

FICTION FUSION

The story bundle



"MY MILKSHAKES BRINGS ALL THE
BOYS TO THE YARD" — TESTER

"AND THEY'RE LIKE, ITS BETTER
THAN YOURS" — FICTION FUSION

PREFACE

Welcome the "Fiction Fusion" story bundle, created by our test group in collaboration with fiction fusion, the AI co-author.

We are proud to present some of the most interesting stories co-written by the AI with our testers. We hope you have as much fun reading these stories as we had in creating Fiction Fusion and seeing our testers collaborate with it.

Each story in this bundle is unique and brings together the creative minds of both humans and AI. We hope these stories will spark your imagination and take you on exciting journeys of the mind. So sit back, relax, and let the "Fiction Fusion" begin!

Jesse & Wout

*Some stories might be translated

The lonely boy

By Musti & Fiction Fusion

There once was a lonely boy getting by in the streets of a city. He had no parents and no money and no one to turn to for help. He sometimes had to turn to thievery to survive. But the boy was determined to turn his life around and make something of himself. He read every book he could get his hands on and taught himself several trades. In one of the books he found he read about ancient artifacts with mystical powers.

The boy figured he could make a good bit of money by searching for these artifacts, so he ventured out past the city limits and into the surrounding countryside. With the book in his bag and a shovel in his hand he started digging in the hopes of finding traces of artifacts. After many months of hard work and little success, the boy finally found an ancient coin, which he sold and made a substantial amount of money. However, he didn't know that there was a curse cast on the coin which now lingered upon him. Whenever the boy went back to the city, he was followed around by an invisible force that could do nothing but cause harm. The boy was looking to find more of these artifacts to make more money but the curse stopped him whenever he intended to do so.

In desperation he eventually went back to the book and read an ancient chant which made the curse disappear. The boy only now noticed that there were several pages missing from the book as if they had been ripped out. The boy soon realized that this was intentional and the missing pages actually contained sensitive information which would draw attention to the coins he had found. Filled with newfound curiosity and greed he tried looking for who could have ripped out the pages, trying to hide whatever important information they may have contained.

Eventually the boy discovered an old man who lived deep in the wilderness. Trying to approach the hut the old man was living in, he heard the old man yelling from a distance: "Who are you and what do you want?" The boy answered, "I am searching for an ancient artifact but I was cursed and I need help to lift the curse. Can you help me? What's your name?" asked hopefully.

The old man replied, "My name is Vitaly and I can help you, indeed. However lifting the curse carries a great burden. You must vow to never look for any artifacts ever again." The boy asked in great displeasure, "Why?"

The old man replied, "The ancient artifacts carry great powers, and if these powers fall in the wrong hands, it could lead to disastrous consequences."

The lonely boy

By Musti & Fiction Fusion

The boy didn't understand and kept asking about the great powers. But the old man was wise and he only gave a wry smile without saying a word. "That's forbidden knowledge, it would cause great harm to you," Vitaly said.

The boy understood and accepted the burden, and thus the curse was lifted, and the boy was free of the force that had been following him. The boy went off and started a new life as an adventurer, exploring the world and helping people in need.

He vowed to find the mysteries of the artifacts without looking for them. He knew that knowledge was the key to unlocking their secrets and keeping the power they contained safely in the right hands. "For Vitaly, and for humanity," he kept murmuring to himself.

An old lady passing by heard the boy murmuring to himself. Discerning his intentions, she uttered in a soft voice, "Be sure to stay on the path of light, young one."

The boy, confused by the words of the old lady, replied, "The path of light? Is that what Vitaly wanted?"

The old lady slowly nodded and said, "Yes, young one."

The boy asked how she knew Vitaly. The old lady smiled and said "Vitaly is my father."

The boy asked, in utter confusion, "How can he be your father, you practically look the same age!"

The old lady smiled again and said, "Vitaly was gifted with eternal life by the gods many years ago. He is the keeper of many secrets in this world."

The boy bowed in respect, understanding just how powerful Vitaly must be. "I vow to not stray from the path of light," he said.

The old lady nodded and said, "My father is watching. What is your name, young one?"

The boy proudly answered, "My name is...".

The Price of Production

By Bas & Fiction Fusion

It was a dark and cloudy morning as I was making my way to work that day, I could see the factory looming in the distance, its floodlights making sure that the workers could keep going through the night. I walked along the wet and muddy streets, my feet sinking deeper into the mud with each step. Schluck, Schluck, Schluck, my boots made a sucking sound as I approached the factory premises, I was already soaked and my day had only just started, It was one of those days.

When I left the bus, I immediately felt the oppressive, humid air. The bus had taken me across the factory grounds, to building ZB87 where I would start my shift. Despite the miserable weather conditions, the factory was bustling with activity.

The factory could never stop, if it ever did, there would be hell to pay.

I made my way through the labyrinth of buildings, grimy and surrounded by putrid odors. I finally got to the entrance of my building, as I was fumbling for my keys, I started thinking about that dream I had last night, it was a terrible dream.

I was walking through factory alleyways, seeing versions of the same, machinery filled areas and the same workers working all day and all night for no relaxation. There was more but I couldn't remember, I shook it off and entered the building.

