

The slide rule, I've oft heard told,
Is hard for those in eruditions fold.
Wise, precocious, and learned men
Oft times have that noble yen
To slip the stick and product find,
And ease the work of hurried mind.
But after one impatient try
All aspirations and ambitions die.
Thus as scholars of our age
Find the rule hard to gauge,
So you too will trouble cross
If impatience is your boss.
But if each day has a practice hour,
Soon you'll accrue that potent power.
And if you work and persevere,
And use the rule without fear,
You will finally be its master,
Finding quotients much much faster.

Have no trepedations my dear,
About your cake have no fear.

For I have no doubt that it was made
With God as a director and an angel maid.

I praised to my-self each succulent bite,
And admired the texture so fluffy and light.

Also praise was rendered by critical Nate,
Who, being the critic, holds the fate.

Of every little thing we eat,
Be it easy to chew or an arduous feat.

Through the stomach you can get the heart,
Well, my dear, you've done your part.

And I wished you'd tell me what to do,
So I can have your affection, too.

P.S. My mother, aunt and little pop,
Like your cake with nuts on top.
This they told too late for me
I add on with my typing key.