the ability to let the world see what you guys are made of. You all are powerful, energetic and strong - you can take on anything that comes your way. Don’t be afraid to be yourselves, in fact demand to be heard. The world deserves to hear it. To

Ms. Wooderson, i leave my laugh (that i know you’ll miss hearing every day), endless amounts of coffee but also a thank you. Thank you for giving me a place to feel at home. For being the person to see my potential and expecting nothing less from me. For being there whenever i need a shoulder to cry on and a listening ear. You are a very strong woman and i’m so glad that you were part of my high school experience. You have truly impacted my life in many ways you’ll never know and i’ll miss you dearly. And to **Kelsey Wallace**, I leave the whole world and then some. You are the most deserving person to have walked this earth. Words will never be able to describe my appreciation for you. From loving me on my good days and loving me harder on my bad ones. For helping me pick up the pieces when i thought i couldn’t and never pushing me, but instead sitting down with me for a while. The endless laughs, last minute adventures, lunch dates and coffee runs will forever hold a special place in my heart. And lastly I leave you a quote: “A friend is someone who knows the song in your heart and can sing it back to you when you have forgotten the words.” Thank you for making my world a brighter place. I love you Sizzor Wallace.

I, **Tyler Janke**, leave to **Akaycia, Emma, Gabbo, Edward, Gabe, and Dylan** "very geography."

I, **Grace Edgar**, would like to start off by leaving **all the first hour teachers** I have ever had with the tolerance to put up with my being late every day. **Kassidy Abney**, I leave you six years of volleyball together. I leave you all the car rides, especially the camping rides home where someone's dog may have left a present in your lap. I leave you late night convos, and photo shoots; in the pool, for poshmark, in Quinns backyard, of you reading books, etc... I leave you all the Snapchat filters that give us those funny voices, and the laughs that will never end. **Jonzel and Drennen**, I leave you all the memories from drumline, all the regrets from Dayton, and countless laughs in the back, laying down behind the timpani. I leave you guys all the love yous that you need to feel better when one of us is down, and a friendship that will last a lifetime. And for you Jonzel, I leave you room spray. Nasty. To all the cool people in band: **Michylah Hawkins, Logan Goodwin, Gabe Decker, Will Hooton**

(sometimes), **Trinady Klemme, and others**: I simply leave you a thank you, for making band tolerable. To **all my Cross Country girls and boys**, I leave you the 20 “water breaks” we would take during long runs. I leave you racepace tempo runs and our recovery days, the glorious recovery days. I leave you guys the strength to go that extra mile (literally) and to never give up. I leave you the courage to lead, and to always finish what you start. **Dylan Schilb**, I leave you every episode of “The Office” and all the references to go with it. I leave you more storm pottery glaze because everyone used it all (sorry) and all the under our breath jokes about the dumb people in pottery. Don’t you love Megalowlawns. Last, I leave you all of the walks to class, even when it meant being late. **Colby Edgar**, I leave you our old trampoline and all the games, fights, and especially the sprinkler we put underneath, to go with it. I leave you all the love in the world, and a lifetime of memories together. To **Steven Edgar and Luke Harvey**, I leave you guys the knowledge to know what’s right and wrong, and the ability to be good people. I also leave you guys the Xbox 360, and all the abandoned Minecraft worlds left on it. To **Hayden and Baby E.**, I leave you the number 1 and 2 varsity spots (you guys get to fight out who gets which spot). **Mr. Walters**, I leave you all the fishing memes. **Mrs. Eppenauer**, I leave you a lifetime supply of churros from Chocolateria San Gines. And to **all the friends and teachers I have had throughout high school**; thank you for shaping me into the person I am today.

I, **Tristan Perkins**, leave my street cred to **Vlad Husyev**. To **Brittany Bobbitt**, I leave our long walks down the hallway, along with our rides to school (and McDonald's) every morning as well as the tears you're going to cry while I'm gone. To **Zach Thornton**, I leave the car you sold me because it's a piece of crap. To **Coach McFail**, all the gains I've made in your class. To **Mr. Gregory Willson**, I leave my thanks for offering your infinite wisdom and your clever puns. I also want to thank **MacKenzie Brines-Beach** for finally making **Shep** happy. I would like to offer my sincere condolences to the entire **Cross Country team** as they have to continue running 5Ks. Lastly, I leave my GameBoy charger to **Ethan Beard**, who I sold the GameBoy to but never gave the charger.

I, **Erika Tackett**, leave **Raymond Tackett** an amazing rest of your high school career. I don’t know how you will survive without me, but I leave you multitudes of sunburns, toxic memories, and that stupid Fortnite money you are always bugging me about. To **Isabella Bryn-Johnson**, I leave you a lifetime full of late-night life chats, soy-sauce incidents, and jokes that only we understand. To **Luis Sotelo**, I leave many SAFE car rides home, “wenn sie deutsch lernen,” many many more “peinlich” moments, and a good bill of health for all of your chickens, past and present. #FelipeForever. To **Adrian Sotelo** I leave early morning McDonald’s runs and the best volleyball season I’ve ever had. To **Kassidy Abney** I leave many stat-taking opportunities and ridiculously crazy jokes for “The List” and a billion pages worth of Comp Chats. To **Carla Smith** and **my 7th hour Tiger Tutor Class**, I leave infinite wisdom of The Giver, and many days spent being a small little family. Carla, I am so blessed to have worked with you and your class! To **Frau Cooper**, I leave many many many Deutsch errors, food projects, and an awesome trip to Germany! To **my Bravo Company Kids**, I leave an entire year of amazing memories and a family of cadets I will never forget. To **Coach Chad Harter**, I leave a lifetime full of PTSD filled Flashbacks when I hear the word “Go”. Your faith in me as an athlete has motivated me so much! To **Coach Jeremy Bartz**, I leave long bus rides filled with life-chats, the lessons that I have learned from you over the years is something that I will remember for the rest of my life! To **Smith-Cotton High School as a whole**, I thank you for an amazing high school career that has helped shape who I am. Peace out, SCHS!

I, **Kassidy Abney**, leave **Matt Thompson** Red Bull and numerous classes spent in the library even though neither of us have read since fifth grade. I also leave you a charger because you're constantly asking me for one. To **Quinn Jones and Sarai Cervantes**, I leave countless FCCLA trips and Sarai crying when a Shawn Mendes song came on. To **Erika Tackett**, I leave all of our inside jokes and taking stats at volleyball. To **Mrs. Eppenauer**, I leave multiple years of Spanish class and I thank you for putting up with me for as long as you did. To **Coach Harter**, I leave a lifelong fear of the word “Go” and many Gus stories in math class.



To **Coach Bartz**, I leave circuits and many life lessons. I also leave a couple of volleyballs to the face during warm-ups. To **the volleyball team**, I leave 6 a.m. practices, lots of conditioning, and a successful season. Work hard and enjoy it while you can, because before you know it, it will be the last time you step foot on the court.

I, **Felicia Wallace (Ortiz)**, leave **Sarah Bradbury** all the cute cats in the world. I also leave **Karen Sanchez** money for all the snacks she bought in the morning after practice. I leave **Derrick Kreisel** all the goofy laughs one can have. I leave all **my drill team babies** the best next few years and I hope you all do great! I leave **the JROTC instructors** my everlasting appreciation. I leave **Saul, Dylan, and Ilia** all the country roads America has. And last but not least I leave my little **Cinta** and **Skaggs** my motherly approval forever.

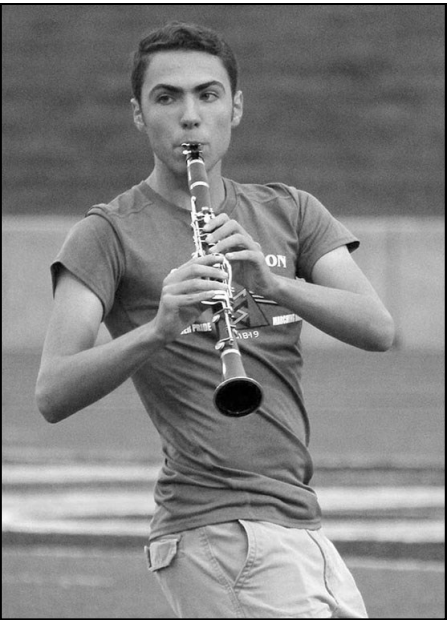
I, **Jarrett Gresham**, leave my gratitude for my friends **Lilly, Amanda, Chandler, Sasha, John, Austin, David, Cody Cox, Cody Jones, Chelsey, and Shirley** (sorry if I spelled any names wrong) for putting up with my nonsense during my time here. For **Mr. Willson**, thanks for making history, my former least favorite subject, fun and interesting. For **Mrs. Bergman** (formerly known as Ms. Stees), thanks for helping me get a proper grip on English and being a good supportive figure through my junior year. For **Mr. Lazenby**, thanks for being a helpful and understanding teacher in his computer classes. For **Ms. Weiss**, thanks for awakening my interest in art. And for **Ms. Brock**, thanks for helping me through my journey through high school. I have left in **Mrs. Bergman’s** and **Mrs. Flandermeyer's** hands a four-act play for their use if they so wish. Many of the names I have listed belong to people who have already left Smith-Cotton by either graduation, transfer to another school, or other miscellaneous reasons. It's been one crazy ride, and I need no long

speech for my departure, so I will give one last word of advice to anyone willing to listen. "Stay strong, laugh in the face of adversity, and keep a smile on your face. Strive for a journey of laughter and buckle in for the ride." I may be a foolish, messed-up kid, but everyone stayed there with me. From the bottom of my heart, thank you and farewell.

I, **Lyndon North**, want to commemorate the many memories throughout my high school experience. I first want to recognize **the football team** and the brotherhood I share with many of the guys I have grown up with playing the game. To **Garrett Walkington**, I shall never forget the endless amount of laughs and remarks about my stupidity and inability to speak the English language, and for also being my best bud since 5th grade. **Will Knight**, I leave you the countless weekends Garrett and I spent at your house playing basketball and always picking the scariest movies to watch. To **the scumbags out in left field**, I leave you this tradition that I was proudly a part of making. To the **coaching staff of the football team**, I want to thank you for showing me the true values of life and how to be a better man. I also want to thank **Coach Guffy** for teaching me a love for a new sport, even though I’m not the best at it. And to **the golf team**, I want you to always remember to grip it and rip it. **Jacob Baker** has always been and always will be a lifelong friend. I want to thank teachers such as **Mr. Harter, Mr. Hanson, and Frau Stallins**. These teachers have taught me more than just math and German. They taught me how to treat everyone fairly, and to try and just get along with one another. And finally I want to thank **Abby Bruce**. Even though we didn’t know each other till about half way into my senior year, I’m still very thankful for getting to know you and share memories with you. Thank you for walking with me in the halls and putting up with my goofy personality.

I, **Edward Toderescu-Stavila**, of relatively sound mind and body, do hereby declare my Last Will and Testament. To the **Smith-Cotton Band**, I will plenty of water to survive band camp, tuners and metronomes, one last "Drake Shake," and a "That's not good for those" for every time someone drops their instrument. To **Smith-Cotton HOSA**, I will daily reminders that HOSA is in fact not a club. To **Senora Eppenauer**, I will a daily rabbit trail 100 percent guaranteed to veer the class off topic, and some cactus from the Global Foods Market. To **Mr. Janke**, I will anti-communist sentiments, history memes, and constant Ron Swanson references. To **the JV Tennis Team**, I will one final "JV doesn't matter." To **Hunter Sparks**, I will one album of BTS, a "Stucky" meme, and the ability to show up to meetings on time. To **Reagen Mullins**, I will exactly six mocha frappuccinos. Not seven, not five: exactly six frappuccinos. To the **S-C HOSA 2019-20 Officer Team**, I will the ability to take this chapter to new heights and (more importantly) the ability to navigate the crowds of SLC successfully. To **Mr. McNeal, Mr. Kailus**, and **Mr. Lamar**, I will the ability to be patient with students who fail to turn in assignments on time (despite the fact that you all already possess it). To **Mr. Young**, I will a literal vault of anti-communist jokes/truths and the ability to freely use them without restraint, along with a vault of very, very bad Will Ferrell impressions. To **Kylie Neal and Envie Johnson**, I will the perseverance to plan the 2020 and 2021 Activities Banquets - Good luck! To **Smith-Cotton Speech and Debate**, I will the ability to interrupt during crossfire by exclaiming "ACTually." To **Cayden Brewington**, I will an English horn that doesn't not play, and to **Autumn Bauer** I will a piccolo that doesn't not play in tune. To the **S-C Envirothon Team**, I will the ability to answer questions with full confidence despite having literally no idea what's going on. To **Mr. Maledy**, I will exactly 42,389 pencils, a sign that says "Give me pencils or give me death," and 17 2-Liters of Coke. Finally, to the **S-C Administration**, I will one final goodbye and thank you for everything. Signing off, Edward.

