Help me finish the poem, the next post must submit at least 4 lines.

Quote: Twas the night before deadline, and all through the dorms,
Freshmen are crying, even the mouse is in mourn,
The sophomores weep, as their GPA sinks,
The seniors are drinking, for they're past their peak.

The students all wrestled, with code or their LEDs,
While visions of semi-colons danced in their heads;
And TA in his office, and Professor with a snap,
Replied to the last pleading forum post before a long grace period gap.

But unbeknownst to each laboring fool
was the mind of professors, so cold and so cruel.
For while they believed their code up to par,
their sneaky instructor was raising the bar.