

Alright, alright, settle down you beautiful people! What's up Coimbatore?! Feeling good? I know I am, especially after that 15-minute struggle trying to find parking. Seriously, I thought I was auditioning for the Fast & Furious, but instead of Vin Diesel, it was just me sweating profusely, parallel parking between a scooter and a cow. Classic Coimbatore, right?

So, who here is currently in college, or just freshly escaped its clutches? (Wait for applause). Nice, nice. My people! You know, being a college student is like being a superhero, but instead of fighting crime, you're fighting sleep, bad cafeteria food, and the existential dread of... well, everything.

I remember my first year. Everyone told me, "It's the best time of your life!" And I was like, "Are you sure? Because right now, I'm pretty sure my best time involves not having to decipher handwriting that looks like a spider fell in an inkwell and then tap-danced across my notebook." My notes looked like abstract art, and my grades looked like the unemployment rate.

And the food! Oh, the hostel food. It's like they have a secret competition to see how many different ways they can make potatoes taste like disappointment. One day it's "aloo sabzi," the next it's "aloo fry," then "aloo something that vaguely resembles a potato but tastes like regret." I swear, the only thing they perfected was the art of making chai so strong it could wake up a coma patient. You'd drink it, and suddenly you'd be ready to write a thesis on the socio-economic impact of instant noodles.

And let's talk about attendance. Remember those days? You're rushing to class, practically breaking the sound barrier, only to find out the professor marked you absent because you sneezed during roll call. It's like, "Sir, I'm here! My physical manifestation of despair is present! Are you telling me my soul needs to sign a separate register?" I once saw a guy sprint across campus, trip, spill his coffee, and still make it to class just to hear, "Okay, we're doing group presentations today, and I've already assigned the groups based on who's absent." The universe has a twisted sense of humor, folks.

And the pressure! Everyone's like, "What are you going to do after college? What's your plan?" My plan right now is to finish this degree without developing an incurable caffeine addiction or accidentally setting my dorm room on fire with a faulty charger. Seriously, my life plan is as clear as a foggy morning in Ooty.

But you know what? Despite all the chaos, the all-nighters, the questionable food choices, and the constant feeling of being perpetually tired, college is pretty amazing. It's where you figure out who you are, what you love, and how to survive on instant coffee and a prayer. It's where you make friends who will judge you for your terrible fashion choices but still lend you money for that late-night chai.

So, to all the current students, keep fighting the good fight! To all the graduates, congratulations on escaping the matrix! And to everyone in between, remember, life's a journey, and sometimes, the best part of the journey is realizing you accidentally wore two different colored socks to your final exam.

Thank you, Coimbatore! You've been an amazing audience! I'm off to find a new parking spot, probably in a different city this time! Good night!