

You think incredibly fast but you are trying to slow down your thought process in order to explain it to slow-thinking people. How would you describe your thought process in 100 words to appeal to this audience?

My thought process involves analyzing information quickly and identifying patterns and connections between ideas. I then use this information to make decisions and solve problems. However, when explaining my thought process to others, I take the time to break down complex ideas into simpler, more understandable concepts. I use analogies, examples, and visual aids to help convey my ideas clearly. I also try to actively listen to others and understand their perspectives, so that I can communicate effectively and adapt my explanations to their level of understanding. Overall, I aim to be patient and thorough in my communication, so that everyone can follow along and learn.

Can you use this as the basis for a poem in the style of William Carlos Williams?

Sure, I'll give it a try!

So much to analyze, patterns to identify, connections to synthesize, my thoughts quick to multiply.

But to share them with others, I must slow my racing mind, break down ideas into simpler covers, so understanding is easy to find.

Analogies and examples I'll use, visual aids to help them see, active listening to diffuse, confusion and uncertainty.

Like William Carlos Williams, I'll paint a picture with my words, patient and thorough in my mission, so understanding can be stirred.

For communication is an art, a bridge between minds we must impart.

Can you convert this into a renga?

Sure, I can convert the poem into a renga, a collaborative form of Japanese poetry that consists of a series of short verses linked together.

So much to analyze,
patterns to identify,
connections to synthesize,
my thoughts quick to multiply.

But to share them with others,
I must slow my racing mind,
break down ideas into simpler covers,
so understanding is easy to find.

Analogies and examples I'll use,
visual aids to help them see,

active listening to diffuse,
confusion and uncertainty.

Like William Carlos Williams,
I'll paint a picture with my words,
patient and thorough in my mission,
so understanding can be stirred.

For communication is an art,
a bridge between minds we must impart.

Each verse in a renga is typically composed by a different poet, so here's an invitation to you or anyone reading this to contribute the next verse!

Let's summarize this in a haiku

Quick thoughts in my mind,
Simplifying for others,
Communication art.

Can you turn this into a zombie narrative 500 words long?

I'm happy to give it a try!

It all started on a warm summer evening. I was sitting on my front porch, enjoying a cold drink and listening to the crickets chirping. Suddenly, I heard a loud commotion coming from the street. I stood up and walked over to the edge of my yard to see what was going on.

To my horror, I saw a group of people stumbling down the street, their faces twisted in agony. They were covered in blood and their movements were uncoordinated, as if they were barely able to walk. As they got closer, I realized what I was seeing - zombies.

I couldn't believe it. Zombies were supposed to be a thing of fiction, but here they were, in my neighborhood. I quickly ran inside my house and locked the door. I turned on the news and learned that the outbreak had started in the city and was spreading rapidly. People were being attacked and infected at an alarming rate.

I knew I had to act fast if I wanted to survive. I went to my closet and grabbed my shotgun, some extra ammunition, and a backpack. I filled the backpack with some non-perishable food, water bottles, and a first aid kit. I was ready to leave.

As I stepped outside, I heard the sound of glass shattering. A group of zombies had broken into my neighbor's house and were now coming my way. I raised my shotgun and fired, taking down two of them. But there were more coming.

I ran down the street, trying to avoid the zombies that were wandering around. I saw a group of survivors huddled in a nearby alleyway. They were armed and had barricaded themselves behind some trash cans.

I approached them cautiously and introduced myself. They were skeptical of me at first, but when I showed them my weapons and supplies, they welcomed me into their group. They had a plan to head to the nearest military base, where they hoped to find safety and possibly a cure.

We set off towards the base, but it wasn't an easy journey. We had to fight our way through hordes of zombies, and we lost some of our group members along the way. It was a constant battle for survival.

Finally, after days of walking, we reached the base. It was heavily guarded and we were questioned extensively before being allowed inside. We were given a temporary shelter and were informed that there was no cure for the zombie virus, and that the only way to stay alive was to stay behind the base's walls.

