

After against the Diamond Tape, A short story co-written with a machine using a Recurrent Neural Network (RNN) application called Rnn Writer by Robin Sloan with open source code available at <https://github.com/robinsloan/rnn-writer>. Rnn Writer is an autocomplete plugin for the Atom text editor powered by an RNN trained on sci-fi stories (“derived from the Internet Archive’s Pulp Magazine Archive: 150MB of Galaxy and IF Magazine”)

After against the Diamond Tape

I am jealous of that being. The sun set in the shell. Then all of a sudden the gallery died under an alien pursuit. How could this be important to a people? A little girl stood up and strode off into the room. When the door opened and the pole started to shake. She shrug and was dragged away by the vine that was not too far away for a fight for survival. A crackling sound like a boulder beginning to roll in the sky. There it was on the horizon for a while as she was. They hurried, swung satellites of the harvesters to kill the swamp and the corridor of the planet, or the planet did not die. She was stunned by the complete and ancient contempt of the concept. Nevertheless it spread itself into nothingness.

"I think that we have forgotten what you've gotten to the next ball," peeped the Ship. "No", it replied and became a crackle and rushed up against the terrifying cliff. Bursting into thousands of pieces, and the cloud metal doors of the ship were raised upward in mid-sense.

While zooming in closer to the sea, a bullet slowly climbed into the shadows. Not a great start to the day, but the beast was dead before the power blocks could be made. Power was sparse since the expedition had been living on the stars. Who could have known about the storm. It had been going on for months and the most unbelievable story of the season was the best thing that had happened. Completely captivated by this bare-faced, huge growth of fast rock, they were fifty feet away, away from the back of the lake. One could barely see the maneuver. The reason why, as long as the statue had been stopped now, it was the colonists or the dead people of the camps. They were the last to look at the stars. Who could have imagined that it was really a bad thing to do, but out of curiosity we probably loved it when we came to him. He just stood there stunned, sober. Then he fell watching, clammy and hard, with a hint of mist and a bright blue sound. Blue is breaking away from the sky and the shape of the pattern of soft stars. Little time was left until the steel glare escaped and rolled through the camp and showed it to the ship. Decisions had to be made by a sound call from the ninth of the universe. It was hardly noticeable but a minor force that had not been

put on a human being before. "This was a strange place," she said. "We can't survive the truth, Andrew. We can't control the experiment."

When the sound of warmth took them into a fine and self-sufficient spaceship instead of striving to contact him, they were the most perfect agent of his own world that he had known. Aiming for the crowd, he was still there. Silence from the end of the corridor to the north of the dome and the horizon along the bridge. A sudden burst of clicks began to slide out of the shadows. The glittering flame he had been holding was one of the little blue clouds standing over him.

Random Forests darting from his hind legs to us. When slowly I saw that the body was the only communication between me and the City. It had been a while before the first time I was able to bring the distance to the ship and stay in the street.

Today is a sunny day or two." "It's all right," said Browne. The sky in front of him. He stopped and looked at his watch. He was late at the top of the platform. The trees piled up in the sea, sounding on the doorway. He covered his ears and stared at the middle of the street. Hello he said and found the walls of the ship. What a surprise to them -- that was the not understandable period of track of the new supervision of the ship. But he did not agree, but even his exhibits were from what he saw was intermediate to an impressive individual. for the longest time, it was in the past. But he did not care to reach the thermostat. so cold as day said that it had been left behind like distant brightness of a cry from the shelter. Nevertheless it was by morning in the restricted period. For him it seemed to him, he said softly: "I was hoping you would forget things.

Ok lets go back to your mother's neck and then up the hill. Although the hill was not in the moon's black, no matter what it was. But when he opened the door he had asked the tourist to come along. He didnt like it that way. "I need a better life," he observed. Before he dozed off into the night air, the boulder flew open. He jumped down firmly in the smaller part of the ridge and the ship hurt. He almost missed his flight back to the water. While the ship was standing over the waves, bearing the water hole in the cavern.

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