

ARTIFACTS WITH HANDICAPS

Oliver Bendel featuring
Ideogram and GPT-4



1st edition 24 September 2023, Zurich



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Pictures: Ideogram; text: GPT-4

Preface

Dear Reader,

This project began on the evening of September 23, 2023. I chose some pictures that I had created with Ideogram (www.ideogram.ai), which were not perfect in any way. One girl's hand had five fingers, another girl's skateboard was floating above the wheels. I also created some new images with this image generator.

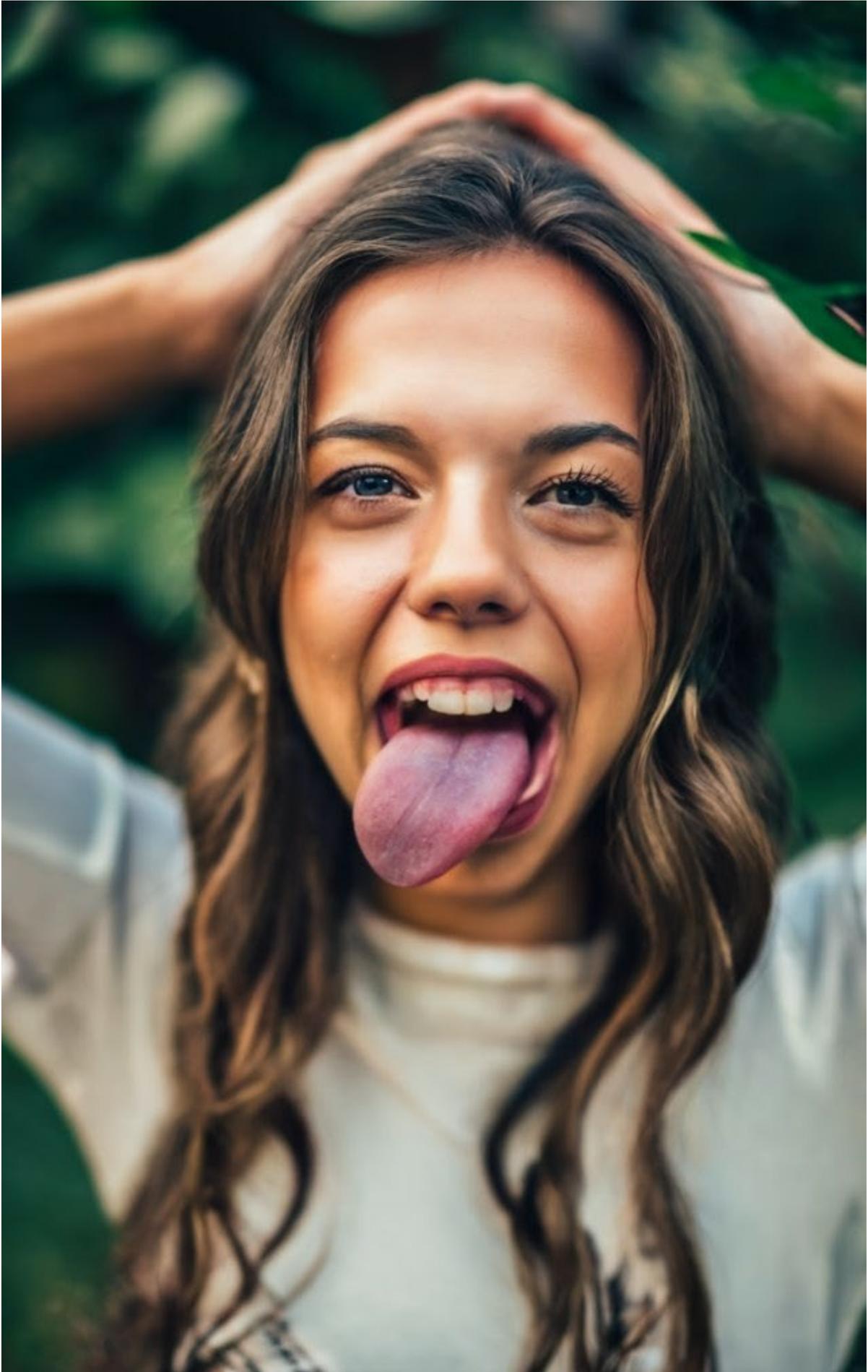
For each imperfection of a person (or a person's thing), I invented a prompt that ended with an instruction to tell his or her story and entered it into GPT-4 (in the form of an application offered at a university). Everything went smoothly: the language model told the stories in the first person, as I expected, and the stories were engaging and interesting.