I, **Katerina (Katya) Sheremet**, leave to **all the future and present band kids**, laughter and newly created traditions. Band will become your second family and that bond will grow with each competition



Edward Toderescu-Stavila performs in the marching band preview.

you go to. To **all the future auxiliary players in band**, a brand new aux cart to help you carry all your beautiful auxiliary instruments up and down that hill. If you find a black eighth note stuck on there somewhere, that was me. His name is Boat, by the way. I wonder if you figured out why yet. To **Angel Bryant**, a secret Santa. I wonder what it could be? To **band**, 15 minutes before a performance call time because it taught me to be early is to be on time. To **Betzy Ortiz-Rivas**, a car ride home because you always seemed to want to go grab something before heading back to school after CTC. The gummies were much appreciated. To **Mrs. Blackburn**, a new bookshelf so you can hold even more romance books. you can never have too many books. To **Chris Bryant**, shins guards because I'm returning the promise. I have not forgotten either. Chess king right here. To the City Museum, an angry frown for giving me blisters on both my hands. To **Damien (KillerAnts)**, the forbidden word. Nothing more needs to be said. To **David Gorpnich**, the label of "malinke deetke" because that's what you and your sisters were always called. To **David Rodgers**, the chess club presidency. I never really was the chess club president but I feel like you'd fill those shoes pretty nicely. To **Dominick Youngblood**, a seat next to me at lunch because you always sat next to me when I was being a loner. To **Edward Toderescu-Stavila**, a copy of "The Greatest Showman" soundtrack because that's what we listened to while rid-

ing on the tram at the zoo. To **Emma Flowers**, more time because that's what you always need on those art projects of yours. To **Erika Hilario**, the Erikatya and the Shilarimet which has kept records of our school experiences, be it small rambles about a boring day or a school field trip. To **Ilia Afatarli**, an endless supply of apples because it always seems like you have one in band class. Don't worry, I haven't touched any of them. To **Mr. Kailus**, a detailed train because we always got off topic in AP class. The class conversations just went all over the place. To **Lilly Wagenknecht**, a small potted mint plant that died because I forgot I had it behind the curtain. To **Mr. Maledy**, gratitude for always pushing us to be better. You grew me into a better musician than I thought I could be at this point. I promise I'll continue to play even if my flute is ugly and discolored. To **Maria Sheremet**, the nickname Mika because that's all I'm ever going to call you. Enjoy your high school experience while it lasts! To **Mess McBride**, a hug for trusting me enough to tell me what was going on. To **Noah Hrehor**, a wall. Maybe add a few hair fluffs, too. To **Mrs. Peck**, a big thank you for convincing me to stay in band freshman year. I don't even want to imagine how life would be like if I didn't stay. To **Sarah Adams**, a chromebook because you always liked switching them around before giving them to Erika and me. To **Sydney Kocsis**, flute superiority because I never pushed myself as much as you have and that shows in your skills. Rock those solos. Finally, I leave to **myself** a note: Whatever is happening in your life at this moment, be it amazing or depressing, know that you love the people around you and want to see them happy. So, spread that love and happiness around. There are people out there who would really appreciate it. Best of wishes to all the Class of 2019!

I, **Michylah Hawkins**, leave the **Marcomm team** my approval for when Mr. Wright doesn't give it to you. I also want to leave **Lowell Pilliard** a cookie and all of my video editing skills. To the **future drum major(s)**, I want leave all my knowledge, confidence, and patience. In, addition to that, I want to leave **Lucy Mahalovich** all the money I still owe you for the chocolate bars. Thanks to everyone who made my senior year a great one, and I would like to leave these people the wonderful memories we've had.

I **Carlos Guzman**, leave **Dylan Schillb** great appreciation for teaching how to not be Mute Man and how to become Young Savage; I owe you for the clout and the drip that I now behold, I look forward to going to college with you, thanks for being the first person to encourage me to branch out and meet new people I will be forever in debt with you because of that. To **Colten Mitchell**, I leave him the biggest mouse cursor in existence, thank you for the laughs in English class and the shenanigans we did together, you went from praying for the drip to giving out the drip, I thank you for always being a great friend that I can rely on, I hope to one day return that gift to you. To **Vlad Husyev**, thank you for the wisdom and for being my right hand man in all of my high school career, I could always depend on you when I needed help and the overall knowledge that you have given me will last me forever, thanks you for motivating me to do well in school and facing challenges straight on. To **Zach Barnes**, thanks for the late night CS:GO gaming sessions, and for being the anchor that held the team together, I hope our friendship does not end after graduation and keep doing our shenanigans. To **Cristian Barcenass**, best tennis manager period and also thanks for being a great friend and always making jokes. To **Herbert Chinchilla**, even though you call me Carl I still have love for you, thank you for always being there to talk to and giving me motivation to achieve my dreams. To **Andrew Matz**, thank you for the hugs and the positiveness you give out, you are the light at the end of the tunnel. To **Daniyel Kukosh**, thanks for the Clash of Clans tips and tricks and for being a great friend. To **Ethan Daly**, thanks for encouraging me to give out the heaters in tennis games and also for flexing on me so hard that it made me want to flex back. To **Tony Corona**, good job on the NOVICE tennis tournament and thank you for the great times at EL Espolon. And finally to **Jonzel Washington**, I didn't even know you until this school year but over this short period of time I feel like we have become great friends, I am really looking forward to going to college with you, I hope this friendship lasts up until we are just grumpy old man yelling at kids to get off our lawns; I hope all of you achieve all of your dreams and aspirations and I wish you the best of luck in your future adventures. A special shoutout to **Riley Moore and Jack Tague**, even though you will never read

this, I want to thank you both for the great years of friendship we had together.

I, **Jasmine Aime Hernandez**, leave locker 193 to the next freshman who gets it. Hope your locker doesn't get jammed. **Katelin F**, I leave you with the perennial essence of friendship. You always were, without question, willing to listen to all my drama and always give me feedback. From the time when I met your freshman self, you have willing to open up to me. You're fantastic company to have around, and make sure to keep in touch with me while you are at your dream college. Still proud of you! I also leave you all the sunscreen (ones that you are not allergic to) and the ability to one day tan instead of burn. The last thing I will to you is my time to re-watch "The Walking Dead" with you. **Erika H.**, my math partner in crime, I leave you an excessive amount of paper so you can show your work. I also leave to you a fancy quill pen with an endless amount of ink so you can use it for a long time. I will miss you my partner in crime. **Elizabeth**, I leave you the ability to see the positive in negative situations. I wish you love, hope and everlasting joy and happiness. **Star**, I will you peace, time, and happiness. Time may pass and we may grow apart, but cousins always still close to heart. To **Jennifer T.**, if you look above that same statement goes to you. Time passes and we may not have a lot of time together after HS, but you'll always be in my heart. I also will you my time, so if you ever need me to be your test subject for makeup and hair, I'll be there. **Lydia B.**, I will you a great soccer season, and all the best in your future endeavors. I'll miss telling you all about how my teeth hurt every time we run into each other in the hallways. Oh lord child, I wholeheartedly will you the opposite of my junior year, and the general antidote for turning into me. I will you the ability to write with ease, as well as an optimal soccer season. Keep killin' it, my little Lulu, I believe in you! And I did not forget about you. You will always be in my heart too. **Brother**, I leave you all the hard work you have to do because high school is not easy. So don't come crying to me because I told you so. I also leave you my ability to arrive to class late and never get a tardy. I also leave a will to continue until graduation. High school is a weird and sometimes tough time, but just keep pushing forward. Good luck, bro. **Seniors**, now we all hit senioritis at some point

BUT....senioritis is a syndrome affecting those approaching high school graduation recently classified as a medical condition causing irregular attendance and here we thought we were just goofing off. To the **future juniors and seniors of SCHS**, now you know what senioritis is, but do you know the symptoms? Let me tell you real quick. The crippling disease symptoms are laziness, excessive use of sweatpants, lack of studying, repeated absences, procrastination, Netflix bingeing, sleeping, avoiding responsibilities, and the list can go even longer. The only known cure is, I don't know GRADUATION. So stay in school kids. I will you this piece of advice: Yes, you're here to learn. Yes, you'll need to work hard and face a lot of stress over the next year or two. But don't take yourselves too seriously. Make friends, make memories, make mistakes because you will go to college and be successful no matter what. To **Mr. Tester & Mr. McNeal**, ordinary teachers teach their students to succeed. Great teachers teach their students to convert their failures into success. I would like to give you a salute for being the great teacher. To **Mrs. Howard**, you corrected my mistakes; you encouraged me with your words full of hope and support, especially through DECA. I wish you the best. I learned a lot from you! You are indeed an excellent teacher and I will really miss you. To the **UB Staff**, nothing can come close to the inspirational presence of advisors like you in a student's journey. You have no idea how important a role you play in shaping for a student. You have gave us many memories to cherish, more pounds to lose from the food that you always give us, and more time to be around you. You have helped me in so many ways that I truly do not have the words to put on here but one, which was helping me prepare and get into college. So, thank you. * BTW: I'm your No. 1 office worker of the year.

"To the fearful freshmen, the ditzzy sophomores and anticipating juniors I give you time to change, because it will happen. You will change, and your friends will change. For my seniors, my peers and classmates. I give you the future do with it what you will live for today remember yesterday and hope for tomorrow."

- Casey Dunleavy

I, **Maris Herrington**, leave my best friend, **Audrey Currey**, last-minute trips to Denny’s and late night Wal-Mart runs. We may be a hundred miles apart soon, but I will still FaceTime you every time I have a simple question. To my little brother, **Gareth Herrington**, I leave you a never-ending legacy of memes and a undying sense of humor even in difficult times. To my favorite freshmen, **Anna Johnston and Regan McGathy**, I leave y’all secretive “tea” talks, grandma dances, and the power to not care what people think about you (even when you’re definitely being weird). To some of my favorite teachers: **Mr. Hanson**, I leave you an imaginary plant (because I know you won’t take care of an actual one) and a never-ending supply of math puns; **Coach V**, I leave you the importance of Febreze (because I know your room will continue to smell forever) and an unlimited number of funny stories. Thank both of you for not only teaching me your subjects but also life lessons and the importance of humor. To **Mr. McNeal**, I leave you the responsibility of continuing Conspiracy Club because we never got around to it. To **Natalie Adermann**, I leave you a gaping hole you have to fill as the new baseball manager (the easiest thing in the world). To the **Class of 2020**, I leave you the Tiger Spirit my class lacked at the end of our reign. To the **Class of 2021**, I leave you the will to beat the seniors in everything. To the **Class of 2022**, I leave the energy to push through your remaining years of high school and urge you to take part in activities and clubs. And to **my principals**, I leave an overwhelming amount of gratitude that can only be summed up in two words: thank you.

I, **Marsha Campe**, leave the following thoughts to all of **my sign class students**: Each one of you will always be my "kid." I am so proud of the progress you all have done. It does not matter what you have done in the past, you must always look towards the future. You can change that and make it better and brighter than yesterday. Please remember this: Today is the first day of the rest of your life, live it. Congratulations on your big day!

I, **Quinn Jones**, leave **Sarai Cervantes** my passenger seat and shotgun privileges, I also leave you all the concert tickets you desire and Dairy Queen trips for chicken strip baskets. To **Kassidy Abney**, I leave an endless amount of laughs because I am tired of fake laughing at all your “jokes.” I also will you our lockers we have shared



High Voltage dancer Shelby Bradshaw and football player Collin Polley perform during the Homecoming pep rally.

and our 13 years of friendship. To **Emma Sharp**, I leave football games and patience to deal with people because I know you need it. To **Mrs.Scheiner’s Career Pathways class**, I leave you gas money for all the back and forth trips we made. To **Emma Lazenby**, I will to you vent sessions and lots of coffee and plane tickets to get away. To **Maris Herrington**, I leave you ... well, definitely not peanut butter. To everyone I have became friends with over the last four years, I leave you all the memories and good luck in the future.

