
An introduction to the essay on the topic of valedictorian graduation speech

Good Morning, ladies and gentlemen, board of trustees, administrators, teachers, parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins!and seniors.

Everybody, take a deep breath, if you please!.As you inhale the aggregate odor of your senior class for the last time, I™m sure there are many burning questions racing through your minds: ?Will I ever find my place in the world? eh!If you™re lucky. ?My god!how many more speeches before they let me graduate?...you™d be surprised! ?Who is that incredibly handsome young man addressing us, and for how long do we have the privilege of listening to him? Howdy there, Diego Arroyo here, and hopefully not for long.

I™m not up here to ask amazingly insightful questions though. I™m not even up here because of my charm and good looks. I™m up here because I have been granted this wonderful opportunity to speak to you today in order to compensate for the misery that went into my earning the title ?valedictorian, and all the misery that will envelope the rest of my life as a result of it. Whenever I walk out of the bathroom with my fly down and shirt tail hanging out, I™ll hear, ?And you were valedictorian? If I™m desperately looking for my glasses and I find them atop my heat I™ll hear, ?You were valedictorian? If I were to have been caught skipping in the middle of the valedictorian announcement, I might have heard, ?¡che Diego sacaste Valedictorian!!!

Yes, I earned the privilege to be valedictorian and for some reason, that's supposed to mean that I somehow know more about life, and I should represent the class in imparting some final wisdom to everyone before running out the door with diploma in hand. Unfortunately, I™m rather short on life experience, so you really shouldn™t believe any so-called advice I have. Call this a disclaimer for the rest of my speech:

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