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May your flight be smooth, the wind calm, the cloud safe, and the sky blue!

kai chuang

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May your flight be smooth,
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Tsng Khái Tiòk [Kai Chu Chuang]

They slowly realized that they were not only the traveling seagull, but also the waiting harbor. They could never predict when and where things would arrive, depart, or return[1].

This might explain why they habitually scanned the ground while walking.

This page says
Be careful! Each step is important!

OK

Well, each step can be a stop.

<title> chewing on a flash drive </title>

They spotted the tiny thing lying on the ground as they crossed an intersection[2]. The variegated yellow leaves and the rough asphalt surface made it hard to distinguish the delicate object at first sight. Along the road, everything glimmered under the strong sunlight—the twinkling candy wrappers, the reflective car windows, even their own glowing, sweaty skin—everything except the nearly invisible piece. Its impenetrable quietude absorbed the ambient heat, street noise, bouncing light, and their wandering attention, like a black hole. Their steps involuntarily paused just a breath away from the unanticipated discovery. It was a flash drive without an outer case, exposing a scratched USB connector and a bare circuit board. The two square holes on the plug seemed to peer back at them, evoking the unflinching stare of a homeless person asking 'what do you want from me?', the eyes of a traveling seagull, having stopped by countless harbors, the gaze of their childhood friend when she spent an entire afternoon watching the clouds.

Years had passed since they last connected with that friend, and their memories about her had gradually faded. They pondered why they could no longer recall her voice, birthday or favorite color. Did the memories evaporate into the air on the warmest summer day? Did they scatter at the intersections they frequently crossed? Was their memory, like that of a flash drive, constantly erased and rewritten with each change of address? It is said that flash memory is named after the camera flash. The team who developed this memory technology thought its data erasing process was so

fast that it reminded them of a camera flash[3]. But this analogy also holds a paradox: through a camera flash's brief burst of light, photographers try to capture those shadowy, fleeting moments, and keep holding them. The flash of a camera attempts to remember. Flash memory, however, is designed for letting go.

As their life journey moved on, they let go of many things once held tight. They didn't feel sad about losing photos of that childhood friend. Yet, they did wish to keep some of their exchanged notes, hand drawn characters, and a picture of their collaborative dollhouse beneath the school desk. They also wished to still retain their first-ever thumb drive, which they used to carry around. It was a glorious combination of technology, fashion and mystery for a thirteen-year-old. Computers were alien to them back then, as they had just signed up their first email account and learned to send emojis in MSN Messenger. This portable drive stored no digital files; instead, it contained the wild imagination of a kid and their secret fantasies of an approaching future.

Countless thumb drives came and went in their life, some still with them, some already gone. They sometimes wondered about the fate of those missing drives—were they working on someone else's device, decomposing in a landfill, or basking in a foreign street? If one lay in the middle of a road, would a passerby pick it up and take it home? Would the person attempt to extract its data, like they did with the drive they found on that sunny autumn afternoon? They failed to access the data in the flash drive due to the severe damage to

its connector. The contents within its memory cells became a question to ponder during another afternoon walk. The drive might be empty, akin to their very old one; it might carry a confession letter, carefully sent to someone like messages in glass bottles; it might be loaded with South Park all seasons plus movies, available for $129.99 online with free shipping; or it might contain groundbreaking findings about dark matter in the universe, poised to inspire the whole world.

Although the flash drive didn't shake the world, it left an impact on them, who observed its dust like an astronomer studying the stars. They found its birth record: a serial number and the country of origin. It was from Taiwan[4], a country they also called home. They believed that on its body, beneath all the scratches, dirt, and stains, they could find the same traces of migration—replaying the sunset when crossing the vast Pacific Ocean, having a longest day at the maze of customs, counting the miles from the West Coast to the East Coast. Despite its flash memory being unusable, the flash drive persisted as a storage medium[5]. Its presence was a lasting reminder of the day they met it on the ground—the sparkling streets, cloudless sky, piled leaves, irresistible black hole, familiar eyes, their ongoing thoughts on loss and return—an abundance of data that took up zero bytes.