I, **Akaycia Mather**, leave to my brother **Azidro**, many more mornings of deliriously dumped cereal bowls, the best of luck for your hair floof (that we will probably make fun of 20 years from now), and a million pounds of Takis to fuel you through the next three years (even though you will probably eat them all by the end of the week). I also leave you luck, motivation, and sleep because you’ll need it just like I did. To **my PBS table**, I leave you laptops that actually work for a change, really bad, corny corn nut jokes, cheese sticks, forgiveness donuts, and genetically engineered gum. (Why did we have a weird thing with food?) Also, I assure you that I have (probably) figured out my life, at least by the time you’re reading this...maybe. To **Mr. Janke**, I leave you the reminder that first hour is entirely too early to expect high-schoolers to function. I also had the fullest intentions of leaving you a massive supply of corny dad jokes and history memes, but you seem to have a concerningly large amount of those already, so I think you’re set. To **Mrs. Blackburn-Thierfelder**, I leave you wishes for a future duo like Emma and I and a

successful (and stress-free) year with NHS. To **Mrs. Crane**, I leave a future full of alpacas and the hope that your Pre-Calc kids will make a Calc class as great as ours has been. Thank you for everything you have taught me; I truly have learned so much in all your classes (and strangely, a lot about alpacas) even if I did have to do a few tests/quizzes without a calculator. To **my Trig table**, I leave doodles (even the really bad ones that don’t make any sense), the promise that I do not (and never have) drawn ducks on sailboats, and the assurance that I do not have OCD. To **Mr. Lamar**, I leave accordion sticky notes (for both your amusement and for the amusement of your future students) and baking soda volcanoes because deep down (maybe even deep, deep, deep down) I know they’re your favorite experiment. To **Ashley Thomlinson**, I leave an endless supply of bad puns to entertain us in Calc and Chem. I would leave you socks, but your sock game is already amazing. To **Katelynn Montgomery**, I leave dirt because I said I would and because of your odd fascination with it. I also leave an unhealthy amount of animal crackers (not chocolate because that’s gross) to satisfy your newly found addiction. Lastly, I leave many more nights where we blow up each other’s phones with memes. To **Emma Sharp**, I leave you Instagram inboxes full of bad (but actually really great) memes and Marvel posts. I leave you my leftover 23 plastic spoons and late night trips to Walmart with the intentions of buying alpacas but with a reality of getting ice cream instead. It has been a long time, but I give you memories of our seventh grade Pre-Algebra study sessions and those horrible (tragic) industrial tech tables where it all started. I leave you the hundreds (?) of dollars we’ve spent on movie tickets and theater snacks over the last few years. I give you cram sessions and all-nighters doing math homework and writing English essays. I leave you the laughs and tears (mostly yours - actually, almost all yours) over Marvel movies and crazy theories. I leave you mini finger violins, reminders of your wispy handwriting, exploding lunches, and friendships formed by sharing the same classes. It’s been a blast. For the years to come, I give you wishes of sleep and luck; I think we’ll both need it. To **all my friends that I have and haven’t mentioned**, I leave you shoulder taps and the reminder that, on the bright side, it’s one day closer to Christmas.

I, **Joseph Snelling**, leave to my girlfriend, **Jolee Snapp**, all of my hoodies, even my MSU one (may you keep them warm), my glasses that you like so much, and the tickets to all the movies we’ve gone to see, and all ones we will see. To **Tjay Johnson**, I leave my sanity. You’ve helped me keep it all these years, so you’ve earned it. To **Lowell Pilliard**, I leave my “mad drifting skills”. Just don’t accidentally drive into the grass. To **Blake Osteen**, I leave my guitar picks. You’re a much better player than me, and if you ever stop playing, I’ll fight you. To **Levi Barth-Fagan**, I leave my knee. You need it more than I do. To **Cameron Brown**, I leave your adoption papers. Be free, my child! To **Seth “Gibby” Greene**, I leave an insulin pen. Have fun drinking another strawberry shake. To **Aaron**, I leave UNLIMITED POWER!!! To **my whole crew**, I leave the meme page. Take care of it, I’ll be watching. To **Team SCREAM**, I leave my FIRST puns and hand circles. Stay crazy, guys. And to **Mrs. Crane**, I leave my homework. I guess there’s a first time for everything.

I, **Zakiah Egner**, leave **Mrs Eppenauer** my Spanish folder with the endless notes and all the Spanish I have learned over the past three years. To **Shelby Hampton** I leave my music binder for all the singing, all the laughs and endless iMessage games. To **Angie**, I leave our talks of forest and all our farm animals. Rest easy forest. To **Mrs Ellison**, I leave a piece of math homework for the endless homework that she has helped me with. To **Lacy Denny**, I leave a fortune cookie for all the times we went and ate Chinese. Thank you all for making my high school experience worth it.

I, **Dalton Hermanson**, leave to my brother **Camden** an undying appreciation for the value of country music. I also leave a parking spot on the end and a \$1 million Taco Bell gift card. To **Envie Johnson** and **Kylie Neal**, I leave a successful and improved activities banquet. To the **Class of 2020**, I leave motivation that will last the whole year for you because Our class needed that. To **Mr. Willson**, I leave 15 cat posters to be hung up around the room. To **Hanson**, I leave an endless supply of orange Gatorade and Cheez-Itz. I also leave you the quickest grader that you’ve ever had, oh wait, that was me. To **Mrs. Dean**, I leave an endless amount of ACT practice tests and unending thanks for your



dedication to me and my education. To **Mrs. Goodrich**, I leave an Atlanta trip that wasn’t directly in the middle of 420 fest, and a day at Coca Cola that wasn’t on the only day they were closed. To **Mulgrew**, I leave our hallway conversations about track and all the other useless things that we talked about. To **Mr Doyle**, I leave a second trip to Philadelphia and all of the Tea you could ever want. To **Mr Norton**, I leave a million senior pictures since you never had enough. To **Mrs. Brock**, I leave a lasting thanks for you dedication to our class and hopefully the next graduating class you have will be at least half as good as we were.

I, **Audrey Currey**, want to thank **every friend who welcomed me on my first day of freshman year**. I couldn’t be more thankful for the years of memories this school has been a part of. To **Maris Herrington**, the Dwight to my Michael and the Michael to my Dwight, I leave many Sonic drinks, a certificate for the best cheer manager ever, and many, many 4 for 4s from Wendy’s. I also leave inappropriately timed laughs, a don’t-get-murdered attitude, and some gas to visit me. I love you and remember to call! To **Coach V**, thank you for being the coolest seminar teacher, and I leave you free babysitting anytime. To **Erika Tackett**, I leave an impressive public speaking outline, a Sci-entology pamphlet and as many library hours we can get to. To **Coach Carrie**, I leave a million 8-count sheets, triple jumps, hands on hips and as many visits back as I can. Thank you for being my last high school coach, and guiding me to become a better leader and athlete. Please remember to leave me countless voicemails! To my sister, **Erika Lamb**, I leave as many high school memories as you can make and the confidence and bravery to try new things. And lastly, to

Cheerleaders **Audrey Currey**, **Kyla Ri-denour**, **Delaney Thorn-burgh** and **Jasmine Sims**.

the cheer team, I leave y’all a million laughs and all the sentimental crying from Coach you can get. I leave y’all with scratchy throats, rained-on poms, loud and sometimes throw-up inducing bus rides, positive attitudes, and of course, smiles. I love y’all so much, and I’ll always be praying for y’all. Always keep in mind the feelings of your fellow cheerleaders, and be a team.

I, **Jasmine Sims**, leave **Mrs. Crane** an "illegal" stamper for next years' students in Pre-Calculus for the Trig. Functions Unit. **Mrs. Steinkuhler**, I leave you a stack of tissues for when graduation night comes and the second set of commissioners in Link Crew leave. I leave **Mrs. Fisher** a sketch book for when I need something drawn up for the future. **Mrs. Butler** and **Ms. Carrie**, I leave you two with the "Best Coach Award" because I wouldn't be this successful in life without the both you. **Mr. Young**, I leave you with the "that was easy" button because you used to say, "Look, wasn't that easy?" **Arthur Sims**, I leave you with "The Most Awesome Little Brother" Award because even though I can forget you at practice sometimes and I can be jerk, you still are nice and still love me. **Mrs. Brock**, I leave you with a big box of chocolates. **Cheerleading squad**, I leave you with a jar of giggles and stupid things I would say to brighten up your day. Captain is checking out. **Upward Bound staff**, I leave you with a picture of my high school diploma because I made it and finished strong! **Bryce Langley**, I leave you with a new pair of headphones..**Mrs. Mattson**, I leave you with a big case of squeezable applesauce because I know you like them a lot. **Class of 2020**, I leave you with a premium account of something random with all the memes you can look at.

I, **McKenna Perusich**, will to **Marta Treuner** thousands of days by the water, an abundance of cups for me to hold, a one-way ticket to Florida, a pair of eyes you can see the goal with, a deck of cards that are only for **Dylan** plus some tissues with that outcome, three eggs and a pink water bottle, for you to be the Belle of the Ball at future formals, and of course thousands more memories as we grow old and wrinkly together. I will **Morgan Mateja** a coupon for a 20-minute counseling session with Momma Ken, thousands more nights family bonding over a deck of cards, more doo rags to look rough, nights with no power, screaming (not singing) car jams, a one-way ticket to Florida, all the hours spent braiding my hair back, a cloudy day and some strawberry lemonades to enjoy sightseeing, and of course all of my love you hate half of the time. I will to **Ty King** puddles of drool, bonfires that stay lit, a year without a sleepy Ken, every trucker hat in the world even though I don't know exactly what they are, being a great dad/parent to all of our kids, more nights crying over dead zombies and trying not to spoil it, an insane amount of sweatshirts to replace the ones I take with me, a mistletoe, as many Popsicles your little heart can want, spiders that you can throw out the window, honey and grain to please you, a year that will go by extremely fast, and of course my love. I will to **Reagan Braverman** a partner since '03, a job at Grammarly, as many haircuts as it takes to go on a trip to Florida, as much coffee as you can consume since Lent is over, train rides, princess and Dora birthdays, all of my presents of course, and a replacement for the trusty pink Yeti. I will to **Katelyn** and **Hannah Beebe** future friendsgivings, tons of "hail bails" to hide behind, a roommate to laugh at your jokes since you are the funniest people I know, tons of Jergens lotion, lots of dancing sessions on the road to your house, and outlets you hopefully don't shock yourself with again. I will to **Macie** and **McCade Curry** more eventful nights at Ken's and hearing McCade yell from the other end of the house, more stains on YOUR carpets, a friend that's funnier than me to replace me, a crown that doesn't fall off your head, someone to hold your sweaty hands, a new dad to take care of you, every sim package available as well as the sim house you want the most, and appreciation for all you have done for me. I will to **Sabra, Lindsey, Tayian**, and **Megan** a group chat that never dies, some-

one to constantly remind you how ditzzy you are, hope that Tay always is funny, all of MYYY sunflower seeds, every flavor of Bang energy drink this country sells, a blue cast for Megan because who wants pink, someone to care and be responsible for you while Momma Ken is gone, an endless amount of gifts to keep Lindsey going, and future sleepovers. I will to **Ashley, Olivia, Addy**, and **Alyssa** a voice memo of Addy's laugh that never goes away, Lola the Pug sung by Alyssa, a tea kettle, itchy and smelly peaches, and that roasty toasty will forever thrive. I will to **Mr. Hanson** a teacher's aide to replace my attitude but is not better than me, an endless amount of the GOOD pens, orange Gatorade and of course as many boxes of Cheez-Itz as I have consumed from your secret stash. I will to **Mrs. Brock** all of my love for everything you have done for me throughout these 4 years, many moments in your office talking about the best and the worst, the chance to immediately be able to contact you, millions of trips back and forth to your office because we forgot to talk about one minor detail, and the trust that every time I come home to Sedalia I make a special stop just to see you and your wonderful family. I will to the **Soccer Team** seeds, a season without PKs, a new mom to care for you, as many mindful moments as it takes to cut down practice time, someone to replace the sassy comments made everyday (aka Tay is the replacement), someone who yells as loud as I do, bus jams to Justin Bieber, many dubs, thousands of hourglasses (sorry), yellow cards to only the sassiest of you, and don't forget to keep breathing! I will to the **New Score** four years that will never be taken for granted, rant and crying sessions, someone to replace my neediness, more



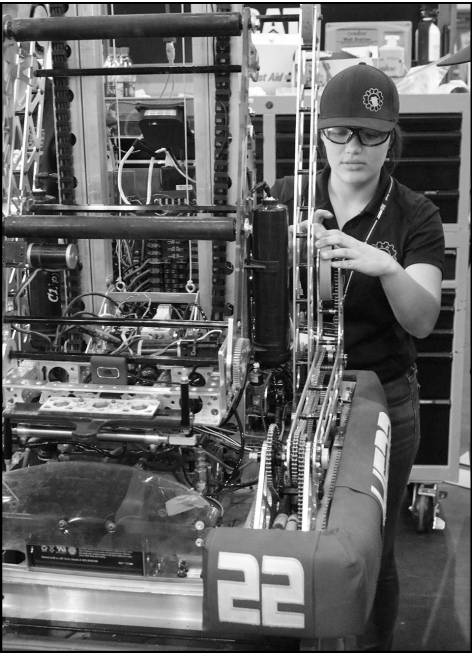
Senior Alex Beard plays Capt. Von Trapp in the fall musical, "The Sound of Music."

cuddle sessions, thousands of bus rides screaming about complete nothingness, another beautiful caterpillar Ken, and the faith to stick with it even in hard or ridiculous times. I will to the **Golf Team** another year of team bonding that's safe and of course rebellious at the same time, an unhurt coach (but who knows with **Gracie**), someone to constantly yell "you suuuuck" when they see you on the greens, funny and relatable nicknames to keep you going, multiple broken and flying clubs, Pablo the Blowfish, an endless amount of popcorn and Shirley Temples, scores under 100 but only at Districts, the love and support you all cherished me with given back for you to share with the new ones coming in, and the laughs and memories created every day we walked onto the driving range because why actually go play holes! Oh and before I forget, I will to **Tyler Williams** and **Hayden Ellis** a porta potty, a diaper, or just normal bathroom breaks, the ski mask from Utah you've been dreaming of, lots of sunscreen, and feet Hayden can walk with that don't boil from hot sand.