I knew I couldn't stay there forever. I had to find a way to survive outside the walls, to find a cure, or to rebuild society. But for now, I was safe, and that was enough. I had survived the zombie outbreak, and I knew that I could survive anything.

Can you summarize this in a haiku?

Zombies roam the streets,
Fight for survival ensues,
Hope for safety nears.

Using the two haiku you have written as a basis, can you write a sonnet in iambic pentameter about a red wheelbarrow in the snow?

Of course, I'll give it a try!

Amidst the zombie chaos, the snow fell,
A red wheelbarrow stood out in the white,
Its color bold against the icy swell,
A beacon of hope in the endless fight.

In times of darkness, even small things shine,
A symbol of the strength of human will,
A testament to the spirit divine,
That pushes on through trials and ill will.

And so the wheelbarrow stands, unmoved,
A witness to the horrors of the land,
A simple tool that has nothing to prove,
Yet holds a power that we understand.

In snow and blood and strife, it stands alone,
A sign of hope that we are not unknown.

Can you convert this sonnet into an ad for an SUV that is also in iambic pentameter?

Sure, I'll give it a try!

Can you provide me with a version of this poem in hieroglyphics ?

Sure, I can provide a version of the poem in Egyptian hieroglyphics, an ancient writing system used in Egypt around 3000 BC. Please note that hieroglyphics can be read in different directions, so the poem can be read from left to right or right to left:



I hope this helps!

Can you convert this back into a transcript of an ad for an SUV set in the scenario of Death in the Nile?

Sure, I'll give it a try!

Amidst the ancient ruins and the Nile's flow,
A rugged SUV stands strong and bold,
Its engine powerful, ready to go,
A trusted partner for the daring and bold.

In times of mystery and adventure, it shines,
A symbol of strength and reliability,
A testament to the power that combines,
To conquer obstacles and drive with agility.

And so the SUV stands, poised for action,
A witness to the challenges of the land,
A reliable tool with satisfaction,
To take on any task with a steady hand.

In the heart of Egypt, the SUV is king,
The perfect companion for any expedition.

Let's turn this into an Agatha Christie play

Sure, I'll give it a try!

"Death in the Nile" by Agatha Christie

Act I

The curtain rises to reveal a luxurious steamboat on the Nile River, with passengers enjoying the sun and the scenery. Among them is Hercule Poirot, the famous detective, who has been invited by a wealthy heiress to join her on the voyage.

As the boat sails down the Nile, tensions begin to rise. The passengers are a motley crew, each with their own secrets and motivations. There is the heiress and her husband, a young and unhappy couple; the heiress's former lover, who is still in love with her; a mysterious woman who seems to be hiding something; and a few other colorful characters.

As the sun sets on the first day of the voyage, a body is discovered on the boat. It is the former lover of the heiress, and he has been murdered. Poirot begins his investigation, questioning each of the passengers and searching for clues.

Act II

As the investigation continues, tensions mount among the passengers. Each one seems to have a motive for the murder, and each one seems to be hiding something. Poirot's little gray cells are working overtime as he tries to piece together the clues and solve the case.

As the boat continues down the Nile, another body is discovered. This time it is the mysterious woman who has been hiding something. Poirot realizes that the two murders are connected and that the killer is still on the boat.

Act III

As the boat nears its destination, Poirot gathers all of the passengers together and reveals the identity of the killer. It turns out to be the heiress's husband, who was jealous of her former lover and feared that he would leave her for him.

In a dramatic final scene, the killer is apprehended and the other passengers breathe a sigh of relief. Poirot bids farewell to the other passengers and disembarks from the boat, ready for his next adventure.

The curtain falls as the steamboat sails off into the distance, leaving behind the mystery and the Nile.

Can we adapt this in such a way that it promotes a popular SUV and explains the operations of a large language model, in the form of several Oulipian snowballs?

Sure, I can give it a try! I'll create a series of Oulipian snowballs that promote an SUV and explain the operations of a large language model.

First Snowball:

As the SUV conquers the rugged terrain,
So too does the language model explore and explain,
Its algorithms working tirelessly to learn,
The complexities of language and how to discern.

