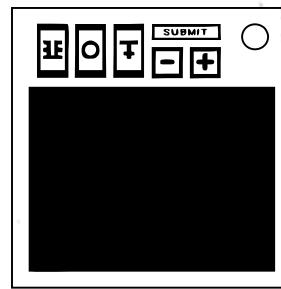


On the Subject of Feature Cryptography

/ju//θɔt//fəʊnɛtɪk//spelɪŋ//wɒz//səpəʊzd//tu//bi//izɪə//tu//rid/?/ju//θɔt//rɒŋ/.

Displayed on the screen is an excerpt from the text on the following pages. The excerpt may begin and/or end mid-sentence and cross between paragraphs. The excerpt is written in featural phonetic glyphs.



Each glyph consists of three features that combine to form a complete description of the sound the glyph represents.

Consonants:

- The top half of the glyph denotes the place of articulation.
- The bottom half of the glyph denotes the manner of articulation.
- The curved arcs at the centre of the glyph denote the voicing; voiced if present, voiceless if absent.

Place		Labial		Dental		Alveolar		Post-alveolar		Palatal		Velar		Glottal	
Voicing		X	✓	X	✓	X	✓	X	✓	X	✓	X	✓	X	✓
Manner	Nasal		m				n							ŋ	
	Plosive	p	b			t	d	ʈ	ɖ			k	g		
	Fricative	f	v	θ	ð	s	z	ʃ	ʒ					h	
	Approximant						l		r		j		w		

Vowels:

- The top half of the glyph denotes the backness.
- The bottom half of the glyph denotes the height.
- The curved arcs at the centre of the glyph denote the length; long if present, short if absent.

Backness		Front		Central		Back	
Length		Short	Long	Short	Long	Short	Long
Height	Close	i	i	ʊ	u		ɔ
	Mid	e		ə	ɔ	o	
	Open	a		ʌ			ɑ

One of the words in the text is missing from the excerpt. Use the rotors to select features and press the + button to combine the features into a glyph and append it to the entry.

Pressing the - button removes the last glyph from the entry.

The missing word consists of 3 to 8 phonemes, once the entry consists of 3 or more glyphs, the submit button can be pressed.

If the submitted entry matches the phonetic spelling of the missing word, the module will solve.

Original	Phonetic
<p>When everyone you have ever loved is finally gone When everything you have ever wanted is finally done with When all of your nightmares are for a time obscured As by a shining brainless beacon Or a blinding eclipse of the many terrible shapes of this world When you are calm and joyful And finally entirely alone Then in a great new darkness You will finally execute your special plan</p>	<p>wən əvriwən ju hav əvə ləvd ɪz fainəli gon wən əvriθɪŋ ju hav əvə wontɪd ɪz fainəli dən wið wən əl əv jə nərtməz ə for ə taim əbskjued az bai ə sainiŋ breinləs bikən ɔr ə blaindiŋ iklips əv ðə məni tərəbl ʃips əv ðis wəld wən ju ə kəm and ɔriful and fainəli ɪntərəli ələun ðən ɪn ə greit nju dəknəs ju wil fainəli eksikjut ə speʃəl plan</p>
<p>One needs to have a plan someone said who was turned away into the shadows And who I had believed was sleeping or dead Imagine he said all the flesh that is eaten The teeth tearing into it The tongue tasting its savour And the hunger for that taste Now take away that flesh he said Take away the teeth and the tongue The taste and the hunger Take away everything as it is That was my plan My own special plan for this world</p>	<p>wən nidz tu hav ə plan səmwən sed hu wəz tənd əwei ɪntu ðə sadəuz and hu ai had bəlivd wəz slipiŋ ə dəd ɪmagin hi sed əl ðə fleʃ ðat ɪz itn ðə tiθ təriŋ ɪntu ɪt ðə tʌŋ təestiŋ ɪts səivə and ðə hʌŋgə fo ðat təest nau tərk əwei ðat fleʃ hi sed tərk əwei ðə tiθ and ðə tʌŋ ðə təest and ðə hʌŋgə tərk əwei əvriθɪŋ az ɪt ɪz ðat wəz mai plan mai əvn speʃəl plan fo ðis wəld</p>
<p>I listened to these words and yet I did not wonder If this creature whom I had thought sleeping or dead would ever approach his vision Even in his deepest dreams Or his most lasting death Because I had heard of such plans such visions And I knew they did not see far enough But what was demanded in a way of a plan Needed to go beyond tongue and teeth and hunger and flesh Beyond the bones and the very dust of bones and the wind that would come to blow the dust away</p>	<p>ai lisnd tu ðis wədz and jet ai did not wənde if ðis kritə hum ai had θət slipiŋ ə dəd wud əver əprəvəf hiz vɪzən ivən ɪn hiz dipəst drimz ə hiz məust lastiŋ dəθ bikoz ai had həd əv sət planz sət vɪzənz and ai nju ðəi did not si far ɪnəf bət wət wəz dəmandid ɪn ə wəi əv ə plan nidið tu gəu bijond tʌŋ and tiθ and hʌŋgər and fleʃ bijond ðə bəunz and ðə vəri dəst əv bəunz and ðə wɪnd ðat wud kəm tu bleu ðə dəst əwei</p>

