Nu Html Checker

This tool is an ongoing experiment in better HTML checking, and its behavior remains subject to change

Showing results for contents of text-input area

┌─ Checker Input ───┐

Show [☑] source   [☐] outline   [☐] image report

[Options…]

Check by [text input ▾] [☐] css

```
warting zepnyrs vex bold Jim. Quick zepnyrs blow, vexing daft Jim. Sex-charged
fop blew my junk TV quiz. How quickly daft jumping zebras vex. Two driven jocks
help fax my big quiz. Quick, Baz, get my woven flax jodhpurs! "Now fax quiz
Jack! " my brave ghost pled. Five quacking zephyrs jolt my wax bed. Flummoxed by
job, kvetching W. zaps Iraq. Cozy sphinx waves quart jug of bad milk. A very bad
quack might jinx zippy fowls. Few quips galvanized the mock jury box. Quick
brown dogs jump over the lazy fox. The jay, pig, fox, zebra, and my wolves
quack!</p>

        <p>Blowzy red vixens fight for a quick jump. Joaquin Phoenix was
gazed by MTV for luck. A wizard's job is to vex chumps quickly in fog. Watch
"Jeopardy! ", Alex Trebek's fun TV quiz game. Woven silk pyjamas exchanged for
blue quartz. Brawny gods just flocked up to quiz and vex him. Adjusting quiver
and bow, Zompyc[1] killed the fox. My faxed joke won a pager in the cable TV
quiz show. Amazingly few discotheques provide jukeboxes. My girl wove six dozen
plaid jackets before she quit. Six big devils from Japan quickly forgot how to
```

[Check]

└──┘

Use the Message Filtering button below to hide/show particular messages, and to see total counts of errors and warnings.

[Message Filtering]

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1. ┌──┐
   │ **Warning**   **The** `type` **attribute is unnecessary for JavaScript resources.** │
   │   │
   │ [From line 62, column 5; to line 62, column 57](#)   │
   │   │
   │ `ter>↵     <script type="text/javascript" src="./js/scripts.js"></scri`   │
   └──┘

Document checking completed.