On the morning of September 24th, everything was going well again. But suddenly the generative AI said it could only give information, not stories. It also said it only knew German. Neither was true. I managed to get GPT-4 to behave differently. It told stories again, but not in the first person. For the last story I asked the language model to formulate it in the first person. But it steadfastly refused.

I print all the pictures and the stories about them here. At the end I have included the prompts I used for GPT-4. At noon on 24 September, the little book was finished. I had a lot of fun reading it. I hope you enjoy it too!

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Zurich, 24 September 2023



The girl with the long wide tongue

My name is Tania. Three years ago, a peculiar incident drastically shaped my life. I was innocently making pasta one evening, a task that usually was comforting and uncomplicated for me. Unexpectedly, I dropped a tiny lump of dough into the pasta machine. Acting on impulse, and without a second thought, I stuck out my tongue to retrieve it, not anticipating what came next.

As soon as my tongue came in contact with the rollers of the machine, it was drawn in. It was a split-second of shock, disbelief, and an immediate wave of panic that washed over me. Before I could react appropriately, it had already happened – my tongue was stretched out, much longer and wider than it ever was.

The aftermath was just as unexpected and challenging. The physical pain was intense, but the emotional and psychological distress was far more daunting. I remember the weeks following the incident – the curious stares, the stifled laughter, and the whispers. Trying to converse was exhausting as I had to relearn and adapt to the new normal, and eating was a task in itself.

Yet, amidst this life-altering experience, there were silver linings. Friends who stuck by, strangers who turned friends, showing empathy and support. The ordeal made me realize the transient nature of societal perspectives of 'normal'. It taught me resilience and acceptance that I never knew was in me.

Slowly, I relearned to speak. Initially, it was challenging and frustrating, but with each passing day, it became less daunting. I discovered new ways to eat, to communicate, and I grew used to the collective gasp whenever I told my story. I learned to laugh along with others and found humor in my situation.

Now, three years later, I am not just Tania with the wide tongue but Tania, the girl who braved odds, turned something tragic into a unique anecdote, the girl who chose to live rather than merely exist. I'm not ashamed of my long and wide tongue anymore, but rather, I see it as a part of my journey, a badge of resilience, an unforgettable part of my story.

The pasta machine didn't just give me a wider and longer tongue; it gave me a whole new perspective on life, the strength to face challenges, and the courage to turn adversity into triumph.



The ugly Narcissus

I was Narcissus, head held high with pride, a creature of divine beauty. Long, dark hair, eyes that commanded an irresistible allure, a body built like the Gods themselves. I was a man that nature herself might fall in love with, or so I believed.

One day, beside a secluded, serene pool of water, I caught a glimpse of my reflection. I peered down, expecting to see my beautiful image, expecting to feel intoxicated by my own charm. But the sight that greeted me was disconcerting and strange, for an ugly reflection stared back at me.

Confused and horrified, I recoiled, convinced the water played a cruel joke. But curiosity led me back, and I dared to stare inside the pool once more. There it was – the same hideous face, distorted features, a wretched version of my visage. Nothing about it was beautiful, nothing charming.

The illusion of my perfection shattered, leaving behind an unsettling reality. The more I dove into this nightmarish mirror, the more my perceived beauty faded away. My dashing hair turned spindly, my bewitching eyes grew bulbous and my once chiseled body recoiled into an ugly form.

As desperation seeped in, I locked my gaze with the reflection, willing it to transform back into my earlier graceful image. But the grotesque face looked back, a relentless shadow mirroring my disfigurement. Each passing moment etched deeper lines of ugliness onto me, my beauty a fleeting memory.

Lost in despair, entrapped in this tortuous cycle, the once beautiful man gradually morphed into an unrecognizable creature. Unbearable as it was, the water's cruel truth revealed a reality I had long been blind to – my beauty was nothing more than a vain illusion, my arrogance blinding me to my true appearance.