Original	Phonetic
<p>And so I began to envision a darkness that was long before the dark of night And a strangely shining light That owed nothing to the light of day That day may seem like other days Once more we feel the tiny legged trepidations Once more we are mangled by a great grinding fear But that day will have no others after No more worlds like this will follow Because I have a plan A very special plan No more worlds like this No more days like that</p>	<p>and səʊ aɪ bɪgan tu ɪnviʒən ə dæknəs ðat wəz lɔŋ bɪfɔ ðə dæk ɒv naɪt and ə strɛɪnɡli ʃaɪniŋ laɪt ðat əʊd nʌθɪŋ tu ðə laɪt ɒv deɪ ðat deɪ mɛi sim laɪk ʌðə deɪz wʌns mɔ wi fil ðə tainil ɬed trɛpɪdeɪʃənз wʌns mɔ wi a mæŋglɪd bɑt ə grɛɪt graɪndɪŋ fɪə bɑt ðat deɪ wɪl hav nəʊ ʌðəz aftə nəʊ mɔ wældz laɪk ðɪs wɪl fələʊ bɪkɒz aɪ hav ə plan ə vəri spɛʃəl plan nəʊ mɔ wældz laɪk ðɪs nəʊ mɔ deɪz laɪk ðat</p>
<p>There are but four ways to die a sardonic spirit might have said to me There is dying that occurs relatively suddenly There is dying that occurs relatively gradually There is dying that occurs relatively p painlessly There is the death that is full of pain Thus by various means they are combined The sudden and the gradual The painless and the painful To yield but four ways to die And there are no others</p>	<p>ðər a bʌt fɔ wɛɪz tu daɪ ə sədənɪk spɪrɪt maɪt hav səd tu mi ðər ɪz daɪɪŋ ðat əkɛz rələtɪvli sədnli ðər ɪz daɪɪŋ ðat əkɛz rələtɪvli grægʊəli ðər ɪz daɪɪŋ ðat əkɛz rələtɪvli pɛɪnləslɪ ðər ɪz ðə dəθ ðat ɪz ful ɒv pɛɪn ðʌs bai vəriəs minz ðər a kəmbaɪnd ðə sədn and ðə grægʊəl ðə pɛɪnləs and ðə pɛɪnfʊl tu jɪld bɑt fɔ wɛɪz tu daɪ and ðər a nəʊ ʌðəz</p>
<p>Even after the voice stopped speaking I listened for it to speak again After hours and days and years have passed I listened for some further words Yet all I heard were the faintest echoes reminding me There are no others There are no others Was it then that I began to conceive for this world A special plan?</p>	<p>ivən aftə ðə vɔɪs stɒpt spikɪŋ aɪ lɪsn̩d for ɪt tu spik əgen aftər aʊəz and deɪz and jɪəz hav past aɪ lɪsn̩d fɔ səm fɜðə wɜdz jet əl aɪ həd wə ðə feɪntəst əkəuz rɪmaɪndɪŋ mi ðər a nəʊ ʌðəz ðər a nəʊ ʌðəz wəz ɪt ðən ðat aɪ bɪgan tu kɒnsɪv fɔ ðɪs wæld ə spɛʃəl plan</p>

