

Cade hated the quiet. It bothered him to a certain degree that no matter how much he tried to break out of his shell, he couldn't force himself to make friends. 1.

(after clicking 2)

Cade hated the quiet. It bothered him to a certain degree that no matter how much he tried to overcome his shyness, especially around others. , he couldn't force himself to make friends.

(infilling)

Controls

cmd + j

elaborate selection

cmd + k

use your own prompt

prompt :

Tell me what happens next.

cmd + l

replace selection

replace with :

a phrase

cmd + u

rewrite selection

rewrite the text :

to be more descriptive

Replace the selected text.

Controls

replace with :

a phrase

choose

enter

cancel

esc

refresh

tab

refine

cmd + e

↑ ↓ to cycle through choices (2/15)

Original text

break out of his shell

3.

overcome his shyness, especially around others.

like other kids he knew in the neighborhood.

open up and allow new people in. He had always been closed off, unwilling to trust, but his newfound silence wasn't even by his own choosing.

break through his silence to even try one conversation.

to meet someone.

show prompt details

Cade hated the quiet. It bothered him to a certain degree that no matter how much he tried to break out of his shell, he couldn't force himself to make friends.

(after clicking 4)

Cade hated the quiet. It bothered him to a certain degree that no matter how much he tried to break out of his shell, he couldn't force himself to make friends. He was sure at least one person in the world was similar to him, maybe even more than one, but where were they? He'd been looking for them most of his life after all.

(continuation)

Controls

cmd + j

generate text

cmd + k

use your own prompt

prompt :

Tell me what happens next.

Generate text from the cursor.

Controls

choose

enter

cancel

esc

refresh

tab

refine

cmd + e

↑ ↓ to cycle through choices (2/16)

He could not find a way to connect to other people: no way to make conversation. Even during their only shared, brief, conversation he could only stutter and stumble.

He was sure at least one person in the world was similar to him, maybe even more than one, but where were they? He'd been looking for them most of his life after all.

So when he finally meets someone like himself, he is excited about sharing secrets, dreams and fears.

He didn't know if they just couldn't be understood or if he just didn't find them interesting. Either way, it didn't matter anymore. His best friend passed away last night

show prompt details