

An Amateur's Woes

*At the pro shop I ran an errand to get
For my weekend tennis a good racquet
Such a choice I had with the time I had
But alas! I couldn't tell good from bad!*

*I picked up a stick and took a swing
The way it swung had me want to sing
I couldn't tell but that it was very light
Wouldn't it make my game very bright?*

*In my bliss, I took the stick to the court
With all the dreams that could purport
I wielded the stick, went after the score
Without a clue I'd be left so sore.*

*Out of the blue, my arm started aching
My elbow hurt; it was so painstaking!
I was so shocked! I couldn't tell why!
I'd felt all along the limit was the sky!*

Sequel: An Amateur's Aid

*As I sulked and waited for the stars to align
My friends didn't let me just sit and whine
They pushed me to see what they'd just made
A computer program that was for my aid!*

*A program that'd help me choose a racquet
A web-based tool, RacQual they called it
It crunched the numbers and said right away
The racquet I'd chosen had been astray*

*It showed every racquet listing in detail
How good, how heavy, the price for retail
The seller's email, phone number, location,
Whatever I needed for proper filtration*

*I browsed the listings and picked up a racquet
All the while dropping no IP packet
I love my new racquet, no repercussion
Thumbs up to RacQual in the general discussion!*