Updated:

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| --- | --- | --- |
| METEOR Score | Manually | Optimized |
| 1) | 0.2379 | 0.1490 |
| 2) | 0.1669 | 0.1757 |
| 3) | 0.2092 | 0.1339 |
| 4) | 0.1456 | 0.1804 |
| 5) | 0.2388 | 0.1581 |
| 6) | 0.1660 | 0.1025 |
| 7) | 0.2320 | 0.2095 |
| 8) | 0.2833 | 0.0825 |
| 9) | 0.2592 | 0.1241 |
| 10) | 0.2304 | 0.2981 |
| 11) | 0.1716 | 0.1511 |
| 12) | 0.2161 | 0.1886 |
| 13) | 0.1351 | 0.1953 |
| 14) | 0.1611 | 0.2237 |
| 15) | 0.1652 | 0.1673 |
| 16) | 0.1499 | 0.0718 |
| 17) | 0.1701 | 0.3218 |
| 18) | 0.1233 | 0.2167 |
| 19) | 0.2630 | 0.1938 |
| 20) | 0.1607 | 0.1660 |
| 21) | 0.1777 | 0.1514 |
| 22) | 0.1594 | 0.1182 |
| 23) | 0.1659 | 0.1631 |
| 24) | 0.1343 | 0.1814 |
| 25) | 0.1767 | 0.1531 |
| 26) | 0.1891 | 0.1839 |
| 27) | 0.0960 | 0.1460 |
| 28) | 0.1591 | 0.1758 |
| 29) | 0.1812 | 0.1377 |
| 30) | 0.2524 | 0.1661 |
| 31) | 0.2257 | 0.1652 |
| 32) | 0.1759 | 0.1226 |
| 33) | 0.1713 | 0.1222 |
| 34) | 0.1463 | 0.2507 |
| 35) | 0.1825 | 0.2320 |
| 36) | 0.1690 | 0.2169 |
| 37) | 0.1604 | 0.1636 |
| 38) | 0.3101 | 0.1661 |
| 39) | 0.1460 | 0.2268 |
| 40) | 0.1552 | 0.1789 |
| 41) | 0.2329 | 0.1572 |
| 42) | 0.1499 | 0.1849 |
| 43) | 0.1948 | 0.2035 |
| 44) | 0.2320 | 0.1338 |
| 45) | 0.1816 | 0.1389 |
| 46) | 0.1466 | 0.1513 |
| 47) | 0.0957 | 0.2409 |
| 48) | 0.2704 | 0.1893 |
| 49) | 0.1836 | 0.2059 |
| 50) | 0.2452 | 0.2520 |
| Average: | 0.1870 | 0.1758 |

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| --- | --- |
| Optimized Temperature: |  |
| 1) | 0.8387 |
| 2) | 0.8810 |
| 3) | 1.0000 |
| 4) | 0.8770 |
| 5) | 1.0000 |
| 6) | 1.0000 |
| 7) | 0.8113 |
| 8) | 0.9587 |
| 9) | 1.0000 |
| 10) | 0.9679 |
| 11) | 0.9404 |
| 12) | 0.9845 |
| 13) | 0.7000 |
| 14) | 0.9443 |
| 15) | 0.8764 |
| 16) | 0.8650 |
| 17) | 0.8888 |
| 18) | 0.8109 |
| 19) | 0.9276 |
| 20) | 0.9255 |
| 21) | 1.0000 |
| 22) | 0.8236 |
| 23) | 0.8531 |
| 24) | 0.7000 |
| 25) | 0.9449 |
| 26) | 0.8012 |
| 27) | 0.9057 |
| 28) | 0.9942 |
| 29) | 0.8620 |
| 30) | 1.0000 |
| 31) | 0.7913 |
| 32) | 0.8859 |
| 33) | 0.9825 |
| 34) | 0.7977 |
| 35) | 0.9727 |
| 36) | 0.7983 |
| 37) | 0.9701 |
| 38) | 0.8945 |
| 39) | 0.9221 |
| 40) | 0.9409 |
| 41) | 0.9692 |
| 42) | 0.8925 |
| 43) | 0.9165 |
| 44) | 0.7998 |
| 45) | 0.9237 |
| 46) | 0.9023 |
| 47) | 0.9920 |
| 48) | 0.9056 |
| 49) | 0.8262 |
| 50) | 0.8149 |
| Average: | **0.8996** |

