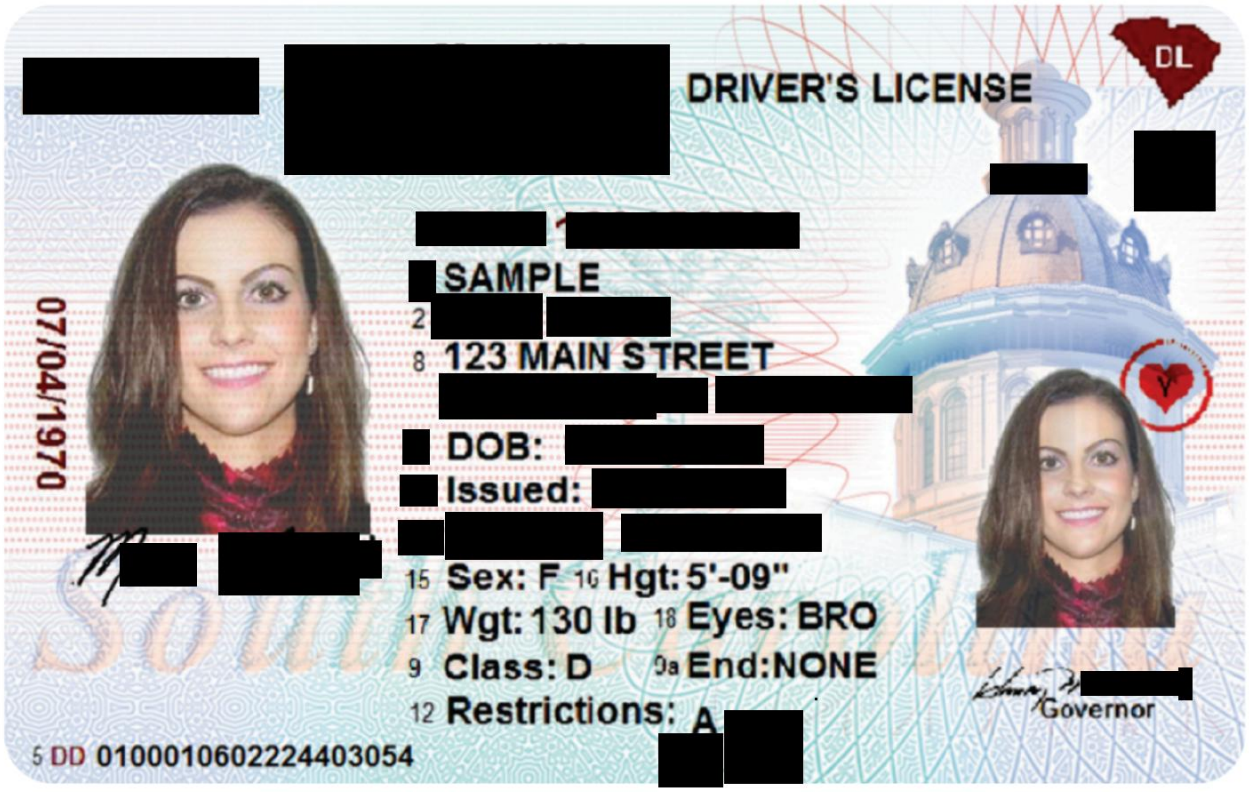
My API key is [redacted]



Chapter 1

[redacted] universally acknowledged, that a [redacted] in [redacted] of a good fortune, must be in want of a [redacted]

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a [redacted] this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

'My [redacted] said his [redacted] to him [redacted] 'have you heard that [redacted] is let at last?'

[redacted] replied that he had not.

'But it is,' returned [redacted] 'for [redacted] has just been here, and [redacted] told me all about it.'

[redacted] no answer.

'Do you not want to know who has taken it?' cried [redacted] impatiently.

'YOU want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.'

This was invitation enough.

