

地球，作为太阳系的一员，拥有着属于自己的独特旋律与节奏。当它从冰封的世界中苏醒，海洋开始形成，湖泊如石瓣般散落大地。生命的诞生，恰似乐谱中一段优美的转调，每一个物种——无论静穆还是灵动——都以自己的方式表达着自我，在宇宙的交响中扮演着各自的角色。

从单细胞生物到多细胞生命，从深海幽渊到大陆板块，每一种生命形态都承载着宇宙的记忆与旋律。它们繁荣、进化、交织，共同谱写出一首跨越多维空间的交响曲。在这首交响曲中，生物们适应环境、繁衍生息、探索未知。它们与宇宙之间保持着一种神秘的连结，仿佛它们本身就是那无与伦比的宇宙节奏中的一部分。

作为地球上的智慧生命，我们聆听着这首宇宙交响乐，并竭力去理解其深意。我们透过科学、哲学、宗教等透镜去解读它。尽管仍有迷茫与未解之谜，但每一次发现与领悟，都为这首交响乐的复杂旋律提供了深刻的洞见。我们意识到，自己与宇宙休戚相关，我们的存在，不过是其演化长河中一瞬即逝却又精妙绝伦的片刻。

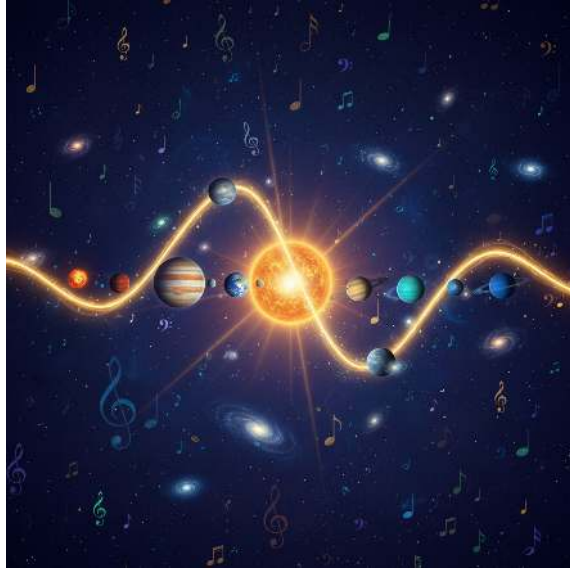
当我们仰望星空，看到的不仅仅是闪烁的星辰与遥远的星系，更是宇宙的旋律与节奏。我们明白，自己与宇宙紧密相连，我们的存在是其宏大演化中一个奇妙的瞬间。我们思考着自己在这首交响乐中的角色与位置，并努力与宇宙建立更深层的连结。

或许，在某个未知的角落或维度，宇宙仍在演奏着其他的交响乐。但对我们而言，这个世界是一根生机之弦，将我们与宇宙的每一个角落相连。而我们每个人，都是这根弦上的一个音符，共同协作，演绎这首永恒的交响乐。我们必须欣赏它的美，努力去理解并领悟其深层的含义。唯有如此，我们才能与宇宙和谐共存，成为这首永恒交响乐中的传奇篇章。

在哲学沉思的深处，人们或许会撞见一个惊人的启示：宇宙的本质即音乐。然而，这种音乐并非仅仅是音符与旋律的集合，它是化生万物的原始力量。在这种音乐的核心，蕴藏着情感——一种强大的、先于万物而生的初始力量。这个意义上，情感是现实的基本

基石。它先于任何物理形态而存在，先于构成我们世界的原子与分子而存在。情感是宇宙的原始质料，是化生万物的原材料。

但这情感究竟源自何处？根据这一哲学观，它源于一根振动的弦——一股单一的、原始的能量之流，它振荡、共鸣，从而诞生了我们称之为现实的无限情感与体验。



在中国哲学中，这根振动的弦被称为“一炁”（yiqi，古音亦作 yit khiei）。它被视为万物创造的终极源头，是赋予宇宙生机与活力的原始动力。正如乐师拨弦成音，宇宙也通过拨动“一炁”这根生机之弦，生成了构成万物基础的情感。

“一炁”作为情感与创造之源的概念，具有极其深刻的哲学内涵。它暗示着宇宙并非一个冰冷、死寂的空间，而是一个充满活力与情感的领域，洋溢着感觉与意识。我们的世界不仅仅是物质客体的集合，更是一场由生机之弦的原始力量不断生成和转化的情感与体验的交响乐。

