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MIT Stories

Version #2

## Ode to the Midnight P-Setter

Hope to the midnight p-set starter,  
Who blithely puts his pen to pad,  
Who overlooks the night he's had,  
Who vows he'll see his bed by three,  
Who probes the web for answer key,  
Hope to the midnight p-set starter.

Woe to the midnight p-set prisoner,  
Who hits a wall at problem one,  
Who, scanning text for hints, finds none,  
Who tries the same approach once more,  
Who now needs help; whose head is sore,  
Woe to the midnight p-set prisoner.

Hail to the midnight p-set diverter,  
Who crumples a sheet and aims at a peer,  
Who makes a monster of a Gaussian sphere,  
Who blasts his music and dances around,  
Who bakes enough treats to stack in a mound,  
Hail to the midnight p-set diverter.

Cheers to the midnight p-set cyborg,  
Who finds his zone by two at last,  
Who plunges in and blocks what's past,  
Who cranks and plugs, from mind to hand,  
Who squeezes strength from sleep demand,  
Cheers to the midnight p-set cyborg.

Glory to the midnight p-set solver,  
Who jumps and laughs and runs a lap,  
Who pounds a fist and sings a rap,  
Glory to the midnight p-set solver.

Speed to the midnight p-set courier,  
Who gathers the tattered, eraser-torn sheets,  
Who tucks them away and heads to the streets,  
Who stumbles across a barren Mass Ave.,  
Who pushes ahead for sleep he can have,

Who climbs the stairs in Build—"Ah, Shit!"  
Who now recalls where to submit,  
Who stuffs the p-sets through the gap,  
Who falls to the floor to take a nap,  
Speed to the midnight p-set courier.

Ode to the midnight p-set conqueror,  
Who lies back in bed and marvels at—zzz.

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