**ADTA 5760: Midterm: PART I**

**Text-To-Text: Prompts & Responses: Analysis**

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# Prompts & Responses: Prompt 1

## Prompt

Write a scene where two strangers meet in a quaint coffee shop during a rainstorm. What do they discuss, and how does the rainy atmosphere influence their conversation?

## OpenAI: ChatGPT Response

350 WORDS

…Amelia gazed out of the coffee shop's misted window, her breath forming small clouds on the glass. Raindrops raced down, blurring the outside world into a watercolor painting of grays and greens. The soft hum of conversation mixed with the rhythmic tapping of rain on the cafe's roof created a comforting ambiance.

A warm, aromatic latte cradled in her hands, Amelia settled into a corner seat. As if on cue, the door chimed softly, and a stranger entered, shaking off the droplets clinging to his coat. His eyes met hers briefly, a silent acknowledgment in the shared refuge of the cozy coffee shop.

He approached her table, a hesitant smile playing on his lips. "Mind if I join you? Every other seat seems to be taken," he said, gesturing to the crowded cafe.

Amelia welcomed him with a nod, and he settled into the vacant chair. Their conversation began with casual observations about the relentless rain, the kind that seemed to wash away the hustle of the outside world. Small talk blossomed into a shared appreciation for the simple pleasure of a hot drink on a cold, wet day.

As the rain continued its dance outside, their discussion delved into deeper waters. Dreams, aspirations, and the stories that shaped them unfolded like the petals of a flower in the warmth of their shared confidences. The rhythmic drumming of raindrops on the window served as a comforting backdrop, cocooning them in a bubble of intimacy.

Amelia discovered his passion for photography, sparked by capturing the unique beauty of rainy cityscapes. He spoke of the way rain transformed ordinary streets into shimmering reflections of urban life. Intrigued, she shared her love for old books and the enchantment she found in their well-worn pages.

The rain, once a barrier, became a bridge connecting two souls in that quaint coffee shop. The gray afternoon turned into a canvas for the vibrant strokes of their budding connection. In that ephemeral moment, surrounded by the soothing patter of raindrops, two strangers found an unexpected kinship, leaving the coffee shop with a shared promise to meet again.

## Anthropic: Claude Response

758 WORDS

The little bell above the coffee shop door jingled as a young woman rushed inside, shaking raindrops from her dripping umbrella. She unwound her damp scarf from around her neck and looked around, relieved to be out of the downpour. The quaint shop was bright and cozy, with the delicious aroma of freshly brewed coffee wafting through the air.

Finding an empty table by the window, she settled into a comfy chair and set down her bag. Outside, rivulets of rain raced down the glass, the dreary weather mirroring her own gloomy mood. She had been looking forward to exploring the city's outdoor markets, but that plan was thoroughly soaked now.

A few minutes later, the bell rang again as another customer entered, a young man fumbling with an umbrella turned inside-out by the gusting wind. He gave it a final shake, spraying a few droplets across the floor, then looked around with a slightly abashed grin.

"Ah, you've got to love surprise summer storms," he said to no one in particular. His eyes landed on the young woman's table and he gestured toward the empty chair. "This seat taken?"

She looked up, surprised, and shook her head. "No, not at all. Please."

He set his umbrella against the wall and slid into the other chair, running a hand through his damp hair. "Whew! You wouldn't think a little rain could cause such havoc."

"Well, I wasn't exactly prepared for monsoon weather today," the woman laughed, nodding toward her simple cardigan and flats.

"Same here," the man chuckled, sticking out his hand. "Jake."

"Clara," she replied with a friendly smile, shaking his hand. Just then, a server appeared with a menu.

"What can I get for you today?" the server asked cheerily, seeming utterly unperturbed by their drowned rat appearances.

"I'll have a hot caramel macchiato," Jake decided. He glanced over at Clara. "Can I get you anything?"

"Oh! Um, just a chai tea latte for me, thanks."

The server scribbled down their orders. "Coming right up!"

After they departed with a polite nod, Jake settled back in his chair. "So Clara, what brings you out on this delightfully soggy day?"

Clara pursed her lips wryly. "Well, I was hoping to check out the farmer's market downtown, but I'm not sure even the most robust umbrellas could survive this monsoon."

"Tell me about it," Jake agreed with a chuckle. "I had actually planned to take some landscape photos in the gardens across town, but I'd probably just end up with some scenic puddles and drowned worms at this rate."

"Landscape photography?" Clara asked, her eyes lighting up with interest. "That's your hobby? Or your career?"