I, **Marta Treuner**, leave to **Dylan Kane** all the laundry you can do, lots of dates and naps. I leave you my skillful aim. I leave you with the ship may you never sink it again. For **McKenna Lee**, 1...2...3...legend.....wait for it dary. I leave you with forever holding my cup and having my back and hope you alway will have them for me. To **Emma Lou**, I leave you with my friendship for all these years, and all the nasty faces we could have made at each other. I leave to **Gabbie Sproles** how now brown cow. All the Bazooka gum you can chew. I leave you to hiding in the back of cars. I leave to you the bad influence I always was on you. To **Kelsey Sharp**, I leave the skill of knowing how to properly squat and all the seventh hour memoirs. To **Ramey Kempton**, I leave the key to the school. I leave to **Ashley Webb** all the Birks and socks in the world. To the **Soccer Team**, I leave each one of you all the hourglasses and as many deep breaths you can take and of course all the sunflower seeds you can chew. **Brandon Kindle**, I will to you my boyfriend - enjoy your weird love affair. To **Mrs. Howard**, I leave you my sanity. Thank you for always being there for me this year when it needed it. And of course all the Red Bulls you could want. **Mrs. Dean**, I will to you the best festive socks. And **Mr. Laz**, I will to you a box of Kleenexes.

I, **Macie Curry**, leave my best friend, **Reagan Braverman**, many Tuesday nights filled with yoga and tacos, late night drives with questionable decisions, an obsession for both country and Christian music, a trip to Las Vegas for your birthday, my mom's famous chicken enchiladas with homemade guacamole, a trip to Nashville on our own, 16 quizzes and three final exams, three essays in Google Docs covered in yellow highlight and pink underlines, many heartfelt talks, and 18 years of being best friends. To the best brother a girl could ever ask for, **McCade Curry**, I leave you someone to race to school with everyday since I will no longer be able to, pointless arguments even though you know I am always the one that's right, moments that make us laugh until we cry, countless times of making fun of each other, a scratch on your back bumper from the guy that hit you in McDonald's drive-thru all because I wanted a McChicken before work, all the awkward family pictures we take, and the fight we had because of the picture you posted of Khloe Kardashian as a kid on instagram and comparing it with the picture of me from sixth grade (if you know, you know). Thank you for being my best friend and brother all in one, I couldn't do life without you by my side. To **Macy Broyles**, the only person I don't mind sharing the same name with, I leave outfits that may not match, tennis shoes with a nice top, too many diets that failed because we love ice cream too much, many late night talks, shopping sprees, and a friendship that will last a lifetime. To **Lexie Arnold**, I leave you a Jesus Calling devotional that helps our days start off positive, pointless Snapchats just because we're bored, talks about people we don't like, an endless amount of pictures of Gibbs because you are obsessed, laughs that last for five minutes, and the Christian-based friendship we share that will never go away. To **Haley Wiskur**, I leave you positive quotes, a smile that can light up the whole room, agreements about how crazy our friend group is, the sweetest messages, a white Ford Edge, and a friendship that came out of nowhere. To **McCade Curry, Macy Broyles, Lexie Arnold, and Haley Wiskur**, I leave you guys a friendship that lasts forever because you guys get along so well, the incident at El Espolon that made us switch to El Tap, movie nights that turned into 'laughter nights', and our group chat that we use to mainly just talk crap on each other. To **Adaleigh Hazel**, I leave you a friendship since freshman year, gossip sessions, arguments that leave us not talking to each other for over six months,

nights that turned into mornings, 10 hours of laying out in the sun knowing that we will be burned the next day, late night trips to Walmart for a big tub of ice cream, movies that were a waste of money, a teapot kettle laugh, a snapstreak of 1,030, camping trips with my family (we both know how that went), a trip to Colorado, three concerts, messages asking if the outfit we're wearing looks OK, a not-so-great prom night, tears of joy and sadness, hatred of the same people, looks we give each other when someone we don't like talks, and last but not least, a smile that started a friendship that led to you being my soul sister. To **McKenna Perusich**, I leave you a friendship since freshman year, several red stains on your white carpet, arguments between you and **Ms. Wooderson**, dramatic moments, many pool nights and parties, and the name Kenny Wenny Penny. To **Katelyn and Hannah Beebe**, I leave you with never knowing the difference between you guys until we started hanging out, bickering between you guys at the lunch table (just like McCade and I), and Nerf gun wars in your basement. To **Kyler Simoncic**, I leave you the dissection of the cat, a promposal during a presentation during class, and the best prom date. To **Tyler Jackel**, I leave you several excuses that your mom made spaghetti for dinner so you can't hang out, MC Ruth and TJ being yelled down the hall, a free car-wash pass so I will stop going to your competitors, and the number 77 football jersey from junior year. To **Chase McMullin**, I leave you with many good morning messages even when it's not morning and a "funcler" T-shirt because we all know that you're the funnest uncle. To **Mrs. Crane**, I leave you a stamp that says "illegal" for all of the "illegal" things I did on my homework and tests. To **Mrs. Brock**, I leave you many questions regarding scholarships and 20 copies of my transcript so I don't ask you for more. Thank you for all the hard work and dedication you put in to make our senior year special. You deserve the whole world and your hard work doesn't go unnoticed. We couldn't have done our high school career without you. To **Ms. Wooderson**, I leave you all the coffee in the world, a protein shake bottle, tears and laughter, gossip sessions in your office, many late Saturday nights, trophies, and the best group of seniors you've ever had. Thank you for your motivation and commitment that helped us achieve this show choir season. To **New Score Singers**, I leave you all positive energy in the classroom, late night rehearsals, 12-hour choreography days, loud and



Team SCREAM captain Maria Aonzo checks out the team's robot between matches at the FIRST Robotics World Championships in Houston.

obnoxious bus rides, caroling around town, shopping sprees in Thompson Hills Shopping Center, arguments that lead to tears, jokes that lead to laughter, and the best show choir season I could've ever imagined for my senior year. Remember to always believe in yourself and never give up, even when it gets difficult.

I, **Natasha White**, leave to one of my best friends, **Jolee Snapp**, all the fun times in the hallways and everything we've been through together. I leave to my other close best friends, **Destiny Clancy, Jasmine Williams, Bree Young, Kiley Tumlinson, Daryna Matsko**, and plenty of other amazing friends, the many laughs and amazing times together in classes and how much you guys all mean to me. To the best teacher and coach, **Mr. Mulgrew**, I leave the many laughs during practice and the hard workouts you've given me because you can definitely keep those for other kids. To the **Class of 2020**, please show other schools that we are the best and lead the underclassmen the correct way so the school won't be a total mess. Just be prepared for what life is going to throw at you.

I, **Kelsey Wallace**, leave to **Alyssa Lowe** the late nights at your dads, seeing “ghosts”, angsty middle school rock bal-lads, and giraffe books. I leave the Impala, blue highlights, and pale yellow dresses. I leave you the cabin, Paramore, and a deck of cards. I wish you all the happiness in the world. Lastly I leave you with a quote, “We accept the love we think we deserve.” To **Olivia Dailey**, I leave an endless supply of stale cheeseballs, Beyonce albums, and late night laughs at my brothers expense. Best of luck at NorthWest and call me if you need anything! To **Addy “Heater” Hazel**, I leave an Aldi gift card for mom to make up for all the food that I’ve eaten over the last few years, I leave Christmas evenings, and roast sessions in your kitchen. I leave stoplights with the windows down (In succession I also leave bee’s and notebooks), Gurdy, and the Montero. I leave late night conversations, contemplations and mental breakdowns, and jam sessions in your car. I’ll give you the beach, and steal your forehead for old time sake. I leave you a new aux cord and an endless playlist for long car rides with no particular destination. I leave goose-bumps and fireflies, poetry, and lovely moments that can only be found in places that you have found yourself intentionally lost in. I leave you a mirror, and a window. I wish you many travels and adventures, whether I’m included or not, and the world. You are iridescent, a bright shining star, and I hope that that light never dims. I leave you lastly with the knowledge that a home isn’t a house but a person, place, or idea. A home is what you make it and you always have one with me if you want it. To **Madisyn Mabrey**, I leave my Sam’s Club card so you can stock up on DBJ for the year, also many “thriving” moments, and “Super Soprano” strength. I leave that one part in “Burnin’ Up” with the red dress, Big Time rush bops, and an acceptance letter to that college in Cali you want to go to. To **my VV kiddos**, I leave the feeling of the spotlights on your face accompanied by the rush of applause that follows. I leave you with love and open arms, as well as long lasting support. Lastly I leave you a quote, “Keep your eyes on the stars and your feet on the ground,” Theodore Roosevelt. To **Ms. Wooderson**, I leave everlasting patience. I leave the energy for many early morning followed by the longer nights, and a milkshake accompanied by a unused microphone. I leave you with the ability to

create a family out of a group of people who are/ were unaware that they needed one and good vibes to last through the years. I leave to **Mr. McKnight** an unlimited supply of beanies to match your outfits, a piano big enough for your personality, and a portable heater so that you don’t have to bundle up so much in the winter. To my brother, **Liam Albright**, I leave the strength to get through high school. The ability to get through your classes without procrastination and far surpass any and all expectations. I leave you with a bag of cheese, all the “Gatowades” you want, and acceptance in any and all of your endeavors. I love you even if we argue, keep being amazing! And to my other adopted brother, **Jackson Hazel**, I leave strength, not the kind that comes with lifting weights but the kind that comes with knowledge. Take the world on with an open mind and you’ll notice that the possibilities are endless. Be open, and caring like I know you can be the world will be yours. To my **senior Show Choir comrades**, I leave you all with the feeling of spotlights on your faces, and that flutter in your heart that you can only get from doing something you love. I leave the love that comes from being a family, and the maybe someday that hopefully will come to fruition. I leave you all with the “Saturday Nights” you can handle, and with a little LESS homework, if you catch my drift. I leave you with a plane ride home anytime anywhere, complementary of Cabaret Airlines, and the knowledge that you have a home to come home to. I leave the music created, the music we create, and the music to be created. I leave an open door, love, acceptance, and hope for the future. You will do great things! To **my work family**, I leave you all with the strength to finish school and the ability to go on to bigger and better things. Don’t let yourself be tied down to a job, or a person, or an idea because in reality you create your own limits. I wish you all the best of luck and I’m always here to help with anything! Be yourselves, enjoy your senior year, or graduation and explore your options, my dudes. It’ll be great. Much love.

I, **Olivia Dailey**, leave to **Zane Hieronymus** the responsibility of taking our younger siblings wherever they need to go, and the motivation to get up for school every day. To **McKenna Perusich**, I leave our amazing 180 from enemies to besties, love you forever. To **Meredith Tester**, I

leave you the assurance that your ears are the cutest, and I know that you will thrive your next two years of high school, never doubt yourself. To **Colton Motsinger**, I leave endless car rides filled with music, laughter, and fun... also I need some gas money, buddy. To **Alysa Evans**, I leave endless ice cream, and I will always cherish our dumb jokes and pranks on other classmates/coworkers. To **Addy Hazel**, I leave a teapot, to accompany your high frequency laughs. To **Bryson McNeeley**, thank you for always being sooo reliable, I leave you endless happiness. To **Isabella Bryn-Johnson**, I leave all our memories from when I first moved here, to now, I will never forget you and your kindness. To **Erika Tackett**, thank you for being the friend that is never afraid to catch back up after a while without talking. To **Ethan Beard**, I leave many more choreography dates, since you love them so much. To **Ashley Webb**, I leave so so many successful days and amazing friends. To **Alyssa Lowe**, I leave endless embarrassing, hyena laughter and endless practice room “practicing”, thank you for being the best friend. To **Mr. Young**, thank you for making Freshman year a little less awful, and for teaching me how to drive, you da realest (p.s. try not to throw water bottles at students, okay?). To **Mr. Vandevender**, I leave the best outfits and style choices. To **Mrs. Steinkuhler**, I leave never-ending side eye, to keep those freshies in check. To **Ms. Maggert**, I leave a thousand **Gavin Tejadas** to keep you on your feet;). To **Mr. Harter**, I leave the tradition of Taco Tuesday, even though I kinda don’t do that anymore. To **Mrs. Harvey**, I leave a very reliable teacher aid for the many years to come. To **Mrs. Wooderson**, I leave many more successful seasons and fun students. Finally, to the amazing **Class of 2020**, please make sure you guys do better than we did at the pep rallies, don’t embarrass yourself. Also, remember that mistakes happen! Don’t let it become who you are. Love you S-C! Peace out.

I, **H. Goodrich**, being of relative sound mind and body, leave a reminder to **all Law & You students**: The point of the class was to keep you OUT of the custody of law enforcement. Please keep your name off the police blotter and remember to carry that current proof of insurance with you. Thank you for some of the most amazing conversations!

