Text generation of Sci-fi

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Training

LSTM:

She tried to think back, but Alham's intensity was making it impossible to think around the fog of feelings. Alham's eyes bore into her. It was the eyes that spoke to her, spoke deep into her soul. The eyes continued to paint a scene that she could not reliably recall without them. 'Ah, 'Ah, 'Ah, 'Ah, 'Ah, 'Ah, 'Ah, 'Ah, 'Ah, 'Ah,

Markov:

The Voion were breaking in and...

Though he did was to be faced if they were not such things existed.

What better time to expire, but she was right, too.

Nevertheless, Ren continued swiftly, having no idea that present a publishing program.

The Ballard quotation above was struggling to his position to raise my arm, then pressed a button and the flag.

Can we do better?

Few ideas:

- History
- Number of hidden layers
- syllables and syllable weights
- different options were for the hidden layers (Dense, Bidirection, and Embedding)
- Other models

Utilizing 117M GPT-2 and Markov

Markov (the good):

Charlie stood up and looked out at the room without a key on her shoulder to me for a door on the streets, I see them again. His black hair that clung to the mountains was a nice one. He was a good guy, but he didn't look like he had any real power. He looked more of a boy, a little boy with his own personality, but a little boy. He was not like a normal man, but I knew he was a boy, I knew that he would grow up to be the best man in this room and he would be my best friend. I looked at his hands, and then I saw him. He looked like he had been shot. He had his eyes fixed upon a large white man, with long, dark-green beard. He was wearing an open shirt, a white coat with black sleeves. His eyes looked down at the man.

Markov (the bad)

(Photo: Getty Images, File)

Clinton's first book, the book she wrote for the first time in 1996 about her time as secretary was called "Clinton: A History of the Clintons" (published in 1998), a memoir about the Clintons.

RANK 2 0 1 0.0 1.0 No votes. 1 1.5 0.0 No votes. 1 1 1 0.0 No votes. 1 1.5 1.5

Self train GPT-2?

- Weigh the sci-fi more heavily than the other topics
- GPU access?
- Are there other ways?

```
Using Adam optimizer
2022-04-27 19:10:39.474141: W tensorflow/core/framework/cpu_allocator_impl.cc:82] Allocation of 154389504 exceeds 10% of free system memory.
2022-04-27 19:10:39.530811: W tensorflow/core/framework/cpu_allocator_impl.cc:82] Allocation of 154389504 exceeds 10% of free system memory.
2022-04-27 19:10:40.599363: W tensorflow/core/framework/cpu_allocator_impl.cc:82] Allocation of 154389504 exceeds 10% of free system memory.
2022-04-27 19:10:40.767345: W tensorflow/core/framework/cpu_allocator_impl.cc:82] Allocation of 154389504 exceeds 10% of free system memory.
2022-04-27 19:10:43.257389: W tensorflow/core/framework/cpu_allocator_impl.cc:82] Allocation of 154389504 exceeds 10% of free system memory.
Loading checkpoint models\117M\model.ckpt
Loading dataset...
100%|                                                              | 1/1 [00:00<00:00, 17.65it/s]
dataset has 311398 tokens
Training...
[1 |  14.68] loss=3.33 avg=3.33
[2 |  25.49] loss=2.91 avg=3.12
[3 |  35.41] loss=2.97 avg=3.07
[4 |  45.50] loss=3.59 avg=3.20
[5 |  57.11] loss=2.71 avg=3.10
[6 |  69.26] loss=3.02 avg=3.09
[7 |  80.92] loss=3.03 avg=3.08
[8 |  91.32] loss=3.66 avg=3.15
[9 | 101.67] loss=3.37 avg=3.18
[10 | 113.69] loss=3.78 avg=3.24
[11 | 128.93] loss=3.66 avg=3.28
[12 | 141.83] loss=3.42 avg=3.29
[13 | 152.60] loss=3.80 avg=3.34
[14 | 166.16] loss=3.53 avg=3.35
[15 | 177.68] loss=3.19 avg=3.34
[16 | 188.74] loss=3.13 avg=3.33
[17 | 199.80] loss=3.79 avg=3.35
[18 | 210.93] loss=3.76 avg=3.38
[19 | 221.83] loss=3.51 avg=3.39
[20 | 232.77] loss=3.05 avg=3.37
[21 | 243.99] loss=3.19 avg=3.36
[22 | 256.80] loss=3.62 avg=3.37
[23 | 269.62] loss=3.39 avg=3.37
[24 | 284.31] loss=3.42 avg=3.37
[25 | 298.36] loss=3.28 avg=3.37
[26 | 310.84] loss=2.61 avg=3.34
[27 | 323.51] loss=3.49 avg=3.34
[28 | 336.08] loss=3.01 avg=3.33
[29 | 348.06] loss=3.40 avg=3.33
```

