

default

POST

/summarize Summarize

Parameters

Cancel

Name	Description
<div>story * required</div> <div>string</div> <div>(query)</div>	<div>The flute lay silent, nestled against Krishna's</div>
<div>model</div> <div>string</div> <div>(query)</div>	<div>model</div>
<div>temperature</div> <div>number</div> <div>(query)</div>	<div>0.7</div>
<div>max_tokens</div> <div>integer</div> <div>(query)</div>	<div>150</div>

Execute

Clear

Responses

Curl


```
curl -X 'POST' \
  'http://127.0.0.1:8000/summarize?story=The%20flute%20lay%20silent%2C%20nestled%20against%20Krishna%27s%20t
-H 'accept: application/json' \
-d ''
```

Request URL

```
http://127.0.0.1:8000/summarize?
story=The%20flute%20lay%20silent%2C%20nestled%20against%20Krishna%27s%20thigh.%20%20He%20wasn%27t%20playi
ng%20today.%20%20The%20gopis%2C%20usually%20a%20swirling%20kaleidoscope%20of%20color%20and%20laughter%2C%
```

20were%20subdued%2C%20their%20eyes%20fixed%20on%20the%20parched%20earth.%20%20The%20monsoon%20had%20faile  
d.%20%20Krishna%2C%20the%20mischievous%20god%2C%20the%20charmer%20of%20hearts%2C%20felt%20the%20weight%20  
of%20their%20silent%20desperation%20heavier%20than%20any%20mountain.%20%20He%20touched%20the%20earth%2C%2  
0a%20single%20drop%20of%20sweat%20forming%20on%20his%20brow.%20%20It%20fell%2C%20and%20where%20it%20lande  
d%2C%20a%20tiny%20sprout%20unfurled%2C%20reaching%20for%20the%20dying%20sun.%20%20Hope%2C%20fragile%20as%  
20the%20new%20green%20shoot%2C%20bloomed%20in%20Krishna%27s%20heart%2C%20and%20a%20soft%20smile%20touched  
%20his%20lips.%20%20He%20picked%20up%20his%20flute.%20%20The%20melody%20he%20played%20was%20not%20of%20jo  
yous%20revelry%2C%20but%20of%20gentle%2C%20unwavering%20promise&temperature=0.7&max\_tokens=150

Server response

Code	Details
200	<div><div>Response body</div><div><pre>{   "original story": "The flute lay silent, nestled against Krishna's thigh. He wasn't playing today. The gopis, usually a swirling kaleidoscope of color and laughter, were subdued, their eyes fixed on the parched earth. The monsoon had failed. Krishna, the mischievous god, the charmer of hearts, felt the weight of their silent desperation heavier than any mountain. He touched the earth, a single drop of sweat forming on his brow. It fell, and where it landed, a tiny sprout unfurled, reaching for the dying sun. Hope, fragile as the new green shoot, bloomed in Krishna's heart, and a soft smile touched his lips. He picked up his flute. The melody he played was not of joyous revelry, but of gentle, unwavering promise",   "response_mistral": "The text describes a somber scene where the god Krishna and the gopis are affected by a failed monsoon, causing drought. Krishna, feeling the weight of their desperation, touches the earth and creates a small sprout, symbolizing hope. Inspired by this, he begins to play a melody on his flute that signifies a gentle, steady promise, rather than joyous celebration.",   "response_openai": "Krishna notices the despair of the gopis due to the failed monsoon. He touches the earth and a sprout emerges, bringing hope. He then plays a gentle melody as a promise of better times to come.",   "response_googleai": "Due to a failed monsoon, Krishna's gopis were despondent. Feeling their despair, Krishna, usually playful, touched the earth, causing a sprout to grow. This renewed his hope, and he played a comforting melody on his flute, offering a promise of better times." }</pre></div><div><div></div><div>Download</div></div></div> <div><div>Response headers</div><div><pre>content-length: 1614 content-type: application/json date: Wed, 27 Nov 2024 17:08:26 GMT server: uvicorn</pre></div></div>

Responses

Code	Description	Links
200	<div>Successful Response</div> <div><div>Media type</div><div>application/json</div><div>Controls Accept header.</div><div>Example Value   Schema</div><div>"string"</div></div>	No links
422	<div>Validation Error</div> <div><div>Media type</div><div>application/json</div></div>	No links

Code	Description	Links
<div><div>Example Value</div><div>Schema</div></div>		
<pre>{   "detail": [     {       "loc": [         "string",         0       ],       "msg": "string",       "type": "string"     }   ] }</pre>		