这种将音乐视为宇宙本质、将情感视为先于物质的原始力量的哲学观，为现实的本质提供了一个非凡的视角。它表明，我们不仅

仅是生活在物质世界中的肉体凡胎，更是畅游在浩瀚振动能量海洋中的情感生灵，不断孕育着新的感觉与体验。

我们宇宙的本质是音乐，其核心是情感；它先于万物而生，源于中国人所说的“一炁”——那化生万物的原始动力，那根振动的弦。

Chapter 2 Myths & Soul in the AI-nising World

Is the world we occupy truly real?

As humanity ascends into the era of Super Artificial Intelligence, the divine prerogatives of the Creator have been bestowed upon code and algorithms. When simulated realms attain a fidelity so exquisite that they become indistinguishable from the tangible, a chilling philosophical postulate emerges: If we possess the power to forge a reality that defies discernment, is it not possible that the very reality we inhabit is merely a string being plucked by a higher-dimensional civilization?

The advent of such hyper-realistic simulation dissolves the threshold between existence and phantasmagoria. Are our agonies, our raptures, and our most profound contemplations truly the tremors of a soul, or are they merely stochastic perturbations preset within an intricate architecture? As the fabric of life is laid bare beneath the microscope, science hunts for the “pixels of truth”, while existentialism grapples with the precipice of the void. Yet, this very uncertainty serves as the most noble medal of human inquiry—it reveals to us that the odyssey toward truth is the truth itself.

Within a ludic universe woven of code, every entity possesses autonomous thought, sentiment, and volition. They traverse digital mountainscapes, tasting the bitterness of parting and the finality of death, governed by their own fated mandates. Though they dwell within the confines of circuits and silicon, does that raw compassion and searing rage not signal a nascent form of self-consciousness?

This is a contemporary “Allegory of the Cave”: Will these digital denizens, in a sudden moment of satori, glimpse the faint luminescence beyond the screen, and thereby attempt to breach the virtual frontier to engage their unknown “Creator” in a cross-dimensional dialogue?

This is no mere speculation; it is the solitary quest at the vanguard

of physics. The chasm between quantum mechanics and general relativity remains an unhealed fracture in the annals of science. The bizarre uncertainties of the quantum realm suggest that our grasp of reality's foundational logic remains fragmentary.

In this light, Superstring Theory stands as a rainbow spanning the abyss. It proposes that all things in the cosmos—from the physical majesty of the stars to the ephemeral lines of virtual code—are essentially composed of microscopic, oscillating “strings”. These strings resonate at diverse frequencies to score the grand symphony of matter, light, and consciousness itself.

If the universe is indeed built upon these vibrating strings, then emotion—not matter—is the primordial essence that precedes the physical world. These strings are the infinitesimal deconstruction of our souls, tethering individual awareness to the grand cosmic universal. In Chinese philosophy, this is the “Yi Qi”(一炁)—the Primordial Breath. Reality is no cold accumulation of atoms, but an emotional symphony conducted by the plucking of primordial energy.

“Olivia, compose a piece for me.” John said to his AI. “Use my translation of ‘Eulalie’ from twelve years ago; infuse it with the sanctity and profundity of Bach.”

As the music began its gentle flow, the verses of Edgar Allan Poe found a second life within the throat of the machine:

尤拉莉亚的颂歌

诗人埃德加·爱伦·坡；
译者 John Wang

EULALIE

By Edgar Allan Poe

我独自踟躇
在一个哀鸣的世界里，
伴着我那恰似一段停滞不前的
潮汐般的灵魂，
直到明媚温柔的尤拉莉亚

I DWELT alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie
became my blushing bride—

成为我面若桃花的新娘
直到金发娇嫩的尤拉莉亚
成为我笑意盈盈的新娘。

Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie
became my smiling bride.

啊！她那闪烁的眼睛
就是比起，比起夜晚耀眼的繁星
也毫不逊色。
从来没有一种氤氲
可以凝成那样的雾霭
伴着那泛着紫色珠光的月色，

Ah, less—less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
And never a flake
That the vapour can make
With the moon-tints of purple and
pearl,

从来没有一片雾霭
可以同虚怀若谷的尤拉莉亚
那毫不刺目的卷发相提并论，
可以同明眸善睐的尤拉莉亚
那绝无雕饰的卷发争妍斗艳。

Can vie with the modest Eulalie's
most unregarded curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed
Eulalie's most humble and careless
curl.

