Seniors, at the end of the banquet you will be given an opportunity to speak. Traditionally, this is called a "Last Will & Testament". It's kind of your closing remarks to your years in the band.

I have included two examples to "inspire" you, and let you know what to write. They can be serious, funny, or both... just don't be crude or offensive.

This isn't required if you don't want to, but a great opportunity for you to shine. Sometimes seniors have said they just want to "speak from the heart", and not compile their thoughts beforehand. I don't suggest this. You could end up just rambling on forever, or stumble over your thoughts and accidentally embarrass yourself. I recommend writing down (or typing something up on your phone or something) just to give yourself a guide of what you plan on saying.

Let me know if you have questions.

I, Lyndsey Anderson, write my last Will and Testament. To Amanda Elmore, I would leave you Orlando Bloom but he's MINE! So I leave you James instead. To my freshmen buddy Brittany, I leave you my absentmindedness. To Squirt, I leave you my high pitched girly squeal! To Travis, I leave you my ability to make up a new language by slurring words together called slurvic. To Casey, I leave you my ability to laugh at anything. Shea, settle down, you are way too crazy.... Maybe not. Never lose your love and ability to make people smile. To Kendra, what can I say? Keep your uniqueness. Never let anyone change who you are. Always have faith in the majorette squad. Whenever things do get hard, remember all the great times we had together. And don't forget about the majorettisms! Now that I have given away everything that is mine, I leave you with these encouraging words..... "tootle your horn. At first trumpet is melodiously, but if things still get in your way, tootle with vigor." Confused? Mwahaha!

I Johnathan Bailey, leave my 1st chair to Tylor. I leave Wes some Miracle Grow and Brittany another rookie camp. To Alex, the ability to snap to attention. To Allie, every medication known to mankind. I leave Justin a beating from everyone in the band. Payton, A Haircut! DJ, the biggest bottle of chill-out that can be found. Finally, I leave the band all my high notes and squeals from Marching Band. I am Bama bound!