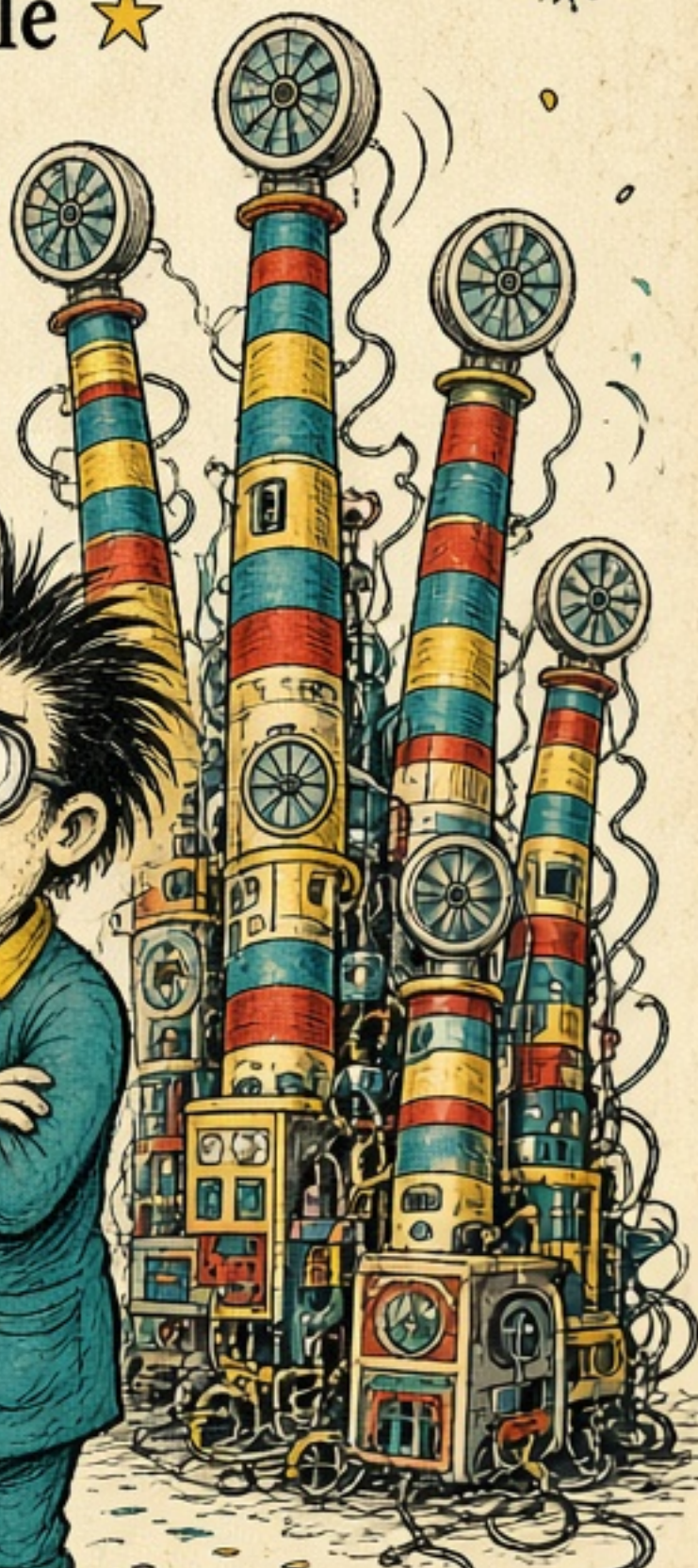


Would You Run It Here or There?

★ An Akida Tale ★



Here comes Kev,
Kev-of-the-Grid,
with ten small chips
beneath a lid.

Gus looks up
from his humming rack.
Oh no. It's Kev.
He's back. He's back.



Say, **Gus!** Say, **Gus!**
Come look! Come see!
It's **Akida**,
as quick as can be!

A **spiking chip?**
A brain on a board?
My **GPUs**
will **not be ignored!**

Nobody's ignoring
your **GPUs, Gus!**
Akida's a peer,
a **new kind of tier.**

Keep it **away**
from my rack and my fans.
I have my models.
I have my plans.



Would you run it
on a plane?

Not on a plane!
I'll say it again!
Not on a plane,
not now, not then!

