

Ladies and gentlemen,

Thank you all for coming to help me celebrate finally hitting the big 5-0! Yes, I've officially reached the age where I can no longer trust a fart.

You know you're getting old when your back goes out more than you do. But hey, let's be honest, at my age, I'd rather be in bed by 9 PM with Netflix than out partying until dawn. That's right, my idea of a wild night is finally managing to stay awake through an entire episode of my favorite show.

Turning 50 has its perks, though. I can now start collecting senior discounts. Who needs skydiving or bungee jumping when you can spend your time happily coupon-clipping for half-off at the early bird special?

They say with age comes wisdom, but I'm still waiting for my Amazon package of intelligence to arrive. Tracking says it might be stuck somewhere in 1998, but I'm holding out hope.

To all my friends and family, you've been with me through thick and thin, literally. Remember when I had hair? Me neither! But I'm grateful for each of you here today, especially those who brought my gifts--timeless, like my sense of direction in life... still figuring it out!

So let's raise our glasses, or our glasses cases for some of us, and toast to the next 50 years. May they be full of laughter, love, and possibly a midlife crisis or two. Thank you all for the memories, and here's to creating many more outrageous ones!

Cheers!