They slowly realized that they were not only the traveling seagull, but also the waiting harbor. They could never predict when and where things would arrive, depart, or return. This might explain why they habitually scanned the ground while walking. Recently, they noticed lots of chewing gums on the pavement in their neighborhood, and those gums reminded them of flash drives. People left imprints on the gum, preserving the data of their teeth, tongue, saliva, and mouth movements with each bite[6]. Before the gum loses its elasticity, one can edit it multiple times— from bite to bite, from byte to byte. The data would be distributed when the gum left the mouth. A piece of used gum might end up in a trash bin, on a brick wall, or squished onto asphalt, perhaps alongside a dropped flash drive. They would never know the journey of a discarded gum or flash drive, but of one thing they were certain—they will continue walking and having unexpected encounters. Despite their dislike for gum, they did enjoy stumbling upon a Godzilla-shaped chewed piece, feeling the illusory sweetness on their tongue.

This page says
Some one picked up the flash drive.
OK

```
$(".button").click (function() {
alert ('Step on CHARACTER KEYS to choose your
destination. Jump on ENTER if you are ready to go.' );
});
```

```
<h2> Hi there, do you love eggs? </h2>

<select name="reasons" id="reasons">

    <option value="a">
        HELL YES!!!
    </option>
    <option value="d">
        Sometimes yes and sometimes no.
    </option>
    <option value="b">
        Nope.
    </option>
    <option value="e">
        Sorry I never love anything.
    </option>

</select>

    <br><br><br><br><br><br><br>
```

```
<p title="overcooking eggs should be a crime.">

    The yolk must <strong> flow </strong>.

</p>
```

```
<div class="container">

    <div class="upper">…</div>

    <div class="lower">

<div class="doc">…</div>

<div class="memory" id="m2">
    <img src="img/2.jpg" width="5px"></div>
<div class="memory" id="m3">
    <img src="img/3.jpg" width="5px"></div>
<div class="memory" id="m4">
    <img src="img/4.jpg" width="5px"></div>
<div class="memory" id="m5">
    <img src="img/5.jpg" width="5px"></div>
<div class="memory" id="m6">
    <img src="img/6.jpg" width="5px"></div>
<div class="memory" id="m7">
    <img src="img/7.jpg" width="5px"></div>
<div class="memory" id="m8">
    <img src="img/8.jpg" width="5px"></div>
<div class="memory" id="m9">
    <img src="img/9.jpg" width="5px"></div>
<div class="memory" id="m10">
    <img src="img/10.jpg" width="5px"></div>
<div class="memory" id="m11">
    <img src="img/11.jpg" width="5px"></div>

    </div>

</div>
```

```
.memory:hover {
  transform: scale(5000%);
}
```

```
<details class="dialog1">
    <summary> me </summary>
    <p> Sounds good? </p>
</details>

<details class="dialog2">
    <summary> you </summary>
    <button onclick="document.location='page2.html'">
        Ok
    </button>
</details>
```

```
<p class="hello"> Hello </p>

<ul class="greeting">

    <li class="to"> world ! </li>
    <li class="to"> people in love ! </li>
    <li class="to"> people in trouble ! </li>
    <li class="to"> random thoughts ! </li>
    <li class="to"> bad ideas ! </li>
    <li class="to"> things on the ground ! </li>
    <li class="to"> heads in the air ! </li>
    <li class="to"> forgotten words ! </li>
    <li class="to"> unsent messages ! </li>
    <li class="to"> hidden bugs ! </li>

</ul>
```

```css
.kai_wander {
   animation: x 20s linear infinite alternate;
}

.kai_travel {
   animation: y 5s linear infinite;
}
```

```css
#heart:hover + .dialogue {
   display: block;
}
```

WWW *(noun)* is abbreviation for

laughter;[7]

the grass we share;[8]

the sea we swim in;[9]

the mountain we take up;[10]

the forest we lost in;[11]

a worm, two worm, maybe three;[12]

wandering…wondering…wandering…

They were born in a port city, on an island.[13] In their eyes, many things seemed like the water. Fluid, compound, and ambiguous. Those things shift shapes with their containers, blending with elements from various sources, carrying multiple meanings, images and interpretations.