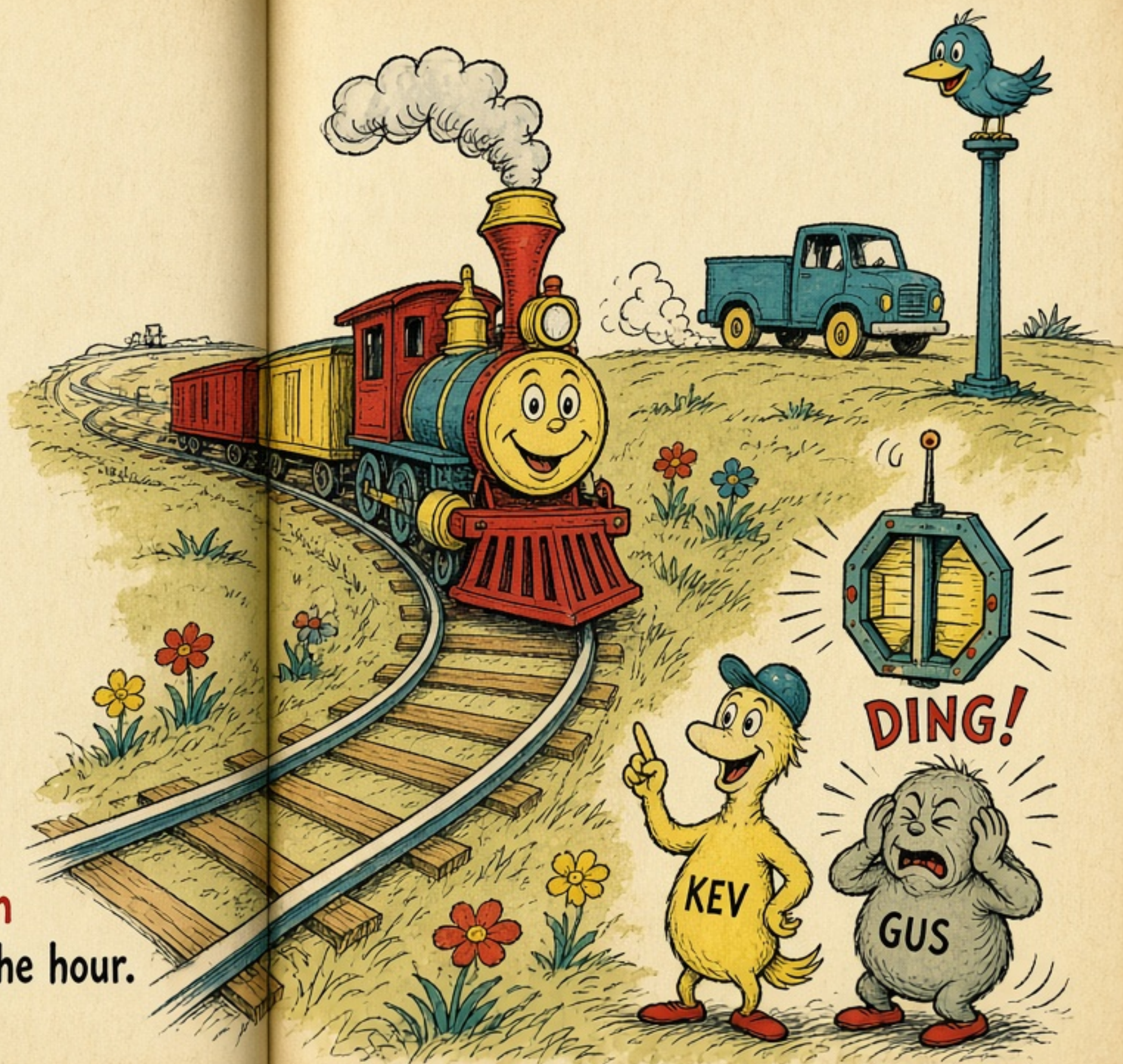
Up at thirty thousand feet,
it learns the engine's
steady beat.
It sips its power,
a watt or less,
and fits in the cabin
with room to spare, yes!



Would you run it
on a train?

Not on a train!
Not on a plane!
My racks are fine!
My racks remain!