The doors flew open, I could see rows and rows of machines working, beeping, humming and producing products for the market. The market they called it, I simply shook my head and headed for my desk, there was a fresh batch coming in and I had to make sure it was ready to be shipped by the end of the week. I felt myself getting more and more tired when I noticed a peculiar looking man staring at me from the other side of the room. My head ached as I fell to my knees, suddenly I started seeing flashes from my dreams again, I was in the factory again, but it was dark and I was the only one there, suddenly a shrill scream pierced my ears. I snapped back, the man was gone. Greg came over to me "Are you alright?" he said.

"Yeah, I'm fine, let's just get to work." I was still trying to come to terms with what had just happened, it felt like a dream but I knew it was real. We made our way to screening room 43 where we would start examining the fresh batch.

The Price of Production

By Bas & Fiction Fusion

The machines never stop, the humming and droning sound filling my ears as I carefully write down all the important details. Age: 7, Height: 152cm, Bloodtype: O+, Gender: Male, this kid was barely a year older than my son, there was nothing I could do for him.

I sighed and kept working. That dream was still in the back of my mind as I continued my work, I knew it was just a dream, but something about it felt horribly ominous. I shook off the feeling and focused on my task. I finished the stack of papers and nodded to Greg, he pushed the intercom button and said: "Okay, bring in the first one".

To be continued...

The Cola Waterfall

By Ruben & Fiction Fusion

When the cola waterfall hit me, my life turned around. I was walking down the street and out of nowhere, a spray of cola went flying into my face. It hit my eye and I went half blind. I was shocked, scared, and confused. Then I got myself an eye patch and became a pirate.

I bought a boat and sailed off, looking for treasure and adventure. The first thing I stumbled upon was a lion turtle island. I found a hidden cave filled with ancient magic and wealth. There was a wizard there as well, and his name was Johan. He told me of an incredible power that I could use to help others.

The wizard also told me of the truth behind the waterfall of cola-- it was some kind of magical blessing or curse. When it hits your eye, it will give you super vision. With my new-found power, I decided to use it to help those in need. I soon became a prominent figure in my small town. From there on, I became a nationwide phenomenon and even president of the world. I used my power to help the less fortunate and bring justice to those who needed it. Little by little, my life changed. I went from an ordinary guy to the most powerful being on the planet.

All because of the cola waterfall.

Jan-Diederik the teddybear

By Chris & Fiction Fusion

During Christmas, there was a teddy bear named Jan-Diederik. Jan-Diederik could be found in many homes during the holiday season, delighting both children and adults with his cheerful presence and comforting embrace. But he was extremely dangerous.

If you tried to move or hug him the wrong way, your fingers would be pricked by his sharp claws. Multiple children were sent to the hospital because of those sharp claws.

The parents of those children decided to take a stand and launched a petition in the city to have Jan-Diederik removed from store shelves. Sadly, the petition was cancelled and Jan-Diederik was not removed from the store shelves.

Despite the many warnings and risks associated with Jan-Diederik, children around the city kept buying him. Following many injuries and some children passing away after being heavily injured, the parents of the victims decided to take a stand and file a class lawsuit against the company that made Jan-Diederik. They were successful in getting him removed from store shelves. The company had to pay those families a huge amount of money.

Jan-Diederik's legacy lives on each year during Christmas and is a reminder to be more aware of what we are buying as Christmas presents. We've been told that the same company will create a new Jan-Diederik but this time, he will be without sharp claws and will also be able to speak to you.

Let's just hope that this new Jan-Diederik will bring more cheer and less injuries this Christmas. Thank you for reading, and we wish you an amazing Christmas without injuries. May this holiday be filled with joy, peace and lots of love.

Christmas

By Sandor & Fiction Fusion

It's nearly Christmas, a nice time with family and friends. 'Tis the season of giving, and the time of joy throughout the land. Yes, it's a very beautiful time in winter with trees and snow. People travel long distances to be home with their family. So, travel home and see all your beloved ones.

Merry Christmas, everyone.

Running Potato

By Pieter & Fiction Fusion

Once upon a time, there was a potato who loved to run. The problem was that, small as he was, he could only run short distances before he got exhausted. This prevented him from running marathons.

One day, after resting under a bush, the potato had a brilliant idea. He started making tools out of sticks so that he could build a cart in which to sit while running. This way, he didn't have to walk himself.

The cart worked perfectly. He won every marathon and even won the Nobel Prize. Now, he is a notorious marathon runner worldwide, known as 'the running potato cart'. The potato continued his career as a scientist. He has ensured that people can show the children the beacons of the world and teach them how to best develop themselves. The potato even managed to turn potatoes into raspberries.

THANK YOU!

Thank you for reading the Fiction Fusion story bundle! This unique collection was made possible thanks to the hard work and creativity of both human writers and our AI co-author. We are grateful to our testers, who brought these stories to life and show the potential of Fiction Fusion: The AI Co-Author.

For more information on our "Fiction Fusion" project and if you're interested in testing it out for yourself, please visit our Github page or our website.

Jesse & Wout

Github: github.com/jessedegans/FictionFusion
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