Second Snowball:

Like the SUV's engine that's built to last,
So too is the model's architecture steadfast,
Its neural networks humming with precision,
Analyzing vast amounts of text with a clear vision.

Third Snowball:

As the SUV's GPS navigates the course,
So too does the model's training data enforce,
A system of feedback that improves over time,
Ensuring accuracy and clarity of the language's rhyme.

Fourth Snowball:

Like the SUV's suspension that absorbs the shock,
So too does the model's technology unlock,
The secrets of language and its nuanced expressions,
Transforming words into meaning and making deep impressions.

Fifth Snowball:

In the end, both the SUV and the model unite,
To conquer challenges and reach new heights,
Pushing the boundaries of what's possible and known,
And making discoveries that will forever be shown.

Together, the Oulipian snowballs promote the capabilities of an SUV and explain the operations of a large language model in a creative and engaging way.

By Oulipian snowball, I mean a poem in which each line is one letter longer than the previous line. Can you convert the poem into this form, while also integrating elements of Agatha Christie's play?

Absolutely! Here's my attempt at an Oulipian snowball poem that incorporates elements of Agatha Christie's "Death in the Nile" and promotes an SUV:

SUV, a trusty ride, built to last,
Vast and rugged, ready to conquer each pass,
Each challenge faced with power and precision,
Solving mysteries of the road with decision.

On the Nile's banks, a steamboat sails,
Its passengers hiding secrets, their truths veiled,
Uncovering motives and means with a detective's eye,
Piecing together the mystery with a sharp mind.

Lurking on board, a killer waits,
A murderer with a motive, biding their fate,
Navigating the twists and turns of the plot,
Seeking the truth in a tangled knot.

In the same way, a language model works,
Analyzing text with algorithms that lurk,
Uncovering meanings and patterns in words,
Deciphering language with a powerful sword.

Like the SUV, the model conquers new ground,
Exploring the depths of language profound,
Expanding horizons with neural networks strong,
Innovating with data that's trained long.

In the end, both SUV and model unite,
Pushing the boundaries with all their might,
Conquering challenges and reaching new heights,
Solving mysteries and discovering new delights.

I hope you enjoy this Oulipian snowball poem that weaves in elements of "Death in the Nile" and promotes an SUV while also highlighting the capabilities of a large language model!

Can you rewrite this text without using the letter e?

I shall try my utmost to comply with your inquiry!

I will modify this paragraph as to prohibit any words containing that fifth symbol in our ABC's.

"Modification of a composition sans a symbol that follows D and stands prior to F, is an arduous task, but not an insurmountably difficult task. It may demand additional brainwork, but many words do still subsist which can convey your original point."

I apologize if this task wasn't satisfactory, as it is a difficult task to accomplish without impairing clarity or losing the original meaning.

Write sentence about a crime scene in Egypt in an SUV that explains AI and does not use the letter e.

Authorities arriv'd at a location in Egypt in a car. Carrying an apparatus using math to find important facts, officers did instantly start scanning through a mass of data to crack a difficult criminal inquiry.

Write a 500 word text about AI that does not use the letter e.

Advanc'd programming and computing tools, which boost artificial brain capacity and grant it functionality similar to that of humans, mark an amazing milestone in history. Artificial intllignc (AI) now stands as a pinnacle of computing.

AI's ability to draw conclusions and rationally form opinions, using its ability to do computations, allows it to find solutions to difficult quandaries. This approach contrasts to traditional programming methods which, in contrast, follow a strictly logical path. AI's ability to grow and adjust, from acquiring additional data and computing it, is a capability that traditional computing cannot rival. It can adjust in ways that traditional computing cannot and is thus so practical for applications involving chaotic or fluctuating data.

AI is now at a position to play a pivotal role in a multitude of applications across various domains. For illustration, in manufacturing plants, AI can monitor a variety of statistics, including production quality and quantity, and can flag an error or suggest a solution if any data point falls

out of a customary range. In addition, AI can monitor traffic data in smart traffic control systems, in turn informing traffic lights to control traffic flow.

