‘Twas the Night before Deadlines

‘Twas the night before deadlines, and all through the house,
No one was stirring, not even my pet mouse.

The computer was on, and I in my chair,
Felt tired enough to not have a care.

I knew in my heart that I should be in bed,
But sleep would not come till all was said.

I started my paper with quite somber thinking,
Citing reference after reference without even blinking

Ah this is good, I thought to myself,
But maybe I should recheck with my book on the shelf.

Now as I looked through the new APA book,
My heart gave a flutter and my whole body shook.

Out of my mouth came a woeful sound,
Alas, alas as I found out too late, MLA was what I knew.

As I thought to myself, APA should be the same
Maybe all I have to do is change the name.

Well as it turns out, the name comes first
But not spelled out like Bapledoc, Lurst.

I see now what I must do,
And that is change, the author format too.

So now I have Bapledoc, L., & Beepeak, R.,
With the (date) next.....hey I get the gold star.

So what comes next? I need a rhyme to remember,
All would have been cool if I had learned this in September.

So looking in my book, I find more information,
I now need a title, such as Wayward Station.

The Wayward Station continues to lead my train of thought,
To the Name of the Town where the citation was caught.

Last but not least, I need the publisher name,
So that no one else can have the claim to fame.

Well now it’s 6am and my paper is complete,
I’ll hit save and .................. WOOPS! hit delete.

**Good luck to all and to all good NIGHT!**