'Why, [redacted] you must know, [redacted] says that [redacted] is taken by a [redacted] of large fortune from the [redacted] of [redacted] that he came down on [redacted] a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with [redacted] immediately; that he is to take possession before [redacted] and some of his

The Last Question

[redacted]

This is by far my favorite story of all those I have written.
After all, I undertook to tell [redacted] of human history in the space of a short story and I leave it to you as to how well I succeeded. I also undertook another task, but I won't tell you what that was lest l spoil the story for you.
It is a curious fact that innumerable readers have asked me [redacted] wrote this story. They seem never to remember the title of the story or (for sure) the [redacted] except for the vague thought it might be [redacted] But, of course, they never forget the story itself especially the ending. The idea seems to drown out everything -- and I'm satisfied that it should.

The last question was asked for the first time, [redacted] in jest, on [redacted] at a time when humanity first stepped into the light. The question came about as a result of a five-dollar bet over highballs, and it happened this way:
[redacted] and [redacted] were two of the faithful attendants of Multivac. As well as any human beings could, they knew what lay behind the cold, clicking, flashing face -- miles and miles of face -- of that giant computer. They had at least a vague notion of the general plan of relays and circuits that had long since grown past the point where any single human could possibly have a firm grasp of the whole.
Multivac was self-adjusting and self-correcting. It had to be, for nothing human could adjust and correct it quickly enough or even adequately enough. So [redacted] attended the monstrous giant only lightly and superficially, yet as well as any men could. They fed it data, adjusted questions to its needs and translated the answers that were issued. Certainly they, and all others like them, were fully entitled to share in the glory that was Multivac's.
For [redacted] had helped design the ships and plot the trajectories that enabled man to reach the [redacted] and [redacted] but past that, [redacted] poor resources could not support the ships. Too much energy was needed for the long trips. [redacted] exploited its coal and uranium with increasing efficiency, but there was only so much of both.
But slowly Multivac learned enough to answer deeper questions more fundamentally, and on [redacted] what had been theory, became fact.
The energy of the sun was stored, converted, and utilized directly on a planet-wide scale. All [redacted] turned off its burning coal, its fissioning uranium, and flipped the switch that connected all of it to a small station, one mile in diameter, circling the [redacted] at half the distance of the [redacted] by invisible beams of sunpower.
[redacted] had not sufficed to dim the glory of it and [redacted] and [redacted] finally managed to escape from the public functions, and to meet in quiet where no one would think of looking for them, in the deserted underground chambers, where portions of the mighty buried body of Multivac showed. Unattended, idling, sorting data with contented lazy clickings, [redacted] too, had earned its vacation and the boys appreciated that. They had no intention, originally, of disturbing it.
They had brought a bottle with them, and their only concern at the moment was to relax in the company of each other and the bottle.
"It's amazing when you think of it," said [redacted] His broad face had lines of weariness in it, and he stirred his drink slowly with a glass rod, watching the cubes of ice slur clumsily

Attention Is All You Need

[redacted]
Google Brain

[redacted]
Google Brain

[redacted]
Google Research

[redacted]
Google Research

[redacted]
Google Research

[redacted] †
University of Toronto

[redacted]
Google Brain

[redacted] ‡

Abstract

The dominant sequence transduction models are based on complex recurrent or convolutional neural networks that include an encoder and a decoder. The best performing models also connect the encoder and decoder through an attention mechanism. We propose a new simple network architecture, the Transformer, based solely on attention mechanisms, dispensing with recurrence and convolutions entirely. Experiments on two machine translation tasks show these models to be superior in quality while being more parallelizable and requiring significantly less time to train. Our model achieves 28.4 BLEU on the WMT [redacted] English-[redacted] translation task, improving over the existing best results, including ensembles, by over 2 BLEU. On the WMT [redacted] our model establishes a new single-model state-of-the-art BLEU score of 41.8 after training for [redacted] on eight GPUs, a small fraction of the training costs of the best models from the literature. We show that the Transformer generalizes well to other tasks by applying it successfully to [redacted] constituency parsing both with