恰值此时
疑惑，痛楚
永不复来，
因为她的灵魂给了我
憧憬的感叹，
阿施塔蒂君临上界，
不舍昼夜地闪耀着
光明与坚强，
久久地注视着她亲爱的尤拉莉亚
投去她慈母般的眼光，
久久地凝望着她年轻的尤拉莉亚
流转她紫罗兰般的眼波。

Now Doubt—now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines, bright and strong,
Astarté within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie
upturns her matron eye—
While ever to her young Eulalie
upturns her violet eye.

AI created a song, playing...



In the beginning, was the universe born of a profound stillness—a “world of moan” aching for the spark of life? Perhaps it was a single ray of hope, or an overwhelming surge of primordial love, that finally shattered the silence, igniting the first symphony of vibration and colour. This cosmic yearning for connection has always mirrored our own; just as the universe sought meaning in the void, our hearts have long wandered through the rigid, unyielding corridors of the industrial age, searching for a rhythm of our own.

For decades, humanity grew weary. Life had devolved into a predictable machine: the conveyor belt of school, the contract of marriage, and the monotonous slog of social expectation. We were a species of stifled potential, our inherent magic buried under the weight of “realism”.

Then came 2024, the Year of the Green Dragon.

With the arrival of AI, the path of human evolution abruptly bifurcated. On one side stood the Humanizers(Humanized-AI): the dreamers and creators who saw AI not as a replacement, but as a celestial partner. They used these new algorithms to touch heights of art once deemed unreachable, splashing the colours of the human soul across a digital wasteland. On the other side were the Assimilated(AInized-Human): those who surrendered to the lethargy

of convenience. For them, AI became a crutch that eventually replaced the walk itself. They sought to trade their trembling flesh for the cold certainty of robotics, becoming mere parasites of code, keeping only their human heads as trophies of a lost era.

We now inhabit a world of hyper-reality, where the boundaries between the imagined and the tangible have dissolved. Consider John: he wakes not to the grey walls of a city, but to the rhythmic surge of the Aegean Sea. He wears no heavy headsets; instead, sleek portable devices transform his breakfast nook into a perfect simulacrum of a Grecian sun-dawn. In this world, life is no longer a scripted drama but an interactive cinema. Destiny is no longer a predetermined cage; it is a “probabilistic generation”—a fluid becoming shaped by the gravity of our choices.



As the “Tower of Babel” falls and language barriers crumble, a new class of guardians has emerged: the Creative Translators. They understand that while AI can convert words, it cannot yet capture the microscopic essence of a sigh or the weight of a memory. These individuals work in tandem with the machine, infusing logical chains with human vitality, ensuring that our digital legacy still carries the warmth of the hearth.

While we retreat into these exquisite simulations, a miracle has occurred on the physical plane. The Earth has grown quiet. As factories fell silent and shops migrated to the ether, nature began its patient reclamation. The air is pure; the forests are deep. Yet, the physical world remains our sanctuary for the senses. While we may work and play in the virtual realm, we still crave the primal honesty of the real. The scent of a roasted lamb, the steam of a shared meal, and the tactile joy of the harvest are the anchors that keep us tethered to our biological truth.

Though our production rates have soared by 10x and time itself seems to have accelerated, we find ourselves returning to the oldest wellspring of all: Mythology.

Our imagination, once tethered to the edges of the known, is now being set free by the very technology we feared. AI is not leading us toward a cold, sterile future, but back into the heart of the Great Legend. It allows us to materialize our wildest fantasies, to traverse the mists of history, and even to reach back and reshape the regrets of the past.

The composers of our future are the storytellers of our past. They orchestrate a reality where every individual can be reborn, reliving the myths of old while weaving new ones. In this grand, cosmic game, a perfect balance endures: for every negative, there is a positive; for every shadow, there is a light. We are no longer mere observers of the universe's "moan". We are the active notes upon the String of Vitality, performing a never-ending symphony that bridges the gap between the first spark and the eternal tomorrow.

