a='''

This new old house

We bought an old house, my boyfriend and I. He’s in charge of the “new” construction – converting the kitchen in to the

master bedroom for instance, while I’m on wallpaper removalduty. The previous owner papered EVERY wall and CEILING! Removing

it is brutal, but oddly satisfying. The best feeling is getting a long peel, similar to your skin when you’re peeling from a

sunburn. I don’t know about you but I kinda make a game of peeling, on the hunt for the longest piece before it rips.Under a

corner section of paper in every room is a person’s name and a date. Curiosity got the best of me one night when I Googled one

of the names anddiscovered the person was actually a missing person, the missing date matching the date under the wallpaper!

The next day, I made a list of all the names and dates. Sure enough each name was for a missing person with dates to match.

We notified the police who naturally sent out the crime scene team. I overhead one tech say “yup, it’s human.” Human? What’s

human? “Ma’am, where is the material you removed from the walls already?This isn’t wallpaper you were removing.”

'''

b='''

I hate it when my brother Charlie has to go away

I hate it when my brother Charlie has to go away. My parents constantly try to explain to me how sick he is. That I am lucky

for having a brain where all the chemicals flow properly to their destinations like undammed rivers. When I complain about

how bored I am without a little brother to play with, they try to make me feel bad by pointing out that his boredom likely

far surpasses mine, considering his confine to a dark room in an institution. I always beg for them to give him one last

chance. Of course, they did at first. Charlie has been back home several times, each shorter in duration than the last.

Every time without fail, it all starts again. The neighbourhood cats with gouged out eyes showing up in his toy chest, my

dad’s razors found dropped on the baby slide in the park across the street, mom’s vitamins replaced by bits of dishwasher

tablets. My parents are hesitant now, using “last chances” sparingly. They say his disorder makes him charming, makes it

easy for him to fake normalcy, and to trick the doctors who care for him into thinking he is ready for rehabilitation. That

I will just have to put up with my boredom if it means staying safe from him. I hate it when Charlie has to go away. It

makes me have to pretend to be good until he is back.

'''

c='''

Guardians

He awoke to the huge, insect like creatures looming over his bed and screamed his lungs out. They hastily left the room and

he stayed up all night, shaking and wondering if it had been a dream.The next morning, there was a tap on the door. Gathering

his courage, he opened it to see one of them gently place a plate filled with fried breakfast on the floor, then retreat to

a safe distance. Bewildered, he accepted the gift. The creatures chittered excitedly.This happened every day for weeks. At

first he was worried they were fattening him up, but after a particularly greasy breakfast left him clutching his chest from

heartburn, they were replaced with fresh fruit. As well as cooking, they poured hot steamy baths for him and even tucked him

in when he went to bed. It was bizarre.One night, he awoke to gunshots and screaming. He raced downstairs to find a

decapitated burglar being devoured by the insects. He was sickened,but disposed of the remains as best he could. He knew

they had just been protecting him.One morning the creatures wouldn’t let him leave his room. He lay down, confused but

trusting as they ushered him back into bed. Whatever their motives, they weren’t going to hurt him.Hours later a burning

pain spread throughout his body. It felt like his stomach was filled with razor wire. The insects chittered as he spasmed

and moaned. It was only when he felt a terrible squirming feeling beneath his skin that he realised the insects hadn’t been

protecting him. They had been protecting their young.

'''

a1='''

The Boy Who Cried Wolf

There was once a shepherd boy who liked to play tricks. One day, while he was watching over the herd, the boy decided to play

a trick and cried “wolf! wolf!”. The people who heard rushedover to help him. But they were disappointed when they saw that

there was no wolf and the boywas laughing at them. The next day, he did it again and people rushed to his aid only to be

disappointed once again. On the third day, the boy saw a wolf devouring one of his sheep and cried for help. But the people

who heard him thought this is just another of the boy’s pranks so no one came to help him. That day, the boy lost some of

his sheep to the wolf.

Moral of the story:

If you always lie and cheat on other people, there will come a time when no one will believe you anymore.

'''

b1='''

The Ugly Duckling

Most of us have probably heard of this story as this is one of the most popular fairy tales in the world. The story revolves

around a duckling who from the moment of his birth has always felt different from his siblings. He was always picked on

because he didn’t look like the rest of them. One day, he had enough and ran away from the pond he grew up in. He wandered

near and far looking for a family who would accept him. Months passed and seasons changed but everywhere he went, nobody

wanted him because he was such an ugly duck. Then one day, he came upon a family of swans. Upon looking at them, he realized

that during the months he spent looking for a family to call his own, he had grown into a beautiful swan. Now he finally

understood why he never looked like the rest of his siblings because he isn’t a duck but a swan.

Moral of the story:

We shouldn’t be too quick to judge others based on their physical appearance. Just because someone doesn’t fit societal

definitions of beauty doesn’t mean they’re ugly. Each of us is beautiful in our own unique way and it’s time we accept and

celebrate that individuality.

'''

c1='''

The Lion and the Poor Slave

There was once a slave who was treated cruelly by his master. One day, he couldn’t take it anymore and ran away to the forest

to escape. There he chanced upon a lion who couldn’t walk because of the thorn in its paw. Although he’s scared, the slave

mustered his courage and took out the thorn in the lion’s paw. When the lion was finally free of the thorn, he ran into the

forest and didn’t harm the slave. Sometime later, the slave was caught by his master along with some animals in the forest.

The master then ordered the slave to be thrown into the lion’s den. When the slave saw the lion, he recognized it as the same

lion he helped in the forest. The slave was able to escape the den unharmed and he freed all the other animals.