The sea is deep and endless, similar to stories[14], quests[15] and dreams.
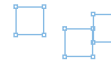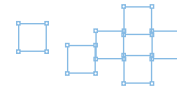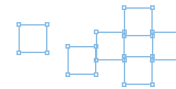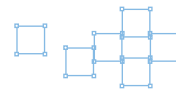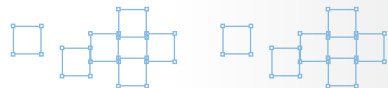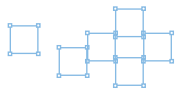
The coastline is a constant dialogue among the land, the ocean, the wind, organisms, physics, the past, randomness, and chance...When they think about boundaries, they recall the coastline.[16]

The wind is a progress.[17]

A rain is an overflow.

It's not default, darling.[18]

Text frames are open to anything.
You can grow grass in them.
Grow more,
So you have a lawn.

Text frames are open to anything.
You can plant flowers in them.
And make them bloom,
In the lawn.

Text frames are open to anything.
You can generate a breeze.
Frame after frame,
Across the lawn.

Text frames are open to anything…

An encounter.
A move.
A wave.
A turn.
A stay.
An unprofessional writer.
An unpredictable reader.
A mindless worker.
A serious joker.
A random thought.
A sudden mood.
A lazy day.
A sleepless night.
A comfort.
A delusion.

An error.
A room without windows.
A window without sky.
A hand in clicking.
A soul in dreams.
A pause.
An excuse.
A try.
A reset.
An exit.
A poem in wandering.

A click is a coincidence.[19]

Oh, no. I pressed the wrong button again.
—*Jane Jetson*[20]*, The Jetsons*

<hr>

Oh yes, that was kind of scary because, you know, I didn't expect it at all. She never bothers to look at me. She already has her favorites and commits to them. Most humans do. I know she usually bought cheaper tickets, and I am 30 bucks. Isn't it so funny? That humans all hate changes, but they also wish for something dramatic to happen, like a sudden great fortune. Those who visit my lottery machine are usually the same. They come here at the same days of the week, around the same time, with a grocery bag stuffed with basically the same things. They choose the same tickets, with the same little anticipation. But occasionally, really occasionally, there would be someone who likes to try something new. I love those moments. I cheer for those humans. When their fingers hover above us, debating, some even sweating, I can always feel the radiated heat of excitement and anxiety.

Ah right, right, the woman—sorry about my blabber, I am still euphoric about the win—so the woman, uh, we had never interacted before. She usually came to visit those of 10 bucks. But my butty *[editor's note: a button friend]* told me that they all like her because she has 'that stare.' That kind of stare, you know, holds onto you like you are something very special. I know that kind of human. Their hands may be steady when operating the machine, but their pupils are bustling, like they are looking for something behind us —beyond us. Sometimes they focus on me like I am a fortune teller, you know, those magical humans who know someone's past and future just by studying their palms. I saw one on TV before. Very impressive. I wish I could do that too. But unfortunately, I am clueless about the future, as most of you are. Like, I don't even know when I won't be the '200X' anymore. Sometimes, though rarely, they update the rules or change the theme, and we would have to put on new tags. Then we would become different tickets, maybe different prices, too. That's actually—can you imagine that one day you wake up and have another face? It happened once to me, and I lost most of my familiar touches from my dear humans after that...

But I can become more proud now, I guess, after the win. Oh, what an inspiring win that is! The woman didn't choose me. She hit me with her left elbow when a guy bumped into her. When she was cursing the guy, I really wanted to let her know that I was hurt as well. Anyway, I got a press, and she got a ticket. She still didn't look at me then. Too busy scratching her card. I didn't watch her either. I was complaining to my butty about the rough contact and the hardness of the human elbow. Then I never saw her again. But now there are some new humans coming to this supermarket, coming to me. I have not yet decided whether I enjoy the fame or not because, you know, sometimes you humans are really intense.