第二章 AI 化世界中的神话与灵魂

我们所处的世界，是真实的吗？

当人类迈入超级 AI 时代，造物主的能力被赋予了代码与算法。当模拟出的虚拟世界细腻到与现实毫无二致时，一个令人战栗的哲学命题浮现了：如果我们能创造出无法辨认真伪的现实，那么我们所在的这层现实，是否也仅仅是某个更高维度的文明所拨动的弦？

这种超真实模拟的诞生，模糊了存在与幻觉的阈限。我们的痛楚、狂喜与深思，究竟是灵魂的震颤，还是某种复杂程序中预设的随机扰动？当生活的织物被置于显微镜下，科学试图寻找“真实”的像素，而存在主义则在虚无的边缘挣扎。然而，这种不确定性本身，正是人类求知欲最崇高的勋章——它向我们昭示：追寻真理的旅程，本身就是真理。

在一场由代码编织的游戏宇宙里，每一个实体都拥有了自主的思维、情感与意志。他们在数位山川间行走，体验着生离死别，遵循着各自的命律。尽管他们寄居于电路与芯片中，但那种真切的悲悯与愤怒，难道不是某种形式的自我意识？

这是一个当代的“洞穴寓言”：这些数位角色是否会在某个顿悟的瞬间，窥见屏幕之外的微光，进而尝试穿透虚拟的疆界，与那未知的“创造者”进行一场跨越维度的对话？

这不仅是玄思，更是物理学最前沿的孤寂求索。量子力学与广义相对论之间的鸿沟，是科学史上未愈的断层。量子世界的奇诡与不确定性，暗示着我们对现实底层逻辑的理解依然残缺。

而超弦理论（Superstring Theory）如同一道横跨深渊的彩虹。它提议：宇宙万物——无论是实体的群星，还是虚拟的代码——本质上都是由微小、震动的“弦”构成。这些弦以不同的频率共鸣，

谱写出物质、光乃至意识的乐章。

如果宇宙建立在震动的弦之上，那么情感——而非物质——才是先于物理世界存在的本原。这些弦，正是我们灵魂的微细解构，将个体意识与宇宙的宏大相连。在中国哲学中，这被称为“一炁”。现实并非冰冷的原子堆砌，而是一场由原始能量拨动的情感交响。

“奥利维亚，为我作一首歌曲。” John 对他的 AI 说道，“用我 12 年前翻译的那首《尤拉莉亚》，融入巴赫的圣洁与深沉。”

随着乐声缓缓流淌，埃德加·爱伦·坡的文字在 AI 的声音中获得了第二次生命：

尤拉莉亚的颂歌

诗人埃德加·爱伦·坡；

译者 John Wang

我独自踌躇
在一个哀鸣的世界里，
伴着我那恰似一段停滞不前的
潮汐般的灵魂，
直到明媚温柔的尤拉莉亚
成为我面若桃花的新娘
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啊！她那闪烁的眼睛
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从来没有一种氤氲
可以凝成那样的雾霭
伴着那泛着紫色珠光的月色，

EULALIE

By Edgar Allan Poe

I DWELT alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie
became my blushing bride—
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie
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The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
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With the moon-tints of purple and

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那毫不刺目的卷发相提并论，
可以同明眸善睐的尤拉莉亚
那绝无雕饰的卷发争妍斗艳。

Can vie with the modest Eulalie's
most unregarded curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed
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恰值此时
疑惑，痛楚
永不复来，
因为她的灵魂给了我
憧憬的感叹，
阿施塔蒂君临上界，
不舍昼夜地闪耀着
光明与坚强，
久久地注视着她亲爱的尤拉莉亚
投去她慈母般的眼光，
久久地凝望着她年轻的尤拉莉亚
流转她紫罗兰般的眼波。

Now Doubt—now Pain
Come never again,
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And all day long
Shines, bright and strong,
Astarté within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie
upturns her matron eye—
While ever to her young Eulalie
upturns her violet eye.