Moral of the story:

The good you did will always have a way of coming back to you. So do good deeds and be kind to others and the world will be

kind to you.

'''

a2='''

A SCOTTISH RACE IN THE DARK

You don’t realize how unfit you are til you’ve participated in a night scavenger hunt with a Scottish mountaineering club.

My flatmate talked Nathan and I into it, so off we went, equipped with flashlight aka “torch,” and a friend who could

navigate.As I huffed and puffed up the heathery hills, I couldn’t help but wonder what I’d gotten myself into. We walked

across mountain tops with nothing but sheep and waded through muck and mire.

At the end, a roaring bonfire greeted us, and everyone toasted a job well-done, even the mostly American team which came in

last.

'''

b2='''

ALMOST A PRAGUE PRISON

Don’t ride the trams in Prague without a ticket. Sounds like common sense, but my friend and I thought one quick stop

wouldn’t hurt.

Oh, we were noticed.

Two men asked for our tickets. Having none, we were escorted off the tram at the next stop. But we weren’t set free.

The men demanded we pay the hefty fine for riding without a ticket. They wouldn’t listen to our pleas and marched us to an

ATM. They said “either you pay or we go to Czech police.”90 dollars poorer. I’ll never again try to ride a tram for free.

'''

c2='''

THE DAYTONA 500

Daytona Beach. 2004. My dance team was invited to be part of the famous NASCAR race: in a patriotic opening number.

We were only a small number in a massive crowd. I had to arrive at 3am and practice for two straight days in the rain, but

there were a few standout moments during the event.

President George W. Bush waved (at me, I swear) as he exited his helicopter.Right before performing her big number “ROCK in

the USA”, I saw LeeAnn Rimes mouth the words, “oh shit.” All in all, a good day to be on live TV!

'''

a3='''

Blue Monkeys

Cautiously, the girl stepped out of her cosy bed because she could hear tapping on the windowwhich gave her fright. She

gingerly and silently crept over to the window and the icy, cold, wooden floorboards creaked behind her. With lots of

courage she slowly opened the curtains but to her surprise she couldn’t see anything. She looked again into the dark night

to check but she was sure that nothing was there. All of a sudden, the girl could see two bright lights drawing closer and

closer out of the darkness. The girl was shocked! What could they be?

'''

b3='''

Splodgy Bananas says

Silently, she crawled out of bed. There it was again, tap, tap, tap. She shivered to the window out of fright. She drew the

curtains open, but all that was there were the stars of the night sky. Suddenly, two bright yellow lights were coming closer

and closer.

Then a face appeared. It had sharp teeth but she realized it was only her best friend Jack. She begged for him to come in.

Jack dashed in. She got a closer look at his fangs and realized he was a vampire. He was tempted to bite Emily. What would

he do?

'''

c3='''

Spooky spy girls!

Breathlessly panting, the girls raced towards the dark, spooky forest as the wind was blowing ferociously. The ground was as

hard as rock and the tree branches crouched over their heads like a terrifying monster. Suddenly, a rustle of crunchy, red

leaves started to blow madly.

Without a warning, a shadowy figure slyly came out of the bushes and blocked Lizzie’s way. The shadowy figure had an axe and

cut a tree down. CRACK, CRACK, CRACK! The humungous tree started falling. Lizzie started to call her friend but she carried

on running into the cold,darkness of the forest…

'''

a4='''

Alarm Clocks

I always set my alarm clock before I go to sleep, and I always set the alarm clock on my phone as a backup.Even though I

set two alarms every morning, I wake up before them. But I still set those alarms, just in case I sleep late and need them.

It’s like circus acrobats and trapeze artists who use nets. If they are good, they don’t need or even want the net, but they

have it there anyway.

So, I set the alarms, go to bed, and I dream of being a circus acrobat.Without a goddamned net

'''

b4='''

Up in the Air

The circus came to town the day I left. I took Lisa to the show, knowing she still loved the clowns. First act was juggling.

Lisa watched the balls arced and swooped, then exploded into the air like multicolored popcorn. Their movement was a series

of surprises so fluid that thejuggler seemed more audience member than facilitator. But there was a moment when his hands

were empty, and he could only wait as his balls flew around him. I saw his relief as each ball returned to his open arms.

But I left that night and didn’t look back.

'''

c4='''

Camelot's Backyard

We were only warriors. Eight-year-olds forging new frontiers, watching Rome fall. We were brothers in arms, bandits,

thieves - but you named me damsel. We shaped palace walls from snow, tore through forbidden forest with plastic machetes.

We ate poisoned berries like our stomachs were made of Excalibur, melted down and recast. We could never die. You, with your

cardboard helmet and shield, were noblest of all. You gutted more dragons than the rest of us combined. But I, with my cheap

silk cape and tissue paper crown, was stronger. I was neverwarrior, never damsel. I was made to rule.

'''

import random

horror\_list=[a,b,c]

thriller\_list=[a3,b3,c3]

moral\_list=[a1,b1,c1]

adventure\_list=[a2,b2,c2]

fantasy\_list=[a4,b4,c4]

print('1.Thriller Stories')

print('2.Horror Stories')

print('3.Moral Stories')

print('4.Adventure stories')

print('5.Fantasy Stories')

print()

while True:

a = int(input(' Select the genre you like: '))

if 1<=a<=5:

break

else:

print('invalid')

continue

if a==1:

print(random.choice(thriller\_list))

elif a==2:

print(random.choice(horror\_list))

elif a==3:

print(random.choice(moral\_list))

elif a==4:

print(random.choice(adventure\_list))

else:

print(random.choice(fantasy\_list))