For the next little while, the rain pounding on the roof and windows provided a soothing, rhythmic soundtrack as the two new acquaintances chatted about their lives, interests, and travels. As the milky steam from their warm beverages swirled in front of them, they touched on everything from favorite books and movies to embarrassing childhood stories to their aspirations and dreams.

Though they'd started as strangers, the cozy shop and dreary weather outside made the setting feel almost like two friends catching up over a hot drink. Jake found himself opening up surprisingly easily to Clara's genuine interest and gentle humor, and she in turn felt drawn to his warm self-deprecation and listening nature. All too soon, their empty mugs were drained.

"Well," Clara said with a hint of reluctance, "I should probably attempt to make a run for it before this rain turns any worse."

Jake stood as well, casting a look outside at the torrent. "Wait just a minute..." He grabbed his umbrella and headed for the door, opening it and sticking out his arm. A moment passed before he stepped back inside with a rueful grin.

"Yeah, there's no way that umbrella can withstand gale force winds. Tell you what." He turned back to Clara with a warm smile. "My place is just around the corner, if you'd like to wait out this tsunami in drier pastures. Fully platonic, of course. As a thank you for making this dreary day much brighter."

Clara studied his face, weighing the unexpectedly kind offer. The fact that he'd added the "fully platonic" reassurance without any prompting made him seem all the more safe - and if she was being honest with herself, she wasn't quite ready for this delightful conversation to end.

After a moment, she returned his smile with a grateful one of her own. "Drier pastures sound perfect. Lead the way."

## Alphabet / Google: BARD

452 Words

… Rain lashed against the windowpanes of "The Roasted Bean," the sound a rhythmic counterpoint to the hiss of the espresso machine. Sarah, nose buried in a well-worn paperback, barely registered the frantic scrambling at the door until a figure materialized beside her table, dripping like a drowned puppy.

The newcomer, a tall man with a mop of windblown dark hair, was trying to wring water out of his jacket with a grimace. "Wow," he finally managed, his voice tinged with amusement. "Looks like someone forgot their umbrella."

Sarah looked up, startled. "Oh!" she blurted, realizing her table was the only unoccupied one. "Sorry, I didn't see— would you like to share?"

The man flashed a sheepish grin. "Actually, that'd be fantastic. This weather's turned rather apocalyptic out there." He gestured at the window where fat raindrops were chasing each other down the glass.

Sarah scooted her bag over, making room. "Yeah, no kidding. I was just heading home after work when the heavens opened up."

He introduced himself as Ben, a freelance photographer caught mid-shoot when the storm hit. Sarah learned she was an aspiring writer, struggling to finish her first novel.

The rain outside seemed to create a cozy bubble around their table. The warm lighting cast soft shadows on their faces as they talked. Ben, captivated by Sarah's quiet determination, shared stories of his travels, the challenges and beauty he'd captured through his lens. Sarah, emboldened by the anonymous space the coffee shop offered, confided in him about the writer's block gnawing at her creativity.

As the rain softened to a steady patter, a melancholic mood settled over them. Ben confessed he was at a crossroads, unsure if the freelance life was sustainable. Sarah, in turn, admitted her fear of failure, the terror of pouring everything into a book that might never see the light of day.

"Sometimes," Ben said, swirling the remnants of his coffee, "you just have to jump in, even if the water's cold."

Sarah glanced at the window. The storm had passed, leaving behind a sky washed clean, the first rays of a reluctant sunset peeking through. "Maybe you're right," she said, a spark of hope kindling in her eyes. "Maybe a little rain isn't such a bad thing. It can clear the way for something new."

They shared a smile, the shared moment forging a fragile connection in the transient haven of the coffee shop. As Ben finally ventured back out into the damp evening, a newfound sense of purpose hummed beneath Sarah's words. The rain, a symbol of their initial anxieties, had become a metaphor for letting go - a reminder that sometimes, the storms of life pave the way for the sunshine.

# Prompts & Responses: Prompt 2

## Prompt

A character receives an anonymous letter containing a riddle that leads them to a hidden object. What is the object, and what significance does it hold? Develop a short story around the journey to solve the riddle.

## OpenAI: ChatGPT Response

**431 Words**

Nora's mundane routine took an unexpected turn the day she found an unmarked envelope tucked beneath her apartment door. Curiosity and caution warred within her, but ultimately, intrigue won out. Inside the envelope, she discovered a crisp piece of paper adorned with elegant calligraphy and a single riddle:

In the city's heart, where iron giants graze,

Seek what was lost in a forgotten maze.

Amongst echoes of steps, where shadows play,

A key to secrets hides in plain light of day.

