

“Ode to CompSci 101”

I wrote my first APT with confidence, bold  
then Python reminded me I know nothing at all.  
My while loop ran wild, refusing to fold,  
and my print statements echoed like desperate calls.

At 3 AM I debugged with half-open eyes,  
convinced that my program was haunted or cursed.  
It turns out the error (to my great surprise)  
was a missing return... in the function I wrote first.

Then came recursion, my long-feared foe  
yet somehow it worked on the very first run.  
I stared at the screen in a stunned, silent glow,  
wondering if coding was actually... kind of fun?

And when those green tests appeared all in a row,  
lighting the screen like a digital sunrise,  
I felt like a wizard whose powers had grown—  
a master of lists, loops, and bugs in disguise.

So here's to the semester: the chaos, the stress,  
the Storylines plots and dictionaries deep.  
I may forget some syntax, I freely confess  
but not the joy of making Python finally sleep.