

Ladies and gentlemen, students and teachers, aliens and time travelers who accidentally ended up here--welcome!

I'm here today because I have one special talent: the ability to survive high school. That's right, surviving high school is a talent because it requires agility, charm, and ninja-like reflexes to dodge embarrassing moments.

Let's start with mornings. Every day, I face my first great challenge: the snooze button. Seriously, if hitting that button was an Olympic sport, I'd have a gold medal by now.

And then there's the school cafeteria. It's where last week's mystery meat gains sentience. I swear, one time spaghetti day turned into a Lady and the Tramp situation with a noodle trying to escape my plate!

But nothing tests your skills more than public speaking in class. "Any volunteers?" The words echo, and suddenly I'm a professional mime, making myself invisible so I'm not picked.

Then there are the school photos. Every year, I think I'm ready--a quick smile, a confident look--but somehow, the camera always catches me at the exact moment I morph into an awkward turtle. If you've seen it, you know. If you haven't seen it, please don't.

And finally, the art of corralling a group for a family photo? Forget it. Coordinating a selfie with my friends in the hallway is like herding cats, but some moments are worth capturing.

So, in conclusion, surviving high school may not be flashy, but it's my talent. And as long as I can keep laughing at myself, I think I'll be alright.

Thank you, and may your high school experiences be as wonderfully awkward as mine!