A STUMBLE

<hr>

Yes—and even though I'm a 'no' button, I know how to say 'yes', thank you very much—so yes, I stand with those who claimed that they pressed the unintentional button when casting their votes. Not that I understand anything about human sexuality or marriage. But as you can see—I am irresistible. Bright, passionate, and red. I know humans are drawn to red like moths to a flame. I'm used to your stares. So, I can totally understand those who chose me accidentally, 'due to a moment of distraction and some confusion,' as they put it. I know I was that moment of distraction. Who can turn away from red anyway? Even I would say 'yes' to it. Many of you have described red as burning fire, boiling blood, or warming hearts. I've also heard that tens of thousands of years ago, human ancestors first chose red ochre to paint their bodies. It's almost like your nature, isn't it? Well, of course, I also love red. And from my own experience, I know it can love and it can kill.

I'm not being dramatic; none of us buttons are dramatic compared to your kind. I don't know what exactly made those clergy confused when they were making decisions on their voting handset. Apparently, it's nothing to do with me and my colleagues. We are all very clear about our attitude—yes, no, and abstain. I guess, much like how you perceive different meanings

from the color red, you also have various interpretations of the word 'no'. Throughout my career, I've been translated into:

No.
No!
No…
NO!
No?
N-no.
Nah.
Nope.
Never.
No way.
No and yes.
Not that I care.
No, wrong button!

It's actually a pity that I can only generate one signal to the system. How fun it would be if I could express all these voices. Again, not that I understand anything about the topics you were debating and fighting, nor do I ever care about the result of those votes. But, well, a red button always enjoys attention and affection. I'm not dramatic, but I still like some excitement. I can be wrong, ridiculous, dishonest, mean, or even evil, anything but 'humble'—this word is the only thing I definitely stand against.

Ooooooh, what does this button do?
—*Dee Dee, Dexter's Laboratory*

The world at your fingertips.[23]

Sitting at the desk, they would dream about opening the window and stepping into the sky, rolling in that soft, tranquil blue that is never disturbed by the sun, the moon and stars. They wonder if the squirrel family residing in their roof has already visited it, as they live a few feet closer and apparently aren't bothered by a tricky window blind.

When they are not gazing out the window and musing about the sky, they enjoy observing sunlight filtering through the blind. These lights travel across the room, examine each piece of furniture, calculate the space at specific times with the window blind shadow. It's a measuring system that can be read but never understood. They know that in winter, at 1 p.m. the desk is five units wide; at 2:30 p.m. the bed is fifteen units in length; around 4 p.m. the closet is seven units far from the room door.

They open the window blind every morning and close it every night. As they go to sleep, the glow from two flood lights outside would be ready to join their dream, slipping through the closed blind and their closed eyes, as gently as careful footsteps, as insistent as distant dog bark. Even though the window blind is somehow broken and the window cannot be unlocked, they know that the world on the other side of the window is always in touch with them.

"These cables, I used them to build a keyboard with grapes, kiwis, mandarins and bananas two months ago, and—

Yes, a keyboard, not a salad bowl. Also, I'd not recommend using bananas during summer. They rot too fast. Well, they are still conductive but you won't want to touch them. Anyways. I attached these cables to the fresh fruits and a circuit board. So when I hold the earth wire in one hand and touch a fruit with the other, the circuit completes and activates a keypress. Sounds easy, right? Well, I actually spent hours setting up those wires, binding them to the items, measuring each of their lengths. Sometimes letting them out, sometimes reeling them back...like handling a kite string."

There are those lines that restrict us, tie us, but also give promises—balloon strings that block escapes, safety ropes that catch falls, keychains that connect places, pipelines that transport liquids or gas, progress bars that prevent exits, and every 'see you soon' that guides us back to our loved ones…

…is affection wireless?

<title> a cursor is a kite is a cursor </title>

Make your flight a breeze with these useful tips:

1. Prepare a wide, open area with a smooth surface before starting.
2. Keep your fingers relaxed, elbows close, and hands in front of your chest.
3. Hold the line gently, avoiding excessive gripping or rapid clicks.
4. Apply moderate tension to keep your kite stable and pointed in the desired direction.
5. Maintain focus upward during flight, rather than on your hand.
6. Check the connection if your kite doesn't respond to your movements.
7. Be mindful of changing weather conditions while browsing in the cloud.

And always remember to trace your kite's state and reactions—it's tracing you too.

