

Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed faculty, proud parents, and my fellow graduates:

Today, we gather to celebrate a momentous occasion--our graduation day! Or as I like to call it, "the day we officially stop complaining about homework and start complaining about adulting."

First off, let's take a moment to thank our teachers. Without them, we'd probably still be trying to find X in algebra or wondering why on earth mitochondria are the powerhouse of the cell. Seriously, shoutout to Google and all-night study sessions--you've been real MVPs!

Parents, thank you for your endless support. And by support, I mean pretending to understand our math homework and not changing the Netflix password during finals week. Your encouragement--and let's not forget, your funding--have brought us to this point.

To my fellow graduates, we did it! We started out as bright-eyed freshmen who couldn't find our lockers, and now we're leaving as slightly older, slightly more caffeinated versions of ourselves. We've mastered the art of balancing studies, social lives, and calculating how many breaks we can squeeze into a study session.

Going forward, let's tackle the world with the same enthusiasm we had when campus Wi-Fi was actually working. Who knows? Maybe one day, we'll understand how taxes work, or dare I say--choose our own health insurance plans!

So, here's to us--the graduates! May our futures be as bright as our phone screens at 3 AM. Congratulations, everyone! Let's go out there and show the world what we've got, or at least pretend we know what we're doing until we figure it out.

Thank you!