

An Ode to Gradescope

Green signal, gleaming like Gatsby's distant light,
You tease me so, always one failed test away
O autograder, giver of worries and plight
You display *failed case*, and my hair turns gray

Your tests are secret and lurk in the code
Each runtime error takes me like a dagger to the heart
Yet every week I tumble down this road
One small change, and now I have to restart

O Autograder, keeper of my fate
You watch me profusely debug past midnight
You know I have an 8:30 tomorrow, so it is too late
I keep persisting, out of human spite

O Autograder, could you spare me no sympathy still?
Is there truly no soft heart behind your user interface
I know torturing a freshman does not give you a thrill
What do I need to do to earn your grace?

But at last, after blood, sweat, and tears, you turn all green
I do not believe it. You truly are too nice
In disbelief, I gasp at my screen
Now I can only hope the human grader is not made out of ice