

Wesley Hadfield

Class of 2020

Karl G Maeser Preparatory Academy

28 April 2020

The Weirdest Things I Have Ever Done

Number one. Sophomore Year, Ammon Hassan paid me \$5 to lick the mold off of the drainage pipe at Coldstone. Can you believe that? The chump paid me to eat free food.

Number twenty-eight. I consumed 28 oranges in 83 seconds just to prove that I could.

Number seventy nine. I found a lifetime friend named Thomas Vick who is somehow weirder than me. Which leads me to number eighty, the time that I traveled to Switzerland with Thomas and despite the fact that we stayed in a three-bedroom apartment, we shared a twin bed because I was afraid of the dark.

Number ninety-four. I made a Maeser Meme instagram account.

Number one hundred and three. I played Mufasa in a local theater's rendition of *The Lion King* and, number one hundred and four, I showed up at football practice in a full set of Mufasa makeup and told the quarterback that it was because I had a big piano recital. As if that was somehow better?

Number one hundred and twenty-five. I'm sorely afraid of my best friend in the world.

Number one hundred and twenty-six. My best friend in the world is my mother.

I don't chew my nails because I am nervous; I chew them because I am hungry; I drink more hot chocolate than water; sometimes I try to make the Snipe noise from the movie Up; I

bought flip-flops for my “girlfriends” as a three year old; my gamer-tag is WazzleDaddy77; and number two hundred and fifteen, I chose to be a middle school soccer coach for a bunch of stinky tweens -- and liked it!

Number three hundred and twenty-seven, I chose to stay at Maeser.

Number four hundred and eleven, I thought that because I was weird the kids at Maeser would, for some outrageous reason, love me less, or wouldn't love me at all. That may be the weirdest, most laughable thought that has ever crossed my mind. Somebody who thinks a Maeser student wouldn't love another human being for being weird clearly hasn't spoken to Mr. Dowdle about Comic-Con, or to Mrs. Smith about Show Choir for that matter. Somebody who thinks being weird at Maeser is alienating, clearly hasn't waltzed down the middle school hallway during spirit week. Somebody that assumes they are a misfit at Maeser surely does not understand the culture that we, as students, have fought so hard to create and preserve. Everybody knows that we are a group of misfits and we are a herd of freaks, but the weirdest thing that a student at Karl G Maeser Preparatory academy could possibly perceive is that they aren't loved because of their uniqueness.

Number four hundred. I sing Puff the Magic Dragon to myself at night. Thomas Vick talks like Kronk from *Emperor's New Groove* when impersonating adults; Kara Han puts toothpaste on her forehead before she goes to bed; John Hendrix likes airplanes more than people; Ethan Lynsky read encyclopedias instead of Harry Potter as a child; Cody Wilkins is short; Becca Linford had a crush on me in fifth-grade. In the end, the only thing that we all have in common is the mutual recognition that diversity is excellence. That's the lesson that the class

of 2020 has worked to preserve as have the graduating classes before us have for the last decade.

It is the responsibility that we leave on your shoulders as we pass the baton: Promote your differences. Recognize the accepting culture that we have strived to produce and treasure it infinitely. Finally, recognize that we are all rooting for you to embrace your bizarre tendencies, recognize the excellence in diversity, and embrace your list of “The Weirdest Things I Have Ever Done.”