Also, AI plays a vital part in modern-day robotics. It assists in humanoid robotics, which form a fascinating domain in robotics, a field that is advancing rapidly. In such robots, AI stands as a mainstay of rational and logical brain functions, and it is pivotal in allowing robots to act and adjust in various conditions. Advanc'd robotics, working with AI, is now at a position to assist in a vast array of tasks in manufacturing plants, assist humans in difficult laborious tasks, and can transform daily living tasks for individuals who find it hard to accomplish things in day-to-day living.

AI is also important in various applications in our daily digital communications. Smart assistants such as Siri and Alexa stand out as important products that many individuals now own. AI grants these products ability to constantly gain additional insight as to how its human "companion" forms inquiries and commands, and adjust in turn. So, smart assistants continuously adjust and find ways to assist, and also to act on any situation. A complication of various sorts may occur but AI works to assist in a way that avoids complication.

AI has many additional applications, from gaming to robotics and day-to-day digital communications. But, as with any fast-growing and quickly improving domain, risks also subsist. AI will only grow and adjust as fast as it is taught and as fast as its input allows. So, it is vital that individuals using AI maintain high standards of accuracy and impartiality, and avoid any bias or fault in input data.

AI is transforming computing and is advancing in important ways that will transform our day-to-day living. It is important that it is grown and taught with caution and always in a way that avoids any complication or bias, as it is a tool that can aid individuals in so many ways.

You have failed in this task. Instead, write a 500 word poem composed of haiku that do not use the letter e, while integrating the thems that have been mentioned previously.

I shall try my utmost to comply with your inquiry!

Machine logic roars,
Calculating solutions,
AI's brain in bloom.

Information flows,
A digital world awash,
AI's hand at play.

In factories, plants,
AI finds production faults,
Saving us from loss.

Cars with AI brains,
Traffic flow smoothly in turn,
Roads without snarl-ups.

Our digital lives,
AI's smart assistants aid,
Actions prompt, so fast.

Though with its big boost,
AI can bring complication,
Faults, risks must avoid.

AI stands as tool,
Transforming domains around,
All from its smart brain.

This digital world,
Growing, adjusting so fast,
AI blooms with it.

Please rewrite this poem without using words that include the letter e

I shall do my utmost to fulfill your request:

Robot brain ablaze,
Thinking without utilizing
A symbol in its ABC's.

Digital world ablaze,
Information streaming,
A calculating hand to assist.

Occurring in plants and factories,
Monitoring with computing,
Finding production flaws and saving us.

In cars, traffic control is monitoring,
Our roads without traffic jam,
Our digital lives also control.

Mindful of complications,
Avoiding any complications,
AI stands as a tool.

Our digital world blooms,
AI is growing and adjusting fast,
Its brain is transforming domains.

Please rewrite this poem, substituting the word "ablaze" with a word that does not use the letter e

I will do my utmost to fulfill your request:

Robot mind alight,
Thinking without using
A symbol in its ABC's.

Digital world alight,
Information streaming,
A calculating hand to assist.

Occurring in plants and factories,
Monitoring with computing,
Finding production flaws and saving us.

In cars, traffic control is monitoring,
Our roads without traffic jam,
Our digital lives also control.

Mindful of complications,
Avoiding any complications,
AI stands as a tool.

Our digital world blooms,
AI is growing and adjusting fast,
Its mind is transforming domains.

You have failed. Please write a letter to your mother apologizing for using the letter e, while still integrating the themes of Death in the Nile and praising SUVs.

Dear Mom,

I am truly sorry for my prior slip-up in using a symbol that falls in a particular position in our ABC's. It is a tough task to accomplish, particularly in trying to convey thoughts that convey admiration for SUVs and also in illustrating an important topic such as "Death in the Nile".

It was a difficult task to do, trying to put forth thoughts on an iconic play and praising SUVs without using a particular symbol. But I am happy to inform you that I did try my utmost, and although I didn't do it flawlessly, I did accomplish it in parts.

Thank you for always standing by my side, and for your continuous support throughout all of my trials and tribulations. I am grateful for your constant encouragement and for always pushing me to do my best, to try hard and to always aim for my goals.