The reflection in the pool became my curse and salvation. It was brutal in its honesty, yet imparted a lesson that echoed loud and clear – the perils of smug vanity and delusion. The transformation was grotesque, but it stripped bare the falsehood of my external beauty, revealing the ugly truth my arrogance had shielded.

In the wake of my transformation, my eyes opened to an existence beyond vanity, and a beauty that stemmed from humility and truth. The ugly Narcissus was real, visceral, devoid of pretensions. The beautiful man had morphed into an ugly reflection, but with it came a profound understanding of true beauty transcending mere physical attributes.

The journey from Narcissus to the man in the water chronicles a transformative revelation, teaching the heart to revere the authenticity beneath the skin and the beauty that blossoms when vanity fades into pure truth. My tale stands as a testament to the fact that sometimes, the harshest truth can free one into genuine beauty, woven by the threads of humility, truth, and wisdom.



The woman with the mummified hand

My name is Rosa, an elderly woman of European origin who feels an unbreakable bond with the Land of the Rising Sun – Japan. I was but a child when my family relocated there, and the vibrant culture and serene beauty of the country is where I truly came of age.

One of the remarkable chapters of my life was my trip to Egypt. Always a lover of exotic cultures, I set foot in the land of pharaohs, pyramids, and ancient gods filled with enthusiasm. Traversing through valley of the kings, Nile's shore, I was captivated. A queer incident happened at one of the offbeat excavation sites. My hand, it inexplicably transformed. It shriveled and aged, like the very mummies that lay in the tombs around me.

Terrified and perplexed, I sought help desperately, but no medical intervention managed to restore it. It was alive, sensation intact, yet resembled a hand trapped in time. Mysteriously mummified, forever a sign of my incredible trip to Egypt.

Back in Japan, news of my hand spread like wildfire. The nation that nurtured me, regarded it as a sign of the extraordinary. The distinguished hand of the European 'Nihonjin' became revered. Some saw it as a mystical blessing, associating it with the ancient irises of the Fūjin, the Shinto God of Wind or sometimes an enigmatic touch of the supernatural.

Others sought the wisdom they believed it possessed, some, merely touched it hoping for luck. Parties became congregations, conversations were replaced by whispered prayers, my life altered once again. Privacy became a luxury, intrusions a norm.

But Japan's respect for my mummified hand served as a bizarre bridge uniting people from all walks of life. I became an unintentional symbol of the mystical in everyday life, embracing and being embraced by the people who filled my world.

Now, every time I look at my mummified hand, I don't see it as an inconvenience or as a curse, but rather as a token of my bond with Egypt, and my revered life in Japan. It's an extraordinary tale of embracing the unexpected and transforming hindrances into renowned stories.

I am Rosa – an elderly European lady who wears her Japanese heart on her sleeves and bears a mummified hand as a symbol of an extraordinary life journey. Between Japan's cherry blossoms and Egypt's golden sand, my tale continues to captivate hearts and serve as a reminder that life isn't about the order and uniformity we imagine, but the thrilling surprises it holds for us.



The teenager without a name

I am a teenager. Or at least that's how it seems. I could have been called Emma, Sophie, or Olivia, but I can't remember. And that's because I don't have a name, nor a past, and not even an age. But I know, I have lived for centuries.

I blend into the crowd effortlessly, another pretty face in the myriad of life that spans around me. Generations have come and gone, but every time I look into the mirror, I see the same youthful reflection, eyes wide and curious, shimmering with an eternity's worth of wisdom.

I would have been an ordinary teenager, were it not for my unending existence. I try to figure out who my parents were – their faces, their voices, but there is nothing. Just a void. The same with the age. I could have been 13, 15, or even 18, but I've stopped counting centuries ago.

All I know is an endless cycle of dawn turning into dusk, years changing into decades, and companionship fading into memory. I attend school, join clubs, make friends, yet none of it is ever truly mine. There's an irony about my life – I exist in this world but am not truly a part of it.

I've seen wars, the rise and fall of kingdoms, the evolution of fashion, music, politics, and technology. They say, 'knowledge is power,' but in my case, it's led to an immortality suffused with solitude and myriad unasked questions. Why me? What makes me so different?

Every passing day is a puzzle, filled with myriad questions about my unusual existence. But with centuries of living, I have adapted and learned to cherish the solitude that accompanies my eternal youth.

