**The following are samples of stories generated by an algorithm that was designed to make stories which depict a conflict in a coffee shop.**

Silvia angrily walked into the coffee shop. Without hesitating she cut Nick, the first person in line. Nick promptly stepped back in front of Silvia. Silvia ignored him and proceeded to order a coffee. Nick stared with rage at Silvia. Silvia picked up a cup of cream and splashed it in Nick's face. Olivia, the police officer, dragged Silvia outside And out went Silvia yelling "Juice is better, anyway!" The barista handed Nick a bunch of napkins and gave him a free drink out of sympathy.

Silvia angrily walked into the coffee shop. Without hesitating she cut Ben, the first person in line. Ben promptly stepped back in front of Silvia. Silvia proceeded to give a slight shove to Ben. Ben stared with rage at Silvia. Silvia picked up a cup of cream and splashed it in Ben's face. Jesse, the police officer, dragged Silvia outside And out went Silvia yelling "I hate coffee!" The barista handed Ben a bunch of napkins and gave him a free drink out of sympathy.

Olivia angrily walked into the coffee shop. Without hesitating she cut Jesse, the first person in line. Jesse was extremely annoyed and said, "Excuse me?!" Olivia proceeded to give a slight shove to Jesse. In retaliation, Jesse pushed Olivia. Olivia snatched a cake and crumbled it above Jesse's head. Silvia, the police officer, dragged Olivia outside And out went Olivia yelling "I hate coffee!" The barista handed Jesse a bunch of napkins and gave him a free drink out of sympathy.

**The following are samples of stories generated by an algorithm that was designed to make stories which depict a poetry reading in a coffee shop.**

Mariko walked into the coffee shop on poetry night. She found an empty chair next to Sarah. "Oh hi there Mariko!" said Sarah. "I am glad you could make it Sarah!" Mariko replied. Olivia, who was the emcee for tonight, walked to the front of the room and introduced the first poet, Julian. Julian stepped up to the microphone and read the poem that he had written: "I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high over vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils." The crowd snapped their fingers politely. Mariko then took at turn at the microphone. "He was my North, my South, my East and my West, my working week and my Sunday rest, my noon, my midnight, my talk, my song; I thought that love would last forever, I was wrong." When she sat back down, Sarah said that she loved the poem. After all the poets had performed, Mariko and Sarah said their goodbyes and walked toward the door. Mariko made a mental note to come back again next week.

Pradeep walked into the coffee shop on poetry night. He walked to the counter and decided on a coffee. He found an empty chair next to Mariko. "I am glad you could make it Pradeep!" said Mariko. "Hey Mariko!" Pradeep replied. Julian stepped up to the microphone and read the poem that he had written: "I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high over vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils." The crowd snapped their fingers politely. Pradeep then took at turn at the microphone. "Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe: all mimsy were the borogoves, and the mome raths outgrab." When he sat back down, Mariko said that she loved the poem. After all the poets had performed, Pradeep and Mariko said their goodbyes and walked toward the door. Pradeep made a mental note to come back again next week.

Will walked into the coffee shop on poetry night. He walked to the counter and decided on a tea. He found an empty chair next to Sarah. "Oh hi there Will!" said Sarah. "Great to see you Sarah!" Will replied. Olivia, who was the emcee for tonight, walked to the front of the room and introduced the first poet, Pradeep. Pradeep stepped up to the microphone and read the poem that he had written: "Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe: all mimsy were the borogoves, and the mome raths outgrab." The crowd snapped their fingers politely. Will then took at turn at the microphone. "Love at the lips was touch, as sweet as I could bear, and once that seemed too much, I lived on air." When he sat back down, Sarah said that she loved the poem. After all the poets had performed, Will and Sarah said their goodbyes and walked toward the door. On the way out, Will ordered a cake to take home. The barista took one from the display case and wrapped it up to go. Will made a mental note to come back again next week.