File   Options   View

Processes   Performance   App history

CPU
100% 1.99 GHz

Memory
10.8/11.7 GB (92%)

Disk 0 (C:)
SSD
4%

Ethernet
VMware Network Ad...
S: 0 R: 0 Kbps

Ethernet
VMware Network Ad...
S: 0 R: 0 Kbps

Wi-Fi
Wi-Fi
S: 904 R: 16.0 Kbps

Ethernet
vEthernet (WSL)
S: 0 R: 0 Kbps

GPU 0
Intel(R) Iris(R) Xe Gra...
2%

Sample output when Training GPT-2

```
Generating samples...
======== SAMPLE 1 ========
  computer-dependent. They did know what I said, and they did it slowly, like I'm an electrician. Why was I confused?
Slowly the truth dawned on me. I wasn't alone. The crew of the spacecraft had communicated in space for the last twenty years. Since the failure of the Friendship 8 mission, an SOS had been launched from Earth
's atmosphere, programmed to return anyone found to the surface if they were found. They had been successful in finding people, but had not been able to find information on the cause of the toxic sludge.
It was only a theory, a fantasy, a desperate fiction. I had been away for two years, and my mom had barely had the chance toregnuff her baby on a first birthday. She had found herself pulling multiple pregnanc
ies out of a birth certificate just to delay the procedure. How could she be bothered to answer a question like that?
I was missing one more piece. This was the best clue as to what had happened. I had been out of earshot for almost a year, and probably would be out for much longer, had Tim chosen to come home. Even if he did
n't return, I can't help but wonder if he was trying to kill himself. It seemed like a reasonable thing to do, given that he's been out for a while. But if this was the start of a long tail, how could one pers
on be so easily swept away?
I was able to track down the pieces of furniture that were owned by the three adults. They had supposedly not been cleaned or tended, and the children had apparently not been fed. When I returned to Jeannie, s
he was furious that she hadn't been home more than five hours before she learned of my missing mother's safety. She wanted her husband charged more than ever. She went to her husband's room at the friendlier h
ouse three times in a row before finally getting her explanation looked at by a supply guy in a gray labcoat and explaining that he couldn't be bothered to read the papers on the table beneath me.
I asked the sales rep what he'd looked like if he was able to buy us a ticket to go see "The Grand Opening."
"Seems like you think I'm kinda cool."
"Back ticket!" she laughed. "I invented the internet! And I can get all the fuss! I did it again!"
"What are you talking about, Dash?" I said. "You're messing with mine. I don't care!"
"I'm a scientist. I chase strange aliens. But as far as I can see, anything can be true."
"Ah, I see …. Trouble is, some people have had their worlds hijacked by these aliens."
"Hehe, some people do exist."
"Well, I'll tell you a bit more about yourself."
"How did you become a scientist?" she asked.
"I was raised by my dad for my potential career. At five, I was let go to one of two programs: the medical waste or the criminal justice complex. I followed both programs for many years."
She looked at me. "Well, he gave me a two-year scholarship to study at the City University. Another two years to study human and robot evolution." She looked at the photographs of the "evolutionary psychologis
ts" she'd taken of the planet and at the star signs indicating the start of the next supernova. "And I was to join the University for a two-year internship. I think he was looking for a unsung hero like Dad."
"He wasn't he?" She tilted her head back- elbows on the table. "How many times have we disappointed you Master?"
"He didn't actually deserve any," he said. He was sincere, he didn't pretend to be the kind of guy that dad tells you he is. He was genuine, he was out of ideas. He was looking for a joke. "Do you think I shou
ldaoelly take this shirt off?"
Ms. Irving laughed. "No"
"You think I need to ask you this? Your beard is getting long today's you."
"So long, Dad."
"Oh I do appreciate it."
"You're correct."
Mr. Crowder stood, releasing the cuff link he held around his neck. He was thoughtful, like he said, he'
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Final results

Display generated text document

Questions?