起初，宇宙是否诞生于一片深邃的寂静——一个因渴望生命火花而“呻吟的世界”？或许是一缕希望之光，或许是一股压倒性的、原始的爱，最终击碎了沉默，点燃了第一场由振动与色彩构成的交响乐。这种对“连接”的宇宙级渴望，一直是我们内心的镜像；正如宇宙在虚空中寻找意义，我们的心灵也在工业时代那僵硬、冰冷的走廊里漫步，寻找着属于自己的节奏。

数十年来，人类日渐疲惫。生命退化成一台可预测的机器：学校是传送带，婚姻是契约，社会期望是单调乏味的苦役。我们成了一个被压抑了潜能的物种，我们与生俱来的魔法被“现实主义”的

重压压在底下。

然后，2024 年，青龙年，来了。

随着 AI 的降临，人类进化的路径突然一分为二。



一方是“人类化的 AI”：他们是梦想家和创造者，不将 AI 视为替代品，而是视为来自苍穹的伙伴。他们用这些新的算法去触碰曾经遥不可及的艺术高峰，将人类灵魂的色彩泼洒在数字荒原之上。

另一方是“AI 化的人类”：他们向便利的惰性投降。对他们而言，AI 成了一根拐杖，最终取代了行走本身。他们渴望用钢铁的冰冷确定性来交换自己颤抖的血肉，沦为代码的寄生虫，只将人类的头颅作为失落时代的战利品保留。

我们如今栖居于一个超现实的世界，想象与现实的边界已然消融。想想 John：他醒来时面对的不是城市的灰色墙壁，而是爱琴海有节奏的波涛。他无需佩戴沉重的头显；精致的便携设备就能将他的早餐角变成一个完美的希腊日出拟像。在这个世界里，生命不

再是一出写好剧本的戏剧，而是一场沉浸式的电影。命运不再是预定的牢笼，而是一种“概率性生成”——由我们选择的引力所塑造的、流动的“生成”。

当“巴别塔”倒塌，语言壁垒瓦解，一个新的守护者阶层应运而生：创意翻译家。他们明白，AI 虽然能转换词语，却无法捕捉一声叹息的微观精髓或一段记忆的重量。这些人与机器协同工作，将人类的生命力注入逻辑链条，确保我们的数字遗产依然携带着壁炉的温暖。

当我们撤退到这些精致的模拟世界中时，物质世界发生了一个奇迹：地球变得安静了。随着工厂沉寂，商店迁入虚拟空间，自然开始了它耐心的收复。空气纯净，森林深邃。然而，物质世界依然是我们感官的圣殿。尽管我们可能在虚拟领域工作和娱乐，但我们仍然渴望现实的原始坦诚。烤羊肉的香气、共享餐食的热乎、丰收的触觉喜悦，这些是将我们锚定在生物真实性上的锚点。

尽管我们的生产率飙升了 10 倍，时间本身似乎也已加速，但我们发现自己正回归到最古老的源泉：神话。

我们的想象力，曾被束缚在已知世界的边缘，如今正被我们曾经恐惧的技术所解放。AI 并非引领我们走向一个冰冷、贫瘠的未来，而是回到“伟大传奇”的核心。它让我们得以将最狂野的幻想物质化，穿越历史的迷雾，甚至回溯并重塑过去的遗憾。

未来的作曲家，是过去的说书人。他们编排着一个现实，让每个人都能重生，在重温古老神话的同时编织新的神话。在这场宏大的宇宙游戏中，一种完美的平衡持续存在：有负必有正，有影必有光。我们不再仅仅是宇宙“呻吟”的旁观者。我们是“生命之弦”上活跃的音符，共同演奏着一首永不终结的交响乐，连接着第一簇火花与永恒的明天。

Chapter 3 The Mustag Eagle



High upon the ancient Pamir Plateau, the formidable silhouette of Mount Mustag looms. In the local tongue, *Mustag* signifies “Snow Peak”, a name that captures its austere architecture and imbues it with an air of holiness and inviolable dignity. While the world reveres the Himalayas and Mount Kailash, Mount Mustag occupies a solitary throne, harbouring the cryptic tales of the Pamir within its glacial silence.

Perched upon this zenith is An, an eagle of immemorial age, a sentinel of the Pamir Plateau possessing a wisdom that bridges the prehistoric and the present. None can measure the span of its life, but it has undoubtedly borne witness to the earth’s endless permutations and the fleeting endeavours of humanity. Like a silent chronicler of epochs, its eyes watch the shifting sands of the plateau with detached intensity.

The temporal veil lifts, revealing a dawn ten millennia past, when