

DEAR GLOVE

by Faye Liang

Dear Glove,

How are you?

It's so cold outside—did you find yourself shelter? Are you keeping warm and dry?

I know it's a hard, even brutal winter, with the temperature dropping as low as -4°F.

Maybe you're still upset with me, or even mad at me, and that's understandable.

But please believe me, I did turn back and try to find you as soon as I realized you were gone. I retraced my steps along the sidewalk, through the hospital reception area, the elevator, and the crowded lobby, but you weren't there.

I thought about asking the hospital cleaner, but decided not to bother him—he already seemed to have enough of a mess to deal with.

So, your companion and I lost you—a warm, low-key, fluffy-lined glove.

I hope you're safe and warm wherever you are.

Sincerely yours,

F

14th Jan. 2025

Dear Glove,

How are you?

The thought of you lying alone in a strange place has been haunting me, so I set out to find you the other day.

During my search, I came across another glove—a maroon, sporty, left-hand glove.

At first, I wasn't ready to intervene. After all, it might have had its owner searching for it.

But then I found another glove, then another glove, another...

And you know what? There were single gloves everywhere!

I went back, picked up that maroon buddy, and put it in my pocket. It was wet and cold.

You might ask, why did I change my mind?

I'm not entirely sure. I just realized that no one else seemed to want them.

Sincerely yours,

F

15th Jan. 2025

Dear Glove,

How are you?

The temperature rose today, and I hope the sunlight at least managed to dry you.

I'm so grateful that the warmer weather allowed me to continue searching for you.

Since the last time I picked up the maroon glove, I've collected several more.

You wouldn't believe how messy and careless people can be. (I'm not sure if this is something you're familiar with; is it common knowledge in a glove's life?)

Especially after a big snowfall, when snowmen are left standing in the park, you can easily find several of your counterparts lying around them—several!

Besides gloves, there were beer cans, food wrappers, plastic cups, cigarette butts, and all kinds of things scattered on the snow. I imagine some of them have been there since summer. People are always drinking outside on summer nights—everyone loves summer nights, don't they?

Sincerely yours,

F

16th Jan. 2025

Dear Glove,

How are you?

You'll find a photo enclosed with this letter because it's better to see it for yourself.

The glove I found yesterday must have been lying there for a very long time. It was covered with leaves, grass, cigarette butts, and some unidentifiable fabric. Yet, it caught my eye immediately as I walked past, thanks to its shiny, simple, symbolic logo—a swoosh, a Nike glove!

Can you imagine anyone losing a glove with such a bold logo? Isn't it impossible to miss if anyone had truly tried to look for it? Doesn't it seem almost pathetic—a lone glove with its loud branding?

I even had an evil thought: what if its owner walks past it every day and just pretends not to recognize it?

I can only share this thought with you because I'd feel so bad saying it out loud.

Sincerely yours,

F

17th Jan. 2025

Dear Glove,

How are you?

Somehow, I've figured out a few locations where I might run into a lost glove. Once it gets warmer, I'll spend more time looking over these spots. I'm feeling more optimistic now—maybe we'll see each other again.

You might laugh at me, wherever you are reading this. My blind confidence, without knowing anything about your situation, might seem ridiculous.

But hear me out. I've noticed that gloves are often found in spaces near busy public areas but with no real purpose—places like the empty stretch between buildings' side walls, hedges and shrubs along pavement, or the narrow space between a parking lot and fences. The point is, there's no way people would recall ever being in such a nowhere, let alone remember leaving their gloves there.

These spots, with all their lone gloves, just like the missing puzzles of the human mind.

Dear Glove, where are you now? Are you also stuck in the middle of nowhere?

Sincerely yours,

F

18th Jan, 2025

Dear Glove,

How are you?

You'll find a photo with this letter, showing the cute glove I found yesterday on the parterre of Cityfront Plaza. S, my boyfriend, noticed it first while we were heading to the movie theater. He's been earnest in helping me save single gloves ever since I told him about the plan. I appreciate his support.

The glove is new—pink and white, sporty, like a skiing glove. I imagined it belonged to a little girl who, for some reason, received it as a present—maybe for her first winter in Chicago. Was she a little traveler? Her glove was left in a spot surrounded by noisy tourists. Or did she belong to another group of strangers in the same place? The quieter ones, sitting all day in the corner, looking for help.

