

## Total Hallucinations (Unfaithful Sentences): 20

- Intrinsic: 17
- Unfaithful: 3

## Total Generated Sentences: 100

### Markup:

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

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**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 (18 sentences):** Home is where you left it by Adam Chase is where Steve Cantwell left it. When he reached the village where he left it, memories flooded back, childhood memories flooded back: the single well from which all the families drew their water, the mud-brick house that all the families draw their water from, the one well from which everyone drew their water. [The mud-brick house is not where all the families drew their water from.] The town that all families drew water from, and the well poisoned with poison. He went to the well and drank water from the well, and the water was bitter and bitter. The well was poisoned, the town had been deserted on the spur of the moment, and his lips and mouth were paralyzed by contact with the poison. When he returned to his aunt's house, the table was set in last night's partially-consumed dinner still on the stove and last night's partially consumed dinner was still on the table. He walked to his aunt's house, but there was a coffeepot and a partially cooked dinner still in

the stove. He went back to the community center where he spent his happiest time as a boy, where he spent most of his happiest time. [He doesn't go to the community center, he sees it from afar.] When he got thirsty, he drank the water, the water tasted bitter and bitter, and he threw the ladle away and filled his mouth with sand, almost gagging with sand. When he went back to his village, the well had been poisoned, the water was poisoned, and the town was deserted. When he walked among the deserted houses, he looked around in them for a while, he was surprised and sadness. The desert heat was searing, parching and parching, and the Sirian sun gleamed balefully off the blades of his unicopter, which brought him from Oasis City, almost five hundred miles away. He remembered heat from his childhood here on Sirius' second planet with the Earth colony, but not this kind of heat like this. He walked among the buildings, shocked and sadness, and walked among the mud brick houses. He went among the buildings. Childhood memories flooded back to the single well where all the families lived with his aunt after his parents had been killed in a Kumaji raid, the community center which he'd spent his happiest times as a boy. [All the families drew from the well, they didn't live with Steve's aunt there.] When he visited the village, the water well was poisoned with poison, the town deserted, and he went to the town's well-square to get water, the well was poisoned. When he tried to drink it, his mouth was paralyzed by

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**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 (20 sentences):** Gregory Malcolm, the man who assumed command of the Wanderers of the Wolf Moon, is a bespectacled secretary whose only adventures had come through the pages of books. Gregory has spent years studying astrogation as few Earthlubbers have. He knows what they are up against, but he doesn't want to tell the boss about it because it would only worry him. Sparks and Hannigan, the other two men on the ship, are worried about the women on the ship because they scare easy. [Sparks and Hannigan are the same person, not two people.] Hannigan says that he doesn't think he would tell his boss about what they are going through because he knows astrogation better than any Earthlubber. [Gregory says he knows astrogation, not Sparks/Hannigan.] He says that atmosphereherics don't mean nothing, and then there's womenfolks, who scare easy. He says he knows what they're up against because he's studied astrogation for years. He also says that he knows how many hundreds of thousands of miles they've been borne off their course. He admits that they haven't licked yet, but they are a deaf-mute speck of metal being whirled headlong through space. He says they can't get signals in or out because the super-ionized belt of atmospherics is blanketed. He admits to Sparks that they have three good men on board, but the radio signals are blanketed because of super-ionsized Atmospherics. [Gregory doesn't bring up the three good men, Sparks does.] He says the men are afraid of the women because they scare easily. [The women scare easily, not the men according to Sparks.] He says to Sparks, "Don't worry about it, Sparks, it's not important." [Sparks says this to Gregory, not the other way around.] He says that he has been through worse storms than this many times, and in worse crates than the Carefree. He says astrogation is a hobby for years, and he knows what astrogation means. He admits he knows what their situation is up against, and he doesn't want to say anything to the boss because it would worry the men. [The passage said the opposite, it would worry the boss, not the men.] He says, "I know what we've hit a warp-eddy last night, but I know how many hundreds, thousands of miles we've been borne off our course. The atmosphereherics mean nothing, but they scare easy women. They scare easy

because they have no cause to. He says it is important not to say anything about this because the men on board are good men. [No one says this, at least not in the passage.] He explains astrogation and astrogation isn't important. [Again, no one says this in the passage.]

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**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):** The Tony Carmen is the owner of Tony Carmen's club where bodies of accident victims are dumped at his club, but most of the bodies they keep ditching at his club haven't been murdered by accident victims since early 1943. [This confuses Tony's statement that he hasn't murdered anyone since 1943. The accident victims are not the ones that haven't been murdered since that time.] The bodies they keep dumping at his club are accident victims. The carmen do not kill any of the bodies because they haven't killed anybody since early 1943 since early 1943, and most of the people they keep dumping bodies at his club have been accident victims. They haven't killed any of these people since early 1943 because most of them are accident victims, accident victims. Mr. Tony Carmen claims he hasn't killed anyone since early 1943 and says he hasn't been made for a hit these days. Professor Venetti has heard too much about the Mafia. All the stories about the Mafia, true or false, built up an unendurable threat. He had heard too much and for too long about the Mafia because honest Italian-Americans don't like to see the word in print. The Mafia is still with it, but honest Italian-

