

*'Twas the night before Interleague, when all through the shop
Not a tool was stirring, all came to a stop;
The robots were set by the front door with care,
In hopes that the teams soon would be there;*

*The teammates were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of ciphers danced in their heads;
Programmers in their cave, and I in my chair,
Had just settled down for a coding nightmare,*

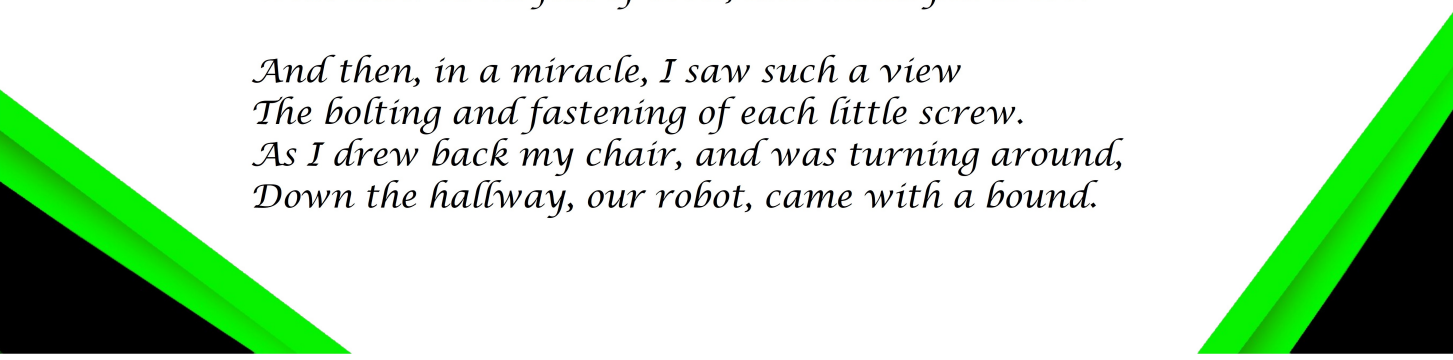
*When from down the hall there arose such a cry,
I sprang from my seat to see what was a wry.
Fleeing from the room, and threw open the door,
A pile of pieces, the bot was no more.*

*With eyes wide and fear on their faces
the teens were frozen, in their last place ,
Minutes passed by, in painstaking fear,
Then finally, with tools, the builders were here,*

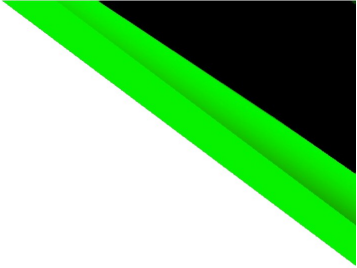

*An urgent nature, not time for the past,
They needed a robot, and they needed it fast.
More rapid than eagles its parts they all came,
And it whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;*

*"Now, MOTOR! now, SENSORS! now, SERVO and CORDS
On, SWITCHES! on POWER! on, CHANNEL, REV BOARDS!
To the top of the lifter! to the wheels on the base!
Now build, fast as you can, put it all into place!"*

*As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the field the builders they flew,
With their arms full of tools, and metal parts too.*



*And then, in a miracle, I saw such a view
The bolting and fastening of each little screw.
As I drew back my chair, and was turning around,
Down the hallway, our robot, came with a bound.*



*It was covered in Sharpie, from its head to its wheel,
And the base all covered in bits of steel;
A bundle of wires they had flung on its board,
And it looked like a mess, just there in discord .*

*It's lights, how they twinkled, it's patterns, a delight!
To think that this happened in less than a night!
Its flicker was drawn up, stored in tow,
Until the jewels so near were set up in a row.*

*The grabber was sitting at the back of the bot
It wasn't as easy to build as they thought
He had a broad frame and a little round tube
But when they tried it fit in the sizing cube.*

*Since September they dreamed of the perfect first cup;
The cipher all scored and the relic standing up
But twas not to be at least not right now,
But this lesson they learned, such was their vow*

*They spoke not a word, but went straight to tests,
And checked all the boxes; even threw in a jest,
And laying their finger atop the control,
The drivers content the bot was a-roll;*

*They sprang to their feet, the bot stored away,
The team mates were weary but excited for the day
But I heard them exclaim, as they drove out of sight,
HAPPY INTERLEAGUE TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!*

FTC 3491 FIX IT would like to thank Slater Kovac-Szabo
(FTC 417 Swerve) inspiring us to complete the poem!