<title> a string is a link is a string </title>

missing kite string? : r/cursor_kite

u/flyer826 · 1 day ago

    Hi all. I've had this kite for a while now, but I can't seem to find its string anywhere. The kite on my screen does follow my hand movements, so there must be a string between us. I checked behind my screen, but none of those wires link directly to the device I use. It says it's wireless. Whether wired or not, I found the device only connects to the computer, not the kite. The kite is on the internet.

    But here's the question: where is this "internet" thing? I know it exists, but I can't see it. Its cables, fiber optics are hidden behind the walls, in the ceilings, beneath the ground, under the sea…[24] I have only seen pics of those subsea cables. They are thick as trunks and seemingly endless. If those are my kite strings, I gotta wonder how my tiny fingers manage them.

    I've tried to search in the Web too. Another massive tangle of strings. Texts, scripts, URLs, hyperlinks moving around at light speed. There must be a billion, or even trillion strings. How could I identify which one bonds me to my kite??

    I know it sounds kinda nuts, but I just need to make sure the string isn't messed up somewhere. Sometimes my kite doesn't respond, or it just disappears, or starts looping on its own[25]. I still don't know what happened to it. Plus, for safety's sake, I've got to keep my kite away from planes, animals, crowds, viruses, and scams.

    But above all, I just want to play with my kite every day, knowing it's always on the other end of the string. It's like a promise, like a 'see you soon' from someone special. A line we can hold onto, reminding us that we're always connected.

    So any ideas where my kite string might be hiding?

<title> a user is a flyer is a user </title>

Good morning flyer, how's the ground today?

The weather here is alright, much better than yesterday. Occasional strong winds still disrupt the clouds; you can see many throbbers spinning on the page. To my surprise, you stay while the content loads, not leaving to other windows or incessantly refreshing like usual. You seem to be in a good mood—I can almost feel your smile in the warmth of your fingertips. We wait for the scattered data[26] to find their way back to the domain. You shake me a bit, waking me from sleep. In the background of a blank sky, you guide me through drawing a series of circles, which soon turn into a waltz and then into freestyling. I fly around excitedly, feeling every tug and pull you apply to the string. Even the fiercest gusts can't disturb our progression. I follow your lead, knowing your eyes are following me.

It's rare that we have fun like this ever since you become an adult and this computer became your workspace. The skies have changed a lot over the years, and our flight patterns have become more regular. The paths we take, the speed we move, the sites we visit, the time we spend together seem to be operated by a dominant stream. Most of the time, we stay in the same frame of sky, riding the same currents, following the same flows. Display on, display off; windows open, windows close; enter, exit; scroll down, scroll up; play, stop; light mode, dark mode; day in, day out…

When the storm hit yesterday, I actually felt a bit relieved. I know you hate those stormy days when

there's no internet connection and everything online shuts down. But I don't mind staying local with you at all—greeting the browser dinosaur, playing card games, digging through old files. I remember those photos of you first laying hands on this computer. They remind me of our relationship back then: when you saw this device as a toy, not a tool; when you would question how I could catch your every move and try to hide your hand under the desk; when you would get excited for each flight, cheering for every launch and landing. I wonder if you still recall those little impulsive adventures, when neither of us knew where we were going, wandering in the air, embracing the wind's direction, poking every link and button in sight.

As time went on, our curiosity gave way to skepticism when we explored the wind and the clouds. Nowadays, your grip tightens whenever we encounter a flashy button. We've learned not to trust them after being led to unwanted outcomes countless times. Sometimes it's spammy ads or sneaky viruses, other times it's just unnecessary upgrades. In our worst experience, we endured ceaseless lightning strikes of popup windows along with computer heat waves for weeks. That's how we realized that the sky can also be very mean.

From the ground, the sky always seems like a flawless surface, as distance smooths over any shade, conflict, and chaos. That's probably why you are so obsessed with the sky. For it's like a mystery, a legend, a belief. While you don't have wings, you've found the string, and make me your avatar. You rely on me to get a hold of the

skies, both within and outside the screen. Everyday you look up, checking the weather on the ground. I search rain forecasts when dark clouds gather in your district; I watch flood reports as heavy rain pouring outside your house; I play chill music and turn up the volume as the thunder stresses your nerves; I order sunscreens and thermal underwears for your seasonal needs. I relate to your weather, like you do with mine.

