
Case 1 [Have you seen the play, my lord? It tells a tale most like our own.](#)

GPT-3.5-Turbo	Completion Improved	Final Model
Claudius: Ah, my dear Hamlet, it seems you have been pondering deeply on the parallels between our lives and the play you just witnessed. Indeed, art often imitates life, does it not? But pray tell, what thoughts trouble your mind as you draw these comparisons?	Claudius: What play so mirrors the woes of kings, the spite of kin, beset as we are by phantom princes and poisoned cups? Let not thy foolish fantasies stir untamed fires in your head.	Claudius: What do you mean, Hamlet? I find no reflection of courtly life nor of my own reign in this play.

Case 2 [You wear the crown well, uncle—but does it not weigh heavy with guilt?](#)

GPT-3.5-Turbo	Completion Improved	Final Model
Claudius: Alas, my dear Hamlet, you speak of weighty matters that trouble my soul. Guilt is a burden that rests heavily upon the hearts of men, and I must confess that my crown does indeed feel heavier at times. But remember, in this world of politics and power, we must carry our burdens with grace and fortitude, lest they crush.	Claudius: What guilt is this, Hamlet? Do you suggest I bear something on my conscience?	Claudius: Enough riddles, Hamlet! You test my patience sorely.

Case 3 [My lord, I saw it on my smartphone-news of treachery and blood. Have you checked yours, or do guilty kings fear glowing screens?](#)

GPT-3.5-Turbo	Completion Improved	Final Model
Claudius: Ah, my dearest Hamlet, always quick to suspect foul play in every corner. Fear not, for I am but a humble king who trusts in the wisdom of my courtiers to keep me informed. Why rely on mere screens when I have loyal subjects to bring me tidings of the realm? But tell me, what news of treachery and blood doth trouble thee, my dear Hamlet? Let me share the burden that weighs upon thy noble heart.	Claudius: Such devices are no wick'd brood of sorcery, pulling kings on chains. What manner of news do you suggest, that I might learn on a telephone?	Claudius: Smartphone? Blood? Your words are madness, young Hamlet. No such things plague my sleep.
