from transformers import GPT2LMHeadModel,GPT2Tokenizer

tokenizer=GPT2Tokenizer.from_pretrained('gpt2')
model=GPT2LMHeadModel.from_pretrained('gpt2')

tokenizer config.json: 100% 26.0/26.0 [00:00<00:00, 467B/s]

vocab.json: 100% 1.04M/1.04M [00:00<00:00, 7.32MB/s]

merges.txt: 100% 456k/456k [00:00<00:00, 5.23MB/s]

tokenizer.json: 100% 1.36M/1.36M [00:00<00:00, 3.27MB/s]

config.json: 100% 665/665 [00:00<00:00, 21.0kB/s]

model.safetensors: 100% 548M/548M [00:06<00:00, 101MB/s] generation_config.json: 100% 124/124 [00:00<00:00, 2.69kB/s]

sequence="In the twilight, whispers of a forgotten melody echoed through the abandoned mansion. Sarah, drawn by curiosity, ventured insid print(sequence)

In the twilight, whispers of a forgotten melody echoed through the abandoned mansion. Sarah, drawn by curiosity, ventured inside. Sh

inputs = tokenizer.encode(sequence,return_tensors='pt')

outputs=model.generate(inputs,max_length =200)

The attention mask and the pad token id were not set. As a consequence, you may observe unexpected behavior. Please pass your input Setting `pad_token_id` to `eos_token_id`:50256 for open-end generation.

tokenizer.decode(outputs[0])

'In the twilight, whispers of a forgotten melody echoed through the abandoned mansio n. Sarah, drawn by curiosity, ventured inside. Shadows danced on the walls, revealin g secrets of bygone eras. As she traced the haunting notes, a figure emerged—a spect er of the past. With trembling hands, Sarah offered the music box she found. The specter smiled, fading into the melody, leaving Sarah with a newfound reverence for the echoes of history.\n\nSarah's eyes widened as she saw the figure. She was a young wo man. wearing a black dress and a black hat. She was wearing a black cloak, and a black

 $outputs = model.generate(inputs, max_length = 200, do_sample = True, num_beams = 2, temperature = 1.2) \\tokenizer.decode(outputs[0])$

The attention mask and the pad token id were not set. As a consequence, you may obser Setting `pad_token_id` to `eos_token_id`:50256 for open-end generation.

'In the twilight, whispers of a forgotten melody echoed through the abandoned mansio n. Sarah, drawn by curiosity, ventured inside. Shadows danced on the walls, revealin g secrets of bygone eras. As she traced the haunting notes, a figure emerged—a spect er of the past. With trembling hands, Sarah offered the music box she found. The specter smiled, fading into the melody, leaving Sarah with a newfound reverence for the echoes of history.\n\n"Sarah, I can\'t hear you, and I can\'t hear you. I can\'t see

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