



Welcome to the team Osmar!

AT SOME POINT THIS YEAR, THE
YEARBOOK CLASS GAINED A NEW
MEMBER.

HIS NAME IS OSMAR.
THIS WAS ONE OF THE BEST DECISIONS
WE'VE MADE.

Osmar doesn't talk much. And in a room full of people who talk constantly, loudly, and sometimes about absolutely nothing, this makes him stand out. While the rest of us are busy laughing at things that aren't funny, Osmar is usually sitting there quietly, watching it all happen. Not in a dramatic way. Not in a "look at me" way. Just calmly, casually, like it's part of his routine. You can almost see the thoughts forming.

"Why are they like this?"

"Do they ever stop talking?"

"How is this a class?"

And honestly... valid questions.

We are not quiet. We are not calm. We are not organized all the time. We are, at times, extremely annoying. And Osmar knows this.

Sometimes he looks at us like he's reconsidering his life choices. Sometimes he just shakes his head a little. But here's the thing: even though he probably thinks we're a lot, he still stays. He still shows up. He's still part of the team. And that means something. Because if he really hated us, he'd be gone by now. Every once in a while, Osmar will say something. And when he does, the whole class notices. The room gets quiet. People look up. Because when the quiet person finally speaks, it's either important... or unexpectedly funny. Usually, it's both.

He balances out the class in the best way. We bring the chaos. He brings the calm. We bring the noise. He brings the silent judgment. Together, it somehow works.

Our yearbook class wouldn't be the same without him now. Even if he never says it, we know he cares about being here. And even if he thinks we're annoying (which, again, is fair), we're really glad he's part of the team. So welcome to the yearbook family, Osmar. Thanks for putting up with us.

Thanks for staying.
We're lucky to have you.