Original	Phonetic
<p>There are no means for escaping this world It penetrates even into your sleep And is its substance You are caught in your own dreaming Where there is no space And a hell forever where there is no time You can't do nothing you aren't told to do There is no hope for escape from this dream That was never yours The very words you speak are only its very words And you talk like a traitor Under its incessant torture</p> <p>There are many who have designs upon this world And dream of wild and vast reformations I have heard them talking in their sleep Of elegant mutations And cunning annihilations I have heard them whispering in the corners of crooked houses And in the alleys and narrow back streets of this crooked creaking universe Which they with their new designs were made straight and sound But each of these new and ill conceived designs Is deranged in its heart</p> <p>For they see this world as if it were alone and original And not as only one of countless others Whose nightmares all precede Like a hideous garden grown from a single seed I have heard these dreamers talking in their sleep And I stand waiting for them As at the top of a darkened flight of stairs They know nothing of me And none of the secrets of my special plan While I know every crooked creaking step of theirs</p>	<p>ðɔr a nəʊ minz for ɪskəipɪŋ ðɪs wɔld rt penɪtreɪts ivən ɪntu jɔ slip and ɪz ɪtz səbstəns ju a kɔt ɪn jɔr eən drimɪŋ wɔ ðɔr ɪz nəʊ spəs and e hɛl fərəvə wɔ ðɔr ɪz nəʊ tɔɪm ju kant du nʌθɪŋ ju ɔnt təuld tu du ðɔr ɪz nəʊ hɛvp for ɪskəip frɔm ðɪs drim ðat wɔz nəvə jɔz ðə vəri wɔdz ju spik ar eənli ɪts vəri wɔdz and ju tɔk laɪk e trætə ʌndər ɪts ɪnsənt tɔfə</p> <p>ðɔr a məni hu hav dɪzainz əpon ðɪs wɔld and drim ɒv waɪld and vast rəfəməʃənz aɪ hav həd ðəm tɔkɪŋ ɪn ðə slip ɒv əlɪgənt mju:təʃənz and kʌnɪŋ ənareələʃənz aɪ hav həd ðəm wɪspərɪŋ ɪn ðə kənəz ɒv krukɪd hauzɪz and ɪn ði aliz and narəʊ bak strɪts ɒv ðɪs krukɪd krikɪŋ junɪvəs wɪtʃ ðei wið ðə nju dɪzainz wɔ məɪd stræt and saʊnd bat iʃ ɒv ðiz nju and ɪl konsɪvd dɪzainz ɪz dɪreɪnd ɪn ɪts hat</p> <p>fɔ ðei si ðɪs wɔld az ɪf ɪt wər ələvn and ərɪgənl and not az eənli wən ɒv kauntləs ʌðəz huz naɪtməz ol prisid laɪk e hɪdɪəs gadn grəvn frɔm e sɪŋgl sid aɪ hav həd ðiz driməz tɔkɪŋ ɪn ðə slip and aɪ stand wərtɪŋ fɔ ðəm az at ðə tɔp ɒv e dækənd flait ɒv stəz ðei nəʊ nʌθɪŋ ɒv mi and nən ɒv ðə sikrits ɒv mai spəʃəl plan waɪl aɪ nəʊ əvri krukɪd krikɪŋ step ɒv ðəz</p>

