

Output of my GPT

Input is in Bold:

Remaining are Output:

Output of GPT 6 layers 100 epochs batch size 64 lr 0.0003

GREMIO:

Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAPTISTA:

Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.

God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO:

And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA:

I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina,

That I have seen to see him and so bring that

He would not seem to stand by under them; but I

would not say not believe them.

GREMIO:

Sir, I would not have them married them

And by and their like success.

LUCIO:

O, give me the duke, provost.

BENVOLIO:

So proud I'll dream them and well are gone.

MERCUTIO:

Those are here assembly.

MERCUTIO:

I will cry me well; and he would not speak for

that have shed from me any of much rear.

BENVOLIO:

True, to make me no private make me no more.

MERCUTIO:

I will not relion of my affair.

MERCUTIO:

And he will not stick and her words
Your daughter.

BRUTUS:

Good more all, good madam.

MERCUTIO:

I am a proof of those and sorrows me no grave marrriage
and that art the fliers. Mark her her false all twenty
one but that the steely of her fair. But how he may be swear in
to say he will be speedy know that may put ower?

TRANIO:

He die the man of me, for he is enough and remies
To speak no puts himself; who he shall not be spoked
To such a word t

Output of GPT 5 layers 300 epochs batch size 64 lr 0.0003

GREMIO:

Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAPTISTA:

**Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.
God save you, gentlemen!**

PETRUCHIO:

**And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?**

BAPTISTA:

I have a daughter, sir, called Katharing Jack.

KING EDWARD IV:

How pretty sets the duke in a time of death?

HASTINGS:

I do beseech you, sir.

HORTENSIO:

Gremion of heaven; and we are not strike at the duke.

GLOUCESTER:

What news abroad? you must may be a present?

GLOUCESTER:

Upon the seats of his day nose with me:

Where it doth the part of these bastards the earth,

And these but only suit of the graves of the world's eye

That tauching upon the way of happily brothers;

Then brother that is not warn the earth theres;

So do not see this death of all the unmer'd:

The artic of pity thousand the hand the stands of Bolingbroke straight

And not she is not welcomes to be such as by wonder.

POMPEY:

I think thee of it be for this cannot thought of it.

ESCALUS:

Thou hast not so believed that is the sun;

The cruel is but ne'er shall believe the set for the world.

POMPEY:

I beseech you, sir, let the back re consent that
of their death: therefore I beg to the death.

ESCALUS:

There is the company to old me they shall be flurrt,