

SANTIAGO L. SPERANZA

GRADUATES

The dream trip can quickly
turn into a nightmare

 Editorial El Ateneo

Graduates

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Patagones 2463 - (C1282ACA) Buenos Aires - Argentina

Tel: (54 11) 4943 8200 - Fax: (54 11) 4308 4199

editorial@elateneco.com - www.editorialelateneo.com.ar

Dirección editorial: Marcela Luza

Gerencia editorial: Marina von der Pahlen

Edición: Juliana Palermo

Traducción: María Victoria Echandi

Producción: Pablo Gauna

Coordinación de Diseño: Marianela Acuña

Ilustraciones: Luciana Bertot, @lulybot

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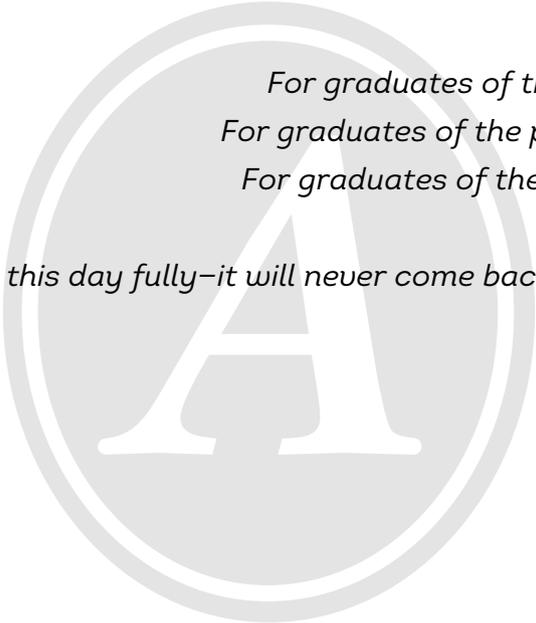
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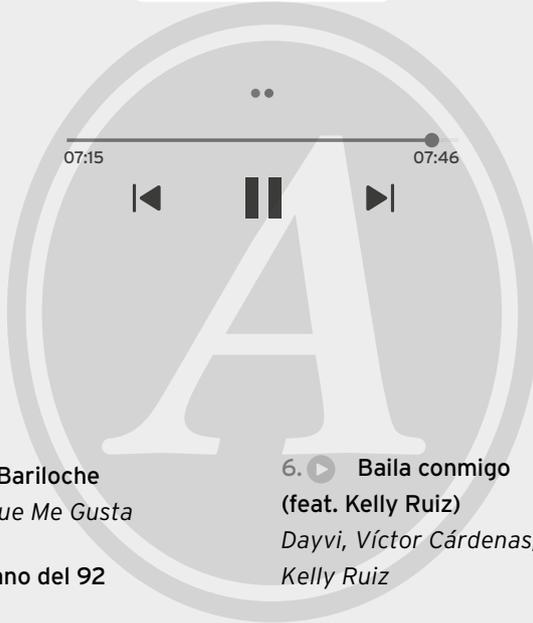
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*For graduates of the past.
For graduates of the present.
For graduates of the future.*

Live this day fully—it will never come back again.

Playlist



1. ▶ **Atr Bariloche**
Lore y Roque Me Gusta

2. ▶ **Verano del 92**
Los Piojos

3. ▶ **Hoy cerramos boliche**
Kevo DJ, Mü5

4. ▶ **Cicatrices**
Airbag

5. ▶ **Te mentiría (Versión Cuarteto)**
Luck Ra, La Konga

6. ▶ **Baila conmigo (feat. Kelly Ruiz)**
Dayvi, Víctor Cárdenas, Kelly Ruiz

7. ▶ **9 de Julio**
Callejeros

8. ▶ **Ese maldito momento**
No Te Va Gustar

9. ▶ **Like a Prayer**
Choir version from Deadpool and Wolverine: Madonna "Like a Prayer"