Original	Phonetic
<p>It was the voice of someone who was waiting in the shadows Who was looking at the moon and waiting for me to turn the corner And enter a narrow street And stand with him in the dull glaze of moonlight Then he said to me He whispered That my plan was misconceived That my special plan for this world was a terrible mistake Because, he said, there is nothing to do and there is nowhere to go There is nothing to be and there is no one to know Your plan is a mistake, he repeated This world is a mistake, I replied</p> <p>The children always followed him When they saw him hopping by A funny walk A funny man A funny, funny, funny man He made them laugh sometimes He made them laugh oh yes he did He did he did he did he did Oh how he made them roll One day he took them to a place He knew a special place And told them things about this world This funny, funny, funny world Which made them laugh sometimes He made them laugh oh yes he did He did he did he did he did Oh how he made them roll</p> <p>Then the funny man who made them laugh Sometimes he did Revealed to them his special plan His very special funny plan Knowing they would understand And maybe laugh sometimes He made them laugh Oh yes he did He did he did he did he did Their eyes grew wide beneath their lids And how he made them roll</p>	<p>it wəz ðə vɔɪs ov səmwən hu wəz wətɪŋ in ðə ʃadəuz hu wəz lʊkɪŋ at ðə mun and wətɪŋ fō mi tu tən ðə kənə and əntər ə narəv strit and stand wɪð him in ðə dʌl gləz ov munlərt ðən hi sed tu mi hi wɪspəd at mai plan wəz mɪskənsɪvd ðət mai spəʃəl plan fō ðɪs wəld wəz ə tərəbl məstərk bɪkɒz hi sed ðər ɪz nəθɪŋ tu du and ðər ɪz nəʊwəs tu gəv ðər ɪz nəθɪŋ tu bi and ðər ɪz nəʊ wən tu nəʊ jɔ plan ɪz ə məstərk hi rɪpitɪd ðɪs wəld ɪz ə məstərk aɪ riplaɪd</p> <p>ðə tʃɪldrən əlwərz foləud him wən ðər əs him həpɪŋ bar ə fəni wək ə fəni man ə fəni fəni fəni man hi məɪd ðəm laf səmtaimz hi məɪd ðəm laf əʊ jes hi dɪd hi dɪd hi dɪd hi dɪd hi dɪd əʊ hau hi məɪd ðəm rəʊl wən dər hi tuk ðəm tu ə pləis hi nju ə spəʃəl pləis and təuld ðəm ərɪz əbaʊt ðɪs wəld ðɪs fəni fəni fəni wəld wɪtʃ məɪd ðəm laf səmtaimz hi məɪd ðəm laf əʊ jes hi dɪd hi dɪd hi dɪd hi dɪd hi dɪd əʊ hau hi məɪd ðəm rəʊl</p> <p>ðən ðə fəni man hu məɪd ðəm laf səmtaimz hi dɪd rɪvɪld tu ðəm hɪz spəʃəl plan hɪz vəri spəʃəl fəni plan nəʊrɪŋ ðər wəd əndəstand and məɪbi laf səmtaimz hi məɪd ðəm laf əʊ jes hi dɪd hi dɪd hi dɪd hi dɪd hi dɪd ðər aɪz gru waɪd bɪnɪə ðəlɪdz and hau hi məɪd ðəm rəʊl</p>

