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

```
<!DOCTYPE html>
<html lang="en">

<head>
    <meta charset="UTF-8">

    <title>Menu</title>
    <link rel="stylesheet" href="css/normalize.css">
    <link rel="stylesheet" href="css/main.css">
</head>
<body>
    <header id="mos_header">
        <h1>Welcome to Mos Eisley Cantina</h1>
        <nav id="header_nav">
            <a href="index.html">Main</a>
```

[Check]

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

(Message Filtering)

Document checking completed. No errors or warnings to show.

Source

1. `<!DOCTYPE html>↵`
2. `<html lang="en">↵`
3. `↵`
4. `<head>↵`
5. `    <meta charset="UTF-8">↵`
6. `    ↵`
7. `    <title>Menu</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="menu1">↵
31.             <h2>Check out our menu!</h2>↵
32.             <h3>Spaghetti</h3>↵
33.             <!-- ↵
34.                 Image in this page is from onceuponachef.com↵
35.                 Author: Segal J↵
36.                 URL: https://www.onceuponachef.com/recipes/spaghetti-
    and-meatballs.html↵
37.                 Date accessed: 07 Mar 2022↵
38.                 -->↵
39.             <img src="./img/Spaghetti.jpeg" alt="spaghetti"
    class="menu_spa">↵
40.                 <p>One morning, whene 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.  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. 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</p>↵
41. ↵
42. ↵
43.             ↵
44.             ↵
45.             <h3>Salmon Steak</h3>↵
46.             <!-- ↵
47.                 Image in this page is from healthyrecipesblogs.com↵
48.                 Author: DeLeeuw, LL.M.↵
```

49.   URL: https://healthyrecipesblogs.com/salmon-steaks-
   recipe/↵
50.   Date accessed: 07 Mar 2022↵
51.   -->↵
52.   <img src="./img/salmon.jpeg" alt="salmon" class="menu_spa">↵
53.   <p>One morning, we 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. hen 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. 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</p>↵
54. ↵
55. ↵
56.   ↵
57.   ↵
58.   <h3>Cheese Pizza</h3>↵
59.   <!-- ↵
60.   Image in this page is from thepioneerwoman.com↵
61.   Author: Fernandez C↵
62.   URL: https://www.thepioneerwoman.com/food-
   cooking/recipes/a36080074/classic-cheese-pizza/↵
63.   Date accessed: 07 Mar 2022↵
64.   -->↵
65.   <img src="./img/pizza.jpeg" alt="pizza" class="menu_spa">↵
66.   <p>e 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. 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. 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</p>↵

67. ↵
68. ↵
69.   ↵
70.   ↵
71.   <h3>Lamb Leg</h3>↵
72.   <!-- ↵
73.   Image in this page is from bbcgoodfood.com↵
74.   Author: Glover A↵
75.   URL: https://www.bbcgoodfood.com/recipes/easy-roast-leg-of-lamb↵
76.   Date accessed: 07 Mar 2022↵
77.   -->↵
78.   <img src="./img/lamb.jpeg" alt="lamb" class="menu_spa">↵
79.   <p>One moe 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. rning, 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. 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</p>↵
80. ↵
81. ↵
82.   ↵
83.   ↵
84.   <h3>Salard</h3>↵
85.   <!-- ↵
86.   Image in this page is from pinterest.com↵
87.   Author: N/A↵
88.   URL: https://www.pinterest.ca/clairegill58/salard/↵
89.   Date accessed: 07 Mar 2022↵
90.   -->↵
91.   <img src="./img/salard.jpeg" alt="salard" class="menu_spa">↵
92.   <p>One mornine 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. g, 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. 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</p>↵

 93. ↵
 94. ↵
 95.   </section>↵
 96.   ↵
 97. ↵
 98.   </main>↵
 99.   <footer id="mos_footer">↵
100.   <p>Created by Roger Zhang</p>↵
101. ↵
102.   </footer>↵
103.   ↵
104. </body>↵
105. </html>

Used the HTML parser.

Total execution time 38 milliseconds.

About this checker • Report an issue • Version: 22.3.5