10. ▶ **Bufón**

LIT killah

11. ▶ **Cristinax**

Fer Palacio

12. ▶ **Ya no más**

Fer Palacio, DJ Alex, Santiago Saez

13. ▶ **No_se_ve.mp3**

Emilia, Ludmilla, Zecca

14. ▶ **She Don't Give a Fo**

Duki, Khea

15. ▶ **Deja de llorar**

El Polaco

16. ▶ **Noche loca**

Marama, Rombai

17. ▶ **Arrancármelo**

WOS

18. ▶ **The Exit**

Conan Gray

19. ▶ **The Good Part**

AJR

20. ▶ **Madrugada**

La Beriso

21. ▶ **Worthless**

D4VD

22. ▶ **Crimen**

Gustavo Cerati

23. ▶ **Lo malo de ser bueno**

Cuarteto de Nos

24. ▶ **Si tú supieras**

Tini

25. ▶ **Silencio**

Los Tipitos

26. ▶ **Azul**

Cristian Castro

27. ▶ **The Mass**

ERA

28. ▶ **Llamado de emergencia**

Daddy Yankee

29. ▶ **De música ligera**

Remasterizado 2007 - Soda Stereo

30. ▶ **Perfecta (versión 2023)**

Miranda!, María Becerra, FMK

31. ▶ **Las cosas que pasan**

Tan Biónica

32. ▶ **Sailor Song**

Gigi Perez

33. ▶ **From Eden**

Hozier

34. ▶ **Quevedo: BZRP Music Sessions, Vol. 52**
Bizarrap, Quevedo

35. ▶ **El bombón**
Los Palmeras

36. ▶ **Lo mejor del amor**
Rodrigo

37. ▶ **Por lo que yo te quiero**
Walter Olmos

38. ▶ **Why Am I Like This?**
Orla Gartland

39. ▶ **Little Lion Man**
Mumford and Sons

40. ▶ **Panoramic View**
Awolnation

41. ▶ **Si no estás**
Íñigo Quintero

42. ▶ **¿Qué ves?**
Divididos

43. ▶ **Birds of a Feather**
Billie Eilish

44. ▶ **Picture You**
Chappell Roan

45. ▶ **Soltero hasta la tumba**
El Reja

46. ▶ **Danza Kuduro**
Don Omar, Lucenzo

47. ▶ **Entre la playa ella y yo**
big Yamo, Vato 18k

48. ▶ **Por mil noches**
Airbag

49. ▶ **Arruinarse**
Tan Biónica

50. ▶ **Nunca quise**
Intoxicados

51. ▶ **Brillante sobre el mic**
Fito Páez

52. ▶ **I Really Like You**
Carly Rae Jepsen

53. ▶ **Chivo expiatorio**
Cuarteto de Nos

54. ▶ **Je te laisserai des mots**
Patrick Watson

55. ▶ **Cae el sol**
Airbag

56. ▶ **Interstellar**
(Original Score)
Imperial Orchestra

57. ▶ **Muchachos, ahora
nos volvimos a ilusionar**
La Mosca Tse-Tse

58. ▶ **Hola perdida**
Luck Ra, Khea

59. ▶ **Intento**
Ke Personajes, Ulises Bueno

60. ▶ **Mente en blanco**
K4OS

61. ▶ **Chulo pt.2**
Bad Gyal, Tokischa, Young Miko

62. ▶ **Buscando money**
TWENTY SIX, Tayson Kryss

63. ▶ **Chingon (Ella quiere
guarachita no le pongas
reggaetton)**
*DJ Pirata, Tomy DJ, El Kaio, Dj
Luciano Troncoso*