I, **Laura Haney**, leave to **Sami Hisle** and **Ethan Moore** all of the public speaking you’ll need to run the Business Team. To **Maria Aonzo**, I leave a morning at Ozarks. I leave to **Jacob Haney** and **Izai-ah Workcuff** a ride to and from school. I leave to **my robotics team**, a wildcard. To **my JROTC program** I leave a petition to get SFC Bush to be the new instructor. I leave to **Mr. Wright** a Woodie Flowers Finalist Award and a box of hot and spicy Cheez-Itz. To **Ms. Beard** I leave a new mentor sign. To **Bobbitt**, I leave rank with three diamonds like you deserve. To **Brines-Beach**, I leave a morning with CSM. And to **Mrs. Epp**, I leave a quick nap and Spanish humor.

I, **Hannah Beebe**, will **Katelyn Beebe** your own birthday because I’m tired of sharing; a key to my dorm for when you’re bored; study seshes and lunch dates for the next four years; patience for all my trips to your dorm because we both know that **Sarah** is going to get on my nerves; some of my good looks since I took them all in the womb; a peaceful shower without me bothering you; your own bathroom so we can stop annoying each other; a lifetime membership to the breathing room so you can do all the yoga your heart desires; oh and on that note, a new ticker; a new second toe, just kidding it’s cute; a playlist of Jacob Rohr’s greatest hits; an academic banner for your higher ACT score; the correct pronunciation of during; the other half of your eyebrow back; **Jacob**, because we all know you two are secretly dating; a sammich that’s good, huh; and last, but not least, a different pot of spaghetti (you’ll laugh about that someday). To **Reagan Braverman**, I will you a pack of fruit snacks that I don’t throw up; a train ride that you actually remember; some culture; a music appreciation class where all the answers are on Quizlet because ours sucked; tons of grilled PB&Js this summer; and coffee at Mizzou that’s as good as Ozark. To **Macie Curry**, I will you some Cracker Jacks you crackerjack; a Khloe Kardashian glow up; a recording of me and **Kate** fighting to make you laugh; and a new sunroof. To **McCade Curry**, I will you a high school diploma because you’re an honorary senior, and I’m not sure if you can make it two more years without us; good luck! To **McKenna Perusich**, I will you another sleep over in the Jeep; another 4 a.m. Papa Jake’s run; Me-



maw’s fur coats; a fireman’s pole in your room; and endless hail bales, not hay, alongside the road for bathroom breaks. To **Nate McFail**, I will you a pole vault partner as cool as me, probably not gonna happen though; and a pole flick as good as mine that will take you to the Olympics. To **Kyler Simoncic**, I will a Tuesday where I don’t work so I can finally make it to a Taco Tuesday; and a good firm “oh lawd Terry”. To **Gracie Hofheins, Annie Stover, Taylor Eppes, and Emma Pettigrew**, I will you all the peanuts you can eat, but that you don’t have to sweep up at the end of the night; a Friday night where you don’t have to do 10 trays of butters; the ability to coordinate as good as me for when I leave (that will never happen but I’ll will it to you anyways); and endless Al visits so you can hear him say “no nutchs”. I will **Jacob Jacobi** endless nights to watch “Bohemian Rhapsody,” all the street tacos you can eat; **Kate**, because again we all know you two are actually dating; my Hulu password so you can watch all the “Family Guy” you want; a tennis match where I don’t let you win; endless bike trips this summer; the ability to actually lay out with me by the pool without getting bored; all the Buffalo Wild Wings you can eat; a track of me saying “gud” on repeat; an alternate universe where Iron Man lives; Dwight Schrute, not Dewight Schrute; a winning game of horse because I always win; Casey’s blueberry muffin recipe; Walmart cookies; all year round Booberry cereal; little pockets to hold my chapstick; a list of every Vine ever so you always know what I’m talking about; a guy named Peter Hinshaw; a big fluffy blanket for when I steal yours to take to college with me; Wendy’s after my run

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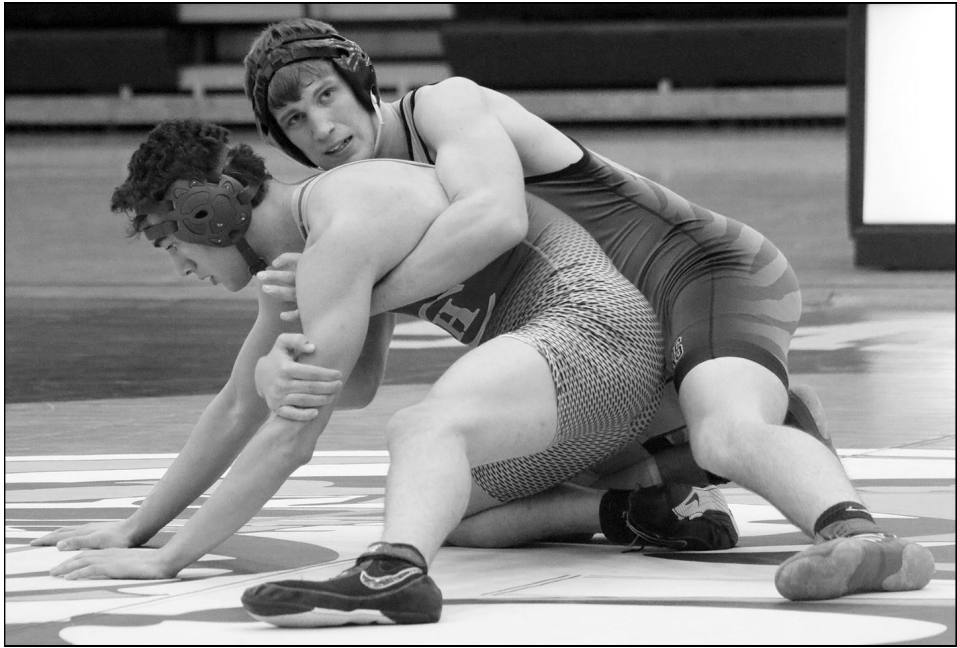
through the woods and your trip to the “gym”; and surprise visits from me coming back home from college to come see you. Last, I will **the entire class of 2019** good luck, guidance, patience, and motivation on all your future endeavors and hopes that one day you will all do amazing things.

I, **Lorin Blackburn Thierfelder**, leave to my **NHS seniors** the motivation to accomplish all of their dreams. I hope you each find your own happy. I leave **Emma Sharp, Akaycia Mather, and Katelin Frame** an endless supply of really good books. I leave **Vlad Husyev** the ability to mediate and master yoga. I leave **Laura Haney** my classroom so that we can work side by side when I am in the library. I leave **Drake Johnson** TI-30XA and an essay template.

I, **Paige Overton**, leave my best friend, **Christian Finley**, all the hugs and food he can get for his senior year since that’s all he ever asked me for. To **Cameron Finley**, I leave Bath and Body Works lotion. To **Cortez Douglas**, I leave an iPhone charger, but let me drive the boat. To **Coach Tester**, I leave fist bumps for every time he saw me and said, “Oveeertrtttoooooonnn” and gave me a fist bump. To my favorite teacher, **Mr. Young**, I leave sticky notes for all the ones I used counting down for my birthday in his room. To **the best principal and counselor** and my favorite principal and counselor, I leave a mug for them both for always keeping me out of trouble, giving me the best advice, understanding, and wanting what’s best for me. Appreciate all of guys, always.

I, **Angilicia Ward**, leave to **the many people who I care dearly for**, my love and support. To **Mrs. Dean**, thank you for everything you have helped me through. Sorry for crying in front of you my sophomore year. I leave my passion for theatre to all of **my theatre children**. To **Teri Turner**, I couldn't really think of something I could leave you because I'm not ready to leave you. Since Day One of me walking into your class, you have been my biggest supporter when it comes to theatre. I will miss those before-show pep talks, and the "I'm not going to cry" moments and the singing and dancing and the hilarious references to things that sometimes I don't get; most of all, I'm going to miss you. Thank you for being my inspiration and my hero. To **Cassie Paige**, I leave a balloon; forever in our memory we will have a balloon flying away at my birthday. I'm going to miss your hilarious moments but i'm not leaving you for long, Florida isn't going to know what hit them. To my dear **Marshall Noble**, I am going to leave you extra keys, so you will never be locked out of your car again, Thank you for all of the great laughs and the hugs that I will forever miss; I'll see you in two years when you join me in college. To **Madison Swift**, I leave to a tub of ice cream, hair dye, and the movie "Joyful Noise." To **Sarah Hinkson**, I leave every blonde moment you have ever had around me. To **Austyn**, I leave all the memes in the world. Thanks for being my friend since sophomore year, I'm going to miss the stupid moments we have had together. To **Zakiah**, I leave a cow; RIP Forrest, I will forever miss you and we can never lose contact. Going to college together will be fun. And finally to **Mrs. Brock**, I leave the helpful days that I have been in your office crying and laughing. Thanks for all of your help getting me through high school since Day One of me moving here my sophomore year. You have been my biggest supporter and really helped me succeed. I am going to miss you all but my time has come to begin my new journey so to all I say farewell and keep being awesome.

I, **Tyler Gerken**, leave to **Maria Hernandez** the best of laughs and excitements for the rest of your high school years. I also give you the many thank you's for putting up with me for almost 2 1/2 years and I'm glad you've been here and not thought differently of me in anyway. Enjoy



Jaydon Uptegrove, top, controls his opponent on his way to a victory during the Tigers wrestling team's Senior Night.

the rest of high school, it goes by in the blink of an eye. To **Officer Kelley Casto**, I give you the best of everything because you have earned it. If it wasn't for you I wouldn't be going into the career field that I am. And I give you endless thank you's for all the confidence boosts, advice and serious talks that you've given me all year long. I hope you enjoy being the best security guard this high school's ever had.

I, **Dylan Coterel**, leave all **the baseball guys** the trick to getting in the pitchers head, (He's a sweaty beach ball, he's sweating Hamburger Helper, and to hop on the gravy tugboat). I also apologize to **the ladies up front** for not having workers as good as me next school year. I leave **Officer Casto** the endless horrible parking and the memory of always opening the door at 8:20 when I show up late. I leave **Lyndon** the combine he's always wanted. I leave **Garrett** the monster trucks he's always wanted to ride. I leave **Will** the key to the red shed out front. I leave **Brayden** the endless memories in my black truck. I leave **Brody** the Inhaler we used after every pole we ran for baseball, and all the bluegill in the honey hole. I leave **Brandon** the Green Crown to the cedar tree. I leave **Brett** your broken wood bat that I broke in the Liberty Park cages. I leave **Mr. Hanson** the endless amount of good language Brandon and I used. I leave **Mr. Young** the joy of his son graduating and

endless awesome stories that I will use in my life ahead of me. I leave **the best Spanish sisters/teachers** a loud and obnoxious noise from me throughout these last years. To **Mckenna** the deck of cards for endless amount of tissues and laughs. I leave **Lincoln Ditzfeld** the endless amount tan girls in the rear view mirrors. I leave **Joey** the endless amount of taquitos. I leave **Mrs. Maggert** the memory of the first day of school and us knowing that we were going to become best friends. And I leave **Marta** the endless memories we've made throughout these last four years, and especially the last year and a half.

I **Tyjuan Williams**, leave my brother, **Terryuan Williams**, the joy of in the future being sat in front of the class for all of the terrible things I did in the back during my last years. To a friend, **Cortez Douglas**, I leave 12 of the frozen water bottles I took over time when he went to the bathroom in math, and help him look for them as if I did not have them. To one of my favorite teachers, **Mrs. Walkington**, I leave the phrase "PUT THE PHONE AWAY!" which I would need to be told 7-12 times throughout a 20-minute class period.

I, **Trent Johnson**, leave to **Smith-Cotton High School** my duct-taped boots.

I, **Jenna Rapp**, leave my gratitude to **Freja**, my favorite Danish sister. You have taught me so much but the most astounding thing I have learned so far is that even Denmark has solar eclipses. I leave to you a Nerf gun to take back with you and shoot your siblings, just like I did to you. I leave you a picture of Hosmer, I am so glad you don't hate him anymore. I also leave to you a midnight snack. I heard you almost every night in the kitchen, because I was getting one right before you. I leave a pair of ice-skates, so you never forget the hundreds of times we busted our butts and ran into little kids at the skating rink. I will to you a dartboard to take to Denmark, so you can put holes in your walls to match the ones you put in ours. I leave with you all the crazy American traditions I have taught you this past year to take home and show your family. I leave with you a place on our family tree in the basement. You'll always be my sister, no matter if we are 5,000 miles apart. Finally, I leave with you a map, so you can always find your way back home here.

