

The complexity of how to make speech balloons, and a casting net has holes. On Writing scene.

Imagine marbles rolled down a turtle's neck back when they bask in the sun⁽¹⁾. One marble falls, the other jumps, the rest of them climb on the carapace.

I long to be a hermit in an ivy-covered house, but I open forty-two tabs with my laptop, on the coffee table. I play streaming the deep focus music.

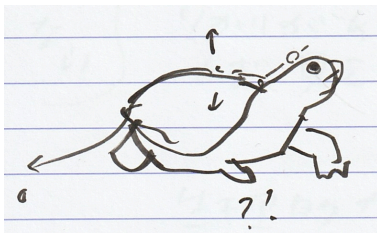
Picking words for writing texts is like an irresolute hand at a potluck party, I could only ate a few cherry tomatoes there.

After ten minutes of blind touch exercise, yet concentrate but rarely sentences come out. Now, I'm dying to googling 'how do shells grow?'.

I text enthusiastically during wifi hopping, but connection error. Unread; Such a lonely word. Indeed, conceptual writing is hectic all the time.

The shapes my both two hands form when I type, every time shapes of them are not the same. I type into keyboard random; ptqpq_° i.

drawing and text
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(1) drawing of when turtles were basking in the sun, rolled tiny marbles on their backs.