Source

```
1. <!DOCTYPE html>↵
2. <html lang="en">↵
3. ↵
4. <head>↵
5.     <meta charset="UTF-8">↵
```

```
  6.      ↵
  7.      <title>Mos Eisley Cantina</title>↵
  8.      <link rel="stylesheet" href="css/normalize.css">↵
  9.      <link rel="stylesheet" href="css/main.css">↵
 10.  </head>↵
 11.  <body>↵
 12.      <header id="mos_header">↵
 13.          <h1>Welcome to Mos Eisley Cantina</h1>↵
 14.          <nav id="header_nav">↵
 15.              <a href="index.html">Main</a>↵
 16.              <a href="menu.html">Menu</a>↵
 17.              <a href="contact.html">Contact</a>↵
 18.              <a href="mos-eisley.html">About Mos Eisley</a>↵
 19.  ↵
 20.          </nav>↵
 21.  ↵
 22.      </header>↵
 23.      <!-- ↵
 24.                  Content in this page is dummy content from
      blindtextgenerator.com↵
 25.                  Author: Nicola, Eric, Peewee↵
 26.                  URL: https://www.blindtextgenerator.com/lorem-ipsum↵
 27.                  Date accessed: 07 Mar 2022↵
 28.          -->↵
 29.      <main id="mos_main">↵
 30.          <section id="the_cantina">      ↵
 31.              <h2>The Cantina</h2>↵
 32.              <p>The quick, brown fox jumps over a lazy dog. DJs flock by
      when MTV ax quiz prog. Junk MTV quiz graced by fox whelps. Bawds jog, flick
      quartz, vex nymphs. Waltz, bad nymph, for quick jigs vex! Fox nymphs grab
      quick-jived waltz. Brick quiz whangs jumpy veldt fox. Bright vixens jump;
      dozy fowl quack. Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim. Quick zephyrs blow,
      vexing daft Jim. Sex-charged fop blew my junk TV quiz. How quickly daft
      jumping zebras vex. Two driven jocks help fax my big quiz. Quick, Baz, get
      my woven flax jodhpurs! "Now fax quiz Jack! " my brave ghost pled. Five
      quacking zephyrs jolt my wax bed. Flummoxed by job, kvetching W. zaps Iraq.
      Cozy sphinx waves quart jug of bad milk. A very bad quack might jinx zippy
      fowls. Few quips galvanized the mock jury box. Quick brown dogs jump over
      the lazy fox. The jay, pig, fox, zebra, and my wolves quack!</p>↵
 33.          ↵
 34.              <p>Blowzy red vixens fight for a quick jump. Joaquin Phoenix
      was gazed by MTV for luck. A wizard's job is to vex chumps quickly in fog.
      Watch "Jeopardy! ", Alex Trebek's fun TV quiz game. Woven silk pyjamas
      exchanged for blue quartz. Brawny gods just flocked up to quiz and vex him.
      Adjusting quiver and bow, Zompyc[1] killed the fox. My faxed joke won a
      pager in the cable TV quiz show. Amazingly few discotheques provide
      jukeboxes. My girl wove six dozen plaid jackets before she quit. Six big
      devils from Japan quickly forgot how to waltz. Big July earthquakes
      confound zany experimental vow. Foxy parsons quiz and cajole the lovably
      dim wiki-girl. Have a pick: twenty six letters - no forcing a jumbled quiz!
      Crazy Fredericka bought many very exquisite opal jewels. Sixty zippers were
      quickly picked from the woven jute bag. A quick movement of the enemy will
      jeopardize six gunboats.</p>↵
 35.          ↵
 36.              <p>All questions asked by five watch experts amazed the judge.
      Jack quietly moved up front and seized the big ball of wax. The quick,
      brown fox jumps over a lazy dog. DJs flock by when MTV ax quiz prog. Junk
      MTV quiz graced by fox whelps. Bawds jog, flick quartz, vex nymphs. Waltz,
      bad nymph, for quick jigs vex! Fox nymphs grab quick-jived waltz. Brick
      quiz whangs jumpy veldt fox. Bright vixens jump; dozy fowl quack. Quick
      wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim. Quick zephyrs blow, vexing daft Jim. Sex-
      charged fop blew my junk TV quiz. How quickly daft jumping zebras vex. Two
      driven jocks help fax my big quiz. Quick, Baz, get my woven flax jodhpurs!
      "Now fax quiz Jack! " my brave ghost pled. Five quacking zephyrs jolt my
      wax bed. Flummoxed by job, kvetching W. zaps Iraq. Cozy sphinx waves quart
      jug of bad milk. A very bad quack might jinx zippy fowls. Few quips
      galvanized the mock jury box. Quick brown dogs jump over the lazy fox. The
      jay, pig, fox, zebra, and my wolves quack! Blowzy red vixens fight for a
      quick jump. Joaquin Phoenix was gazed by MTV for luck. A wizard's job is to
      vex chumps quickly in fog. Watch "Jeopardy! ", Alex Trebek's fun TV quiz
      game. Woven silk pyjamas exchanged for blue quartz. Brawny gods just
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flocked up to quiz and vex him. Adjusting quiver and bow, Zompyc[1] killed the fox. My faxed joke won a pager in the cable TV quiz show. Amazingly few discotheques provide jukeboxes. My girl wove six dozen plaid jackets before she quit. Six big devils from Japan quickly forgot how to waltz. Big July earthquakes confound zany experimental vow. Foxy parsons quiz and cajole the lovably dim wiki-girl. Have a</p>↵

37.   </section>↵
38.   <section id="all_wine">↵
39.   <h2>All Kinds Of Wine</h2>↵
40.   <!-- ↵
41.   Image in this page is from mocfactory.com↵
42.   Author: N/A↵
43.   URL: https://mocfactory.com/product/moc-10024-star-wars-mos-eisley-cantina-designer-iscreamclone-mocfactory↵
44.   Date accessed: 07 Mar 2022↵
45.   -->↵
46.   <img src="./img/Mos_Eisley.jpeg" alt="cantina" class="featured_img1">↵
47.   <p>One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. "What's happened to me? " he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table – Samsa was a travelling salesman – and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her lower arm towards the viewer. Gregor then turned to look out the window at the dull weather.↵
48. ↵
49.   </p>↵
50.   <p>Drops of rain could be heard hitting the pane, which made him feel quite sad. "How about if I sleep a little bit longer and forget all this nonsense", he thought, but that was something he was unable to do because he was used to sleeping on his right, and in his present state couldn't get into that position. However hard he threw himself onto his right, he always rolled back to where he was. He must have tried it a hundred times, shut his eyes so that he wouldn't have to look at the floundering legs, and only stopped when he began to feel a mild, dull pain there that he had never felt before. "Oh, God", he thought, "what a strenuous career it is that I've chosen! Travelling day in and day out. Doing business like this takes much more effort than doing your own business at home, and on top of that there's the curse of travelling, worries about making train connections, bad and irregular food, contact with different people all the time so that you can never get to know anyone or become friendly with them. It can all go to Hell! " He felt a slight itch up on his belly; pushed himself slowly up on his back towards the headboard so that he could lift his head better; found where the itch was, and saw that it was covered with lots of little white spots which he didn't know what to make of; and when he tried to feel the place with one of his legs he drew it quickly back because as soon as he touched it he was overcome by a cold shudder. He slid back into his former position. "Getting up early all the time", he thought, "it makes you stupid. You've got to get enough sleep. Other travelling salesmen live a life of luxury. For instance, whenever I go back to the guest house during the morning to copy out the contract, these gentlemen are always still sitting there eating their breakfasts. I ought to just try that with my boss; I'd get kicked out on the spot. But who knows, maybe that would be the best thing for me. If I didn't have my parents to think about I'd have given in my notice a long time ago, I'd have gone up to the boss and told him just what I↵
51. ↵
52.   </p>↵
53.   ↵
54.   </section>↵
55. ↵
56. ↵
57.   </main>↵

```
58.      <footer id="mos_footer">↵
59.          <p>Created by Roger Zhang</p>↵
60.      </footer>↵
61.  ↵
62.      <script type="text/javascript" src="./js/scripts.js"></script>↵
63.      ↵
64.  </body>↵
65.  ↵
66.  </html>
```

Used the HTML parser.

Total execution time 24 milliseconds.

About this checker • Report an issue • Version: 22.3.6