An APT Limerick with a Convenient Moral

Oh once I was in a true pickle
For the APT did me tickle
As my submissions turned red
Failure reared its ugly head
And raised its deadly sickle.

They told me "Oh Sweetie,
You need Chat GPT!"
But I strived to fight
'Till I got them all right
And finished this cursed APT!

One at a time, the red turned to green
And I saw what it might could all mean--
I had to try and then fail
Make attempts I would bail
So the true way could then be seen.