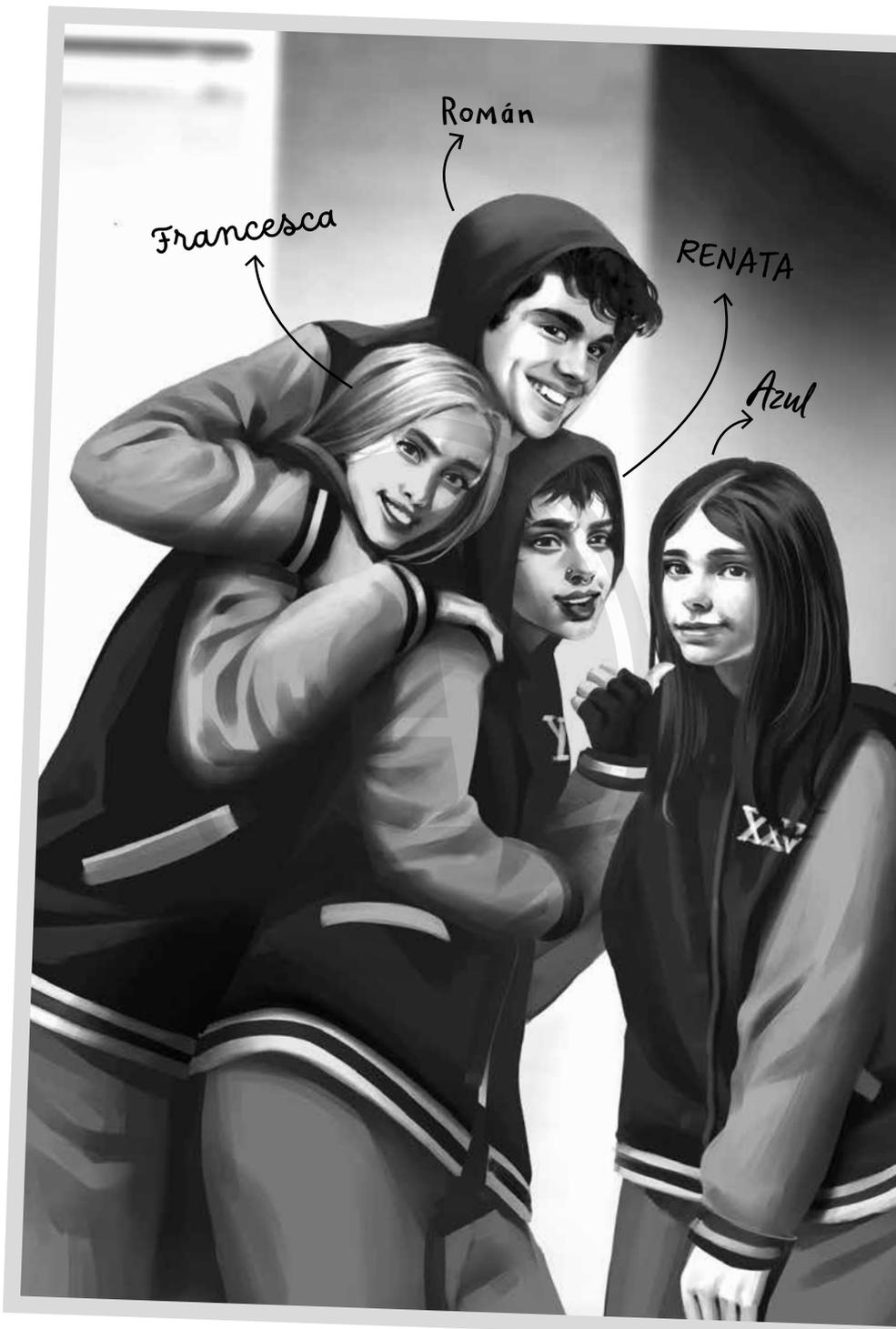
64. ▶ **Nunca me amó**
*Guaracha - DJ Cuba, DJ Pirata,
Pity DJ*