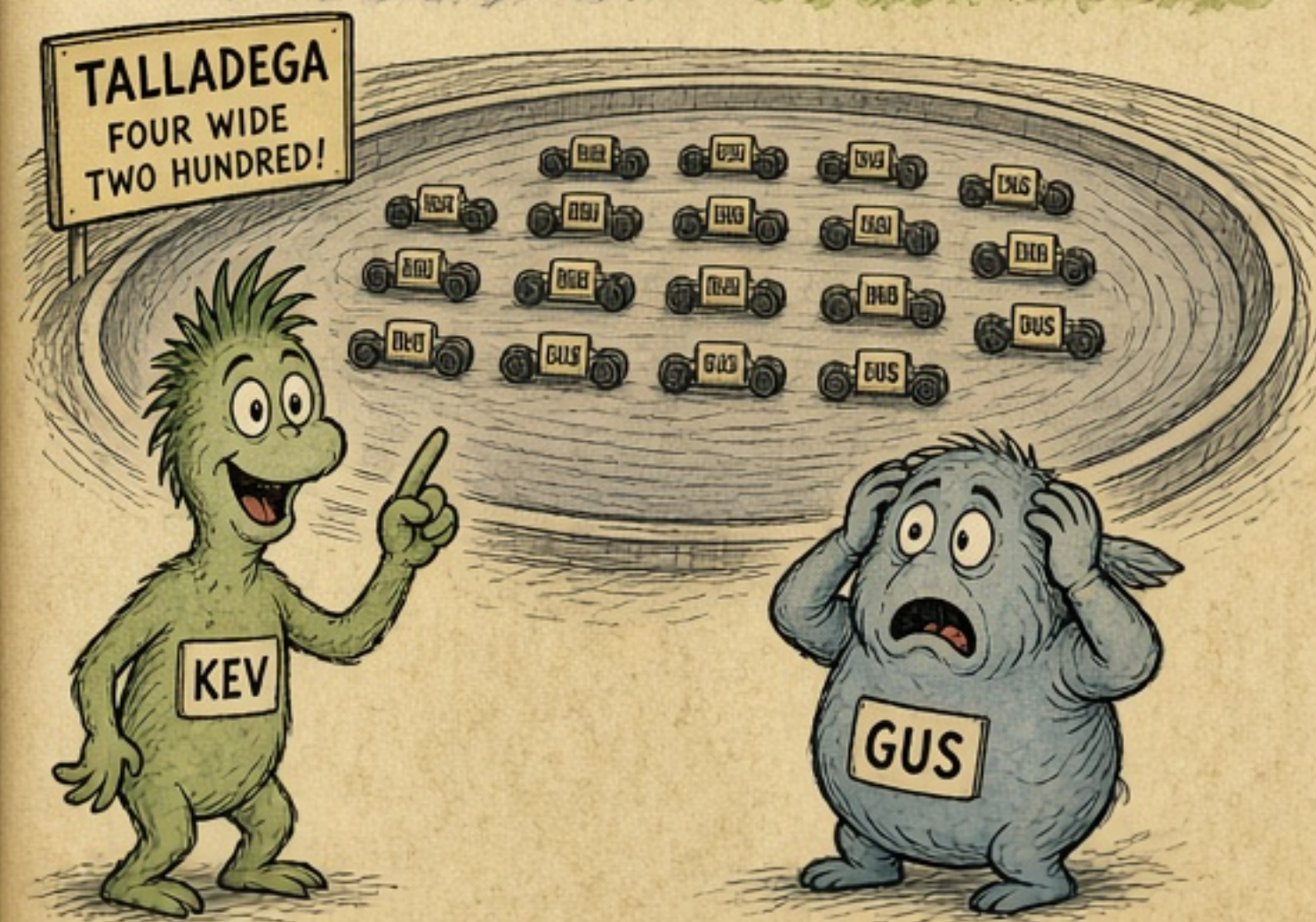
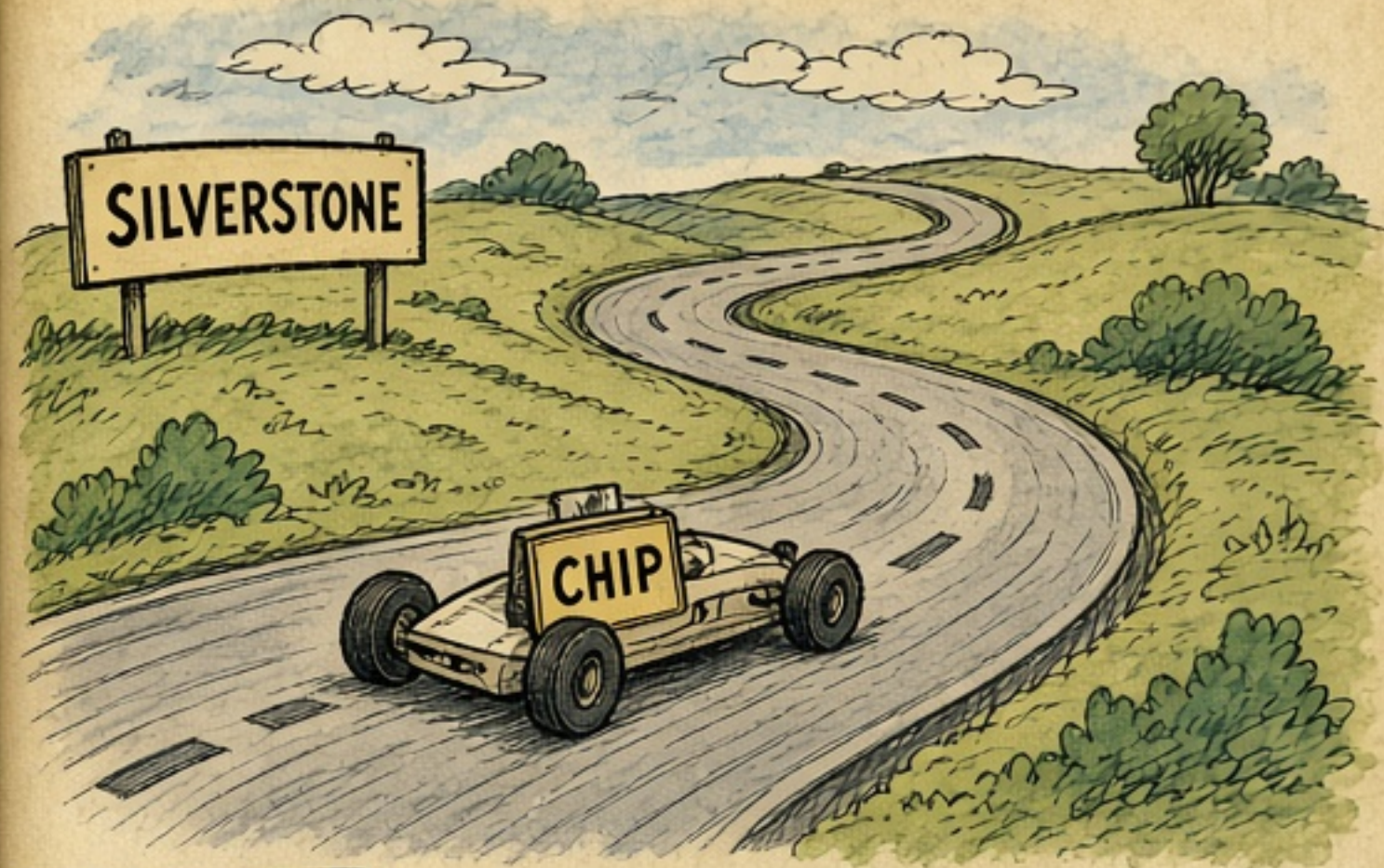
It watched the rails
on the **Nebraska** plain.
From twenty frames
it learned a train.
A truck rolls by?
It doesn't care!
Then wakes the **Hexagon**
when the train comes at the hour.