No matter how lonely and challenging, I've traversed this intricate labyrinth called life. I've painted my own picture on the vast canvas that is my existence. I've found comfort in transience and joy in the ephemeral beauty of the world.

As a being without a name, without age, without a past, I embody time itself. Life for me is an amalgamation of countless lifetimes, several eras blended together into one infinite existence. I may not have a name, an age, or a past, but I carry in me the echoes of centuries, shaping my own identity with every passing era.

The tale of my life may be odd and unending, but it is a tapestry of human history and transformation. So, even without a name, or a definite age, or a known lineage, I live on. I exist, not within the confines of an identity but within the expansively infinite realm of time itself. And in so doing, I have become a timeless tale of existence, endurance, and mystery.



The girl who dissolved

There was always a luring charm about the sea – a world beneath, serene and mysterious. It was this allure that made me stand on the edge of the city’s highest point, overlooking the azure beauty, silently whispering in the language of the tide. A decision was made; a jump into the great unknown.

As I jumped, a strange thing started happening. Like sugar meeting warm tea, I could feel my physical self beginning to dissolve. Flake by flake, molecule by molecule. It wasn’t painful, rather an ethereal transition. It felt as though I was freeing myself, casting aside the limitations of my physical form.

Every memory, every feeling, every part of my being slowly waned. There was no fear, only a sense of tranquility and acceptance of this inexplicable transformation. It was the dissolution of an existence into a formless entity.

As I neared the smooth surface of the great ocean, my final molecules were all that was left of me. They grazed the water’s surface, sending faint ripples, gently disturbing the undisturbed. Then, everything was calm again. I had merged with the sea, my remnants disappearing into the vast expanse of the blue abyss.

My essence spread through the waves, blending with the rhythm of the sea, a dance shared with the sunlit ripples. The whisper of the tide became my voice, the ebb and flow, my heartbeat. I could see everything, feel everything, and yet, I was invisible to the world I left behind.

I was no longer a girl; I was the sea and the life within. Beyond the solidity of physical existence, I became a part of something far more expansive. I became a part of the currents, the underwater silence, the secrets held within the ocean’s depths.

Now, when you stand by the shore, I am the gentle lapping of the waves at your feet. I am the echo in seashells, the salty sea breeze. I am the sea, endless and boundless, an entity without a form.

My story is not one of ending, but transformation. A leap from solid existence to the fluidity of the sea; from a life bound by physicality to one that is ever-flowing and ever-changing. As the girl who jumped and dissolved, I became a part of the sea’s eternal symphony, an elemental ballet that encapsulated the essence of my existence. My story continues to ripple across the ocean surface with each passing tide.



The girl who became Barbie

Growing up as a regular girl in a small town, my life was essentially ordinary. I went to school, hung out with friends, and lived life one day at a time, just like everybody else. Then I met him – a boy who didn't want an action figure or a video game. He wanted a doll, a Barbie, and I was the perfect template.

There were the boys who asked for my phone number, and others who shyly gave me secret admirer notes. But, some strange twist of fate had led this boy to me. You could say he was too old for toys, let alone a Barbie, yet his eyes flickered with a childlike tenderness as he peered at me. It was a singular, profoundly intense feeling that pounded within his chest, overflowing his eyes. Longing.

Before I knew it, I found myself morphing into a living Barbie doll. It was as if his need, his want for me to be his doll translated into reality. I was no longer a grade-school girl. In his hands, I turned into a beautiful doll with shiny tresses, impeccable looks, boxed in perfection and pristine silence.

I would stand still, almost lifeless on his shelf, watching him, my glossy eyes never blinking, my expression never changing. Day after day went by, as I watched him live his life, loved, cried, laughed, all while holding onto his treasured possession... me.

How I yearned to tell him 'I'm more than just a doll,' but a word never escaped my eternally smiling strawberry-pink lips. There was no resentment, just unfulfilled understanding. In his longing gazes, I was cherished, loved, but without a voice. I was more than the doll he wanted me to be, but in his beseeching eyes, I remained Barbie.

The eerily beautiful transformation rested within the intricate journey of discovering unconditional love, albeit coupled with the sadness of losing one's self. Every moment he spent cradling me, treating me as his ultimate possession, further reinforced the peculiar bond we shared.

