**FLAVOUR TEXTS**

At the beginning:

“From his brimstone bed at break of day

A walking the Devil is gone,

To visit his snug little farm the earth,

And see how his stock goes on.”

Randomly thorough the pamphlet:

“What, if some day or night a demon were to steal after you into your loneliest loneliness and say to you: 'This life as you now live it and have lived it, you will have to live once more and innumerable times more' ... Would you not throw yourself down and gnash your teeth and curse the demon who spoke thus? Or have you once experienced a tremendous moment when you would have answered him: 'You are a god and never have I heard anything more divine.”

“And second, keep in mind that you are a weapon. In theory, when you're done with training, you should be able to kick a hole in a wall or knock out a moose with a single punch."  
"I would never hit a moose," said Clary. "They're endangered.”

“I suddenly realized. The zebra. It is not something outside of us. The zebra is something inside of us. Our fears. Our own self-destructive nature. The zebra is the worst part of us when we are face-to-face with our worst times. The demon is us!”

“Demons are like obedient dogs; they come when they are called.”