Homework - a eulogy
(or how to learn to stop worrying and love it)

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Homework is a good thing. A time will come when you will fondly recall the days when you had a problem to solve and also knew beforehand that the answer could be obtained with a toolbox you had been given, if you worked hard enough. Homework makes you pause, take up a paper and a pen or a pencil, as the case maybe and write out stuff. Coherently. It makes you realize what you understand and what you don’t. It gives you something concrete to try out and a shape to your grand abstract thoughts. It presents you with deadlines, making you understand how time flies like an arrow.\footnote{and how fruit flies like a banana} It makes you realize how brevity is the soul of wit. And it really, really shows you how to appreciate a clever solution, especially if you’ve unsuccess fully struggled for ages with the said problem. It makes you feel clever at times and dull at others, shows you the highs and the lows, and maybe at the end of the day, leaves you with pleasant unsolved problems and an opportunity for fantastic dreams. It shows you the advantages of group discussions and also the power of thinking in solitude. Homework is a really good thing. Getting to like it is probably an acquired taste, so do it!