

Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed board members, professors who definitely drink way more coffee than anyone should, and my fellow almost-college-mates,

First and foremost, I stand before you as a proud applicant who received that special letter starting with "We regret to inform you..." You know, the kind where you quickly realize you're not the chosen one, unlike a certain boy wizard with a lightning bolt scar.

Honestly, when I first read the letter, I thought, "Well, maybe they meant to write 'We re-great to inform you,' because they clearly don't know what they're missing!" I imagined the admissions team gathered around, laughing together, and sharing stories of the most innovative rejections, mine evidently being the award winner.

To the university, thank you for not adding another pile of textbooks to my future muscle-building routine. In fact, a friend told me, "Rejection is just a success postponed." So basically, I'm on an extended break at the Success Station, waiting for my transfer to Opportunity Town.

And let's not forget the benefits of my newfound freedom! No mandatory 8 AM classes where my ability to stay awake is tested more than my academic prowess. No cafeteria food that even my dog would give a skeptical sniff. To those who didn't make it, like me - remember, it's not that we failed, it's that we've been given a free pass to the great university of life...with a major in 'ROI:' Returns On Impulses.

So here's to finding humor in rejection and to all the right doors opening, even if this one has a really fancy handle that seems determined to stay shut. Keep smiling, keep learning, and may your paths be ever paved with laughter and - if you're lucky - a scholarship to Hogwarts. Thank you, and have a fantastic day!