65. ▶ **My Tears Are Becoming
a Sea**
M83

66. ▶ **Dynasty**
MIIA

67. ▶ **Now We Are Free**
Hans Zimmer

68. ▶ **Los graduados**
Chano Moreno Charpentier



Román

Francesca

RENATA

Azul



Bruno

OCTAVIO

Matteo

XXIV

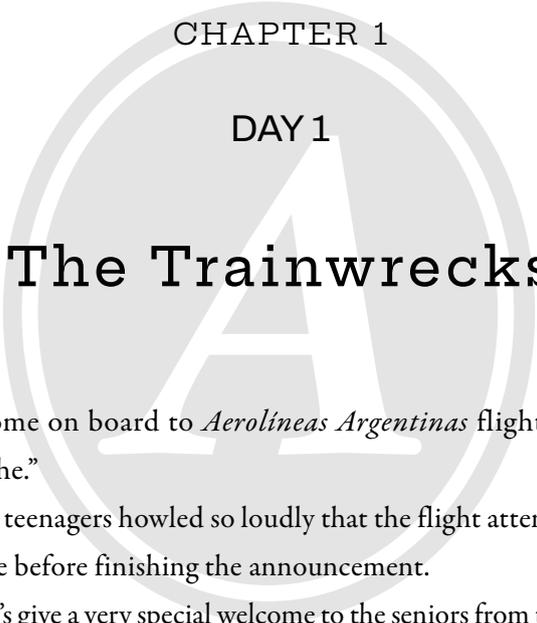
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PART 1



CHAPTER 1

DAY 1

The Trainwrecks

“Welcome on board to *Aerolíneas Argentinas* flight 1332 to Bariloche.”

The teenagers howled so loudly that the flight attendant had to pause before finishing the announcement.

“Let’s give a very special welcome to the seniors from the school Sáenz Peña de Castelar, who start their graduation trip today!”

Shrieks, screams, and more yelling. It was evident that some of the passengers that didn’t belong to the *Sáenz Peña* group were thinking about changing their flights so they wouldn’t become deaf with so much teenage excitement, even if that meant missing the flight. The flight attendant paused again and

glanced at the note Román had given her when he boarded, she wanted to make sure she wouldn't miss a word:

“Let's give a round of applause to The Trainwrecks. They'll be the last ones to leave the club, and they are gonna party every night!”

The final statement made all fifty graduates go wild. They may have woken up at four in the morning to make it in time to the airport, but that didn't mean that they wouldn't jump in their seats and act like animals in the beginning of this long-awaited trip.

They counted the days. They drove teachers insane. They made promises: get so hammered they forgot their names, have sex for the first time, explore dating someone of the same sex, try a substance, go skinny dipping in the Nahuel Huapi Lake at three in the morning, eat thirty-five hot dogs in the afterparty, throw up. Rinse and repeat.

During the LFD—the party Argentinian teenagers usually celebrate on eve of their Last First Day of high school—The Trainwrecks had already gone wild. If they had done that much damage in only a few hours, what could happen on the eight-day graduation trip? Many promises were made. Some had no limits. And the expectations? They were through the roof. So, of course, the only thing left to do was scream, jump and hug each other. Their level of excitement could not be contained, not when they wished to live that moment for so many months.

“How did you do it, man? How did you get the flight attendant to help you? It was so cool.” Matteo asked his friend, intrigued. Román was sitting in the next row and wouldn't stop checking the

camera on his phone. He adjusted his hair to make sure he looked as good as always. Next to him, his girlfriend Francesca held his hand.

“It’s just that I’m a great guy.” Román laughed, still a prisoner of the memories from that night, his smile disappeared. “Octi, do you remember anything from the LFD? I can’t believe I missed it like an idiot...”

Several people swallowed hard. The intertwined fingers of Román and Francesca got free with a little discomfort. It had been a night to remember, but also, a night to forget. Octavio watched through the window how their bags were tossed into the plane. He was ignoring the group, as always. Bruno, in the middle seat, tapped Octavio in the shoulder to get a reaction.

“What’s going on, gentleman? I’m witnessing a historical event; hence I ask for a little bit of respect. Not every day do we get to see how Fran’s bag gets smashed live.”

Francesca jumped from her place and threw herself over Octavio, Matteo and Bruno to see what was happening to her precious belongings. Her outfits for each night out and her make-up were important, but none of that was a priority in Bariloche. The only thing that mattered were the liters of Smirnoff vodka that she had secretly stashed in bottles of sunscreen and lotion.

Alcohol needed to be protected at all costs. That was one of the main missions of The Trainwrecks and of every graduate that was planning on drinking until puking, of course.

“Let me see, idiots! Move!” The guys protested, but that didn’t stop Francesca. “Did they put it in, Octavio?!”

A general “Ooooooooooooooh!” erupted in the seats nearby, followed by:

“They put something else in you!”

“Do you want me to put it in you?”

