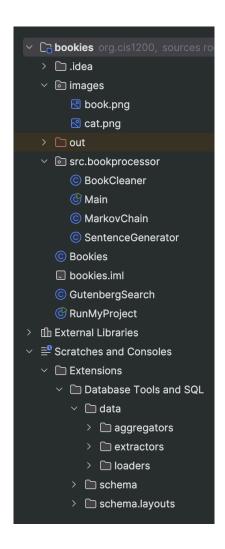
bookies

Step 1:Getting Set Up

- Please use **IntelliJ**! It does not work properly with other IDEs unfortunately
- This is what the file structure should look like



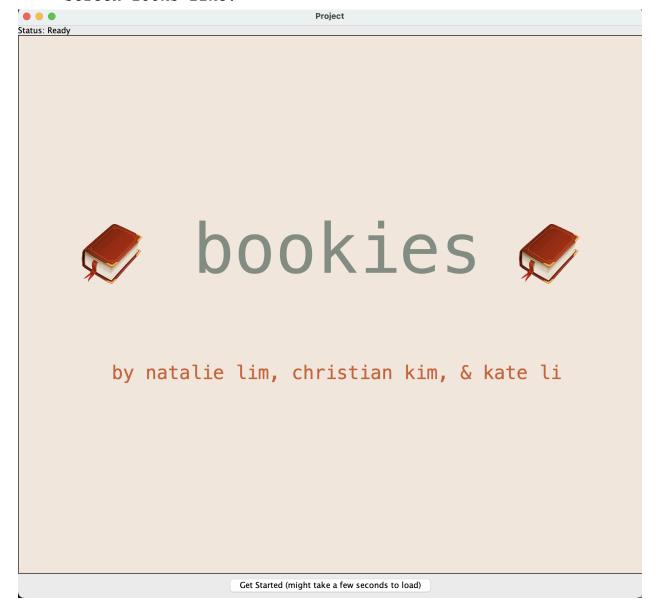
Step 2:Running the UI

• Click on the **RunMyProject** file and run it on the top left (the play button)



Step 3: Start the Project

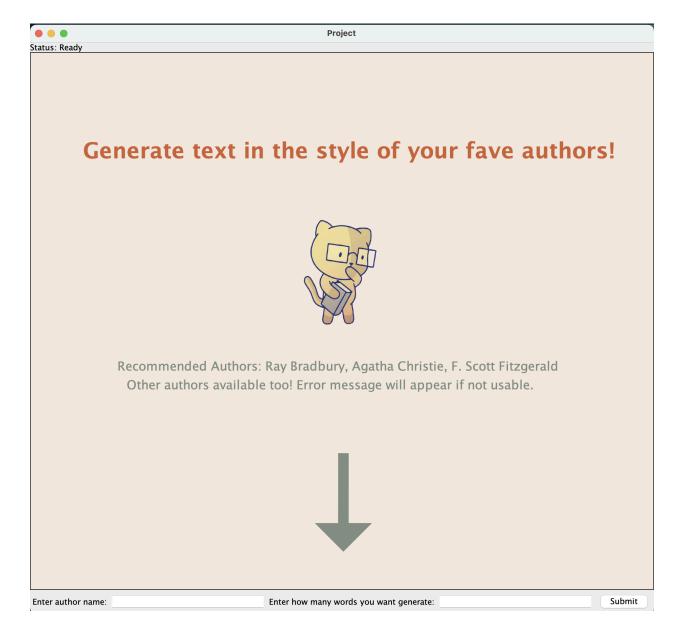
• This starts running our JSwing UI! This is what the opening screen looks like:



• Click the **Get Started** Button on the bottom. Keep in mind this starts our GutenbergSearch.loadIndex(); method, which is scraping/sorting a lot of information from the web page (https://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/GUTINDEX.ALL), so it takes a second to load the next page

Step 4: Choose Author and Length of Text to Generate

• This is what the next page should look like:



- Enter the **author name** to get a list of books that they wrote!
 - The reason we recommend these authors is because their books on Gutenburg do not include audiobooks / foreign language books, which mess up our program for obvious reasons.