American people don't even like to see it in print. Mr. Carmen is still with the Mafia. He has been in the Marines, and was in the Marines. He hasn't killed anybody in the Marines since early 1943; most of these bodies aren't accidents. [This is not asserted by anyone in the passage.] The bodies aren't made for hit these days, most of them get made for hit. Not many people get made for hits these days. He says they get made for accidents Victims. [The opposite is implied. Accident victims don't get hits made for them.] He has only accident victims. Carmen do accident victims. He says he haven't killed nobody since early 1943 but has been making hit since early 1943 so they haven't been murdered by anybody. [Carmen says the opposite, that he hasn't even killed anyone since 1943. So he doesn't say that he's been making hits since then.] They don't ditching bodies. He says the bodies aren't he hasn't killed anybody since "prohibition times". He says that most of the body they keep dumping the bodies haven't been ditching at the club haven" since early 1943 "since early 1943. [This is another confusion with Tony Carmen's claim. Carmen says he hasn't killed anyone since 1943, not that bodies haven't been ditched since 1943.] Carmen's club hasn" since "not many people get hit these days". They're accident victims. Carmen says they haven" accident victims". When Venetti tries to help Mr. Carmen, he can't become involved in anything illegal. He doesn't kill any of these bodies since early 1943". The Professor tries to help him, but Carmen says he hasn't killed anybody

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**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 (16 sentences):** The surface of Alpha Centauri III is called the most barren planet in space because it has no running water, no running water power, no moon, tidal power, and tidal power is out. There is no moon on Alpha Centauri III either, for it has no moon. There is a Centaurian lake that is only about two or three hundred feet across, but probably thousands feet deep. This lake and hundreds of others like it are the only things that break the monotony of the flat, rocky surface of the flat flat, rocky Alpha Centauri III surface. The Centaurian lakes break the monotony of the Centaurian surface. This lake is the only thing that Starrett Blade is fighting for his life against space pirate Devil Garrett. After his ship crashed into the Centaurians lake, Star is fighting for the life of a girl who wants him dead. He has been hunted by Devil Garrett for eight years, and Star himself has personally been hunting him for a year. [The passage says the opposite, Garrett is stated to have been the top pirate in the void for eight years and that Star has hunted him for one year, not the other way around.] Devil Garrett has been the top space pirate in the void for eight years. He has no atomics plant on Alpha III, for there is no running water. There is only the lakes and tidal power for Alpha Centauri III to run on. There is also no moon, for Alpha III has no moon at all. There are no running water and tidal power, for there are only lakes. The only running water is on the lakes, for there was no running water on Alpha Centauri II. There are only tidal power and tidal power on Alpha III for there is only tidal power. [The passage explicitly states that tidal power was out, meaning there was no tidal power.] There is still no moon on the planet.

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**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 (19 sentences):** Marsh thinks back over the years when mice and monkeys were sent up in Vikings to launch mankind's first probing of the mysterious space beyond Earth, and the first probes of space beyond Earth. In 1950's and 1960's, monkeys and mice were sent up to explore space beyond Earth in Vikings to probe the unknown space beyond Earth and the first satellites were launched. In the 1960' s, multiple-stage rockets finally conquered the problem of escape velocity. In 1975, man was finally ready to send one of his own kind into the uninhabited deeps. Marsh's mother and father were worried about him, and he knew that they were hoping that he would fail. They had known there was an extremely high percentage of washouts, and they pretended to be glad after each test he passed, pretending to be glad. After each test, they pretended to act as though it were just another day. 11 As he watched teardrop cars whip along Phoenix, Arizona's double-decked Phoenix, Arizona, double decked streets, elevated over one another to avoid dangerous intersections and delaying stop lights, he thinks back over years, when cars were sent to Phoenix, Arizona double decked cars were sent up into the skies to avoid dangerous accidents and delays stop lights. In the 1950's and 1960's, mice and monkeys are sent up to launch in Vikings to explore the

mysterious space far beyond Earth. The 1960's and the 1960's, multiple stage rockets finally conquered escape velocity, and huger, multiple- stage rockets conquered escape velocity. Today, man is ready to send a cadet into space. He thinks back to 1975, when man is finally ready to go into the unknown deeps. When he wakes up in the morning, he hears his mother and father's footsteps, and he can hear them worried about him. After he goes back to bed, he goes to the window to see distant Skyharbor, the scene of the plunge into space tomorrow Night. [The passage states the opposite: he sees Skyharbor through the window after getting up from bed.] He wakes up contemptuously at himself. After hearing his parents' footsteps, he knows that they are worried because they were hoping he would fail, and they are aware of the ultimate goal that the space scientists are working for. He goes back to sleep, but he cannot sleep because he hears the footsteps of worried people. [The passage states he actually did fall asleep until morning.] He hears his parents pretending to enjoy their morning paper, but he knows that their anxiety had begun when he signed up for space-cadet training. He goes to his