Would you run it
in a car?
At Silverstone?
It isn't far!

Not in a car!
Not on a train!
Not on a plane!
My racks remain!

One chip can drive
the Silverstone lap.
And ten can race
at Talladega's grid,
four wide, two hundred,
side by side,
ten little chips
that learned to ride!



Would you run it
in a drone,
watching a squad
from a hilltop zone?

Not in a drone!
Not in a car!
Not on a train,
not near, not far!
Not on a plane!
I've made that plain!

The drone spots the ambush
far ahead.

The hive agrees
on what it read.
Ten minds as one
by day or night.

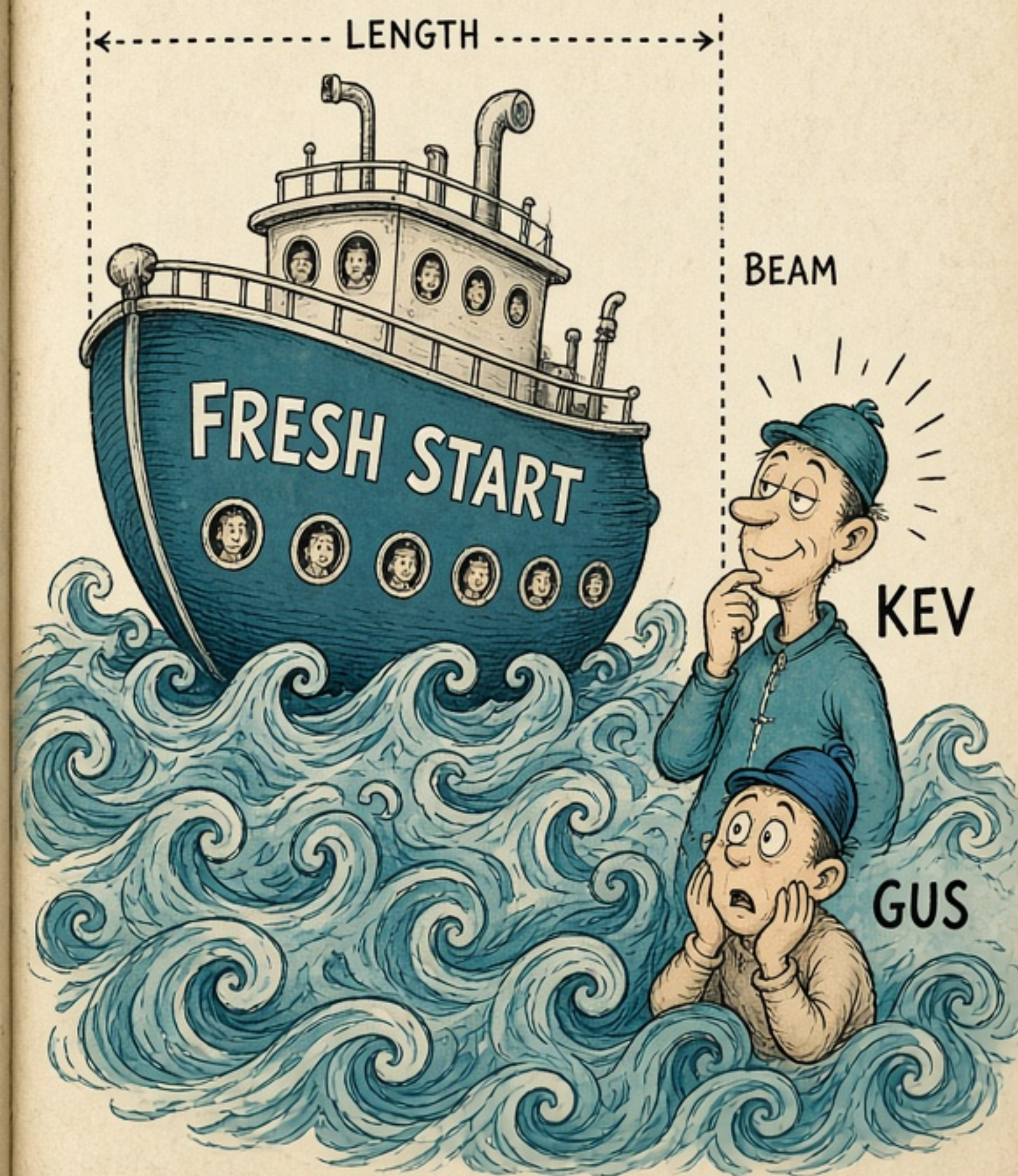


Would you run it
on a ship?

A ship that goes dark
in the middle of a trip?

Not on a ship!
Not in a drone!
Leave my good racks
and me alone!

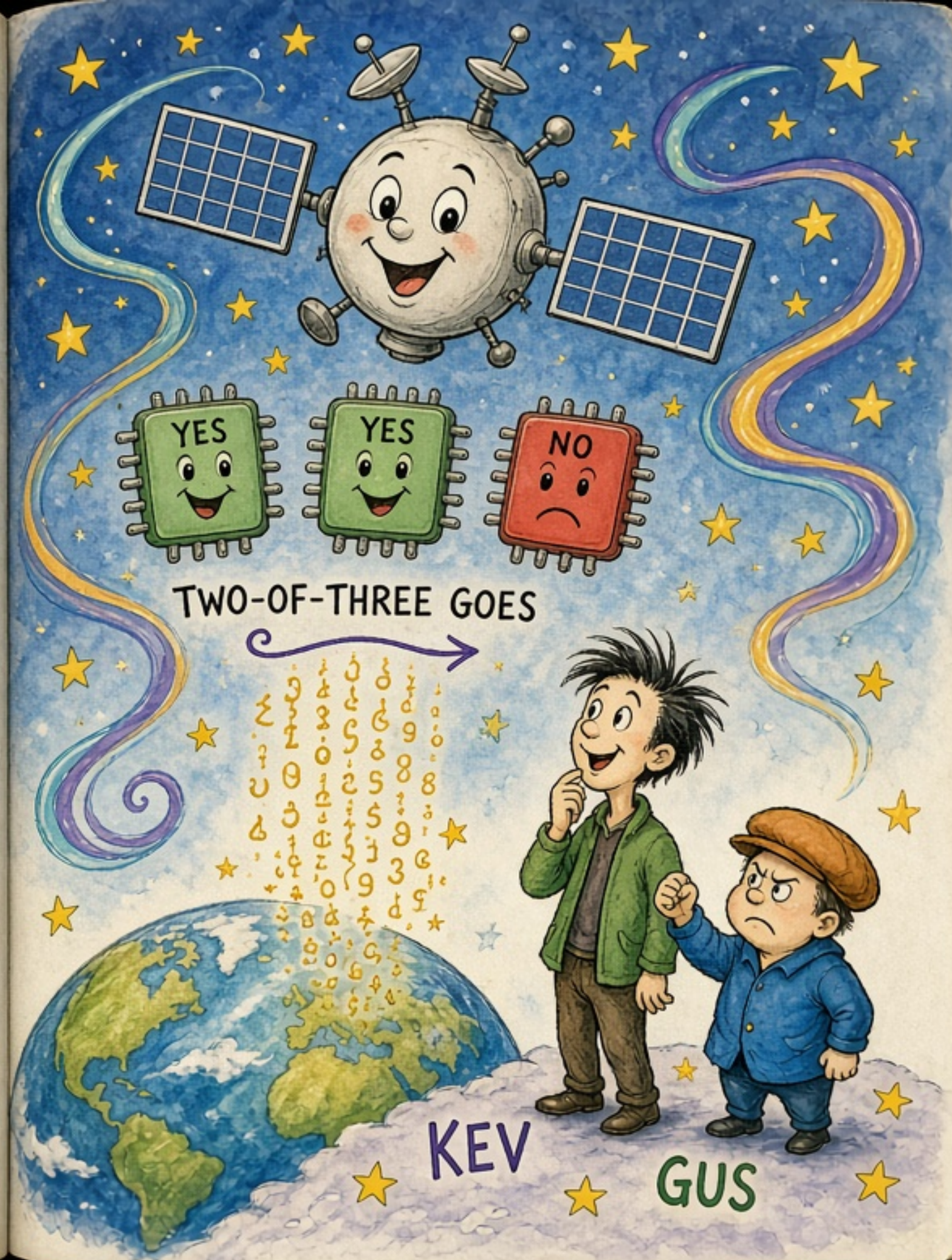
When a ship goes dark
on the Baltic tide,
the chips can tell
what it tried to hide.
A new name painted?
Same length! Same beam!
It knows that hull.
It spots the scheme!



