

## Ode to Code

We trekked to Gross through snow and chill,  
With laptops \*sometimes\* charged and minds to fill.  
The glass doors sighed, the stairwells knew,  
The grind that we were walking to.

WOTOs each day, side by side,  
In syntax struggle, we confide.  
New friends forged in loops and logic gates,  
Over shared mistakes and life updates.

APT greens—oh, what a thrill!  
A box goes green? A dopamine spill.  
“Passed all test cases,” our screens would say,  
Like gold stars lighting up our day.

*Faces* assignment, oddly fun—  
Eyes and chins, one by one.  
Then *Transform* came, and joy did fade,  
With Pig Latin words that never obeyed.

Exam prep turned into war,  
Practice exams all over the floor.  
“Will dictionaries ever make sense?” we cried,  
While drinking coffee, brain fried

The final loomed, a terrifying beast,  
But practice problems never ceased.  
Each solved line, a tiny cheer,  
A semester's end, now drawing near.

Through all the stack traces and logic flaws,  
We learned not just loops, but to code without pause.  
In Gross Hall's glow, we grew a lot,  
In every error, a lesson caught.

So here's to CS 101 and the trail we tread,  
From `print("hello")` to the code we now read.  
Not just a class, but a bond we embrace,  
And memories none of us will ever replace.