Min yndlings danske søster. Du har lært mig så meget, men det hidtil mest forbløffende, jeg har lært, er, at selv Danmark har solformørkelser. Jeg efterlader dig en nerf pistol til at tage tilbage med dig og skyde dine søskende, ligesom jeg gjorde med dig. Jeg forlader dig et billede af Hosmer, jeg er så glad for at du ikke hader ham mere. Jeg forlader også en midnat snack. Jeg hørte dig næsten hver aften i køkkenet, for jeg fik en lige før dig. Jeg forlader et par skjorter, så du glemmer aldrig de hundreder af gange, vi slog ud mund og løb ind i små børn på skøjtebanen. Jeg vil til dig et dartboard at tage til Danmark, så du kan sætte huller i dine vægge for at matche dem, du sætter i vores. Jeg forlader med dig alle de vanvittige amerikanske traditioner, jeg har lært dig i det forløbne år, for at tage hjem og vise din familie. Jeg forlader med dig et sted på vores stamtræ i kælderen. Du vil altid være min søster, uanset om vi er 5.000 miles fra hinanden. Endelig forlader jeg med dig et kort, så du kan altid finde vej hjem her.

To **Gabbie Sproles** I leave all the hair ties and frizz control products the world has to offer. Even though you always ask if your hair looks awful, and I tell you that you look hot as heck, you continue to overlook my advice and throw it in a bun, despite what I tell you. I also will to you earplugs because I know you get tired of me venting and spilling my life to you, and



Sydney Kocsis plays a solo during the Smith-Cotton band's pre-contest concert.

I never take your advice, either, so it balances out. I leave to **Megan Toops** an extra two inches on your vertical, because I'm going to miss the excitement you had when you got a block during a game. I also will to you the cutest turtle in the world. I'm going to miss you sneaking him to almost every game. I leave with you a pillow for the bus rides without me next season for two reasons: 1) because we all know you can sleep literally anywhere and 2) so you can whack the girls on the head who are being too loud, like you did to me. I also leave to you a water bottle for the bus rides so you always have something to spit on **Jinelle** and **Alyssa** with. To **Haley Wiskur**, I leave the volleyball "mom" position. Now that I am "retiring" from my reign, it is your turn to keep the girls under control and make sure they are making good decisions, even when you yourself are tempted. It's a hard job, but I know you can do it. I also leave you all the Nike headbands I stole from you when I forgot mine. But thanks to you, I never had to go without one and my big forehead and whack hairline thank you for that. I will to **Tanya** the best volleyball late-night bus ride laughs and conversations. I wish you would have kept playing so we could have had more... but that's none of my business. You're my favorite bus buddy forever and always. P.S. you better play next season. Love you long time, Tina. To **Jinelle** and **Alyssa**, my favorite baddies. I leave my voice telling you to stop acting stupid. You guys never fail to make me laugh uncontrollably and I'm going to miss you both roasting me. Save a spot for me on the bus next season, cause I'm sneaking on that thang. Also I'm passing down to y'all the aux cord for the locker room and bus rides, because them playlists are fire.

To the **Volleyball Team** I leave all the drive to always do better and to push yourselves beyond your limits. With that mindset, you can never fail. I leave you all the strength to get through **Bartz's** and **Shipley's** crazy summer workouts and post-practice lectures. But put in the work and listen to what they have to say, because even when it's hard to hear, they will always be straight with you. Keep riding your wave and work hard. I love you all so much, even you freaking freshmen. To my **volleyball coaches, past and present**, I leave to you all of my successes in volleyball. All of the awards and honors I earned over the years mean nothing without you. Even though I'm not playing in college like we all planned, this sport has taught me so much, thanks to you. I'm so sad my high school seasons are over, but I'm excited to watch the rest of my teammates grow under the influence of you guys. I leave to you a team who wants to learn and win, because that's the kind of player I was. I hope every player you come in contact with has that mindset, because that is where success starts. Lastly, to **Shipley** and **Bartz** especially, I leave to you the next Smith-Cotton Lady Tiger volleyball family. I pray that they leave a legacy for this school and always give their best efforts. Take good care of them while I'm gone, those girls mean the world to me.

I, **Bree Moore-Corbett**, will everyone gratitude who helped me throughout my school career and who got me to where I am today. With you believing in me and helping me, I get to graduate with my class. That is the great honor. I also will many thank you's to **all the teachers who helped me**. It is very much appreciated.

As I, **Katelyn Beebe**, close this chapter of my life and reminisce on all the wonderful memories made through my high school career, there are a few things I would like to will to the people that helped me get through high school. First, **Mr. Lamar**, I will you an endless bag of all the best candy so you'll never run out. I will you all your crazy stories from Russia, childhood gangs, shady spies, crazy horse ladies, and house fires so you'll never forget the astounding life you've lived. I will you students who will always understand the method and someone to call you Johnnie Boy when I'm gone. I will you a wonderful (half) retirement, but most of all, I will you a student as good as I was to be your right hand man when I am gone next year. Next, **Mrs. Eppenauer**, I will you all the hallway smiles in existence to give out so no one will ever have to miss out on those day-brightening smiles. I will you crazy, off-topic conversations when you're just trying to teach the class about the subjunctive. I will you pointless excuses to have a fiesta in class with lots of yummy food, hoy es huevos, and a student that loved having Spanish class with you as much as I did. To **McKenna Lee Perusich**, I will you an enduring friendship since middle school, ugly junior high pictures that we won't speak about but refuse to delete too, topless Jeep rides (the Jeep, not us), a traffic cone to put on people's porches, dancing on the road to the house, hail bails, car rides back from Charlie's singing our hearts out with our pants unbuttoned to make room for all those extra rolls we ate, a bathroom trip in front of Sacred Heart's Homecoming ceremony, someone to always call you Ken, a Halloween party where you're just trying to find that one friend that's missing, Friendsgiving parties and a Veterans assembly the next day, an iconic Fourth of July party, a fur coat of your own so no one will ever question if you're Pimp Daddy Ken, 3 a.m. Papa Jake's trips that end in trips around the roundabout, and a friend in Florida who hopes to see the best for you as much as I do. I will to **Kyler Simoncic** a car wash because we all know you're the one with the dirty car, a friend who will always get your jokes, Oh Lord Terry, a person to always bring the best desserts to every friend function (God Bless you **Amy Simoncic**), a partner to play zombies with who actually knows how to shoot and knife, and a ping pong rival who you can finally beat (JK). I will you a fifth grade girlfriend as cool as me, a person to tell gross stories at lunch when you're just trying to eat, big bank take lil bank, and friends who would cover a Jeep with Archives tickets just for you. To **Nate McFail**, I will you a Smith-Cotton girlfriend, the capability to finally be good at pole vaulting (step your game up, man), and the best of luck a Mizzou next year. To my sweet **Macie Curry**, I will you a 24/7 hair braider who is always there at your call, a Curry Camp Out as good as the last, shop parties with "What Do You Meme?," a Gibbs that doesn't bite, all your desires so you'll never have to say, "Honestly must be nice" ever again, and Cracker Jacks for you, you crackerjack. I will you a friend to show you the ropes at Mizzou in two years and a friend as pure, sweet, and caring as you. **McCade Curry**, I will you two more years to add to your age because we all know you're a senior. I will you a car that doesn't get stuck in the driveway while driving your hooligans around, a lunch table next year that won't leave you, and the will to get through the rest of high school without us (don't worry we're always here for you). To **Jacob Jacobi**, I will you myself because we all know I'm your actual girlfriend and a year and a half of life to tack onto your age so people stop calling my sister a cougar. To my best friend, **Reagan Braverman**, I will you a childhood train ride with dares and fruit snacks

that you apparently don't remember, a future child nicknamed Fat Fat (this is my favorite one hehe), a notes page full of the best names for our future children, a party partner to always play your party song, late night golf cart rides, grapes, freshman raps for extra credit (it's the work remiXX) and the capability to find those videos when we're old. I will you summer lake trips, a forever hot yoga partner to struggle through class with, a body as bangin' as Lisa's when we get old, trips to Memaw's, an ice skating partner who doesn't have to be taught by old women, an Alicia Keyes singing partner, a CD with only the songs "No Hands" and "At the Club" to play on repeat, a prom date who is not me (it worked out), an alive bunny named Uzi (RIP), a fishing buddy, someone to do country stuff with when you're bored, fake money to flex with, good pictures on the beach that we both like, a fall so good in the McDonald's parking lot that you have to wrap your leg for a week (still have that scar btw), memories that are Gucci Kate and ReaBandz worthy, bangz dayz back in the early years of First Christian Church, an Ozark Coffee date, a dorm that's closer to mine because we all know I won't be able to will the energy to walk all the way across campus to yours, a friend who you don't have to keep track of their life and that doesn't procrastinate (I'm trying to get better, I promise), a person to always play BB with, a friend who is actually funny (ikik you're hilarioussss), someone to always say, "Oh brotherrr" to you, a flip flip video as good as mine, a tan, a pool, and a Kate. I will you a person who your kids can call Aunt when we're older (I'm talking about me, of course) and a best friend to take on Mizzou and make a thousand more memories with. And last, but not least, **Hannah Beebe**. To my A1, ride or die, BFF, and twinny twin twin all in one. I will you a new twin sister who you actually get along with, although she could never love you as much as I do (ikik gag me right). I will you a person to take on every battle life throws at you with (we've had some crazy ones), a kid named Cecil Theodore VI because we all know it's your destiny, fights that you're already over five minutes later, someone to lay on your bed that doesn't mess up the covers, late night hallway conversations where you awkwardly sit 10 feet apart from each other, a separate bathroom (nuff said), a mom as cool as mine (oh wait..), good dance moves for all our kitchen dancing sessions, nieces and nephews that have names you actually like since you hate all of mine, someone to sleep with when you're scared, a new college roommate with a sense of humor, a forever Mighty Melt date, someone who's always there for you to rant to, childhood pictures where we can actually tell each other apart (how sad, right?), and a twin who looks like you because we know we don't (kinda contradictory ik). I will you someone to always say, "how's dinner?" in their best Dani voice, a boss that can woah as good as her, a job as cool as the ones on "Criminal Minds" when we get older, childhood weekends where we don't argue over who gets to go to Memaw's, a new twin sister with that same sized foot so we can wear each other's shoes, all the tennis shoes your sneakerhead-self desires, pictures where you know how to smile, a person to always understand your Vine references (foutyyyyy-seven), someone who can rap all the same songs as you, the power of twin telepathy because we still haven't stopped trying to this day, the capability to always be able to recite "me and my girl tellin' da haterzzz" word for word, and a senior will as cool as Aunt Katherine's (the jig is up). I will you the capability to reach all the dreams you have for life because no one deserves it more than you do and a bond like ours for as long as we live.

I, **Reagan Braverman**, leave **Katelyn Beebe** long drives filled with all the good throwbacks, some of your culture back, a box of 30 cherry Chapsticks, Christmas lights to spark up our locker, a three-day weekend full of Harry Potter, fried grouper straight from Turks, the energy to walk across campus to my dorm every day, a new tripod (sorry **Mindy**), a lock to hide your kids and wife, more camo to your wardrobe, half-baked ice cream and a slower ticker. To **Macie Curry**, a good morning no matter the time of day, a box of tissues, another ear for six more piercings, a plane ticket back to Nashville or Vegas, cuter pics of us when we were three, Luke Bryan tickets, all you can eat crab legs, unlimited gas for the 243-mile drive to come see me, 18 more years of friendship, and more ways for you to bless my life. To **Hannah Beebe**, rockin concerts to write papers about, Charlie's rolls, a lil more motivation, some more glow in the dark teeth, an Ouija Board, a case of Kickstarts and food for after your run through the woods. To **Kyler Simoncic**, endless Taco Tuesdays (normal or spaghetti), another chance to meet a millionaire, and another crazy Clinton girl. To **McKenna Perusich**, more presents for me to take, a towel or robe, butter beer and any Mickey Mouse-shaped food, a blinker and lots of glass. To **Nate McFail**, 10 tacos to beat your record, matching clothes, and the ability to introduce me to your girlfriend. To **Vlad Husyev**, timeliness toward homework, barbecues at your new house, borscht, a binder that you haven't been caring all through high school, a key to my dorm so you can help me study for the MCAT and a lil more laughter when I make a funny joke. To **McCade Curry**, a farm my little country boy, the ropes of high school, the 'little brother title', 150 hours of Sims, a new bumper, a snake in your room, some control for Millie, queso, fireworks to hit us, gas money for all the times you've driven us around, a salary at our church and late night practices with **Macie** and **Chase**. To **Chase McMullin**, a truck that works, an officer sticker, a good morning, late night jam sessions, the childhood memories when we were actually nice to each other, the memory of you driving my car for prom because it is never happening again and some better dance moves when you go back next year. To **Jeffrey Goodson**, money and the ability to not interrupt. To **Mrs. Brock**, a hair coloring for the grey hairs we gave you, a fun



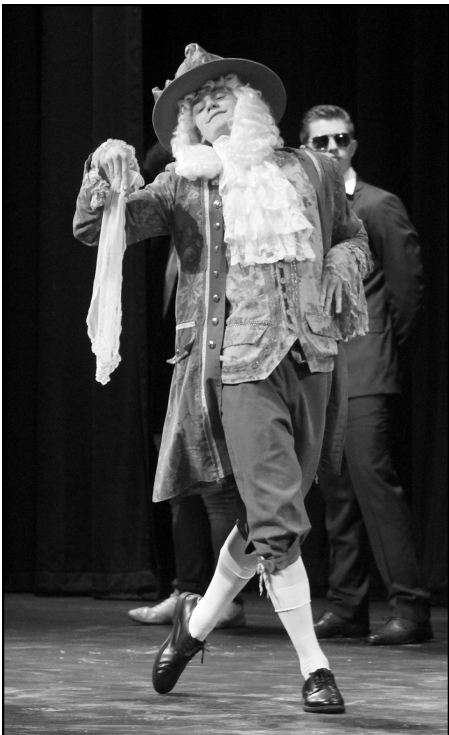
SP1Z fan section members Katelyn Beebe, Macie Curry and Reagan Braverman take the seniors traditional spot in the first row for the Homecoming football game.

trip back to Philly and a thank you from the whole class for all the hard work you did for us. To **Mr. Norton**, I give you the last chance to say you had a group of kids for nine total years, we're blessed to have had you that long, too. To **Mr. Doyle**, a new student section picture for your wall, an endless supply of cottage cheese, and another trip up the Rocky steps. And to **Mr. Vandevender**, a senior class as great as we were to sponsor, we couldn't have done it without you!

