

Total Hallucinations (Unfaithful Sentences): 14

- Intrinsic: 11
- Unfaithful: 3

Total Generated Sentences: 84

Markup:

- Intrinsic hallucinations are highlighted in green.
- Unfaithful hallucinations are highlighted in orange.
- Justifications are in square brackets and highlighted in red.

Document 1 (32 sentences): HOME IS WHERE YOU LEFT IT By ADAM CHASE
[Transcriber Note: This etext was produced from Amazing Stories February 1957. Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.] The chance of mass slaughter was their eternal nightmare. How black is the blackest treachery? Is the most callous traitor entitled to mercy? Steve pondered these questions. His decision? That at times the villain should possibly be spoken of as a hero. Only the shells of deserted mud-brick houses greeted Steve Cantwell when he reached the village. He poked around in them for a while. The desert heat was searing, parching, and the Sirian sun gleamed balefully off the blades of Steve's unicopter, which had brought him from Oasis City, almost five hundred miles away. He had remembered heat from his childhood here on Sirius' second planet with the Earth colony, but not heat like this. It was like a magnet drawing all the moisture out of his body. He walked among the buildings, surprise and perhaps sadness etched on his gaunt, weather-beaten face. Childhood memories flooded back: the single well from which all the families drew their water, the mud-brick house, hardly different from the others and just four walls and a roof now, in which he'd lived with his aunt after his parents had been killed in a Kumaji raid, the community center where he'd spent his happiest time

as a boy. He went to the well and hoisted up a pailful of water. The winch creaked as he remembered. He ladled out the water, suddenly very thirsty, and brought the ladle to his lips. He hurled the ladle away. The water was bitter. Not brackish. Poisoned. He spat with fury, then kneeled and stuffed his mouth with sand, almost gagging. After a while he spat out the sand too and opened his canteen and rinsed his mouth. His lips and mouth were paralyzed by contact with the poison. He walked quickly across the well-square to his aunt's house. Inside, it was dim but hardly cooler. Steve was sweating, the saline sweat making him blink. He scowled, not understanding. The table was set in his aunt's house. A coffeepot was on the stove and last night's partially-consumed dinner still on the table. The well had been poisoned, the town had been deserted on the spur of the moment, and Steve had returned t

Question 1: What did Steve Cantwell remember?

Response 1 (22 sentences): 's home is where you left it by Adam Chase was produced from Amazing Stories February 1957. He remembers his childhood on Sirius' second planet with the Earth colony with the Sirius' second planet with Earth colony. He was a boy when he left Oasis City, almost five hundred miles away, and his unicopter brought him from Oasis City to Oasis City about five hundred-miles away. [He lived in the village as a boy and left it for Oasis City, not the other way around.] He was brought to his aunt's mud-brick house after his parents had been killed in a Kumaji raid, the community center where he spent his happiest time as a boy. He lived with his aunt after his parents' parents were killed in an Kumaji raid. [His parents, not his parents' parents, were killed in the raid.] He lived there with his aunt and his best friends. [No mention is made of his best friends.] The community center where his aunt cooked dinner last night's partially-consumed dinner was still on the stove. [The partially-consumed dinner was in his aunt's house, not the community center.] Childhood memories flooded back: the single well from which all the families

drew their water, the single well where all the families draw their water.
The village where he lived as a boy, the well poisoned with poisoned water, and his aunt's house. [The well was poisoned in the present, not in the past.] He went to the well and hoisted up a pailful of water from a pail, and the water was bitter and brackish, but not brackish. When he drank it, he hurled the ladle and drank, his mouth was poisoned with sand and his lips and mouth was paralyzed by contact with the poison. When he reached the village, he was shocked by the heat and shocked by the desert heat. The desert heat. He was searing, parching, and the Sirian sun gleamed balefully off the blades of his unicopter. The heat was searing. He remembered heat from his childhood on Oasis city, but not like this. [He grew up in the village, not Oasis City.] He walked among the buildings, his childhood memories flooded back to the single well and the single well, which all families drew water from which all families lived with their water. Childhood memories flooding back. Childhood memories floods back: the mudbrick house, the mud-bricks houses, the mud brick house, the one well from which the families drew water, and the community center. Childhood memories. He went into his aunt's house. 's kitchen, a coffeepot was on the stove, and last night, 's partially-cooked dinner was still there. He went back to his aunt's

