



DESIGN: MAISHA SYEDA

FICTION

In Afghanistan, a winter of joy: A ChatGPT story

We asked the ChatGPT AI to write us a short story about happiness and a little girl in winter in Afghanistan.

In the middle of the valley was a large, frozen lake. The ice was crystal clear, and Lila could see all the way to the bottom. She saw fish swimming below the surface, and a family of otters playing on the shore. She was mesmerized by the beauty of it all.

Once upon a time, in a small village nestled in the mountains of Afghanistan, there lived a little girl named Lila. She was a curious and adventurous child, always eager to explore the world around her. But there was one thing that Lila loved more than anything else, and that was winter.

Winter in Afghanistan was a magical time. The snow would blanket the mountains, making everything look like a beautiful, sparkling wonderland. The villagers would gather around fires, drinking hot tea and sharing stories. Lila would often spend her days playing in the snow, building snowmen and having snowball fights with her friends.

But this year, winter was different. The village had been plagued by war and poverty for years, and the people had grown tired and miserable. But Lila refused to let the sadness of her people bring her down. She knew that there was still beauty and joy to be found, even in the darkest of times.

One day, Lila decided to go out into the mountains to find the source of her happiness. She packed a bag with some bread and tea, and

set out on her journey. She walked for hours, trudging through the deep snow, until she finally came upon a small, hidden valley.

In the middle of the valley was a large, frozen lake. The ice was crystal clear, and Lila could see all the way to the bottom. She saw fish swimming below the surface, and a family of otters playing on the shore. She was mesmerized by the beauty of it all.

As she sat by the lake, sipping her tea and watching the otters play, Lila realized that this was what she had been searching

Readers, what do you think of this AI-generated short story? Send us your opinions to dsliteditor@gmail.com.

for. It was not just the beauty of the lake that made her happy, but the feeling of peace and tranquility that came with it. She knew that she had to share this happiness with her village.

Lila returned to her village, and told her friends and family about the lake. They were all skeptical at first, but Lila was determined to show them the beauty that she had found. She organized a group of villagers to come with her to the lake, and they all set out on the journey together.

As they walked through the

mountains, the villagers were amazed by the beauty of the snow and the ice. They laughed and played in the snow, just like Lila had done. They reached the lake, and saw the fish and the otters for themselves. They were all awestruck by the beauty of it all.

The villagers spent the day at the lake, ice-skating and fishing. They shared a picnic together, and told stories around a fire. They were all happy and content, just like Lila had been.

As they returned to their village, the villagers were filled with a new sense of hope and joy. They knew that even in the darkest of times, there was still beauty and happiness to be found. And it was all thanks to Lila, who had shown them the way.

From that day on, the villagers would often visit the lake during the winter. They would ice-skate and fish, and tell stories around a fire. They would remember the day that Lila showed them the way, and be grateful for the happiness that she had brought to their village. And Lila would always remember that winter, the winter that she found her happiness and shared it with her people.

Love won't you love me

RAIAN ABEDIN

And force me into infinity again?
Break me into numbers and spirals, and blood and flesh
make me all that I don't wish to be. Make me collect
like glass shards strewn outside/a bed of prickly grass.
Claw on to me as the concrete path spirals onward, I am led
nowhere
by the comfort of your silence. I am held astray
by the swing in your voice. What do your eyes
even see?
An empty you could tear open with your fingers.
Our bloods run the same,
I can't stand myself
the way I stand you.

Raian Abedin is a contributor and a regular at SHOUTxDSBooks Slam Poetry Nights.



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POETRY

Placing Places

SAMIA TAMRIN AHMED

Someday, I will write about those places, the cities, monuments, and faces. What fails me are not the memories drifted away, of such places. But of the memories of emotions, pertaining to them. Not captured and bottled up, at the right time and place. So far in time, I cannot place how I felt, beholding the monument, temple and maze. Now, so far in time, I think: Who was the person, in my place? Were there emotions, at all, in that forgotten gaze?

Samia Tamrin Ahmed is a contributor.



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