



**ABCDEF
GHIJKLM
NOPQRS
TUVWXYZ**

WORDS

ChatGPT & TIHOMIR RANKOV

April New Word

April sat cross-legged on her bed, a rainbow of sticky notes scattered around her. The soft hum of the afternoon breeze whispered through her open window, carrying the scent of blooming lilacs. Today, she had decided to invent something wonderful — a brand-new word.

"People make words all the time, right?" she mused aloud, twirling a purple pen between her fingers. Shakespeare did it. Dr. Seuss did it. Why couldn't she?

She started by saying the alphabet, her voice barely above a whisper.

"A... B... C..." April paused. The sound of each letter carried a little magic. She scribbled random combinations on the sticky notes.

"Zarn? No, too harsh. Blimmy? Sounds too silly. Wiftle? Hmm, maybe."

April furrowed her brow and stared at the ceiling. She wanted her word to feel like sunshine peeking through the clouds. Something that tickled the tongue but felt warm and familiar.

"L... O... V..." she murmured. "What about 'Lovo'?"

She tested it aloud, savoring the way it rolled from her lips. "Lovo." It felt like a gentle breeze, like the way the sky blushed at sunset.

But what did it mean?

April thought for a moment. "Lovo... It could mean that feeling when you see your best friend after a long time. Or when your dog wags its tail so hard it wiggles its whole body." A word for joy wrapped in comfort.

She grabbed a fresh sticky note and wrote in bold letters: **LOVO (noun)** - The happiness of familiar love and laughter.

Proud of her creation, April stuck the note on her wall. She smiled, imagining people using her word in conversations.

"I felt so love when I saw you!"

And who knows? Maybe one day, dictionaries would proudly feature her beautiful word. But for now, it belonged to her—a small spark of creativity from a girl named April.

John Invents Word

John was a curious boy who loved words. He spent hours flipping through dictionaries, discovering strange and wonderful terms. But one day, as he sat beneath the old oak tree in his backyard, he had an idea. "Why should I only learn words that already exist?" he thought. "What if I create my own?"

With a determined gleam in his eye, John pulled out his notebook and wrote the alphabet across the top of the page. Twenty-six letters, each full of possibility. He decided that his word would be something cheerful—something that made people smile.

He started by mixing and matching letters. "Blarple?" No, that sounded too much like a mishap. "Zindle?" Interesting, but not quite right. He tried again and again, filling pages with combinations of letters. Some words looked too strange, while others seemed too ordinary.

Then, just as the sun began to dip behind the trees, John scribbled down a new idea. "Frozzle." He said it aloud, and the word danced off his tongue like a burst of laughter. It sounded playful and fun. "Frozzle!" he declared. It would mean the delightful feeling you get when bubbles pop on your skin or when a puppy wiggles with joy.

John shared his word with his friends at school the next day. They loved it. Soon, the playground was filled with shouts of, "I'm feeling so frozzled!" and, "That was a frozzly good time!"

Teachers, parents, even the local librarian began to use John's word. It spread like wildfire, bringing smiles wherever it was spoken. John beamed with pride. He had done more than create a word—he had created a feeling, a spark of joy.

And from that day forward, whenever John heard someone laugh and say "Frozzle," he knew that the alphabet still held endless adventures, just waiting to be discovered.