Ode to CompSci 101

I began with an empty screen,
A blinking cursor, cold and clean,
print("Hello world!") felt small, yet deep,
the first line I would learn to keep.

APTs that tested my calm,
Some days pure green, others warning red.
While loops twisting into late-night thoughts,
for i in range, the logic knots.

Debugging tears, then sudden flight,
A missing colon set things right.
Python Tutor, box by box,
My variables lived like moving clocks.

Dicts with keys, lists with ranks,
Accum patterns earning thankful thanks.
Off-by-ones and index fears,
Tracing stacks through caffeinated years.

From boolean truth to string finesse,
From tuples frozen to mutability stress,
Sorting by lambda, slicing with ease,
Even recursion began to please.

Now I leave with syntax fluency,
Indents aligned like poetry.
A class of logic, grit, and play,
That prints in memory, every day.

return "I made it."