

Total Hallucinations (Unfaithful Sentences): 2

- Intrinsic: 2
- Unfaithful: 0

Total Generated Sentences: 33

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 (10 sentences): Steve Cantwell remembered: * **The searing heat of his childhood on Sirius's second planet.** It wasn't just hot, it was like a magnet, drawing out all the moisture from his body. [The passage explicitly states he remembers heat from this planet, but "not like this". Thus the magnet-like heat is from the present, not the past.] * **The single well from which all the families drew their water.** It was the source of life for the entire village. [The well is stated as the source of water, not of life.] He remembered the creaking of the winch as he hoisted up a pailful of water. * The **mud-brick house he lived in with his aunt after his parents were killed in a Kumaji raid.** It was just a shell now, but he could still picture it. He remembered spending his happiest time at the community center, which was now just a pile of rubble. The well was **poisoned**, and the town had been **deserted on the spur of the moment**. Steve had returned to find his childhood home in ruins, and he didn't understand what had happened.

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 (13 sentences): Malcolm said, "So it's that bad, eh, Sparks?" and "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?"

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 (3 sentences): The provided text doesn't explicitly state what Carmen did. It only mentions that he has a problem with people ditching bodies at his club and that he claims he hasn't killed anyone since 1943. To understand what Carmen did, we need more information from the story "The Expendables" by Jim Harmon.

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 (1 sentences): The passage states that **Alpha Centauri III** is called the most barren planet in space.

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 (6 sentences): Marsh thought back to: 1. ****The 1950's:**** when mice and monkeys were sent up in Vikings to launch mankind's first probing of space, and the first satellites were launched. 2. ****The 1960's**** when larger, multiple-stage rockets finally conquered the problem of escape velocity. 3. ****1975—today—**** when man was finally ready to send one of his own kind into the uninhabited deeps.