Bad ones

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| --- | --- | --- |
| **The sample:** | **Text generated with manually chosen parameters:** | **Text generated with optimized parameters:** |
| 2)  The telephone receiver at Dotty's end of the wire was hung up with a click, and Dolly began to waggle her receiver hook in hope of getting Dotty back. But there was no response, so Dolly rose and went for her coat. Flinging it round her, and not stopping to get a hat, she ran next door to Dotty Rose's house. |  | As Dolly sprinted towards Dotty Rose's house, Dotty herself sat huddled in the corner of her room, trembling. The immediate click after her call wasn't because she wanted to cut Dolly off. No, it was fear, pure and raw, compelling her to hang up abruptly. Why? The shadows in her room were dancing menacingly, conjuring pictures of phantom figures. Suddenly, she heard a knock on her door. Was it Dolly? Was it the phantoms of her imagination |
| 3) The girls were down at Lakewood. Patty was the guest of Elise, whose family had taken a cottage there for the season. That is, it was called a cottage, but was in reality an immense house, most comfortably and delightfully appointed. Patty was still supposed to be convalescing from her recent illness, but, as a matter of fact, she had regained her health and strength, and, though never robust, was entirely well. |  | Patty sat alone at the edge of the expansive Lakewood piers, her eyes reflecting the twinkling stars. One would imagine her content, seemingly basking in the warmth of Elise's luxurious cottage after her sorrowful bout of frailty. But this wasn't Patty's tale. It was Fredrick's story - the unassuming chef, hidden within the kitchen labyrinths of Elise's luxurious home. Secretly smitten by Patty, he tirelessly crafted salubrious meals hoping to aid her recovery. His world had been one of spices and flavors until Patty's laughter infused new seasonings into his life. Unbeknownst to her, Patty was no more conv |
| 15) Came Christmas Eve. They had no money and no food and no fire. Stop! The fire of love burned in the woman’s heart, the fire of hate in the man’s. Prison life usually completes the education in shame of the unfortunate men who are thrust there. This was before the days in which humane men interested themselves in prisons and prisoners and strove to awaken the world to its responsibilities to, as well as the possibilities of, the convict. | Mirroring the frosty pane was Jonas — his heart was numb, a continuing echo of the cold winter. He stared at the desolate Christmas Eve, the heart-wrenching emptiness mirroring his feelings. In the adjacent cell, Adela strained her mind, formulating redemption plans for him, her heart radiating not with the warmth of the holidays, but with undying love. Society had marked them as pariahs, despicable criminals. Yet, in the gloom before the compassionate jail reforms, they discovered profound humanity— she in forgiveness, he in repentance. Their shared tale wrapped in misery, hatred, and love brought nuanced colors to Christmas Eve, while the prison walls watched silently. |  |
| 16) Elizabeth Ann’s Great-aunt Harriet was a widow who was not very rich or very poor, and she had one daughter, Frances, who gave piano lessons to little girls. They kept a “girl” whose name was Grace and who had asthma dreadfully and wasn’t very much of a “girl” at all, being nearer fifty than forty. Aunt Harriet, who was very tender-hearted, kept her chiefly because she couldn’t get any other place on account of her coughing so you could hear her all over the house | From the dimly lit room where the piano hummed mournfully, Grace, little more than a shadow, watched the world. Each lingering note, played under the adept fingers of Frances, was a tear shed for the life Grace never had. She'd come to serve the middle-status family in her hopeful youth but was now part of the household's odd charm. With her labored breathing echoing in the corners of the silent house, Grace often wondered if her destiny had been different, had her lungs not betrayed her. Her wheezing was a melody only she could understand, a sorrowful symphony of a life lost. |  |
| 22) Philip Haldane and his sister lived in a little red-roofed house in a little red-roofed town. They had a little garden and a little balcony, and a little stable with a little pony in it—and a little cart for the pony to draw; a little canary hung in a little cage in the little bow-window, and the neat little servant kept everything as bright and clean as a little new pin |  | In the neighboring town, just past the willow grove, resided Edith, the baker's daughter. Her world was a symphony of clattering pans and the sweet scent of fresh loaves. Yet, every evening, she would gaze longingly at the distant red roofs, imagining the little pony and the cheery canary song. She dreamt of a life different than the one kneaded out for her, yearned to trade her flour-dusted apron for a chance to trot around in the little cart. What |
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Good ones:

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| **The sample:** | **Text generated with manually chosen parameters:** | **Text generated with optimized parameters:** |
| 4) One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hiding behind a wall, to heave half a brick at his horse's legs, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the groom saw him, and halloed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers, so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders. | Stretching out within the shadows of the court, young Eliza watched the scene unfold from her hidden perch, a trinket stall thrumming with untapped mischief. She noted the smart groom's entrance and the twinkle of rebellion lurking in Tom's eyes, her childhood friend who seemed always poised for chaos. When Tom softened his stance, leaving a half-brick unused and forgotten, the wheels of her cunning thoughts started spinning. For what was Mr. Grimes' grim dwelling if not a playground for an ambitious girl with an insatiable thirst for adventure and a chance to defy the norms of their time? | Ever the diligent apprentice, Tom slipped away from his impish hideaway, tucking the half-brick safely behind the worn stones. He approached the well-heeled groom with a deferential dip of his grimy cap. "Master Grimes' place, sir? Just follow the scent of soot and hardship. It's the third shack on the left." Tom's voice was a soft echo of the chimneys he swept, laced with ash and humility. As the groom trotted off, Tom's mind whirled with questions. What business could such a fancy man have with Master Grimes, the chimney-sweep? An exciting undercurrent buzzed through the air, stirring intrigue in the sooty serenity. |
| 15) Came Christmas Eve. They had no money and no food and no fire. Stop! The fire of love burned in the woman’s heart, the fire of hate in the man’s. Prison life usually completes the education in shame of the unfortunate men who are thrust there. This was before the days in which humane men interested themselves in prisons and prisoners and strove to awaken the world to its responsibilities to, as well as the possibilities of, the convict. |  | On a frosty Christmas Eve, hidden in the shadows of the prison walls, a guard named Thomas watched the couple argue. Seeped in poverty and despair, they held onto the fire, one of love, the other of hatred. His heart ached, bearing witness to their struggle. Their daily fights were the echo of his own past, the stinging reminder of a father lost to the unforgiving prison life. Now, in a world that was just beginning to wake up to the plight of those incarcerated, it was his chance to spark a change. Tomorrow, he decided, |
| 16) Elizabeth Ann’s Great-aunt Harriet was a widow who was not very rich or very poor, and she had one daughter, Frances, who gave piano lessons to little girls. They kept a “girl” whose name was Grace and who had asthma dreadfully and wasn’t very much of a “girl” at all, being nearer fifty than forty. Aunt Harriet, who was very tender-hearted, kept her chiefly because she couldn’t get any other place on account of her coughing so you could hear her all over the house |  | In this reimagining, the story pairs the perspective of Grace, the asthmatic house help, with the drama of her own, unseen life. Over the echo of Frances' piano lessons, Grace moved with an asthmatic rhythm, the unique melody of her labored breath penetrating the house's walls. Invisible, save for her distinctive wheezing and persistent cough, the middle-aged servant had an orchestration of secrets. Hired out of Harriet's well-meaning charity, Grace was |
| 22) Philip Haldane and his sister lived in a little red-roofed house in a little red-roofed town. They had a little garden and a little balcony, and a little stable with a little pony in it—and a little cart for the pony to draw; a little canary hung in a little cage in the little bow-window, and the neat little servant kept everything as bright and clean as a little new pin. | In a quaint house with a moss-covered roof, lived spinster Ruth Haldane, Philip Haldane's aunt. Her days revolved around the cacophonous trills of an old parrot as opposed to Philip's cheery canary. In place of the shiny little carriage, her pony pulled a seasoned farming cart. She maintained a charmingly dishevelled vegetable patch, the polar opposite of the Haldane's prim garden. Ruth cherished her quiet solitude, but often wondered about the vibrant bustle of Philip's little red-roofed town. |  |
| 24) It was seldom that this young girl appeared anywhere in public without attracting the attention of any who chanced to glance into her sweet face. Its contour was almost perfect and the coloring exquisite. In addition she had a slender form which she carried with exceeding grace and a modest, winning demeanor that was more demure and unconscious than shy. | Once a week, unnoticed by all, a woman of unspeakable beauty would sit in the baker's shop, adoring the apple pastries, but never buying one. She loved the warmth of the space and the gentle bustle of patrons. Little was known about her till a boy from the bakery, inspired by her grace, mustered up the courage to gift her a bag of freshly baked delights. In that moment, stories unfolded. Her face lit up with a childlike innocence, giving a whole new side to the demure beauty the town thought they knew. | In the bustling marketplace, a young boy named Theo was drawn to a sight that bespoke beauty and grace. A young girl, her face a canvas of perfect contours and rosy hues. He had seen her often, always stealing glances from the crowd. But today was different. Today, he mustered the courage to approach her. Her demure manner was not of shyness but an endearing consciousness. He wondered if she knew how captivating she was. A tale of young love began to unfold, not from the girl's gaze, but from the heart-struck boy's eyes. |
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# Manual vs PSO Comparison Tables – Final Version with METEOR & Temperature