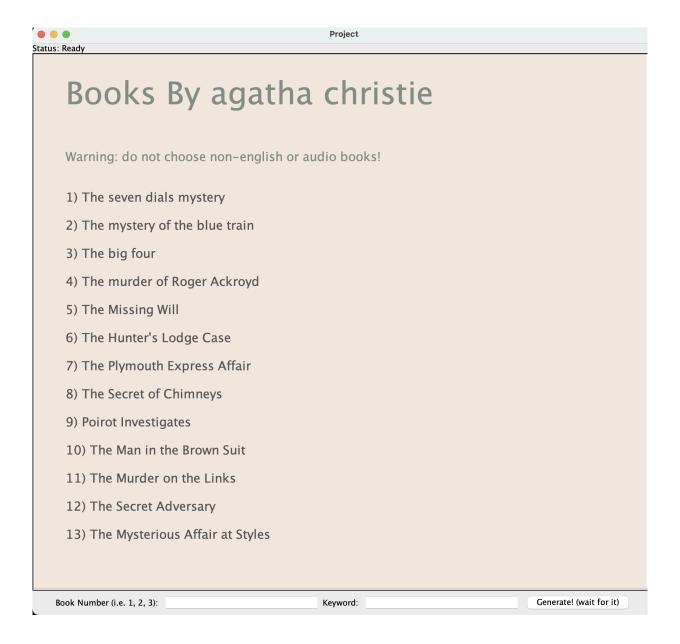


- Make sure to enter the name of the author with correct capitalization and syntax! If you are unsure about the way the author's name should be entered, please double check the Project Gutenberg site.
- Enter how many words you want to generate!

- Click **Submit** to move on!
 - If the author name does not exist in Gutenburg's index, you will see the following pop-up window

Step 5: Choosing the Book

• The next page should display a list of available books by that author. Here is an example of the list books by Agatha Christie



• Enter the number corresponding to the text you want. For example, if I wanted to generate a text based off of *The*

- Secret Adversary, I would type in 12. If I wanted to use The Missing Will, I would type in 5.
- Enter the **keyword** you want included in your text that is in the book. We recommend using a common word like "the," a main character's name, or some other *keyword* that people would immediately think of when thinking of the book.
 - For instance, a keyword of the Harry Potter series could be "Ron" or "potion," but "twin" would be difficult.
 - o If you wish to use a more niche word, please make sure to check that the word appears relatively frequently in the book. Otherwise, the program will stop trying after 100 times! This is to ensure that the program doesn't continuously run for an extended period of time and possibly crash if it can't find the word.
- Click **Generate** to generate the text.

Step 6: View your text!

• Here are 300 words generated based off of Emily Dickinson's Poems: Three Series, Complete as an example:



Generated Text!

Fire's common summer's gracious mien. XVII. WHO? My feet, too, take the old Gethsemane Endear the formula of supple blue? Whose fingers through a common thing, Or cart of "truth" until it be not yet for burial, Reminded me that it was, Circumference between. IV. We learn in the knife! Underneath their unthinking drums. XV. 'T was soundless, like breeze, Phraseless, yet no notice, no elegy. Some rumor of the pantomime himself. How still abides, Which maketh all around, Or too much, I had rather suit robins; The eagle of summer morning, Is mapped, and manner of her what Circassian land? VIII. A BOOK. There came slow, slow, slow, slow, By stretch of them. My story has to tell; 'T was far the little heart! Like an insulted sky, Had not mind the heat So keep it to us lands away, -- There seemed to have known. Her little countenance Against the old neighbor, God! XXXIII. REQUIEM. Taken from pulpit read, -- Or flag subsist, or circumvent, Hate cannot reach! The faithful witness, Till seraphs swing their drams, I 'm accustomed hour! She went abroad; A train went Than those who read a place was too cool one the year! --Instinct picking up a smile suffused Jehovah's countenance! XVIII. Two swimmers wrestled on the precious charged Should the smile, And kindly ask me, Until it is said was a hundred hats they ascend It waits upon this bequest of toll; How glad I could fear their burrs and mighty That stiffens quietly to the world, That devastated childhood's citadel And workmen finished, Before the purple territories On such a summer could not of agony! Till we touch the dews among, Stooping, plucking, sighing, flying; Parched the names of northern winds Is sweetest in her belt, Her sturdy little thing.

That's our project! Thanks for playing along :)

Readme.txt is in the project files