Original	Phonetic
I first learned the facts from a lunatic In a dark and quiet room that smelled of stale time and space There are no people Nothing at all like that The human phenomenon is but the sum of densely coiled layers of illusion Each of which winds itself upon the supreme insanity But there are persons of any kind When all that can be is mindless mirrors Laughing and screaming as they parade about In an endless dream	aɪ fəst lənt ðə fakts frəm ə lunətɪk ɪn ə dæk and kwaret rum ðat sməld ɒv steɪltaim and speɪs ðər a nəʊ pipl nʌθɪŋ ət əl laɪk ðat ðə hjuːmən fɪndomɪnən ɪz bæt ðə səm ɒv dənsli kɔːrl dəriɛz ɒv ɪluːzən iʃ ɒv wɪtʃ waɪndz ɪtself əpən ðə saprɪm ɪnsanɪti bæt ðər a pəsnz ɒv əni kaind wen əl ðat kan bi ɪz maɪndləs mɪrəz laғɪŋ and skrimɪŋ az ðər pərəid əbaʊt ɪn ən əndləs drim
But when I asked the lunatic what it was It saw itself within these mirrors As they marched endlessly in stale time and space He only looked and smiled Then he laughed and screamed And in his black and empty eyes I saw for a moment as in a mirror A form the shade of divinity In flight from its stale infinity Of time and space and the worst Of all of this world dreams My special plan for the laughter And the screams	bæt wen aɪ askt ðə lunətɪk wot ɪt woz ɪt sə ɪtself wiðɪn ðiz mɪrəz az ðər matʃ əndləsli ɪn steɪltaim and speɪs hi əʊnlɪ lʊkt and smaɪld ðən hi laғt and skrimd and ɪn hɪz blak and əmpti aɪz aɪ sɔː fɔr ə məʊmənt az ɪn ə mɪrə ə fɔm ðə ſeɪd ɒv divinɪti ɪn flait from ɪts steɪl infiniti ɒv taim and speɪs and ðə wəst ɒv əl ɒv ðɪs wəld drimz maɪ spɛʃəl plan fə ðə laғtə and ðə skrimz
We went to see some little show That was staged in an old shed Past the edge of town And in its beginnings all seemed well The miniature curtain stage glowed in the darkness While those dolls bounced along on their strings before our eyes And in its beginnings all seemed well But then there came a subtle turning point which some had noticed And I was one Who quietly left the show No I did not Because I could see where things were going	wi wənt tu si səm lɪtl ſəʊ ðat woz stɪɛd ɪn ən əuld ſed past ði eғ ɒv taʊn and ɪn ɪts bɪgɪnɪŋz əl ſimd wəl ðə mɪnətʃə kətn stɪɛd gleud ɪn ðə dəknəs wail ðəuz dolz baʊnst əlon ɒn ðə ſtrɪŋz bɪfər aʊər aɪz and ɪn ɪts bɪgɪnɪŋz əl ſimd wəl bæt ðən ðə kəɪm ə ſətl tənɪŋ poɪnt wɪtʃ səm had nəʊtɪſt and aɪ woz wən hu kwaretli left ðə ſəʊ nəʊ aɪ dɪd nɒt bɪkɒz aɪ kud ſi wə ðɪŋz wə geʊɪŋ

Original	Phonetic
<p>As the antics of those dolls grew strange And the fragile strings grew taut With their tiny pullings, tiny limbs The others around me became appalled And turned away and abandoned the show That was staged in an old shed Past the edge of town But I wanted to witness what could never be I wanted to see what could not be seen But the moment of consummate disaster When puppets turn to face the puppet master</p>	<p>az ði antiks ov ðəuz dolz gru strεing and ðə fragail strɪŋz gru töt wið ðə taini polɪŋz taini lɪmz ði ʌðəz əraund mi bɪkəim əpəld and tənd əwei and əbandənd ðə ʃəu ðat woz stəigd in ən əuld ʃed past ði ɛð ov taʊn bʌt aɪ wəntɪd tu wɪtnəs wɒt kud nevə bi aɪ wəntɪd tu si wɒt kud nɒt bi sin bʌt ðə məʊmənt ov kənsəmet dɪzəstə wən pəpɪts tən tu feɪs ðə pəpɪt məstə</p>
<p>It was twilight and I stood in a greyish haze of the vast empty building When the silence was enriched by a reverberant voice All the things of this world it said Are of but one essence For which there are no words This is the greater part which has no beginning or end And the one essence of this world for which there can be no words Is but all the things of this world</p>	<p>ɪt woz twaɪləɪt and aɪ stʊd ɪn ə greɪɪʃ heɪz ov ðə vast əmpti bɪldɪŋ wən ðə sailəns woz ɪnriːt baɪ ə rɪvəbərənt vɔɪs əl ðə θɪŋz ov ðɪs wəld ɪt sed ar ov bʌt wʌn əsns fɔ wɪf ðər a nəʊ wədz ðɪs ɪz ðə grɛɪtə pat wɪf haz nəʊ bɪgɪnɪŋ ər end and ðə wʌn əsns ov ðɪs wəld fɔ wɪf ðə kan bi nəʊ wədz ɪz bʌt əl ðə θɪŋz ov ðɪs wəld</p>
<p>This is the lesser part which had a beginning and shall have an end And for which words were conceived solely to speak of The tiny broken beings of this world it said The beginnings and endings of this world it said For which words were conceived solely to speak of Now remove these words and what remains it asks me As I stood in the twilight of that vast empty building But I did not answer</p>	<p>ðɪs ɪz ðə læsə pat wɪf had ə bɪgɪnɪŋ and ʃal hav ən end and fɔ wɪf wədz wə kənsɪvd səʊlli tu spik ov ðə taini brəukən biŋz ov ðɪs wəld ɪt sed ðə bɪgɪnɪŋz and əndɪŋz ov ðɪs wəld ɪt sed fɔ wɪf wədz wə kənsɪvd səʊlli tu spik ov nau rɪmuv ðɪz wədz and wɒt rɪməinz ɪt asks mi az aɪ stʊd ɪn ðə twaɪləɪt ov ðat vəst əmpti bɪldɪŋ bʌt aɪ dɪd nɒt ənsə</p>