POST /generate Generate

Parameters Cancel

Name	Description
<b>title</b> * required string (query)	<input type="text" value="krishna"/>
model string (query)	<input type="text" value="model"/>
temperature number (query)	<input type="text" value="0.7"/>
max_tokens integer (query)	<input type="text" value="150"/>

Execute

Clear

Responses

Curl

```
curl -X 'POST' \
  'http://127.0.0.1:8000/generate?title=krishna&temperature=0.7&max_tokens=150' \
  -H 'accept: application/json' \
  -d ''
```

Request URL

Server response

CodeDetails

200

Response body

```
{
  "title": "krishna",
  "response_mistral": "In a small village nestled between verdant hills and a sparkling river, there lived a young boy named Krishna. He was known for his mischievous smile, his love for butter, and his enchanting flute melodies.\n\nOne sunny afternoon, Krishna noticed his mother, Yashoda, churning butter in the courtyard. He couldn't resist the temptation and sneaked up to steal a handful. Yashoda, pretending not to notice, smiled to herself as she watched her son's playful antics.\n\nJust then, a neighbor's child, Radha, walked by, carrying a basket of flowers. Krishna, with butter",
  "response_openai": "Once, in a small village in India, there lived a young boy named Krishna. He was known for his mischievous smile and playful nature. Every day, Krishna would roam the streets, spreading joy and laughter wherever he went.\n\nOne day, a group of villagers came to Krishna with a problem. Their crops were failing, and they didn't know what to do. Without hesitation, Krishna offered to help. He danced and sang, bringing rain to the dry fields and saving the harvest.\n\nFrom that day on, Krishna was revered as a hero in the village. His kindness and generosity touched the hearts of all who knew him. And though he may have been mischievous at times, Krishna's love and compassion knew no bounds.",
  "response_googleai": "The flute's whisper, barely audible above the churning Ganga, drew the village children closer. Little Krishna, all mischievous grin and butter-stained fingers, sat beneath a banyan tree, his eyes closed, coaxing a melody from the instrument. A mongoose, bolder than the rest, crept closer, its black eyes fixed on the flute. Krishna opened his eyes, a spark of amusement dancing within them. He didn't shoo the creature away. He simply shifted his posture, changing the rhythm of his song, weaving a tale of jungle adventures into the notes. The mongoose, entranced, swayed gently to the music, a tiny, furry audience to the young god's impromptu concert. For that moment, the world held its breath, listening to the magic only Krishna could create."
}
```



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Response headers

```
content-length: 2105
content-type: application/json
date: Wed, 27 Nov 2024 17:11:24 GMT
server: uvicorn
```

Responses

CodeDescriptionLinks

200

Successful Response

No links

Media type

application/json

Controls Accept header.

Example Value | Schema

```
"string"
```

422

Validation Error

No links

Media type

application/json

Example Value | Schema

Code	Description	Links
	<pre>{   "detail": [     {       "loc": [         "string",         0       ],       "msg": "string",       "type": "string"     }   ] }</pre>	

POST

/translate Translate

^

Parameters

Cancel

Name	Description
<b>text</b> * required string (query)	<input type="text" value="The flute's whisper, barely audible above the"/>
<b>source_language</b> * required string (query)	<input type="text" value="english"/>
<b>target_language</b> * required string (query)	<input type="text" value="hinglish"/>
<b>model</b> string (query)	<input type="text" value="model"/>
<b>temperature</b> number (query)	<input type="text" value="0.7"/>
<b>max_tokens</b> integer (query)	<input type="text" value="150"/>

Execute

Clear

Responses

## Curl

```
curl -X 'POST' \
'http://127.0.0.1:8000/translate?text=The%20flute%27s%20whisper%2C%20barely%20audible%20above%20the%20churning%20Ganga%2C%20drew%20the%20village%20children%20closer.%20%20Little%20Krishna%2C%20all%20mischievous%20grin%20and%20butter-stained%20fingers%2C%20sat%20beneath%20a%20banyan%20tree%2C%20his%20eyes%20closed%2C%20coaxing%20a%20melody%20from%20the%20instrument.%20%20A%20mongoose%2C%20bolder%20than%20the%20rest%2C%20crept%20closer%2C%20its%20black%20eyes%20fixed%20on%20the%20flute.%20%20Krishna%20opened%20his%20eyes%2C%20a%20spark%20of%20amusement%20dancing%20within%20them.%20%20He%20didn%27t%20shoo%20the%20creature%20away.%20%20He%20simply%20shifted%20his%20posture%2C%20changing%20the%20rhythm%20of%20his%20song%2C%20weaving%20a%20tale%20of%20jungle%20adventures%20into%20the%20notes.%20%20The%20mongoose%2C%20entranced%2C%20swayed%20gently%20to%20the%20music%2C%20a%20tiny%2C%20furry%20audience%20to%20the%20young%20god%27s%20impromptu%20concert.%20%20For%20that%20moment%2C%20the%20world%20held%20its%20breath%2C%20listening%20to%20the%20magic%20only%20Krishna%20could%20create.&source_language=english&target_language=hinglish&temperature=0.7&max_tokens=150' \
-d ''
```

