

Ladies and gentlemen, teammates, and the very enthusiastic janitor still wearing our team's colors,

Today marks a historic moment in sports history--where the unsung underdogs have not only sung but performed an entire opera of epic victories! I'd like to start by thanking our opponents for reminding us how not to use a ball.

First of all, let's give a round of applause to our coach, who often says teamwork makes the dream work--probably because he naps during our practice sessions. Let's be honest, I think the coach deserves a medal just for dealing with us every week!

And what about our team captain? Who knew someone could spend so much time on the bench and still have enough energy to cheer louder than the fans? Your vocal cords should feature in the next Olympics!

To our fans--both of you--who cheered so fiercely from the sidelines, my dad and my dog, your support roared louder than our opponents' pep band! Fido, you'll always be top dog in our victory parade.

And let's not forget our MVP, who never missed a chance to remind us he's our most valuable player by forgetting the words to our victory chant... and making one up!

Last but not least, to our opponents--not going to lie, I'm going to miss how gracefully you let us win; it was nothing short of charitable.

I believe I speak for everyone when I say: may our victories continue to be numerous, and our blooper reels endless. To more laughter--and less running--next season! Cheers!