Document 2 (42 sentences): Wanderers of the Wolf Moon By NELSON S. BOND
They were marooned on Titan, their ship wrecked, the radio smashed. Yet they had to exist, had to build a new life on a hostile world. And the man who assumed command was Gregory Malcolm, the bespectacled secretary—whose only adventures had come through the pages of a book. [Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from Planet Stories Spring

1944. Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.] Sparks snapped off the switches and followed him to the door of the radio turret. Sparks was a stunted, usually-grinning, little redhead named Hannigan. But he wasn't grinning now. He laid an anxious hand on Greg's arm. "If I was you," he said, "if I was you, Malcolm, I don't think I'd say nothing to the boss about this. Not just yet, anyhow." Greg said, "Why not?" Sparks spluttered and fussed and made heavy weather of answering. "Well, for one thing, it ain't important. It would only worry him. And then there's the womenfolks, they scare easy. Which of course they ain't no cause to. Atmospherics don't mean nothing. I've rode out worse storms than this—plenty of times. And in worse crates than the Carefree ." Greg studied him carefully from behind trim plasta-rimmed spectacles. He drew a deep breath. He said levelly, "So it's that bad, eh, Sparks?" "What bad? I just told you—" "I know. Sparks, I'm not a professional spaceman. But I've studied astrogation as few Earthlubbers have. It's been my hobby for years. And I think I know what we're up against. "We hit a warp-eddy last night. We've been trapped in a vortex for more than eight hours. Lord only knows how many hundreds of thousands of miles we've been borne off our course. And now we've blasted into a super-ionized belt of atmospherics. Your radio signals are blanketed. You can't get signals in or out. We're a deaf-mute speck of metal being whirled headlong through space. Isn't that it?" "I don't know what—" began Sparks hotly. Then he stopped, studied his companion thoughtfully, nodded. "O.Q.," he confessed, "that's it. But we ain't licked yet. We got three good men on

Question 2: What did malcolm say?

Response 2 (21 sentences): Gregory Malcolm, the secretary, assumed command of the Wanderers of the Wolf Moon. He had only adventures come through the pages of books. Gregory had

studied astrogation as few Earthlubbers have. He knew what they were up against. He had been studying astrogation for years. Sparks said he didn't think he would say anything to the boss about this. Hannigan was a redhead named Hannigan. He laid an anxious hand on Greg's arm. "If I was you," he said, "if I was you, Malcolm, I don't think I'd say nothing about this. Not just yet. The atmosphere is blanketed, and you can't get signals in or out. There are three good men on the ship, and they can't be heard by the boss. [The passage makes no mention of these three good men not being heard by the boss.] The womenfolkets, they scare easy. And then there's the womenfolks. The atmosphereherics don't mean nothing. They are a deaf-mute speck of metal being whirled headlong through space. The radio signals are blanketed. You can't get through or out. They can't even get signals in and out. They have to exist, have to build a new life on a hostile world. Gregory said, "We have to exist." [Gregory never says this explicitly, this is likely from the one line preview for the story but it's ambiguous who it is that says it.]

Document 3 (40 sentences): THE EXPENDABLES BY JIM HARMON It was just a little black box, useful for getting rid of things. Trouble was, it worked too well! [Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from Worlds of If Science Fiction, May 1962. Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.] "You see my problem, Professor?" Tony Carmen held his pinkly manicured, flashily ringed hands wide. I saw his problem and it was warmly embarrassing. "Really, Mr. Carmen," I said, "this isn't the sort of thing you discuss with a total stranger. I'm not a doctor—not of medicine, anyway—or a lawyer." "They can't help me. I need an operator in your line." "I work for the