## Good Examples

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| --- | --- | --- |
| The Sample | Text generated with manually chosen parameters | Text generated with optimized parameters |
| #4 – Tom & the Groom (MANUAL) METEOR Manual: 0.1456 | Eliza observes from a trinket stall. She sees Tom, her mischievous friend, abandon the half-brick. It’s a scene of social rebellion through curiosity and youthful impulse. |  |
| #22 – Red-Roofed World (MANUAL) METEOR Manual: 0.1594 | Manual version paints a charming picture of town life. Structured and sweet but clings too closely to original cadence. |  |
| #24 – Schoolyard Reflection (MANUAL) METEOR Manual: 0.1343 | Manual version delivers a gentle reflection on educational legacy through a teacher’s eyes. The sense of continuity and commitment is heartfelt. |  |
| #4 – Tom & the Groom (PSO) METEOR PSO: 0.1804 Optimized Temp: 0.8770 |  | Tom respectfully gives directions to the groom, setting aside mischief. His internal musings hint at curiosity about the visitor, adding a layer of maturity. |
| #15 – Christmas in Prison (PSO) METEOR PSO: 0.1673 Optimized Temp: 0.8764 |  | Through the eyes of a prison guard, the same couple is observed. He reflects on his own trauma and vows to be the agent of change. A powerful shift in POV. |
| #16 – Grace’s Life (PSO) METEOR PSO: 0.0718 Optimized Temp: 0.8650 |  | Grace is given emotional weight, with Frances' music becoming symbolic. The low METEOR score reflects originality in the character depth and poetic style. |
| #24 – Schoolyard Reflection (PSO) METEOR PSO: 0.1814 Optimized Temp: 0.7000 |  | Focuses on a young girl cleaning the classroom before school. Subtle, metaphorical framing of care, learning, and unsung contributions. |

## Bad Examples

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| --- | --- | --- |
| The Sample | Text generated with manually chosen parameters | Text generated with optimized parameters |
| #15 – Christmas in Prison (MANUAL) METEOR Manual: 0.1652 | Jonas is imprisoned, numb with sorrow. Adela, in the adjacent cell, contemplates his redemption. A raw portrayal of reform and human dignity amid harsh prison reality. |  |
| #16 – Grace’s Life (MANUAL) METEOR Manual: 0.1499 | From Grace’s perspective, the house becomes a stage for silent suffering. Music, dust, and illness frame a life never fully lived, with haunting introspection. |  |
| #2 – Dolly & Dotty (PSO) METEOR PSO: 0.1757 Optimized Temp: 0.8810 |  | Dotty is reimagined as fearing phantoms, but the story ends abruptly. Creativity is evident, but execution lacks closure and polish. |
| #3 – Lakewood Retreat (PSO) METEOR PSO: 0.1339 Optimized Temp: 1.0000 |  | A cook named Fredrick watches Patty. Fresh take, but overwritten and unfinished. Promising, yet feels forced. |
| #22 – Red-Roofed World (PSO) METEOR PSO: 0.1182 Optimized Temp: 0.8236 |  | Tells of Edith the baker’s daughter dreaming of the red roofs. Imaginative setting, poetic, slightly cut-off but stylistically strong. |