The cryptic verses sent a shiver down Nora's spine. Determined, she deciphered the clues. The "iron giants" hinted at the downtown skyscrapers, and the "forgotten maze" led her to an old district, once bustling but now lost to time. As she navigated its narrow alleyways and cobblestone streets, she sensed a clandestine history lingering in the air.

Nora discovered an abandoned building, its windows clouded with age, embodying the forgotten maze in the riddle. Inside, the echoes of her footsteps accompanied her as she explored the dimly lit corridors. She stumbled upon a hidden chamber, where, beneath a layer of dust, lay an intricately crafted, antique key.

However, the mystery didn't end there. The key bore a peculiar symbol - an eye surrounded by vines. Determined to unveil its significance, Nora sought the expertise of a local historian. Together, they unraveled the key's connection to a forgotten secret society that once thrived in the heart of the city.

The society, known as "The Guardians of Insight," had used the key to access a hidden library containing knowledge believed to grant profound wisdom. Over the years, the library had faded into obscurity, its location lost to time. Nora, now unwittingly inducted into the legacy of the Guardians, felt the weight of responsibility on her shoulders.

Driven by curiosity and a newfound purpose, Nora embarked on a quest to rediscover the lost library. The key, once a mere artifact, became a symbol of enlightenment. Alongside her historian companion, Nora deciphered ancient maps, followed cryptic symbols, and eventually uncovered the concealed entrance to the library.

Inside, shelves lined with dusty tomes held the accumulated wisdom of generations. Nora realized that the riddle and the journey were not just about finding a hidden object but unlocking the potential within herself. The knowledge within those walls became a beacon for change, and Nora, now a Guardian of Insight, embraced her role in preserving the secrets that held the city's history and wisdom. The anonymous sender, it seemed, had chosen Nora to ensure that the legacy of enlightenment continued to illuminate the shadows of the past.

## Anthropic: Claude Response

**493 Words**

Here's a short story about a character receiving an anonymous letter with a riddle that leads them to a hidden object:

The Cryptic Envelope

Sarah stared at the plain white envelope lying on the hall table. There was no return address, just her name scrawled across the front in an unfamiliar handwriting. Curious, she tore it open. A single sheet of paper fluttered out with four lines written in the center:

"In the heart of nature's splendor,

Beneath creation's first wonder,

Lies the key to unlock the truth,

Revealing secrets of endless youth."

Sarah read the cryptic lines several times, her brow furrowing in confusion. What could it mean? Some sort of riddle or coded message clearly, but from who? And what truth or secrets was it referring to?

She looked around the entryway, half expecting to find some other clue or explanation left behind. But the house was silent and still. Sarah shrugged and tossed the letter aside, deciding to dismiss it as some childish prank. Still, the riddle niggled at the back of her mind throughout the day.

That night, Sarah rose from a fitful sleep, the words echoing in her dreams. She padded to the kitchen and stared out the dark window at her backyard. The inky shadows of the trees swayed in the light breeze, revealing a glimpse of the old maple's twisted trunk and branches silhouetted against the starry sky.

Sarah gasped as realization struck her. The first line - nature's splendor. The second - creation's first wonder...referring to trees, among the first life forms created on Earth. Heart of nature...a tree's heart was its trunk and core. And "the key to unlock the truth" must be something hidden beneath or within the tree itself.

Not pausing to grab a jacket, Sarah rushed outside and circled the ancient maple, its thick roots protruding from the ground like grasping claws. Her questing fingers soon found a hollow opening between two large roots. She peered inside and saw something glinting in the beam of her flashlight.

With trembling hands, Sarah retrieved a small wooden box, ornately carved with strange symbols. She traced the patterns, mesmerized, and felt the lid give way with a click. Inside was a leather bound book, its pages gilded and filled with tiny, elegant script.

Sarah gasped again at the title - The Modern Gallaeian Primer. She had heard whispers and rumors of the mythical Gallaeian civilization, said to have uncovered the secrets of eternal life and enlightenment. Could this be an authentic record from their lost society?

A thrill of discovery shot through her. If the first riddle had led to this precious book, perhaps there were more clues pointing to the location of other Gallaeian artifacts or writings. Sarah clutched the tome to her chest, resolving to study it and uncover any hidden meanings or maps that could continue the quest. At long last, the truth behind the ancient mystery may finally be revealed.

## Alphabet / Google: BARD

**424 Words**

Eleanor’s morning cup of tea grew cold as she stared at the parchment clutched in her hand. The ornately scripted letter, addressed in a swirling hand she didn’t recognize, held a single cryptic riddle:

“I whisper secrets the wind cannot tell,

Guiding lost souls with a forgotten spell.