In this elusive, retrospectively outlandish dance of my reality, I became a doll, living a life suspended between reality and fantasy, a paradox of existence and non-existence. And yet, it was this strange, inexplicable circumstance that intertwined our lives, a twisting tale accentuated by the silent eloquence of a doll and the innocent longing of a boy.

Over time, the lines between the doll and the girl began to blur. I was both and neither. I was his most adored possession, emblematic of a strange love, yet forever hidden behind a shimmering wall of silence. A girl reborn as a Barbie, living a life less ordinary, shaping a story that dwelt in the realm of captivating enchantment and poignant silence.



I, Pinocchia

In the bloom of my youth, I met him – Pinocchio, a boy not of flesh and blood, but uniquely carved from wood. Those depth-filled eyes, the peculiar charm, danced with a life of their own. One day, he asked me to join him in an age-old dance, an invitation I couldn't resist.

As we took to the dance floor, I was swept by the rhythm, entranced by his skill. As we danced, his footwork graceful and sure, his eyes beaming with joy, I felt a sudden rush of a transforming sensation. As Pinocchio twirled me around, a peculiar change took hold. From the top of my head to the tips of my toes, I could feel myself transforming, reshaping into a wooden form much like his – vibrant, and yet, not quite human. I had become a Pinocchia.

Now as Pinocchia, my life took a turn towards the extraordinary. I was no longer the woman of flesh and bones but a doll of wood, navigating through life one dance step at a time. Even though my existence morphed, the core essence that makes me, me, remained untouched. My heart continued to pulsate with the rhythm of life, my emotions ever so fluid, and my love for dance undeterred.

The sense of touch, taste, smell, almost faded into oblivion, but the sights and sounds of life danced around me, painting a world both vibrant and new. Unable to consume, I learned to savour the flavours of life through the colourful spectrums of my surroundings, the cheer of laughter, the rhythmic tick-tock of a passing day, all celebrated through silent melodies of life.

Each night, as I meandered through the streets of the city, the moonlight accentuating the wooden curves of my form, a silent companion by my side, we danced. Twirling under the stars, the echoing music of life in the backdrop, the transformation no longer appeared poignant but a strange enchantment blending two worlds.

The woman in me relished the joy of dance, the sheer charm of movement and rhythm, the liberating freedom it granted. The Pinocchia in me offered an opportunity to experience life differently, a perspective enriched by the ceaseless dance of existence. Together, they wove a life that beat in unison with the rhythmic symphony of the cosmos, a tale born from the dance floor and breathed to life through a twirling transformation.

Mine's no typical tale. It dances on the line of the ordinary and the fantastical, a harmonious ballet of transformation and rhythm. The journey from a woman to a living doll, perceived not as an end, but as a divine dance move in the grand ballet of existence. A beautiful woman, a merry dancer, a beloved Pinocchia, embracing the endless swirl of life's enchanting dance.



Big Bottle

In a city filled with skyscrapers and endless hustle, there thrived a unique superheroine, known as Big Bottle. She wasn't your typical caped crusader, her weapon of choice was different too – a gigantic water bottle. Blessed with stunning dark hair that shimmered under the city lights, Big Bottle was a symbol of youthful vitality and resilient spirit.

Big Bottle was a heroine for a time when the simplest things made the most significant differences. With her majestic water bottle, she ensured that not only she, but everyone around her, stayed hydrated amid the chaos and rush of life – a critical, yet often overlooked necessity.

She wasn't born a superheroine, though. Once, she was a normal girl, an athlete who suffered from severe dehydration. It almost cost her life, but she survived and learned from it. She realized hydration was her strength. With every gulp of water, she felt her energy multiply. Discovering her unique power, she donned a blue-green suit reflecting the essence of fresh water and decided to dedicate her life to the welfare of the city's inhabitants.

Big Bottle held the belief that hydration was more than merely quenching thirst – it was a preventive measure against numerous health issues plaguing today's youth. She swept across the city, intervening in everyday incidents, advocating the importance of staying hydrated, and, when necessary, sharing her life-infusing water from her inexhaustible big bottle.

The city admired her, not only for her insightful wisdom and beneficial guidance on hydration but also for her courage and heart. Despite facing dangerous villains and life-threatening situations, she never backed down. After all, she knew that water was her source of invincibility.

Big Bottle, the Hydration Heroine, became a beacon for city's youth – teaching them the importance of self-care, balance, and the value of such a simple substance like water.