The Ice Cream Museum is nearby, I hope she at least gets a chance to visit.

Sincerely yours,

F

19th Jan. 2025

Dear Glove:

How are you?

I know it's been a week, and the chances of our reunion grow slimmer with each passing day. Still, my search hasn't stopped.

It feels strange now to notice so many gloves lying alone outside. Before I lost you, I never paid attention to them. Take today, for example: during a ten-minute walk, I picked up four gloves! One of them—though I'm not sure you want to hear this—was lying in the middle of the street. Crushed repeatedly by passing vehicles, it was filthy and flattened. It's a black leather glove, a woman's, with elegant flouncing—a timeless design.

There are exceptions, though. Not all gloves in this world are treated so heartlessly. I saw a man today who had taken off his gloves for some reason. Instead of casually stuffing them into his pocket (which, most of the time, leads to one falling out), he gripped them tightly in his bare hand. That's the kind of attitude you have when you truly treasure something.

That image—the man and his gloves—has been hovering in my mind ever since. As I write this letter, it fills me with guilt and unease.

Sincerely yours,

F

20th Jan. 2025

Dear Glove,

How are you?

Sometimes, I spot a glove on the street, but it's not the right time to pick it up—either my hands are full, or I'm heading somewhere where showing up with a single filthy glove would be inappropriate. In those cases, I try my best to remember the spot, planning to retrieve it later. But several times, when I return, it's gone.

For sure, I'd be glad if their owners had found them again—but I doubt that's the case. Instead, I believe—or maybe it's just my superstition—that these lone gloves would appear before me only once. If I miss them, I miss them—just like their owners. In this case, I can either pick them up without hesitation or forget them without regret. Either way, life is about making choices, don't you think so, too?

Sincerely yours,

F

21st Jan. 2025

Dear Glove,

How are you?

A big box now sits in the corner of my living room, filled with gloves I've collected over the past few days. I find myself spending more and more time staring at them, especially when I sit alone on the couch at night. These gloves occupy my thoughts entirely, leading me back to the places where we met, portraying what their owners might have looked like, and whispering stories of the lives they once belonged to.

If you stay with them long enough, you'll find that each has its own personality. Some gloves are talkative—you can read them easily through their appearance, the stains, the scars, the fading color. But others are harder to understand. They look perfectly fine—except they are not themselves anymore.

How can I help them? How can they re-engage with normal life after losing their function, identity, purpose, and value? I need your advice.

Sincerely yours,

F

22nd Jan. 2025

Dear Glove,

How are you?

My time in America is still short—merely six months—and you were the first glove I had here. As you kept me warm and safe through my first winter in Chicago, which was intolerably long and freezing, I admit that's part of the reason why I thought you were special.

And if it wasn't me, you might have met someone else who manages their gloves better. I came from a subtropical city where winter gloves are not common, as winter temperature rarely drops below 50°F. Kids don't feel cold even with their cheeks exposed when riding bikes; old ladies enjoy the cool breeze brushing against their bare hands when carrying home big grocery bags.

But interestingly, there are factories in my hometown that make gloves—thousands, even millions a year—shipped off to cities with long winters, like Chicago.

In that case, are we actually from the same place? Is that the real connection between us? That we are both strangers in this region, having lost our mother tongue, our connection, our ties to our homeland? Is it the same for all the other gloves left behind outside?

I'm feeling a bit emotional right now. If my words seem abrupt or out of place, please forgive me.

Sincerely yours,

F

23rd Jan. 2025

Dear Glove,

How are you?

I've never held a stranger's hand before, but I've done it a lot recently—if we both agree that lost gloves are a kind of bond between me and others.

It felt weird at first—the abrupt touch brought not only awkwardness but also suspicion and unease, making me feel vulnerable. It's an abnormal act, for sure, so a certain level of discomfort had to be overcome. But once I got through it, it became an interesting experience, a good practice—a simple gesture that brings both joy and power. As you turn your most vulnerable side, your palm, to others, and they do the same, you are no longer alone.

So, my dear friend, no matter when or where you read these letters, I sincerely wish that you will be held by a warm hand.

Love,

F

25th Jan. 2025