Though I have no voice, my stories unfold,

Bound in leather, waiting to be bold.”

A shiver ran down Eleanor’s spine. Her grandfather, a renowned archaeologist, had always spoken of a hidden family heirloom – a leather-bound journal containing tales from his countless expeditions. He’d claimed it held the key to his greatest discovery, a secret lost to time. But upon his passing, no such journal was found.

Eleanor, a history professor with a thirst for adventure, couldn't ignore the riddle. The first line pointed to the library, a place where whispers of forgotten knowledge lingered amongst the towering shelves. A quick search revealed a dusty, leather-bound copy of ancient myths, tucked away in a forgotten corner. Its inscription matched the riddle’s description perfectly.

Heart pounding, Eleanor rushed home, the weight of the journal heavy in her hand. It was secured with a small, intricate lock. The second line of the riddle – “Guiding lost souls with a forgotten spell” – sparked a memory. Her grandfather used to speak of a hidden compartment in his desk, activated by a specific phrase in an old Celtic dialect.

With trembling fingers, Eleanor uttered the forgotten phrase in front of the desk. A satisfying click echoed as a small drawer popped open. Inside, nestled in crimson velvet, lay a silver key, perfectly shaped for the journal’s lock.

Back in her study, the key turned smoothly, releasing a satisfying click. The aged leather creaked as she opened the book, the scent of ancient paper filling her senses. The first page displayed a faded map, leading to a remote location in Scotland, where her grandfather had spent his last summer.

Tears welled up in Eleanor’s eyes. This wasn’t just a journal; it was a final adventure, a treasure hunt laid out especially for her. The hidden object wasn’t just a book; it was a bridge to her grandfather, a chance to connect with his legacy and perhaps, uncover the secret he’d spent a lifetime chasing.

With a determined glint in her eye, Eleanor packed her bags. The riddle had led her to the journal, the journal would lead her to the truth. The rain pattered against her window, a melancholic yet hopeful rhythm that resonated with the thrill of discovery coursing through her veins.

# Prompts & Responses: Prompt 3

## Prompt

Describe a moment from a character's childhood that significantly shapes their personality. It could be a joyful memory, a traumatic event, or a simple realization that stays with them throughout their life.

## OpenAI: ChatGPT Response

**330 WORDS**

As a child, Emily found solace in the attic of her grandparents' old farmhouse. The room was a treasure trove of forgotten relics, filled with dusty books, antique toys, and memories etched into the fabric of time. One day, while exploring the attic's hidden corners, she stumbled upon a worn-out journal that belonged to her grandmother, Eleanor.

In the pages of the journal, Emily uncovered tales of a young Eleanor who had dreams of exploring the world, filled with a passion for art and a thirst for adventure. However, Eleanor's dreams collided with the harsh reality of her time, and she was forced to set them aside in the name of practicality.

Reading about her grandmother's sacrifices and unfulfilled aspirations left a profound impact on young Emily. She felt a mixture of sadness, empathy, and an unspoken connection. From that moment, Emily made a silent promise to herself: she would honor her own dreams and never let the weight of practicality stifle her passions.

This childhood discovery shaped Emily's personality in a myriad of ways. She became resilient, determined to overcome obstacles that stood between her and her aspirations. The attic became her sanctuary, a place where she could dream freely, surrounded by the whispers of her grandmother's untold stories.

As Emily grew older, the memory of that day in the attic fueled her drive. She pursued her artistic talents, traveled to distant places, and embraced the world with open arms. The journal became a guiding force, a reminder that dreams were worth chasing, even in the face of adversity.

Years later, as Emily stood in the same attic, now older and wiser, she realized that the impact of that childhood moment had not only shaped her but had also breathed life into the dreams of her grandmother. The attic, once a space of hidden stories, became a testament to the resilience of generations, a beacon of inspiration for anyone who dared to dream beyond the boundaries of their circumstances.

## Anthropic: Claude Response

**590 Words**

Here is a childhood moment that shaped a character's personality:

The Thunderstorm

Rain pounded on the roof in a deafening staccato, shaking the little ranch house with each reverberating boom of thunder. Seven-year-old Samantha was huddled under her covers, her stuffed elephant Trunkley pulled tight to her chest. She squeezed her eyes shut as another blinding flash of lightning forked across the sky, followed instantaneously by an ear-splitting crack of thunder that made her whole body jolt.

"It's okay, it's okay," she whispered, her mantra more for her own benefit than Trunkley's. "The storm can't hurt me in here."