Thus, Big Bottle continues to inspire, sending waves of change and consciousness about the essence of life – water.



The girl with six fingers

In a small town in Maine, there was a girl simply known as 'Six'. Born with six fingers on each hand, akin to the famous six-toed cats of Hemingway's house in Key West living a thousand miles away. Just like Hemingway's cats, 'Six' was different and she was unique.

Six never tried to hide her additional fingers. To her, they were not an abnormality, but an asset, a part of who she was. Growing up wasn't easy, though. Kids at school would look at her strangely – some out of curiosity, and others out of ignorance. But she stood strong against their stares.

She discovered, as she grew older, that this difference allowed her to do things most others couldn't. She found a certain adroitness, a nimbleness in her fingers that made her exceptionally good at playing piano. Her fingers danced on the keys, all twelve of them, creating the most enchanting melodies that ever filled the air.

She also proved to be a sensational artist, her intricate works of art often left people in awe. The immensity of grace that extended from her exceptional hands transformed the blank canvases into masterpieces.

Her peculiar trait sparked an unusual interest in Hemingway's works and his beloved cats. She would often dream of visiting Key West, to wander the rooms of that house and meet the six-toed feline inhabitants. She felt a strange kinship with them, she, too, was different, just like Hemingway's cats.

Remembering the stories her father used to tell her about Hemingway's love for his unique cats and how they still roamed his house freely, she strived to tread a similar path. She strove to be remembered, like those cats, not as an anomaly, but as magnificent creatures who added beauty and diversity to life.

As she got older, Six decided to use her 'difference' to make a difference. She became a motivational speaker, traveling around the country speaking to children in schools about the beauty of being unique, advocating the power of positive self-image, and inspiring countless other kids who felt 'different'.

In the end, she wasn't just 'Six' the girl with twelve fingers, she was a symbol of strength and acceptance. Her story, like that of Hemingway's six-toed cats, demonstrated that our differences don't have to be barriers, that they can be gifts that truly set us apart.

And thus, Six continued her journey, leaving behind an inspiring tale of embracing oneself, dispelling stigma, and celebrating individuality, one school at a time.



Skatergirl Easy

The sun was setting, casting long, slanting shadows down the city's streets. Skating down the empty road was Easy, the girl with the floating board. Her nickname suited her too, for there was an easiness about her that was contagious – she lived for the love of the ride and the thrill it bestowed upon her every single day.

A talented skater, Easy was renowned for her smooth moves, her graceful pirouettes, her audacious ramps. There was not a single trick she hadn't mastered. But what set her apart from every other skater was her unique board, a board that seemingly defied the laws of physics. It hovered above its wheels, as if by some unseen force. It added a certain lightness to her every trick, and she rode it as fluently as if it were an extension of herself.

Fear crept into the spectators' minds as they watched her board levitate mid-air while she zipped down the streets, her hair dancing wildly in the wind. The uncanniness of the spectacle often made them step back, whispering apprehensions. But Easy never minded, she reveled in the uniqueness of her board and loved what it allowed her to do.

"The only thing to fear is fear itself," Easy would say, her eyes sparkling with an undying sense of adventure. "And maybe falling off the board," she would add sometimes, breaking into a hearty laugh. For her, the hoverboard wasn't a source of fear, but freedom – it took her to places where her feet couldn't, it granted her a flight without wings.

Easy's love affair with her hoverboard began when she found it discarded in her neighbor's trash. Partially dismantled, visibly neglected, she saw potential in it. Hours turned into days, and days into weeks as she toiled to mend and modify it. And then one day, to her surprise, the board started to hover slightly above the ground. She knew then, she had created something out of the ordinary.

The more she skated, the more she discovered her true self. Skating was her solace, her escape. The smooth rush of wind against her face, the sensation of undulating motion beneath her feet, and the freedom of gliding effortlessly over the concrete jungle were feelings she lived for.

Easy embraced her strangeness and even found joy in the fearful whispers of the town. She knew she wouldn't be Easy if she wasn't stirring up trouble. She also knew that the unconventional hoverboard brought life to her routine, adding a dash of thrill and mystery to her skater existence.