I, **Hayden Ellis**, leave **Lincoln Burt** the gift of the lefty swing and the strength to keep hitting bombs down the line in right. To **Aaron Hughes**, I leave you an Annual Membership to Grammarly in hopes that all your essays in the future will be as good as they were in Comp. To **Tyler Williams**, I leave you a bed to yourself in hopes that you'll never have to share with a guy like Alan ever again. To **Aaron Emery**, I leave you a set of 6 new iPads to replace the miserable ones we've had to scout with for the past 4 years. To **Smith-Cotton Baseball**, I leave you all with the strength, passion, and determination to carry on the success that the program has been able to achieve in the past, countless rounds of BP with Big Momma, a clean round of 21 outs, and 4 poles for good measure. To **Kyler Simoncic**, I leave a pond full of bass, a cooler full of blue gatorade, and the endless memories that we have made in baseball and in school. To **The Bomb Squad**, thanks for making baseball one of the most entertaining and enjoyable times of my life, each one of you all are going to

go far in life and remember me when you're a pro baseball player, a lineman for KCP&L, or a pharmacist. To **Team SCREAM**, I leave you all the knowledge, skills, and creativity necessary to bring a few more blue banners back to S-C. To **Mr. Willson and the STUCO Executive Board**, thank you for shaping me into the leader that I am today and providing the resources and abilities to benefit the community. To **Mr. Norton**, thank you for being a supportive and generous mentor since our Heber Hunt days, thank you for all the support you've given to the clubs and sports teams here at S-C, and thank you for always keeping a positive outlook for your students. To **Mrs. Brock**, thank you for all things you've done for not only myself, but my classmates as well, thank you for the dedication and hardwork that you've put in to see each one of your students succeed, thank you for always keeping a level head when times become stressful, and thank you for the support in all of my endeavors. To **All The Teachers That I Have Had Along The Way**, thank you for making high school not only an educational experience, but also an enjoyable one, thank you for taking time to dedicate yourself to your students and making Smith-Cotton High School one of the best schools in the country. Last but certainly not least, to **Karlie Franklin**, I leave all the memories that we have been able to make, countless boxes of Cheez-Its in your locker, endless laughs and funny stories, a 10-piece chicken nugget with BBQ sauce, and lastly the wisdom and courage to fulfill your dreams like I know you will.

I, **Tony Coronavaldes**, leave to **Ein Martin** the keys to my car so he can drive himself to practice after school. I also leave him the lyrics to “La Despedida” by Daddy Yankee so he can finally know how to sing it right on the way to tennis practice, I also leave him some B-Dubs money to go every BOGO night. I also leave him my tennis racket so he can use it in tennis matches. I will also leave him this will because it will help him write his will when it is his time to write his senior will but that will not be until 2022. I leave **Inna Maksimov** a copy of my keys with my lanyard because she always likes to take them and also money for a ton of beef chalupas from Taco Bell and also удачи в старшей школе (good luck in school kid). I leave **Hayden Herrick** some gel so he can keep his stylish hair going. I leave everyone the memory of our turtle Oogway, may he be well grown. I leave **Ger-aldine** an instruction manual on how to drive a manual car (you’ll get it one day, champ). I’ll also leave you my gym membership since I don’t go at 5:30. I leave **James Stokes** an infinity gauntlet and a good luck in his final months of high school. I leave to **Mr. Walters** a new set of tennis balls for practice since the ones we are using right now are done for. I also leave Walters a bag of Takis since that is his favorite (why is DE so hard?). I leave **Cristian Barcenas** some skills to finally beat me in FIFA and some new tires because you used them up already. I also leave **Daniel de Leon** money for a haircut so you can cut it before you leave! I leave **Grace Elizabeth Edgar** some regular headphones because those airpods won't save your phone from falling. I leave **Colby Edgar** some tennis balls because man his slices are unbelievable! For my dude **Colten Mitchell** i leave a ton of food that we always had in class and a registration form for the tennis tournament in the summer because we are about to play as partners. I leave **Lincoln Ditzfeld** the trouble of teaching me how to fish so I can finally catch a fish with him but first let me get a fishing pole that actually works. I leave also to **Andrew Lazenby** a copy of La Llorona because man it was pretty scary and we must always face our fears. I also leave **Lennyn De León** a “NACHO CHEESE BELL GRANDE” for good eats. I leave **everyone reading this** a good-bye and good luck in life whether you guys are graduating or still in high school after this



Ethan Beard walks away with first place in the Formal Wear category in the Mr. S-C pageant. Beard tied for first overall with Will Hooton.

year. Also come see the Class of 2019 graduate. Thank you everyone for the great times I shall see you guys in summer school.

I, **Ms. Lackey**, leave to my uber impressive and uber perfectionist student, **Nailya Ishmukhametova**, the ability to forever recognize her own amazing intelligence and success. To my TA, **Yelena Romen-skaya**, I leave beautiful braids, late passes, and no more students to tutor. To **Sergey [and Zakhar] Tikhonov** and **Davyd Nochka**, I leave you with the image of me singing and dancing while telling you “Работа, Работа, Работа!” “Не русский. Английский”, “нет” and “No, phone!” To our island wonders, **Nelinda Stephen** and **Rayumina Timothy**, I leave you both an extra pass to go to class late, a bag of Takis, all of the wonderful memories we made this school year, and bold confidence with which to continue to pursue your passions. To **Lei Lei**, I also leave the “ESOL Bouncer/ Cheerleader” position that she know leaves unfilled. I am so happy that you brought that island flair to us! Kinisou! Māuruuru! A nuestras salvadoreñas, **Josseline Aguirre** y **Rosalinda Pe-**

rez, les dejo muchos buenos recuerdos, muchas bendiciones, y la determinación de seguir hacia delante sin importar los obstáculos. (También a Rosalinda le dejo mi reloj para que se despierte a tiempo.) A la hondureña, **Dayana Maradiaga**, le dejo a mi maquillaje, mi selfie sin filtro, y mis mejores deseos. A mis estudiantes ya graduadas de ESOL, **Daisy Marcos Rubio**, **Miriam Habana**, **Jaquelin Carlos**, **Marisela Quetzecua**, **Maria Felipe**, and **Angélica Alejo**, dejo todas los recuerdos de la música, las fiestas de ESOL, y con la determinación del hecho que no hay límites para los logros. A **Luis Medina**, **Juanito Rubio**, **Jose Miguel Gonzalez**, **Eduardo Alonso**, **Oscar Marcos** y **Juan Us Lopez**, les dejo la gran capacidad de siempre reconocer sus habilidades para que realicen a cumplir con sus sueños. To **all of my graduates in the Class of 2019** whom I mentioned or may have missed naming here, **Mrs. Turner** and I are grateful for the years, and we will miss you!

I, **D'on Jones**, leave everyone the ability in passing decades when you see me in a grocery store, to not bother coming up to me unless you are an old friend wanting to catch up, or a teacher/staff who wants to know what occupation I'm currently working in.

I, **Nia Hawkins**, leave my little brother **Keith Hawkins** many hugs and kisses. I leave the same to **Christian** and **Cameron Finley**; I hope all three of you guys have an amazing senior year! Make many memories and always stick together! Love you guys. To my little cousin **Jazlyn Ballance**, I leave you all the great memories that we've had throughout my last two years of high school, ranging from good days and bad days. Hope you have a wonderful junior and senior year without me. Be safe, be smart, but have fun. Last but not least I leave **Sophie Martin** all the fun times we’ve had together on the basketball court. I also leave the memories we had from our Rolla tournament when you kept getting in trouble by Coach Arnold for “not knowing how to act.” I’m definitely going to miss our random laughing moments, your sarcasm, and most of all your big goofy Urkel smile! I hope you have a great senior year on and off the basketball court! Take care and keep in touch.

I, **Kyler Simoncic**, leave to **Mr. Hanson**, a signed Little Debbie honey buns box so you’ll always remember me and my silly antics. To **Aaron Hughes**, endless amounts of hits because “ya love to see it.” To **Brayden Ballard**, another big boost in fastball velocity and lots of “shaggy” music on repeat. To **Collin Polley**, a chance to catch the 8-pound bass in our honey hole pond. To **Mr. Lamar**, a third wind in life because you’re already past your second. To **Mrs. Dean**, the largest abundance of Christmas socks that can fit in your drawer and all three of the Simoncic boys’ senior pictures. To **Will Knight**, a decent tan instead of just turning red. To **Reagan Braverman**, a trip to Funtime Farms where we are followed everywhere. To **Katelyn Beebe**, someone close by to hold when a clown scares you. To **Macie Curry**, a new inflatable bull for your pool. To **Mr. Young**, the memory of the greatest Courtwarming assembly performance of all time, and “more cowbell.” To **Dylan Coterel** and **Brandon Neale**, the ability to control yourself like at Mr S-C when you swore on stage. To **Colton Zerilli**, a home run with the “shelayli” and the speed you had when you needed to find a bathroom in Chattanooga. To **Lincoln Burt**, the ability to stay healthy when doing dumb things like stealing bases and practicing a team dogpile. To **Hayden Ellis**, a restraining order from Weaver so you never get your car hit again. To **Jeffrey Goodson**, the sound of me saying, “my name Jeff,” ingrained in your memory. To **Red Osteen**, getting the opportunity to have “Old Red” by Blake Shelton as your walk-up song. To **Nate McFail**, the ability to know the perfect time to get a good “leedle” in. To **Logan Rohr**, always do the rohr and get those extra reps in when everyone else is sleeping. To **Haley Wiskur**, all the bucks you could possibly want for your senior year. To **Coach Lang**, another hunting trip with Riley Green and access to my Spotify playlists. To **Brody Kindle**, the memory of the obscene gesture pottery piece you made and all the turkey hunting we can dream of. To **McKenna Perusich**, a remake of the kindergarten graduation pic. To **Camden Gear**, the safety position in football -- try not to get beat deep. To **Kaylee Bohle**, a kneeboarding run on the lake where you get as many 360 spins in as possible.

I, **Alysa Evans**, want to share with **Smith**

-Cotton underclassmen that high school are the fastest four years of your life; many don't realize this, but these four years are crucial. Throughout your high school career you will be broken down, torn apart, confused, jubilant, amicable, and somehow you will manage to build yourself back up again, stronger than you ever were before. Friends will come and go but it's OK because nothing lasts forever. Friday night lights, Left Field Scumbags, softball practice, bus rides, walking to class with friends, eating lunch with friends, going to the cliffs after school because there's nothing better to do, going to the movies on a Friday night, going to eat at your favorite restaurant with your closest friends on a weeknight because you're bored, having movie night with your girls, these are all things that you do and don't think twice about until you realize that the next chapter of your life is right around your life. Time really does fly by when you're having fun, nothing really does last forever. The biggest moments that everyone talked about and everyone anticipates then they come and they go such as getting your permit as a freshman, getting your car and license as a sophomore and having your sweet 16, turning 17 as a junior and being that much closer to being a senior, then finally your senior year hits, you turn 18, the last firsts happen, last practice, last game, Senior Night, and then finally graduation comes up without any warning. Then finally you get down to your last few months and the conversation begin to become the norm, about how "I can't wait to graduate," "I'm so over school," "I just want it all to be over." Then the end comes near and part of you realizes how you wish you could do back to the little things: driving around with your best friends when you were 16 with all the windows down listening to throwbacks as everyone is singing at the top of their lungs without a single worry in the world; being 15 and your biggest worry being how you were going to find a ride to the movies to go and hang out with your boyfriend or even your friends; being 17 and worrying about how you're going to make \$20 dollars last you until payday because you had a little bit too much fun with your friends over the weekend; being bored on a school night and trying to find a friend to go with you to the baseball game because there's nothing better to do; being hyped up with your teammates before a game; jamming out to the new jam every-



Student Council member Emma Sharp loads a Thanksgiving basket for a family as part of a community service project.

one listens too; being worried about if you "look good" so you can impress your crush; being a scared, little freshman in the halls filled with all these big and scary humans who you have never seen in your life; being 18 and walking across the stage leaving every memory, heartbreak, test, quiz, teacher, game, practice, and every other little thing behind. Everything eventually ends. Make the most of it. Take a day or two off of work to go to the lake with your best friend, go to the bonfire everyone else is going to, live life and take advantage of every opportunity that comes your way. Jam out a little harder, be a little smarter, live a little harder, love a little harder because you never know when the last time you'll see somebody will be. Let the legacy live on that I carried on for my past softball teammates **Bailey Smith** (Class of 2017) and **Macey Hoover** (Class of 2018). Don't grow up too fast, and don't wish it away. You'll want to go back.