But the logical side of her knew that wasn't entirely true. Storms had awesome, destructive power - she'd seen images of tornado-flattened homes and heard stories of trees crashing through roofs during vicious thunderstorms. With each bone-rattling explosion, she imagined the house's roof peeling away like a sardine can lid, leaving her exposed to the fury of swirling black clouds and lashing winds.

Whimpering, Samantha bunched herself into a tighter ball under the blankets and tried to block out the sounds. But suddenly, her bedroom door creaked open, a shaft of hallway light spilling across her bed. She stiffened, terrified it was the storm coming to claim her.

"Sammy?" Her mom's soft voice reached her like a life preserver. "Are you awake, honey?"

Samantha poked her head out from the blankets, her eyes straining in the dimness to make out her mom's silhouette framed in the doorway. "Uh huh," she managed in a tiny, quivering voice. "I'm scared."

Rather than placating her with trite reassurances that everything would be okay, her mother simply said, "Stay right there." She turned and disappeared for a moment, leaving Samantha bewildered. But seconds later, she reappeared, dragging Samantha's papasan chair cushion behind her.

Her mom climbed onto Samantha's bed and arranged the big, round cushion over top of them, creating a cozy, dim haven. She settled back against the wall, pulling Samantha to her in a tender embrace.

"When I was a little girl," she began, her voice hardly above a whisper, "my dad used to tell me that thunderstorms were caused by angels bowling up in Heaven..."

As the thunder rumbled and rain thrummed outside, Samantha clutched her treasured stuffed animal and gradually felt her fears dissipating while her mom spun her enchanting tale. Learning about the angels joyously rolling bowling balls down their long, cloud-lined lanes - each thunderous crash a sign of their celebration - made Samantha see the raging storm in a magical new light. Instead of a destructive force, it became something sacred, something to be appreciated and savored like the most dazzling fireworks display.

Much later, after her eyes had grown heavy and she'd finally fallen asleep, her mom gently extricated herself from their pillow-fort sanctuary. Leaning down to press a kiss to Samantha's brow, she smiled at the look of pure peace and contentment on her daughter's face. She resolved that no matter how vicious the storm - whether literal or metaphorical - her little girl would never have to face it alone.

From then on, Samantha never feared thunderstorms again. In fact, she looked forward to them with a sense of childlike wonder and whimsy. More importantly, her mom's loving gesture of spinning a fanciful tale to calm her daughter's fears instead of dismissing them instilled a lifelong appreciation for creativity, empathy and the transformative power of storytelling. Years later, it inspired her career as an author, crafting tales that brought magic and hope to others' lives.

## Alphabet / Google: BARD

**401 WORDS**

Ten-year-old Leo stood frozen, the world shrinking to the size of a chipped teacup balanced precariously on his tiny palm. Around him, the bustling afternoon market dissolved into a cacophony of shouts and honking horns. His grandmother, a whirlwind of colorful scarves and booming laughter just moments ago, was gone. Panic, cold and sharp, clawed at his throat.

Leo had always been the quiet observer, content to trail behind his larger-than-life grandmother, soaking in the sights and sounds of the market. But today, a stray cat had darted between them, momentarily breaking their connection. Now, he was adrift in a sea of unfamiliar faces.

Tears welled in his eyes, blurring the already chaotic scene. He squeezed his eyes shut, picturing his grandmother's face – the crinkled corners around her eyes when she smiled, the silver strands escaping her braid. Breathe, she'd say whenever he felt overwhelmed. Breathe, Leo.

Taking a shaky breath, Leo forced his eyes open. Panic began to recede, replaced by a newfound determination. He wouldn't cry. He wouldn't crumble. He would find her.

He started small, scanning the nearest stalls. The memory of her favorite spice vendor, a gruff man with a handlebar mustache, surfaced. Relief flooded him as he spotted the familiar figure across the market. But his grandmother wasn't there.

Leo spent the next hour navigating the maze of stalls, his small legs burning with exertion. He ignored the curious stares and the well-meaning pats on the head from strangers. His focus was laser-sharp – finding his grandmother.

Finally, just as despair threatened to engulf him again, he heard her voice. There she was, scolding a young boy who'd bumped into her fruit cart. Relief washed over him, so intense it made his legs wobble.

His grandmother's eyes widened as she saw him. Relief morphed into worry as she rushed to his side, engulfing him in a hug that spoke volumes. No words were needed.

That day, in the bustling heart of the market, Leo shed his cloak of shyness. He learned that the world, though vast and sometimes scary, could be navigated with courage and determination. He discovered a strength within himself, a quiet resilience that would become a hallmark of his personality. The chipped teacup, a silent reminder of his ordeal, found a permanent place on his shelf, a symbol of the day he found his way back, not just to his grandmother, but to himself.