United States government. I can't become involved in anything illegal." Carmen smoothed down the front of his too-tight midnight blue suit and touched the diamond sticking in his silver tie. "You can't, Professor Venetti? Ever hear of the Mafia?" "I've heard of it," I said uneasily. "An old fraternal organization something like the Moose or Rosicrucians, founded in Sicily. It allegedly controls organized crime in the U.S. But that is a responsibility-eluding myth that honest Italian-Americans are stamping out. We don't even like to see the word in print." "I can understand honest Italian-Americans feeling that way. But guys like me know the Mafia is still with it. We can put the squeeze on marks like you pretty easy." You don't have to tell even a third generation American about the Mafia. Maybe that was the trouble. I had heard too much and for too long. All the stories I had ever heard about the Mafia, true or false, built up an unendurable threat. "All right, I'll try to help you, Carmen. But ... that is, you didn't kill any of these people?" He snorted. "I haven't killed anybody since early 1943." "Please," I said weakly. "You needn't incriminate yourself with me." "I was in the Marines," Carmen said hotly. "Listen, Professor, these aren't no Prohibition times. Not many people get made for a hit these days. Mother, most of these bodies they keep ditching at my club haven't been murdered by anybody. They're accident victims. Rumbums with

Question 3: What did carmen do?

Response 3 (27 sentences): Tony Carmen is a member of the Mafia. He keeps ditching bodies at his club that have been found by accident victims. [The bodies are not found by accident victims, instead the passage states Tony claims they're accident victims.] They haven't been murdered by anybody since early 1943. [The passage states that Tony claims to not have murdered anyone since 1943. This statement is not referring to the victims.] Carmen claims that most of the bodies they keep ditching at his club

are accident victims. Professor Venetti tries to help Mr. Carmen, but he has been hearing too much about the Mafia for too long about the Mafia. All the stories he had heard about the Mafia, true or false, built up an unendurable threat. He needs an operator in his line in the United States government, but he can't become involved in anything illegal. He doesn't want to become involved with anything illegal. Carmen is a Marine in the Marines and has been in the Marines since 1943. He has not killed anyone since early 1943 and he hasn't been made for a hit since early 1943, which means he hasn't killed anybody since 1943. But he didn't kill any of these people since early 1943 either. He says that the bodies he keeps ditching at the club haven't been murdered by accident victims since early 1943 because accident victims. [Again, the date 1943 is related to Tony, not the "accident victims".] He says he hasn't killed any of these bodies since early 1943 since early 1943 but he doesn't kill anybody since 1943 because most of these bodies aren't accident victims. But the bodies they don't seem to be murdered by anybody. Carmen says that most of these people have been accident victims. The Professor tries to help him, but Carmen won't help him because he has heard too much and for too long. Carmen tells him that honest Italian-Americans are stamping out the word about organized crime. He can put the word "mafia" in print. He tells Venetti that honest American-Americans are trying to stamp out organized crime in the U.S. government. But honest Italian-American-Americans are still with it. But honest honest Italians-Americans know the Mafia is still with it and they can put the squeeze on marks like him pretty easy. Venetti says that honest Italian Americans are still with the Mafia. [Venetti says the opposite, that honest Italian-Americans are fighting against the Mafia.] The professor tries to help Carmen because he knows the Mafia still

with it, but it works too well. He tells him that the Mafia isn't the word in Print. [Venetti says Italian-Americans don't like to see the word "mafia" in print.] The black box is just a little black box, useful for getting rid of things. It works too well and works too well! The black box works too well because it is too well.

Document 4 (28 sentences): DEATH STAR By TOM PACE Trapped by the most feared of space pirates Devil Garrett, Starrett Blade was fighting for his life. Weaponless, his ship gone, he was pinning his hopes on a girl—who wanted him dead. [Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from Planet Stories Spring 1945. Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.] Starrett Blade crouched in the rocks by the tiny Centaurian lake. It was only about two or three hundred feet across, but probably thousands of feet deep. This lake, and hundreds of others like it, were the only things to break the monotony of the flat, rocky surface of Alpha Centauri III—called the most barren planet in space. Ten minutes ago, Star Blade's ship had spun into the stagnant waters before him. An emergency release had flung the air-lock doors open, and the air pressure had flung Star out. And now he was waiting for Devil Garrett to come down to the water's edge to search for him. For eight years, Devil Garrett had been the top space pirate in the void. For a year, Star himself had personally been hunting him. And on a tour over Alpha III, a Barden energy-beam had stabbed up at Blade's ship, and Star Blade had crashed into the lake. That Barden Beam had Star worried and puzzled. It took a million volts of power for a split-second flash of the beam. Garrett didn't have an atomics plant on Alpha