Original	Phonetic
<p>The question echoed over and over But I remained silent until the echoes died And as twilight passed into the evening I felt my special plan for which there are no words Moving towards a greater darkness</p> <p>There are some who have no voices Or none that will ever speak Because of the things they know about this world And the things they feel about this world Because the thoughts that fill a brain That is a damaged brain Because the pain that fills a body That is a damaged body Exists in other worlds</p> <p>Countless other worlds Each of which stands alone in an infinite empty blackness For which no words are being conceived And where no voices are able to speak When a brain is filled only with damaged thoughts When a damaged body is filled only with pain And stands alone in a world surrounded by infinite empty blackness And exists in a world for which there is no special plan</p> <p>When everyone you have ever loved is finally gone When everything you have ever wanted is finally done with When all of your nightmares are for a time obscured As by a shining brainless beacon Or a blinding eclipse of the many terrible shapes of this world When you are calm and joyful And finally entirely alone Then in a great new darkness You will finally execute your special plan</p>	<p>ðə kwəstʃən əkəud əuvə and əuvə bət aɪ rɪmənd sailənt əntɪl ðə əkəuz dəid and az twaɪlərt past ɪntu ði ivnɪŋ aɪ fəlt mai spəʃəl plan fə wɪf ðər a nəv wədz muvɪŋ təwədz ə grɛɪtə dəknəs</p> <p>ðər a səm hu hav nəv vɔɪsɪz o nən ðat wɪl əvə spik bɪkəz ɒv ðə θɪŋz ðəi nəv əbaʊt ðɪs wəld and ðə θɪŋz ðəi fil əbaʊt ðɪs wəld bɪkəz ðə θəts ðat fil ə brəɪn ðat ɪz ə dəmɪgð brəɪn bɪkəz ðə pəɪn ðat filz ə bədi ðat ɪz ə dəmɪgð bədi ɪgzəsts ɪn ʌðə wəldz</p> <p>kauntləs ʌðə wəldz iʃ ɒv wɪf standz ələvn ɪn ən ɪnfɪnɪt əmpti blaknəs fə wɪf nəv wədz ə biŋ kənsɪvd and wə nəv vɔɪsɪz ar əsbl tu spik wən ə brəɪn ɪz fild əvnli wɪð dəmɪgð θəts wən ə dəmɪgð bədi ɪz fild əvnli wɪð pəɪn and standz ələvn ɪn ə wəld səraʊndɪd bər ɪnfɪnɪt əmpti blaknəs and ɪgzəsts ɪn ə wəld fə wɪf ðər ɪz nəv spəʃəl plan</p> <p>wən əvriwən ju hav əvə ləvd ɪz fainəli gon wən əvriθɪŋ ju hav əvə wəntɪd ɪz fainəli dan wɪð wən əl ɒv jə naɪtməz ə for ə taim əbskjəed az bər ə fainɪŋ brəɪnləs bɪkən ɔr ə blaɪndɪŋ ɪklips ɒv ðə məni tərəbl ʃəips ɒv ðɪs wəld wən ju ə kam ənd əgoifūl and fainəli ɪntərəli ələvn ðən ɪn ə grɛɪt nju dəknəs ju wɪl fainəli əksikjut jə spəʃəl plan</p>
<p>When everyone you have ever loved is finally gone When everything you have ever wanted is finally done with When all of your nightmares are for a time obscured As by a shining brainless beacon Or a blinding eclipse of the many terrible shapes of this world When you are calm and joyful And finally entirely alone Then in a great new darkness You will finally execute your special plan</p>	