

Ladies and gentlemen, fellow veterans, and the friends who somehow still tolerate our stories,

Welcome to this grand reunion, where the only thing sharper than our uniforms should be our wit! First off, let's get one thing straight... if anyone starts a war story that begins with "This ain't no s&t," we know it's probably 90% s&t. But hey, that's what these reunions are all about, right? Revising history until it's fit for Hollywood!

I'd like to toast to the years we've added, the promotions we never got, and the fact that the only thing we're outrunning now is our cholesterol levels. It's incredible to see so many familiar faces - and still missing half the names. It's okay, just call everyone "buddy" or "pal" and you'll be in the clear.

To those who fought alongside us, those who couldn't make it, and those who stand watch on high - you are never forgotten. Also, to our long-suffering partners who have heard enough bad jokes about MREs to last a lifetime, you deserve a medal!

Let's enjoy tonight like it's our last day of leave - no curfews, no orders, just the joy of being with friends. So here's to the stories that will evolve, the bonds that won't break, and the laughter that always serves as the best combat gear.

Cheers!