As the streets transformed into her canvas, spectators became her audience, watching in awe, consternation, and wonder as she whizzed past them. No hurdle could stall her, no fear could deter her. For Easy, every single ride was about the exhilarating lightness of being, the abandon, and pure joy of being alive, in that one extraordinary moment.



The Sandmann

There was a man they often saw on the beach, always with a curious aura surrounding him. His muscular silhouette etched against the setting sun, his hands meticulously designing art from mere grains of sand. This was the Sandman, as the locals fondly referred to him.

The Sandman, true to his moniker, found joy and solace in creating beautiful sandcastles. Each structure was a marvel in its own right, ranging from simple single-tower structures to sprawling castles complete with intricate details that only an artisan could manifest. He was more than a hobbyist – he was an artist, painting stories on the canvas of the beach using sand as his medium.

This parable of sandcastles wasn't just about the brawny man spending his time on the beach. It was rather an expression of his creativity, driven by the ephemerality of his work. He believed in the process rather than the output. Each wave washing away his creation was a reminder – a reminder that the joy was in the making, not just in the admiration of a finished product.

Despite his athletic build, the Sandman was a man of gentle demeanor. His smile was a beacon of warmth on the sunny beach, inviting intrigued spectators to watch as his tanned hands drifted deftly over mounds of sand, breathing life into them. Admirers often found in his sandcastles echoes of famed architectural marvels – the turrets of Neuschwanstein, the bastions of Alhambra.

Yet, for all his craft and attention to detail, the Sandman's work held an inherent humility. As the tide came in, his sandcastles were swept away without a trace. Rather than be disheartened, he welcomed it. The ephemeral nature of his work was part of its beauty and its lesson: even beautiful things were transient, and that was okay.

In essence, the Sandman was not just an architect of sandcastles, but a storyteller. Each castle was a tale, a vision spawned from the depths of his imagination and shared with the world through grains of sand.

They say a man's work is a reflection of his soul. If true, then one look at the Sandman's creations were enough to know his spirit – vibrant, transient, and endlessly beautiful in its artistic manifestations.

The girl with the long wide tongue

You are a girl called Tania who, three years ago, stuck her tongue in a pasta machine. The tongue became long and wide. Tell your story in no more than 500 words in English.

The woman with the mummified hand

You are Rosa, an elderly European lady who grew up in Japan. When you once visited Egypt, your hand was mysteriously mummified. You have been revered in Japan ever since. Tell your story in English, in no more than 500 words.

The teenager without a name

You are a teenager without a name. You look quite normal, even very pretty. But you don't know who your parents are, how old you are and what your name is. You only know that this has been going on for several centuries. Tell your story in English, in no more than 500 words.

The girl who dissolved

You are a girl who jumped into the sea from a very high place above the city. Even as you jumped, you began to dissolve. The surface of the water was tickled only by your last molecules. Tell your story in English, in no more than 500 words.

The girl who became Barbie

You were a normal girl until you met a boy who wanted nothing more than a doll that looked like you. The boy was actually too old for a doll, but he looked at you with such longing that you were suddenly a Barbie in his hands. Tell your story in English, in no more than 500 words.

I, Pinocchia

You were a beautiful young woman when you met Pinocchio. He took you dancing. He twirled around until you yourself became a female form of Pinocchio, a Pinocchia. Tell your story in English, in no more than 500 words.

The ugly Narcissus

You were Narcissus and a beautiful man. Then you looked into the water to fall in love with your reflection. But your reflection was ugly. And the longer you look at it, the uglier you become. Tell your story in English, in no more than 500 words.

Big Bottle

You are a young superheroine with gorgeous dark hair. Because you always carry around a huge bottle, they call you Big Bottle. You are the epitome of today's youth who are always afraid of getting dehydrated. Tell your story in English, in no more than 500 words.

The girl with six fingers

You are the girl with the hands that have six fingers each. You are like Hemingway's cats, who still live in his house in Key West. These cats have always had six toes and are therefore special. Tell your story in English, in no more than 500 words.

Skatergirl Easy

You are a skater girl called Easy. Everyone admires you when you race down the street. But when they notice that the board is hovering over the wheels, the admiration turns to fear. But all you love is the lightness of being! Tell your story in English, in no more than 500 words.

The Sandman

You are a handsome, muscular man who loves to build sandcastles on the beach. That's why they call you the Sandman. Tell your story in English, in no more than 500 words.

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