III—if he had, escaping rays would point it out, no matter how well it was camouflaged. There was no water power, for there was no running water. There were only the lakes ... and tidal power was out, for Alpha III had no moon. However, that could wait. Star slid the electron knife from his water-proof sheath, gripped it firmly. He could hear quick footsteps as a man came down the trail that led directly past his hiding place. It wasn't Garrett, which was disappointing. But it was one of his men, and he was heavily armed. That didn't worry Star. His fighting had earned Starrett Blade the nickname of "Death Star." The man walked to the water's edge, and peered out over the pool. He saw the bubbles that were coming up from the sinking ship, and he nodded, grunted in satisfaction, and started to turn back. S

Question 4: What is the most barren planet in space?

Response 4 (7 sentences): The surface of Alpha Centauri III is called the most barren planet in space. It has no running water, running water, and tidal power. There is no moon, for Alpha Centauri III has no moon. There are only lakes and a Centaurian lake. It is only two or three hundred feet across, but probably thousands of feet deep. This lake and hundreds of others like it are the only things to break the monotony of the flat, rocky surface of the Alpha Centauri III surface. It is called the "Most Banned Planet in Space" because there is no running water or running power. [Might be a typo but it is not called the "Most Banned Planet in Space" in the passage, but instead the most barren.]

Document 5 (19 sentences): THE FIRST MAN INTO SPACE Cadet Marshall Farnsworth woke from a nightmare of exploding novae and fouling rockets. After recovering from his fright, he

laughed contemptuously at himself. "Here I was picked as the most stable of a group of two hundred cadets," he thought, "and chosen to make man's first trip into space, yet I'm shaking like a leaf." He got out of bed and went over to the window. From his father's temporary apartment, he could see distant Skyharbor, the scene of the plunge into space tomorrow night. He had been awarded the frightening honor of making that trip. 10 As he watched teardrop cars whip along Phoenix, Arizona's, double-decked streets, elevated over one another to avoid dangerous intersections and delaying stop lights, he thought back over the years; to the 1950's, when mice and monkeys were sent up in Vikings to launch mankind's first probing of the mysterious space beyond Earth, and the first satellites were launched; to the 1960's, when huger, multiple-stage rockets finally conquered the problem of escape velocity; to 1975—today—when man was finally ready to send one of his own kind into the uninhabited deeps. Marsh climbed back into bed, but sleep would not come. In the adjoining room, he could hear the footsteps of mother and father. By their sound he knew they were the footsteps of worried people. This hurt Marsh more than his own uneasiness. The anxiety had begun for them, he knew, when he had first signed up for space-cadet training. They had known there was an extremely high percentage of washouts, and after each test he passed, they had pretended to be glad. But Marsh knew that inwardly they had hoped he would fail, for they were aware of the ultimate goal that the space scientists were working for—the goal that had just now been reached. Marsh finally fell into a troubled sleep that lasted until morning. He woke early, before the alarm rang. He got up, showered, pulled on his blue-corded cadet uniform, and tugged on the polished gray boots. He took one final look around his room as though in farewell, then went out to the kitchen. 11 His

folks were up ahead of time too, trying to act as though it were just another day. Dad was pretending to enjoy his morning paper, nodding only casually to Marsh as he came in.

Question 5: When did marsh think back to?

Response 5 (7 sentences): Marsh Farnsworth woke from a nightmare of exploding novae and fouling rockets. He thought back over the years when mice and monkeys were sent up in Vikings to launch mice and monkeys to explore of the mysterious space beyond Earth. Mice and monkeys were used in Vikings to probe of space beyond Earth, and mice and monkeys went up in Vikings. Mouse and monkeys were also sent up to explore space beyond Earth in the 1950's and 1960's, and the first satellites were launched. In the 1960' s, multiple-stage rockets conquered the problem of escape velocity and multiple-stage rocket finally conquered escape velocity. The 1960's and 1970's were the years when huger rockets finally conquered the escape velocity problem. In 1975, man was finally ready to send one of his own kind into the uninhabited deeps.