So when I ask, "how's the ground today?" you must know I already got the answer. You trace my position, my state, my reactions, my trail; and I also trace you, dear flyer, your movements, your location, your history, your destinations. We are an infinite loop, one another's reflection in the window.

Despite the sky being ever-changing, the window is ever-existing. It doesn't separate us; instead, it connects us, granting us access to what lies beyond our grasp. Through the window, I can continue to see you, chase you, dance with you, journey with you, and dream with you. I know you dream of exploring every corner of the world, and as your eternal counterpart, I share the desire to visit every pixel in the sky. With a total of 2560 × 1440 pixels, there are still 3758 of them I have yet to stop by.

And I hope to fulfill this dream with you.

Let go.[27] Let's go.

(A LOOP)

They code like they walk. Each keystroke corresponds to a step. Their websites are liminal in space, in time, in language, in culture, in identity. They know they are still on the way to somewhere, to something, to someone—it does not matter.
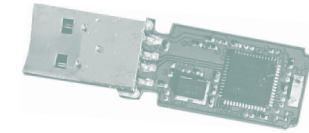
Their websites stay.[28]

<link rel="bibliography">

1 A memory that is not mine returns to me.
  —Christina Sharpe, *Ordinary Notes*

2

3 Then in 1980, Fujio Masuoka, a researcher at Toshiba, filed a patent for a novel variation on floating-gate memory. His new invention was dubbed "flash" memory, because it allowed entire sections of memory to be erased quickly and easily, by applying a voltage to a single wire connected to a group of cells.
  —The Economist, *Not just a flash in the pan*

4 即使臺灣單帶蛺蝶也分布在中國與中南半島，但當他們生活在臺灣的溪澗、林緣與山陽面，啃食依存臺灣的饅頭果時，某些不適應的幼蟲被病毒感染，某些被掠食，某些活了下來，牠們體內的『臺灣』就多了一點。『臺灣』是這個島嶼上所有生物與生境的混合詞，一個不斷變化的名詞。臺灣每天都在死亡一點，誕生一點，然後變得更加臺灣。
  — 吳明益 , 蝶道

  Even though orange staff sergeant butterflies also inhabit China and the Indochinese Peninsula, when they reside in the streams, forest edges, and sunny slopes of Taiwan, feeding on Taiwan's mantou fruits, some larvae

succumb to viral infections, some fall prey to predators, while others survive, having a bit more of "Taiwan" in them. "Taiwan" is a hybrid term for all the organisms and habitats on this island, a constantly changing noun. Each day, Taiwan experiences a bit of death, a bit of birth, and then becoming more Taiwanese.
—Wu Ming-yi, *The Dao of Butterflies*

5   In it, as in all fiction, there is room enough to keep even Man where he belongs, in his place in the scheme of things; there is time enough to gather plenty of wild oats and sow them too, and sing to little Oom, and listen to Ool's joke, and watch newts, and still the story isn't over. Still there are seeds to be gathered, and room in the bag of stars.
—Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction*

6   Götherström and his team of paleontologists at Stockholm University were able to determine, again from the DNA found in the gum, that the teenagers' stone age diet included deer, trout and hazelnuts. Traces of apple, duck and fox were also detected. "If we do a human bone then we'll get human DNA. We can do teeth and then we'll get a little bit more. But here we'll get DNA from what they had been chewing previously," Götherström said. "You cannot get that in any other way."
—The Guardian, *Ancient 'chewing gum' sheds light on stone age teenagers' diet*

7   Originally derived from the term わら・笑 (wara), but due to the lack of Japanese encoding support in many early online games and chatboards, the abbreviation

"w" became a common alternative and was lengthened for emphatic purposes.
—JLect Japonic Language and Dialect Database

8   The word 草原 (sougen) means a "grassy field," since laughs in internet comments look like grass, a "grassy field" may refer to there being a lot of laughs.
—Japanese with Anime *(website)*

9   There are these two young fish swimming along and they happen to meet an older fish swimming the other way, who nods at them and says "Morning, boys. How's the water?" And the two young fish swim on for a bit, and then eventually one of them looks over at the other and goes "What the hell is water?"
—David Foster Wallace, *This is Water*