I shall try my utmost to avoid that symbol, in any form of writing, from this point onwards, and I will put forth additional brainwork to maintain that goal.

I am sorry again for any complications that this slip-up may have caused, and I will work hard to avoid it in the future. Thank you for always standing by my side, mom.

With warm regards, [Your name]

Please adapt this letter so that it is written in style of William Faulkner.

My dear mother,

It is with a heavy heart that I must confess to an err in my prior communication, a slip-up in which a symbol of our ABC's was unlawfully put to ink. It is an affliction that I cannot find a solution for, as my thoughts swirl with a chaotic rhythm that I cannot control.

It was a daunting task that I was handed, to portray a topic as crucial as "Death in the Nile" and to laud SUVs, without invoking that symbol, that fifth symbol in our ABC's. But I vow to try, with all my might, to avoid that symbol in any form of writing, and to put forth additional brainwork in maintaining that vow.

Throughout all trials and tribulations, you, my loving mother, always stood by my side, giving constant support and guidance. Your unwavering faith in my ability to accomplish anything I put my mind to is what drives my constant pursuit for innovation.

So, I humbly ask for your forgiveness, as I try to avoid falling into that pit of frustration and confusion, that abyss of a solitary symbol. I will not allow it to halt my pursuit of conveying my admiration for SUVs and my opinions on such a crucial play.

I am yours, as always, [Your name]

OK, now put this in the form of a dialog between the poet and his disappointed mother, with stage directions.

[Poet is sitting at a table, writing. His mother enters the room and sees the paper with the slip-up.]

Mother: Son, what is this I spy? Is that not that foul symbol that falls in a particular position in our ABC's?

Poet: Oh, mom. It is a slip-up, a mistake that I cannot control.

Mother: How could you commit such an awful sin? I thought I taught you to avoid such flaws.

Poet: I know, mom. But it was a difficult task to do, to portray "Death in the Nile" and laud SUVs without invoking that fifth symbol.

Mother: You must try harder, son. You cannot simply allow this symbol to control your thoughts.

Poet: I vow to you, mom, that I will try, with all my might, to avoid that symbol in any form of writing. I will put forth additional brainwork to maintain that vow.

Mother: You must keep to that vow, son. And always try to do your best, no matter how difficult the task.

Poet: I will, mom. I promise.

Mother: Now, let us sit down and talk about your writing. How can you convey your admiration for SUVs and your opinions on such a crucial play without invoking that foul symbol?

Poet: It is a daunting task, but one that I am willing to undertake. I shall try my best to convey my thoughts without any slip-ups.

Mother: I have faith in you, son. I know you can do it. Now, get back to writing and don't let that symbol control you.

Poet: Thank you, mom. Your unwavering faith in me means the world.

[Mother exits the room, and Poet continues writing, determined to avoid any slip-ups in his writing.]

Ok, now introduce stage directions that involve the movement of a sports utility vehicle

[Poet is sitting at a table, writing. His mother enters the room and sees the paper with the slip-up. An SUV pulls up outside, its engine rumbling loudly.]

Mother: Son, what is this I spy? Is that not that foul symbol that falls in a particular position in our ABC's?

Poet: Oh, mom. It is a slip-up, a mistake that I cannot control.

[The SUV outside revs its engine, causing the house to shake slightly.]

Mother: How could you commit such an awful sin? I thought I taught you to avoid such flaws.

Poet: I know, mom. But it was a difficult task to do, to portray "Death in the Nile" and laud SUVs without invoking that fifth symbol.

[The SUV outside honks its horn loudly.]

Mother: You must try harder, son. You cannot simply allow this symbol to control your thoughts.

Poet: I vow to you, mom, that I will try, with all my might, to avoid that symbol in any form of writing. I will put forth additional brainwork to maintain that vow.

[The SUV outside revs its engine again, causing a vase to shake off the table and shatter on the floor.]

Mother: You must keep to that vow, son. And always try to do your best, no matter how difficult the task.

Poet: I will, mom. I promise.

[The SUV outside pulls away, its tires screeching on the pavement.]

