

My Valentine's Speech

First of all, I don't want anybody to think I'm some sort of punk egghead. I've been to jail and shit for selling most of you weed. I did well in school because I'm good with numbers. Sometimes I read a book.

I'm supposed to say something about how life is just beginning. The best years are yet to come. But that's bullshit. Whenever I talk to old people, most of them seem pretty sad. Some of them are plagiarist assholes. Others are creepers who pretend to be groundskeepers. One guy I met spent all his time looking for his long lost Dad.

All of them suffer from holes in their hearts.

I guess what I'm trying to say: if it feels like you're developing a hole in your heart, then fill it as quickly as possible so that it doesn't grow and grow into an abyss that eventually consumes you. Fill it with memories of your friends, the people who made you laugh, the people who hung with you in the halls and at the chicken sanctuary. Fill it with memories of All Time High.

(Almost) everyone here has made a lasting impact on my life. The experience isn't something I want to forget. My advice: when you run off to school and try to become an adult, remember the kid inside you. Love that kid. Because being an adult sucks.

Jumping in and out of photobooths, that's where the real high is.

So like, stay in contact with one another. Hang out, drink beer, smoke it up. Run away to Arizona together, and go on adventures into conceptual unknowns. Because someday, you'll be old and dead, and probably not in that order.

Props to Søren for being my best friend.
Love to Claire for being my everything.
Vice, you're a dick.

BEACH CLOWN