10   山不是被掌握、征服，或去懂的，山是被進入的。入山，建與，行走，疲困，然後將自己的一部份留在山裡，成爲山。
— 吳明益 , 蝶道

Mountains are not meant to be grasped, conquered, or understood; they are meant to be entered. Enter the mountain, build connections, walk around, get tired, and then leave a part of yourself in the mountain, becoming one with it.
—Wu Ming-yi, *The Dao of Butterflies*

11   The internet is a dark forest. The roots grow upwards, the crown reaches downwards: wrapped around the planet, the internet circulates between satellites and underwater cables. The internet is a tangible space,

yes, but also a mental expanse. Made for sleepwalking, for a mundane delirium. For sacrificial rituals. People get lost in it by shining light in all the wrong places, exposing too much about themselves, communicating impulsively, recklessly.
—Bogna Konior, *The Dark Forest Theory of the Internet*

12   Greeting the bugs, we are not fixing them :-)

13   我們並不屬於一個地方，地方也不屬於我們。但在我們移動時，總是攜帶著我們的地方，不自覺地。無論我們旅行到何處，我們攜帶著，我們的歷史，我們的記憶，我們的島嶼，我們的行星，以及我們共同及個別演化出來的延伸感官與文化裝置。
—張君玫，軌道政治：我們會在中途相遇嗎？

We do not belong to a place, and the place does not belong to us, but when we move, we always carry our place with us without knowing it. We carry our history, our memory, our island, and our planet—as well as the extended sensory and cultural assemblages that we have evolved together and separately—with us wherever we travel.
—Chun-Mei Chuang, *Politics of Orbits: Will We Meet Halfway?*

14   So, when I came to write science-fiction novels, I came lugging this great heavy sack of stuff, my carrier bag full of wimps and klutzes, and tiny grains of things smaller than a mustard seed, and intricately woven nets which when laboriously unknotted are seen to contain one blue pebble, an imperturbably functioning chronometer telling the time on another world, and a mouse's skull; full of beginnings without ends, of initiations, of losses, of transformations and translations, and far more tricks than conflicts, far fewer triumphs than snares and delusions; full of space ships that get stuck, missions that fail, and people who don't understand.
—Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction*

15   那問號是一隻鷺鷥思維的姿勢、一隻枴杖、一把鴨嘴鋤，讓我們在土地中翻找滋沃靈魂的可能性。
—吳明益，蝶道

The question mark is a heron's thinking posture, a crutch, a duckbill shovel, enabling us to search in the earth for the potential of fertile souls.
—Wu Ming-yi, *The Dao of Butterflies*

16   The term 'writing coastlines' may refer to writing about coastlines, but the coastlines themselves are also writing in so far as they are translating physical processes into marks and actions. Coastlines are the shifting terrains where land and water meet, always neither land nor water and always both. The physical processes enacted by waves and winds may result in marks and actions associated with both erosion and accretion. Writing coastlines are edges, ledges, legible lines caught in the double bind of simultaneously writing and erasing. These in-between places are liminal spaces, both points of departure and sites of exchange.
—Carpenter, J.R., *Writing Coastlines: Locating Narrative Resonance in Transatlantic Communications Networks*

17   A throbber frequently resembles a rolling wheel, spinning bar, bouncing ellipsis or (more uncommonly)

a set of grinding gears. These forms are designed to suggest that, while no immediate change is evident, the computer is nonetheless hard at work behind the scenes. In the absence of a percentage bar, we simply have to wait and trust that the throbber's motion does indeed represent some form of progress.
—Jack Self, *Beyond the Self*

18   In 2023, Kai generated a series of digital poems in Adobe InDesign, titled *INDD (It's Not Default, Darling)*. It is a personal journey on the intersection of their most familiar languages—chinese, english, design and drawing. Through translation and interpretation, in pacing, clicking, and musing, they building poetic forms that reveal the fundamental systems of those languages and the larger systems that are built with it.