Would you run it
way up high,
on a satellite
in the sky?

Not way up high!
Not on a ship!
Not in a drone!
Not on that trip!
Not on a plane!
My racks remain!

It doesn't send pictures.
It sends what it knows.
Three chips vote,
and two-of-three goes.
Just meaning beamed down
in a tiny code.



Would you run it
in a ring,
while you're asleep
and dreaming things?

Not in a ring!
Not way up high!
Not on a ship
that's sailing by!

~~~~~  
It feels your heart.  
It feels your breath.  
It knows deep sleep  
from all the rest.  
And when deep sleep  
comes softly in,  
it cools the room  
and hums again.



Then how about  
your Jetson, Gus?

The M.2 slot!  
No change! No fuss!

---

Akida sits  
inside the box,  
so the GPU runs cooler  
and nobody knocks!

---

My Jetson? Hmm.  
My GPU, cooler?  
No! No! No!  
You're a smooth-talking fooler!



Then in your data center, Gus!  
Right by your racks!  
vLLM calls it  
like any backend.  
Symphony places  
each request  
on Akida or GPU,  
whichever's best.  
Dallas fills first,  
then Pittsburgh's chips,  
then DC takes more,  
with no dropped trips.

**Not in the data center!  
Not by my racks!  
Not here or there!  
I will not run it  
anywhere!**

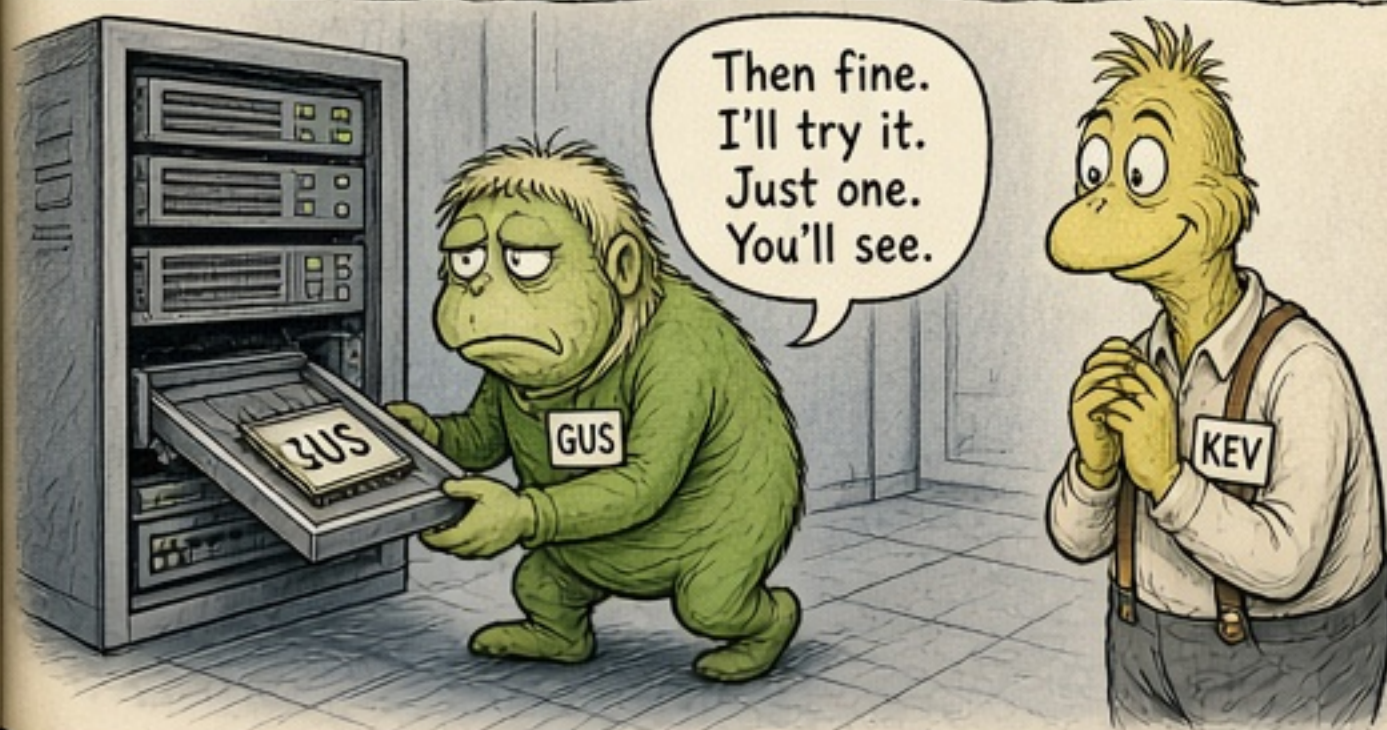
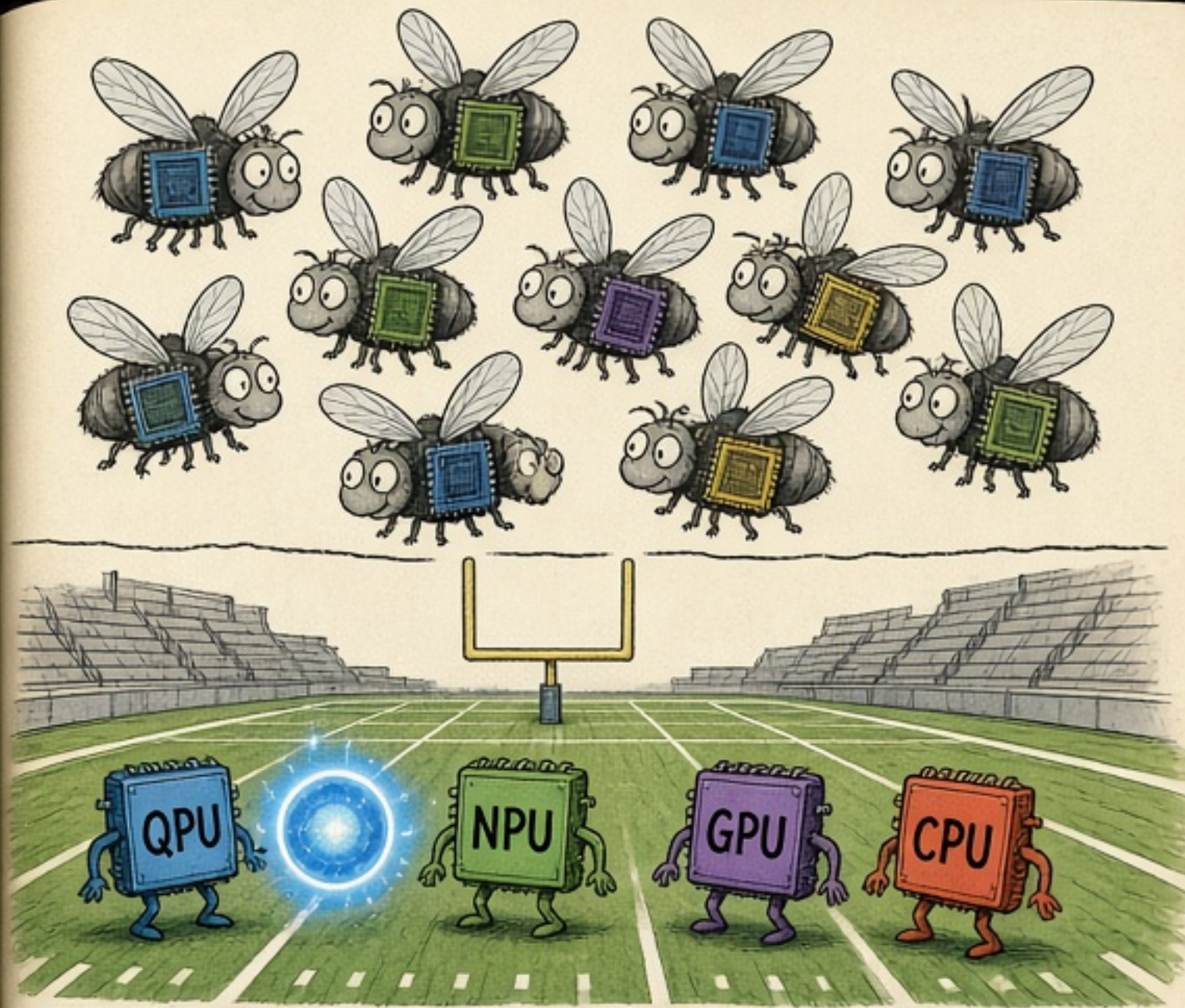


Would you run it in a fly?  
Twenty thousand fly brains  
all at once? Why not try!  
Not in a fly! \*

On a football field,  
before the snap?  
No football fields!

Right next to a qubit,  
**QPU**, **NPU**, **GPU**, **CPU**  
all one crew?  
No flies! No fields!  
No qubits, Kev!

Plug it in,  
just one small board.  
Then fine. I'll try it.  
Just one. You'll see.

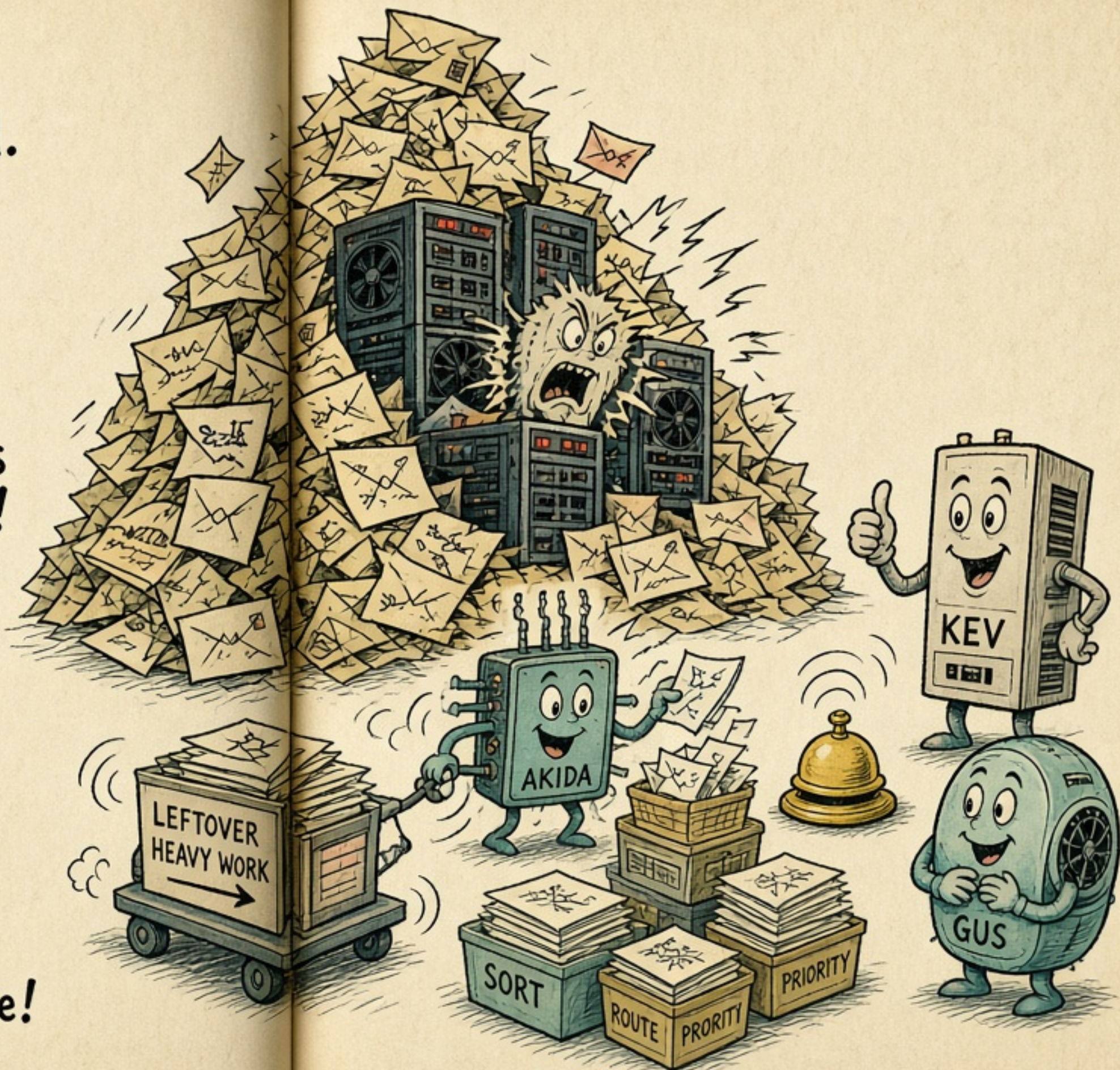


Then rush hour hit.  
The queue went wild.  
Requests came in,  
a mountain piled!

The GPUs strained,  
the fans went roar,  
and still the prompts  
came more and more!

But Akida took  
the watch, the sort,  
the routing calls  
of every sort.

And the GPUs,  
now freed and clear,  
did the heavy lifting  
they do best right here!



Say! I like it, **Kev!**  
I do! I do!

It doesn't replace  
my **GPU!**

It works beside it,  
**tier by tier!**

So I will run it  
on a **plane**, on a **train**,  
in a **car**, in a **drone**,  
on a **ship**, way up high,  
in a **ring**, in my **Jetson**,  
in a **fly**, on the **field**,  
by the **qubits**,  
and in the **data center**  
rack by rack!

I'll run it **here**.  
I'll run it **there**.  
I'll run it, **Kev**,  
just **everywhere!**

And **Kev** just smiled  
and tipped his lid.  
**Many kinds of minds,**  
**one ontology, Gus.**  
That's what we did.



# “Many kinds of minds, one ontology.”



KEV

GUS

In this book, Kev tips his lid and lets  
a few chips fly. Gus listens to a rack  
that hums. Somewhere between them  
is everything that is.

A silly ontology for thinkers,  
tinkerers, and tall-hatted folk.

**\$2.95**



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Grid Press  
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ONTOLOGY  
for  
EVERYONE