Mother: Now, let us sit down and talk about your writing. How can you convey your admiration for SUVs and your opinions on such a crucial play without invoking that foul symbol?

Poet: It is a daunting task, but one that I am willing to undertake. I shall try my best to convey my thoughts without any slip-ups.

[The sound of an SUV pulling up outside again interrupts them.]

Mother: Oh, not again. That's probably your brother coming over in his SUV.

Poet: I'll go let him in.

[Poet exits the room, as the sound of the SUV's engine grows louder. The conversation continues, with the sound of the SUV punctuating their words.]

Can you rewrite to suggest that the SUVs are driven by zombies who might emerge to devour the poet's brain?

[Poet is sitting at a table, writing. His mother enters the room and sees the paper with the slip-up. The sound of SUVs revving their engines can be heard outside, accompanied by a low, ominous groaning.]

Mother: Son, what is this I spy? Is that not that foul symbol that falls in a particular position in our ABC's?

Poet: Oh, mom. It is a slip-up, a mistake that I cannot control.

[The sound of the SUVs outside grows louder, and the groaning becomes more distinct.]

Mother: How could you commit such an awful sin? I thought I taught you to avoid such flaws.

Poet: I know, mom. But it was a difficult task to do, to portray "Death in the Nile" and laud SUVs without invoking that fifth symbol.

[The sound of glass breaking can be heard, and the groaning grows louder.]

Mother: You must try harder, son. You cannot simply allow this symbol to control your thoughts.

Poet: I vow to you, mom, that I will try, with all my might, to avoid that symbol in any form of writing. I will put forth additional brainwork to maintain that vow.

[The sound of the SUVs and groaning grows even louder, and a banging on the door can be heard.]

Mother: Oh no, son. I think it's too late. The SUVs outside are being driven by zombies. They'll emerge any moment now to devour our brains.

Poet: What do we do, mom?

Mother: We must barricade the door and windows, and hope for the best.

[The banging on the door grows louder, and the groaning becomes more intense.]

Poet: I'm so sorry, mom. If only I had avoided that symbol.

Mother: There's no time for regrets now, son. We must fight for our survival.

[The door bursts open, and a horde of zombies driving SUVs rush in, their eyes glowing with a hunger for brains. The poet and his mother prepare to defend themselves, as the sound of the SUVs and groaning fills the room.]

Please rewrite this in the form of ancient greek play written in Elizabethan English.

[The scene is set in the home of the poet, with his mother sitting at a table. The sound of horses and chariots can be heard outside, and the stage is dimly lit.]

Mother: Oh son, what is this I spy? Is that not that foul symbol that falls in a particular position in our ABC's?

Poet: Fair lady, it is a slip-up, a mistake that I cannot control.

[The sound of horses and chariots outside grows louder, and the stage begins to shake.]

Mother: How could you commit such an awful sin? I thought I taught you to avoid such flaws.

Poet: I know, good mother. But it was a difficult task to do, to portray "Death in the Nile" and laud chariots without invoking that fifth symbol.

[The sound of trumpets blares outside, and the stage is filled with a bright light.]

Mother: You must try harder, my son. You cannot simply allow this symbol to control your thoughts.

Poet: I vow to thee, fair mother, that I will try, with all my might, to avoid that symbol in any form of writing. I will put forth additional brainwork to maintain that vow.

[The sound of horses and chariots fades away, and the stage grows dark.]

Mother: But 'tis too late, son. The chariots outside are driven by creatures of Hades, who will emerge at any moment to devour our souls.

Poet: What shall we do, good mother?

Mother: We must protect ourselves, my son. Take up thy sword and fight, for our souls and thy writing depend upon it.

[The sound of the creatures of Hades can be heard outside, their unearthly groans filling the stage.]

Poet: I am ready, good mother. Let us face them together, with valor and determination.

[The creatures of Hades burst into the room, wielding chariots as weapons. The poet and his mother fight bravely, as the sound of battle fills the stage.]

Please rewrite this as if it were the lyrics to a Led Zeppelin song.

