

Tuesday, March 16. 2010

Android OS

Frustration is spending 30 minutes looking for a blogging app for the Droid, and then giving up and using the built in browser. I don't use Wordpress. If I need an API key to use all the features then I lose interest. It doesn't matter. After all, I do things like learn Pascal. I don't talk about personal projects of mine much, but I like to use certain things; not because its supposed to be productive, but because it connects me with the code. If the language doesn't feel clean, then I don't use it. Believe it or not, C++ feels very clean to me. As long as it is written well it can be powerful. People that complain about its problems (pointers) are unaware of how to code structures in their programs to handle it. There are guides out there that show how to avoid these pitfalls. I'll still be using it in 30 years when the robots take over. How long until AI passes the Turing test?

Posted by Rory Brown at 00:59

Friday, March 12. 2010

Feels Good To Be So Bad

I have started developing with a new project. It's a RAD (Rapid Application Development) Program called Lazarus. It is awesome. Basically, I use RAD tools whenever I need to throw out a GUI really quick and get something done rather than twiddle away trying to convince the OS to draw stuff for me. I used to use .Net for this, but Microsoft blows because none of their stuff is platform independent. I can only develop on Windows. That sucks.

But, Lazarus does the exact same thing. It is an IDE for developing code, but primarily you drag and drop components on to a form window, just like in Visual Studios. Then you double click on one of those and it instantly brings you to the procedure in your code so that you may write the small amount of action code that powers it.

The "bad" part, you ask? It's Pascal. I'll let that sink in. Nothing like writing with a language from the 70s. Then again, I use C++ for almost everything else. You kids and your new languages! Get off my lawn!!!

Anyway, Pascal is pretty cool. I don't see anything missing from what I had in C, and it might have a few more things. I never have a problem with the older languages because I've been writing in them for 12 years. Along with PHP, Python, and Coldfusion, of course.

See? Not all that bad, am I.

Posted by Rory Brown at 22:56

Monday, March 8, 2010

Setting The Bar

Sam stumbled through the door of the bar and out into the brisk chill of the night air. Too many drinks and too much time had done worse things to him, but he felt tonight had done a particular interest on him. The bleary light from the streetlight cut a stark moment in his eyes as he sought to adjust to being outside. He mustered the effort to walk to the edge of the penumbra of light on the ground and stopped. His tan trench-coat felt heavy, his shoes felt heavy... Maybe... it was just that he felt heavy.

Sam, named Samson by his mother, had not had the life he wanted. It had been one miserable attempt after another. Every time he had shown some effort to a goal he liked, it ended. Ending him in a local bar of some sort or another. It had happened so often of late that he was beginning to enjoy it. He couldn't even keep his love life together. One marriage had flowed into a second, much like the drinks he had imbibed along the way. He coughed. The thing he liked the most about drinks is that they went away after he drank them. After pondering the reaction of his past wives for a little while, he began to wonder if it was because of the drinks that he ended up this way.

"Naw!"

A candy bar wrapper blew suddenly down the street, leaving an echo of its passage tapping down the street. He stared after it for a moment. The streets were sure dark at this time of night. The time of night that everything seemed to shutdown. The time of night that you would normally drive home to a warm bed; if you had a car, that is. Or, a warm bed.

Sam began his arduous struggle to follow the street. He reached into his trench-coat to pull out a cigarette. The deft motion of the lighter coming alive and igniting the cigarette was a surprisingly smooth, yet practiced gesture that he could do in any condition. He stopped at the street corner to enjoy that smoke. That beautiful smoke that could make him feel alive; more alive than even the alcohol could. Each sweet, succulent intake made everything hum.

He was happy for the night.

Which is really too bad. Because he was immediately eaten by a dragon.

Posted by Rory Brown at 20:05