

Hosting has become one of the more unexpectedly formative things I do. Since 2024, I have served as Host and Master of Ceremonies for the annual DAIS Fete, an event attended by approximately 1,000 people across a full day of programming. The role involves scripting and delivering live commentary, introducing performers, managing transitions between acts, and — most of the time — holding the room together when the schedule slips, a performer is late, or something goes wrong backstage that the audience should never know about.

In 2026 I was selected to host the Grade 12 Farewell, an audience of roughly 300 to 350 students, parents, and faculty. The register there is entirely different from the Fete: smaller, more intimate, and emotionally loaded in a way a school fair is not. It demanded a mix of scripted remarks and genuine improvisation, and a sense of when to be funny and when to let a moment sit.

What MCing has taught me is that a live audience is not a passive thing you speak at. It has a mood, and that mood shifts. A joke that works at 11am dies at 4pm when everyone is tired. A transition that felt natural in rehearsal drags when the previous act has run twelve minutes long. The job is to read that in real time and adjust — which is closer to a conversation than a performance.

It has also taught me something about composure. When something goes wrong on a live stage, the audience takes its cue from whoever is holding the microphone. If I look unbothered, the room stays unbothered. That steadiness under pressure is a skill I did not know I had until I was standing in front of a thousand people with a schedule falling apart and had to decide, in the moment, how to fill four unplanned minutes.