Assignment 7

The night is cold and dark,
        My laptop running low;
Waiting for my one spark
        That'll make my long code flow.

My fingers type away,
        My mind spinning around
Searching for some way,
        To make the APT sound.

I click "run code" with hope,
        A prayer sent to Prof R.
Avoiding a way to cope,
        With lines of "Fail" galore.

And yet I open one eye,
        Heart beating all to fast;
Do I see green, oh my?!
        Or am I just too tired to last.

No! The green! It's there!
        12 out of 12 - you passed!
I cheer loud without a care
        No red "fails" in sight, at last.

Thank YOU my first coding class,
        For the joy of APTs,
(But only when I get a pass,)
        You've given me confidence and glee!