

Ladies and gentlemen, fellow survivors of the class of [Year],
Welcome back! It's not every day you get to see your awkward teenage
years personified in real-time. I've seen more braces removed than goals
achieved since our last gathering, so congratulations to all!
Isn't it funny how reunion invitations manage to find us no matter how
many times we've moved? It's like they have a GPS tracker on our life
decisions. And speaking of life decisions, I've noticed some of us have
upgraded from angst and pimples to mortgages and back pain. Well done!
A big shoutout to the planning committee for organizing this great event.
Who knew we could recreate those questionable cafeteria meals in buffet
form? The culinary journey from "what's this?" to "I guess I'll try it"
is truly nostalgic.

Since we knew each other in the era of flip phones and dial-up, it's
amazing to see how much we've all changed. Yes, Mark, that means you,
with your new hair or, as I like to call it, the "resilient retreat."
As we mingle and share stories tonight, let's remember: what's discussed
at this reunion, stays at this reunion. Mostly because we don't want it
getting back to our children or social media followers.

So here's to rekindling friendships, sharing laughs, and trading
embarrassing stories--because if you can't laugh at your past, well,
that's just high school all over again.

Cheers to us!