Adolfo Alexander Vincent Morales, Class of 2017

When I heard that the University was getting graduated, I couldn't believe it. I was really touched when UChicago asked me to be its best man, and then I realized I had to write this speech. I mean, yeah we've been best friends forever, or at least since we went to school together, but you know best man speeches are really hard and I don't think I could get away with just teasing UChicago about still being in its Gothic phase or how it calls “trimesters” “quarters”.

But actually, I'm really glad that the university could find someone like all of you. I mean, taken holistically, you are everything the University could want. And y’know, most people meet online these days, so there's no shame in using Tinder or any other common app.

And here you are: you are smart, intrepid, curious, and you know where Waldo is. You've known each other for years now and it's obvious that you guys have something special. It's no secret that the University has been graduated before, and we all thought that the 529th time was gonna be the last, but really, I'm confident this will be the last graduation.

I think it's great that it finally found that special one...thousand people.

I remember the first time I met the University and its soon to be graduates. They showed me how deep their empathy ran.

It was during the polar vortex, during Chi-beria, during what I can only assume was due to the death of Aslan the lion. It was so cold that the fire alarm went off in my dorm. Yeah, they work both ways. It was six in the morning the first day of winter quarter. We all dressed slowly, groggily, and went outside. One of the people in my house thought there actually was a fire and they ran outside in just their robe. It was negative 40 degrees.

Immediately, instinctively, without thinking, everyone surged around them like penguins might, to make sure that they would be ok in the cold. That's when I knew the University was head over Ivy for these people, who all chose to go to school here in this frozen hellscape.

I often wonder what sort of person came to the literal swamp that is Chicago, and said, “Ah yes, here I will found my city.”

I often wonder what sort of students came to this gothic school in this aforementioned frozen hellscape and said “Ah yes, here is where I will go to school.”

I have since realized that it is the type of person who will huddle around someone when they aren't dressed for the cold. This type of person would come to a cold, gothic place, to learn about what they care about because they all have the same fierce fire of determination and curiosity burning inside of them. And when nothing else, and I mean, quite literally, nothing else can keep you warm because it is colder at school than it is on Mars, that fire will burn inside of you and keep you warm.
As you go forth after your graduation, take this chance to play Prometheus and bring that fire with you to everyone and everything you encounter. Shield others from the cold. Keep your curiosity. Keep your determination. Keep a tab on Waldo. Everything after this is easy. And hopefully, warmer.

So, I'd like to propose a toast to the University of Chicago and its soon to be graduates: May this be only the start of your many years of happiness.