## Request URL

```
http://127.0.0.1:8000/translate?text=The%20flute%27s%20whisper%2C%20barely%20audible%20above%20the%20churning%20Ganga%2C%20drew%20the%20village%20children%20closer.%20%20Little%20Krishna%2C%20all%20mischievous%20grin%20and%20butter-stained%20fingers%2C%20sat%20beneath%20a%20banyan%20tree%2C%20his%20eyes%20closed%2C%20coaxing%20a%20melody%20from%20the%20instrument.%20%20A%20mongoose%2C%20bolder%20than%20the%20rest%2C%20crept%20closer%2C%20its%20black%20eyes%20fixed%20on%20the%20flute.%20%20Krishna%20opened%20his%20eyes%2C%20a%20spark%20of%20amusement%20dancing%20within%20them.%20%20He%20didn%27t%20shoo%20the%20creature%20away.%20%20He%20simply%20shifted%20his%20posture%2C%20changing%20the%20rhythm%20of%20his%20song%2C%20weaving%20a%20tale%20of%20jungle%20adventures%20into%20the%20notes.%20%20The%20mongoose%2C%20entranced%2C%20swayed%20gently%20to%20the%20music%2C%20a%20tiny%2C%20furry%20audience%20to%20the%20young%20god%27s%20impromptu%20concert.%20%20For%20that%20moment%2C%20the%20world%20held%20its%20breath%2C%20listening%20to%20the%20magic%20only%20Krishna%20could%20create.&source_language=english&target_language=hinglish&temperature=0.7&max_tokens=150
```

## Server response

### Code

### Details

200

### Response body

```
{
  "original text": "The flute's whisper, barely audible above the churning Ganga, drew the village children closer. Little Krishna, all mischievous grin and butter-stained fingers, sat beneath a banyan tree, his eyes closed, coaxing a melody from the instrument. A mongoose, bolder than the rest, crept closer, its black eyes fixed on the flute. Krishna opened his eyes, a spark of amusement dancing within them. He didn't shoo the creature away. He simply shifted his posture, changing the rhythm of his song, weaving a tale of jungle adventures into the notes. The mongoose, entranced, swayed gently to the music, a tiny, furry audience to the young god's impromptu concert. For that moment, the world held its breath, listening to the magic only Krishna could create.",
  "response_mistral": "\"Flute ki feekri awaaz, Ganga ki gadgadahaat se thodi door hi sunayi de rahi thi, gaon ke bachchon ko apne paas kheench laayi. Chhote Krishna, har taraf shararti musk aan aur makkhan se sane ungliyon ke saath, ek banyan ke pedh ke neeche baitha tha, unki aankhen bandh, bansuri se ek madhur sangeet nikaal rahe the. Ek nevla, jisme saari bachchon se jyaad a himmat",
  "response_openai": "बांसुरी की फुसफुसाहट, गंगा के उबाल से मात्र सुनाई देती थी, गांव के बच्चों को खींचती थी। छोटा कृष्ण, सभी शरारती मुस्कान और मक्खन से चिपके हुए अंगुलिय",
  "response_googleai": "Bansuri ki fush-fush, Ganga ki garmi se thoda hi upar, gaon ke bachchon ko pass bula rahi thi. Chhote Krishna, shararti muskaan aur makhhan se gale hue ungliyon ke saath, ek banyan ke pedh ke niche baithe the, unki aankhen band, baja se ek sur nikal rahe the. Ek nevala, baaki sabse bhi behimmat, pass aa gaya, uski kali aankhen bansuri pe tiki hui thi. Krishna ne aankhen kholi, unme ek mazak ki chamak thi. Usne us jangli jaanwar ko bhagaya nahi. Bas apna pose badal diya, apne gaane ki taal badal di, sangeet mein jungle ke adventure ki kahani bunta gaya. Nevala, mohhit hoke, music pe halka sa jhulta tha, chote bhagwan ke is impromptu concert ka ek chota sa, roonde wala darshak. Us pal, duniya saans rok ke bait hi thi, us jaadu ko sun rahi thi jo sirf Krishna hi bana sakta tha."
}
```



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### Response headers

```
content-length: 2391
content-type: application/json
date: Wed, 27 Nov 2024 17:12:35 GMT
server: uvicorn
```

## Responses