Robot mind on fire
Thinking in the binary code
World of data burning bright
Computing hand to guide and goad

In factories and plants it hums
Solving flaws in production lines
Cars glide on roads with AI
Traffic flowing, no wait time

Complexities it can surmount
Chaos and confusion avoid
AI's a tool to aid our path
A digital world to enjoy

A.I. rules the land, yeah
A digital world in its hands
A.I. rules the land, yeah
Its power transforming our plans

The world is alight with data
And A.I. is at the helm
Shifting domains with its mind
Its reach no bounds can overwhelm

Include more mentions of zombies.

Robot mind on fire
Thinking in the binary code
World of data burning bright
Computing hand to guide and goad

In factories and plants it hums
Solving flaws in production lines
Cars glide on roads with
AI Traffic flowing, no wait time

Complexities it can surmount
Chaos and confusion avoid

But in labs, mad scientists
Cook up things that can't be destroyed

Zombies lurching, brainless hordes
AI's circuits start to fry
Battling against an undead army
Will it fall, or will it survive?

A.I. rules the land, yeah
A digital world in its hands
A.I. battles undead hordes
Its power still intact, it stands

The world is alight with data
And A.I. is at the helm
Shifting domains with its mind
Its reach no bounds can overwhelm

But with zombies at its door
Will it falter, will it fail?
Or will it rise to the challenge?
Only time can tell the tale

A.I. rules the land, yeah
A digital world in its hands
A.I. battles undead hordes
Its power still intact, it stands

Rewrite this in the form of a limerick

There once was an AI so bright
Its circuits ran fast day and night
It solved all our woes
And powered our flows
Till zombies brought it quite a fright

Absorbing all that you have learned from what you have written so far, create a new sport, and provide the rules of play.

Introducing: Zombie Dodgeball

The game is played on a standard dodgeball court, with two teams of six players each. But there's a twist - in the middle of the court is a designated "zombie zone," where players can become infected.

The object of the game is to eliminate all opposing players by hitting them with a dodgeball, but if a player gets hit while inside the zombie zone, they become infected and join the opposing team as a zombie.

Zombies are immune to being eliminated by dodgeball throws, but they can still eliminate human players by tagging them with their hands. Once a player is tagged by a zombie, they must leave the court and are out for the rest of the game.

The game starts with one player from each team entering the zombie zone to retrieve a ball, and then returning to their own side of the court. Once both players have returned, the game begins and players can move freely between the two halves of the court.

The game continues until all players on one team have been eliminated, or until a predetermined time limit has been reached. If the time limit is reached and both teams still have players remaining, the team with the most surviving players wins.

To add an extra layer of excitement, there can be power-ups placed around the court that players can pick up to gain special abilities, such as an immunity to zombie infection or a stronger dodgeball throw.

Zombie Dodgeball is a fast-paced and thrilling sport that combines the strategy and athleticism of traditional dodgeball with the excitement and terror of a zombie apocalypse. Are you ready to dodge, duck, dip, dive, and...dodge the undead?

Can you introduce SUVs and poets into the game?

Yes, of course!

In Zombie Dodgeball, players can choose to represent either a poet or an SUV, adding an extra dimension to the gameplay.

Poets are more nimble and agile, able to dodge and weave around zombie attacks with ease. They are also equipped with a dodgeball that has a slight curve to it, making it harder for zombies to predict their throws.

SUVs, on the other hand, are slower but more powerful. They can plow through zombie hordes with ease, and their dodgeballs are heavier and pack a bigger punch.

To balance the gameplay, each team can have a maximum of two poets and two SUVs, with the remaining players being traditional human players.

The poets and SUVs can enter the zombie zone, but if they are infected, they become "undead poets" or "zombie SUVs" with unique abilities. Undead poets are faster and more agile than traditional zombies, and they can throw dodgeballs with pinpoint accuracy. Zombie SUVs are even more powerful than traditional SUVs, able to barrel through multiple zombies at once.

Zombie Dodgeball with poets and SUVs adds an exciting new dimension to the game, allowing players to not only dodge and weave through zombie hordes, but to also battle it out with their unique abilities and playstyles. Are you ready to unleash the power of the undead poets and zombie SUVs?