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Assignment 9

Twas the night before the compsci assignment was due
And in the compsci help room
Children are are waiting, there is such a long que
Hoping for an end to their doom

They pout, cry, and scream,
The red "error" message ruining their lives
Is this a nightmare or a dream?
Will we actually survive?

The poor TA's are pulled in all directions,
Some are sassy, but most are kind,
They make the intelligent connections,
That would not come to our mind.

Dictionaries, sets, recursion
Lists, strings, regular expressions
Sometimes we feel so much aversion
And these assignments give us depression

But, when the program is fully done
When all the code is commented and the reflect form filled
You remember that coding is actually quite fun
And actually you feel thrilled

Next time you promise you won't procrastinate
Farewell, you say, to the TA's
You need to go home, for it is late
But you'll be back next monday