

Judd
Computer Science 101
Assignment 9
11 December 2017

A Typical Tuesday Night

Alright, choose file. There we go, show me some green. DAMN! That's the fifth time I've submitted this APT. I check the time at the top left of my screen. No way! 11:34? This single APT has taken me since 6pm. Stress sets in. Will this be the first time that I turn in an incomplete or not quite fully-functional APT? Not if I can figure it out in the next 25 minutes, though my hopes are not high this time. Let's look it over one more time. Alright my for loops look good, my if statements cover all possible cases and even my dictionary maps the correct key-value pairs. What could I be missing?

After another 15 minutes and going through and rewriting every line of code for what feels like the 100th time, I decide to make one last check of the output list from the APT test. All of the red cases look like the answer is correct, but for some reason still shows up red. Wait, could it be that simple? At the very bottom of the list, the last case tested with an input list of just one string. Instead of the correct expected output, my function returned "TRUE". That is a bool, which means I must have a T/F condition somewhere that is messing the whole APT up. It's crunch time though, somehow I only have 3 minutes to submit. I scan every line one last time. Finally I find it. In the third if statement within my second nested for loop, I have written:

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    "if num == x:  
        ans == num"
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How could I have missed it? It's so simple. Hours wasted. I make the quick fix to "ans = num" and go to the submit page, no time to test it now. With a final click of my track pad the green line of correct tests lights up my dark dorm room. The clock strikes 11:59pm and I let out a loud, victorious "HELL YEAH" as I stand up out of my desk chair. My roommate looks up from his Netflix, surveying me with his eyes, likely thinking comp sci has finally made me go insane. His opinion matters little now, I finally finished what seemed like an impossible task. A wave of relief washes over me as I fill out the REFLECT form. That was the closest call I've had, and all because of a stupid mistype and a single equal sign. The seemingly limitless amounts of confusion, frustration and anxiety experienced within the evening have been replaced with happiness, pride and triumph. I get in bed, but am too energized to sleep. It could be the two red bull's and cup of coffee I had within the last two hours, but I prefer thinking of it as lingering excitement from submitting an all-green APT. Life is good.