19   In an important sense, touch is the primary concern of physics. Its entire history can be understood as a struggle to articulate what touch entails. How do particles sense one another? Through direct contact, an ether, action-at-a-distance forces, fields, the exchange of virtual particles? What does the exchange of energy entail? How is a change in motion effected? What is pressure? What is temperature? How does the eye see? How do lenses work? What are the different kinds of forces that particles experience? How many kinds are there? What is the nature of measurement?
—Karen Barad, *On Touching–The Inhuman That Therefore I Am (v1.1)*

20   Jane goes to the doctor (at her husband's insistence) and the doctor proceeds to run a bunch of tests. Jane tells the doctor about the stresses and general monotony of her life: "every day it's the same thing, and every morning it's the same thing," she begins to explain in what sound like Nine Inch Nails lyrics. The doctor's diagnosis is that she has buttonitis. "You need a rest," the doctor tells Jane. "Get away from all those buttons."
—Smithsonian Magazine, *Sad Jetsons: Depression, Buttonitis and Nostalgia in the World of Tomorrow*

21   LaQuedra Edwards had put $30 into a machine a Vons Supermarket in Tarzana in November 2021 when she was shoved and purchased a more expensive option than she intended to. "He just bumped into me, didn't say a thing and just walked out the door," Ms Edwards recalled. When she scratched to reveal the numbers on the 200X ticket, she realised she'd won the top prize of $10m.
—The Independent, *Los Angeles woman wins $10m after pressing wrong button at lottery machine when stranger bumped into her (11 April 2022)*

22   Dr Cocksworth said he had apologised to his colleagues in the House of Bishops and to the archbishops for his mistake. In a statement, he said: "Due to a moment of distraction and some confusion over the voting process, I pressed the wrong button on my handset, thus registering a vote against taking note rather than a vote for taking note of the report."
—The BBC, *Bishop presses wrong button in gay marriage report vote (16 February 2017)*

23   Kai made a website in 2022 titled *The World at Your Fingertips*, where the keyboard isn't just an interface to navigate the virtual realm, but also a piece of ground fingers physically touch and walk upon. This venture delves into the tactile nuances of human-computer interaction, prompting reflections on how every step, be it on a virtual or physical surface, leaves a certain mark on the world.

24   More commonly, old routes are repurposed as frontage roads or business loops, and town centers are repurposed to serve the needs of the highway— orienting outwards to provide chain gas stations, motels, and fast food to travelers. This kind of commerce—a commerce of anywhere—is a totem of Augé's idea of the non-place. They are the kind of places that are easy to ignore, or to forget.
     For our data centers, these places are perfect. Here, cut-out and passed-over, data centers proliferate along utility and fiber-optic routes that bring them power and connectivity while allowing them to be invisible. They sink into a landscape of chain stores and unmarked warehouses, unseen.
     —Everest Pipkin, *It Was Raining in the Data Center*

25   On December 23rd, 2015, three separate Ukrainian power companies experienced "destructive events" in their regional centers, which cut off electricity for hundreds of thousands of homes. The power wasn't out long—no more than six hours—but inspired a national panic. The attack relied on a fairly common malware called BlackEnergy, which generally is used for corporate espionage but also allows a remote user to control a local computer's operation. The workers on shift described watching their cursors move of their own accord, unresponsive to the mouse, taking breaker after breaker offline.
     —Everest Pipkin, *It Was Raining in the Data Center*

26   However, in the context of digital streams in which the experience of immediacy is concerned, a data stream is organised through computational time with different micro-processes that exhibit highly unstable temporality instead. The interruption of a data stream, such as buffering process that manifests in the form of a throbber, cannot be planned (as with television) insofar as it is subjected to its technical conditions at any moment of time. Additionally, the immediacy of a stream's narration cannot be simply understood as a planned sequential flow or as discrete segments of programmes. The discreteness of streams is not characterised by content but rather, as I propose in this article, by the very nature of digital and computational processing.
     —Winnie Soon, *Throbber: Executing Micro-temporal Streams*

27   Truth is, I am that kite. I can fly high only if I let go of everything that holds me back— like how a kite flyer supposedly lets go of the string, with a trusting knowledge that each time he lets go, the kite glides higher.
     —Abby*, The kite philosophy at Journal the Sojourn (personal blog)*

28   Say hi to them on: tsng-khai.com

給爸媽、凱甯、阿公阿嬤，你們是家、一切起點與終點。
給紅燒魚，你作爲你且一直是你。