I, **Shirley Camirand**, leave hope with the **underclassmen** that they will persevere and never give up in the hard years to come. I also want to thank all the teachers/ staff members who helped me through the hard times; it meant a lot to me. Last, I want my friend **Emme** to keep striding through the hard times and to let her know she will always have a friend in me.

I, **Gabriel Decker**, leave to **Alex Beard**: a gold medal for beating me at every sport we play together and a stack of Ritz crackers. To **Ethan Beard**, I leave a smash ball and 10 to 20 wet tennis balls. To **Logan Goodwin**, I leave literally every mute ever made for trumpet and a ping pong ball and paddle, but not table. To **Edward T.**, I leave some metaphorical bread and a miracle cure for your broken body. To **Joseph Snelling**, I leave egg row and a massive collection of bionicles.

I, **Ms. Wooderson**, leave this message to my amazing **Class of 2019 S-C Show Choir seniors**: Each of you is truly, strong enough to move mountains. I will never forget all of the things that you have done for the Vocal Music Department and for me. You showed me that good still exists in a sometimes harsh world and that standing up for what is right can make a life-changing difference. Class of 2019, you always reminded me that you will always be my very first group of students that I directed for all four years, at Smith-Cotton High School. May your vowels always be tall, your breath support always be effortless and your soul’s expression through singing always take you through the exciting journey ahead. I am so grateful for the opportunity to have been your teacher, director and mentor. The amount of pride that I have for each of you, your accomplishments and who you have become is absolutely immeasurable and will be carried, forever, in this teacher heart. “If there is ever a tomorrow when we’re not together, promise me that you will always remember that you are BRAVER than you believe, STRONGER than you seem and SMARTER than you think.” - Winnie The Pooh

I, **Jolee Snapp**, leave to **Joseph Snelling** memories of this school year, our relationship, and some very toxic memes. **Jennifer Drexler**, I leave you Randy the felt piece, a bag of Captain Crunch with more berries than the bag in Ohio had, and all the band trip laughs and giggles. **Mackenzie Lairmore**, I leave to you the “In a Straight Line” picture from Spanish. **Dominick Youngblood**, I leave large amounts of the word PANDAS throughout the sheet music and endless Cinnomies references. To **Blake Osteen** I leave endless loops of Country Road and great band trip memories. **Lowell Pilliard**, I leave

you pretty amazing Mario Kart filled Jazz Band trips and endless friendship. To **Destiny Malone**, I leave the times you’ve pushed me to be a better person, endless amount of friendship, and endless amount of jokes no one will understand. To **Natasha White**, I leave memories of the times we stayed up late playing those dumb games and making new friends and most importantly a friendship that will never end, no matter how far apart we are. My Spanish buddies, **Issac Spiker** and **Cameron Jackson**, I leave you both with the memories of laughing and messing around, but I also leave with you and amazing friendship inside our little circle. **Maledy**, I leave you with a band that knows how to read key signatures and (hopefully) someone who closes the door quietly while you’re talking. **Color Guard**, I leave you endless amounts of **Anna** screaming “Count” and the memories we made as a section. Lastly **band**, I leave you with successful seasons to come, the knowledge to look at the key signatures, and no holes in the drill so Maledy doesn’t have a stroke.

I, **Christina Burrows**, will miss **Riley**, my best friend; **Mr. Norton**, and **Ms Walkington**, I leave the knowledge that I will miss you and hope you have a great year.

I, **Jessie Hayes**, leave to my sisters, **Lexie and Jamie Hayes**, the Hayes reputation of awful attendance, rough mornings, talent, support, advice, a shoulder to cry on, pride, strength, and the unconditional endless love of an older sister. To **Kali Butts**, I leave bruised arms from "volleyball" with a basketball, and a car ride home, laughing until our "cheeks hurt" and faces were beet red, and a semester of girl's P.E. that you made bearable. I leave **Kaylee Bohle** a dreadful DECA role play, summer night pool parties, a late-night trip to Dairy Queen, an expensive Archives dress after extensive searching, and Friday nights watching our school's sports teams. For **Olivia Potect**, I leave behind both the love and hate for your brothers, late night rants in Andrew's room, an everlasting battle against pale skin and sunburns, and open arms for whenever you need anything. For **Macy Broyles**, I leave behind completely insane laughter, Starbucks runs, and the world's worst dance moves. You and Olivia better stay as precious as you can. For **Vlad Husyev**, I leave behind 3 a.m. life

rants, a "broken Lamar beaker." and the most awful jokes and memes you can ever find. For **Jinelle Calistion**, I leave behind the mutual hate for boys, the sweetest heart around, and also, what even is a baseball party? For **Penelope**, I leave behind a car bumper (literally), a wild float trip, and a flight of stairs. For **Cameron Finley**, I leave behind a spare room, some fighting shoes, and a super power pen. For **Jalen Clay**, I leave behind a hatred for Mo Bamba, the world's most pessimistic views, and a second home for both you and Cam along with everyone else in our "group." For **Makayla Mankin**, I leave behind a pros and cons list, air guitars and drums, a blasting Miley Cyrus song, a dented car, rough "fast fast" car rides, a Florida feud, either a new hand or steering wheel, a hate for people, and a simple "I wish you the best." For **Emma Lazenby**, I leave behind onions, gallons of purple shampoo, the mutual love for a little dog whose tongue is too big to fit in its mouth, a tub of ice cream, some glowing highlighter, a photogenic left side, and an endless love no matter what. For **Mr. Hanson**, I want to leave behind my love of math, because trust me, it stopped there; a cool seminar, countless tardy detentions I should have received but I'm grateful I didn't, and thanks for being one of the world's best teachers. For **Mr. Heimsoth** and **Mr. Shukers**, I'd like to leave a thank you for supporting my art, not doubting me (or not doubting me too often) and pushing me to be my best. For **Mr. Young**, I want to leave behind the story of the booger on your son's forehead, the annoying junior high track students, and a high five to one of the coolest teachers out there. To **Smith-Cotton High School**, I would like to leave behind four unfathomable years of my life. I would also like to leave behind both a thank you, and a no thank you. These four years have been the best and worst years of my life. They allowed me to grow as a person, learn from mistakes, and meet the best people I could ever have in my life. These years have been painful, heart breaking, and simply tough. They have also been fun, unforgettable, and offered me experiences I'll hold close to me forever. They will forever be remembered and looked back on for the rest of my life. And to **all the students**, I leave behind my best "Good luck" and a reminder that high school flies, so make it last.

I, **Madison Swift**, leave to **Mackenzie Newell** our candy bin in our locker full of wonderful surprises. Just like life is full of surprises, you never know what's going to happen. Remember that quote, “Life is like a box of chocolates; you never know what you're going to get” (Forrest Gump). Will miss spending time with you. You never gave up on me and always encouraged me. Thank you girly, love ya. To **Mrs. Turner**, I leave a thank you for the encouragement to survive my junior year. It really meant a lot to have a teacher who cared so much for her students. Will miss having you as a teacher. To **David Rodgers**, I leave a huge thank you for that invitation to Katy Park Youth Group and for pushing me and my faith, and always believing in me. I am so thankful you are a part of my life. From those long talks after youth group, to just laughing and having fun in A Capella choir I will NEVER forget our friendship. To **Link Crew**, I leave a grateful thank you for teaching me more about myself, and always being supportive when I needed it, you guys were a great group of young adults to work with, and I'm amazed who you have become and cannot wait to see the great things you do in the future. Never give up! To the **Studio A Dance “older girls,”** I leave you the encouragement to keep going and a thank you for always inspiring me. You guys are family at heart. To **Mrs. Walkington**, I leave a book of mindfulness, positivity, and quotes - as well as some sour gummies. To **Mrs. Brock**, I leave a hug for everything you have done for me the past three years (you are the best). I still remember walking into your office for the first time ever, the summer before my sophomore year. I was so nervous about starting a new school and you got me through it. There may have been a lot of tears, screaming, and emotions but I got through with your help. “A year ago today I did not know today existed or how I would get here, but by grace, I made it here.” Thank you! To **Mrs. Wooderson**, I leave my signature, just in case I become famous like my second self, “Taylor Swift.” To memes and answer keys (**John, Skylar, Jasmine, Earth science table**) I leave some food, cinnabar, memes, and answer keys. To **Mr. Johnston**, I leave my smile since I know how much you like seeing it. You do so much for me; words cannot express how grateful I am for you. To **Ana Rodriguez**, my driving capabilities (Jackson) LOL, the role of “mother” and all the luck your senior year of high school. I will miss you, and don't forget I'm a text away; To the **current jun-**

iors, I leave all of this year’s boring and pointless work. Good luck. I will really miss this school, and all the teachers and staff I had over the three years I was a student at Smith-Cotton. I just want to thank everyone for the opportunity I had, and the encouragement I received. Wow, I’m graduating high school, part of me wants to cry. I will really miss this chapter in my life, but it's time I transition to my next chapter. Thank you for never giving up on me.

I, **Mr. Laz**, leave to my **TigerVision seniors**, the endless outtakes, hard deadlines that became soft deadlines, the million hours of unsorted footage stored on Team Drive, and my inability to form real sentences because my brain works faster than my mouth. Specifically, to **Michylah Hawkins**, the best Executive Producer that Tigervision has ever seen, I leave a lifetime supply of Cheez-Its and Takis so you can stop begging me to buy you some from the Teacher’s Lounge when the school store runs out (which by the way is still highly illegal!). I also leave to you the foot of space in front of my desk that you used as your second school locker and your “Meats” headphones and my sorry excuse for a Twitter bio. To **Ember Guthrie**, the best Executive Artistic Director that Tigervision has ever seen, I leave the ability to always get the camera connected to the tripod on the first try so you don’t have to awkwardly hold it through an entire Mr. S-C Contest, many hours of YouTube deep dives, and our love-hate relationship with Adobe AfterEffects. To **Sydney Kocsis**, the best Executive Newbie that Tigervision has ever seen, I leave all the money that you definitely didn’t, but should have, deposited into my swear jar. But seriously, I could have retired early and purchased a small island... To my **second hour seniors**, I leave all the hacks Minecraft has available so you can get all the golden apples, iron, wool, wood, and coal that your little hearts desire but you likely already know them all so I guess that's a bum deal. Thanks for always starting off my day in a good mood! To my TA, **Destiny Clancy**, I leave that pair of Cricut tweezers and all the laughs (and moments where I played Dr. Phil) that we had during 7th hour this year. I’m so proud of you and can’t wait to see where life takes you next! Wee-woo! Lastly to my **FBLA seniors**, I leave all the memo-

ries from long hours on bus rides, conferences, and workshops that we have attended together over the years. Take all the knowledge that FBLA you have gained and go make your mark on the world!

I, **Stacey Steinkuhler**, leave to my **Link Crew Commissioners** the title of Deputy Duties, an endless amount of naps in college, snacks, snacks, and more snacks, the ability to get to class on time, the need to come back and visit me after you graduate, the ability to NOT step in fresh gum in the parking lot on a HOT day, Scattegories, RUSSELLLLLLL, that one game we played that ONE day, and the most success in life you could ever want. You guys have made the last two years the most enjoyable. I will miss you more than you know. (I might be crying while writing this). Watching you grow and mature into the wonderful people you have become has been amazing. Your hard work has molded our program into what it is today, and I could not be more grateful. I love you guys!

I, **Kathy S. O'Dell**, leave the great memories of my first year at Smith-Cotton to all members of the **Class of 2019** who were enrolled in my classes and in FCCLA. Thanks for helping make it a Great year! May your future be just as bright!

I, **Rayumina Timothy**, leave to **all teachers, counselors, classmates, friends**, and anyone else on this campus my thanks for the love and help. To our **teachers**, you guys made the right choice for us students; teachers give up their personal and family time to grade papers, prepare lessons, and attend conferences. I want to tell them their extra work means a lot to me and others. Thank you for emboldening me and others. I appreciate what you guys have done for us. To the **people around me**, thank you for your patience throughout this year. It meant the world to me. To **all friends and classmates**, thanks for being there and doing what is right. I’ve been through a hard time on my own you guys help me with a lot of stuff. Thanks to each and every one of you; this is just an amazing school with good memories. I have had a lot of fun.

I, **Mrs. McCormack**, leave to my **Environthon teams** the future of the planet. No pressure.

SENIOR MOMENTS