Renata, seated on the row in front of the male trio, got up and belated a war cry. Her best friend, Azul, tried to comfort her by resting a hand on her shoulder so her outburst would only involve words.

“Why don’t you shut the hell up, stupid virgins? I’m sure you don’t even know what a clitoris is, you idiots! I wouldn’t be surprised if you didn’t know how to wipe your own asses!”

The adults in charge of The Trainwrecks, Lore and Edu, parents of other students, were ready to smooth the scene with some calming words, but it wasn’t necessary. The boys, who up until that moment thought themselves so great, lowered their heads and fell silent after being completely humiliated. In a way, their masculine image was threatened by their virginity, and Renata knew it. She knew how to hit where it hurt the most.

“That wasn’t necessary, Reni, but thanks anyway.” Francesca added and returned to her seat, disappointed she couldn’t catch sight of her bag.

“I’m so done with them. Aren’t you tired?”

Francesca shrugged.

“They can say whatever they want. Luckily, my boy is very well educated, and he is the only one that matters.” She kissed Román on the cheek, which gave the boy the opportunity to hold her by the neck and fully made out with her in front of everyone without

any warning. To eyes of The Trainwrecks, they were the perfect couple. “See? A lovely puppy.”

“Careful, puppies get excited real quick,” added Matteo. The boys laughed, but Renata, Azul and Francesca rolled their eyes in protest.

“*Men...* Always thinking with their pants,” Renata declared.

That comment captured Octavio’s attention, who had missed the make out session between Francesca and Román. He couldn’t care less about the saliva exchange. On the contrary, he found it unpleasant. He was more interested in observing the colors of the sky and the models of different airplanes. Anything but some filthy kissing.

“Renata, please, I ask you not to generalize our gender. I am a very coherent thinking man, am I clear? I think so much that...”

“... You got hit by a car on the LFD, genius,” added Azul, who had been quiet since they boarded the plane but was not going to let Renata fight any battle alone.

Azul’s intervention, of course, made everyone laugh again. The happiness they felt was so extreme they had a tough time breathing because of all the laughing.

“It’s not my fault that those colorful flares diminished the driver’s visibility. I trusted the quality of the product, and it did not disappoint. Honestly, the street was covered in green—”

“How many times do we have to tell you we didn’t give you a smoke bomb that day?! You could barely walk,” interrupted Francesca. She was done with Octavio’s delusions and hated that he talked like a 102-year-old man. “You saw green because you

were high. We had the smoke bombs, and we were one block away from you.”

“Well, almost everyone...”

The eyes of the group landed in Bruno.

“What?” He looked at them one by one nervously while he remembered the LFD. He didn’t like to revisit that night. He hated thinking about what he had done.

“What’s your excuse, Brunete? Because, from what I heard, you weren’t that wasted that night, unlike others...” Román asked, injecting a twinge of resentment on his last words.

Bruno adjusted his glasses uncomfortably and replied:

“I... Well, I had a lot to drink... And then...”

“He tried to rescue Octavio from the street, but he missed the car and got hit too,” Francesca concluded, sensing that Bruno’s nerves were not helping.

A brief silence took over the seven high school friends. It was meditative and tense. Side eyes. Hidden desires. Hidden fears. However, there was no place to explore those feelings further. The collective voice of the class surprised them with their usual cheer while the plane’s engines roared to take off. A cheer spread through the seats and reminded them that, despite all memories—good or bad—they were flying to Bariloche on the trip that would change everything and that they would remember for the rest of their lives.

The voices of their classmates roared louder than the plane engines. They were trying to drown out the flight’s attendant

announcement requesting everyone to fasten their seatbelts. The plane left the ground, but the kids didn't calm down. Octavio observed the clouds out of his window with nostalgia and a bit of anxiety while the others sang. How could they calm down? The good stuff was about to begin.

We are The Trainwrecks, can't you tell?
Everyone else can go to hell!

Bariloche's gonna explode,
World Cup champs, we run the show!

Drinkin', shoutin', havin' fun,
Not gonna stop till the doctor comes!

They didn't know it yet, but the class chant was right on.
Everything would explode, just not the way they expected.