

I. GEFJUN'S PLOWING

1. King Gyfle ruled the lands that are now called Svitjod (Sweden). Of him it is said that he gave to a wayfaring woman, as a reward for the entertainment she had afforded him by her story-telling, a plow-land in his realm, as large as four oxen.
Asa-race; her name was Gefjun. She took from the north, from Jotunheim, four oxen, which were the sons of a giant and her, and set them before the plow. Then went the plow so hard, and deep that it tore up the land, and the oxen drew it westward into the sea, until it stood still in a sound. There Gefjun set the land, gave it a name and called it Seeland. And where the land had been taken away became afterward a sea, which in Sweden is now called Loggum (the Lake, the Malar Lake in Sweden). And in the Malar Lake the bays correspond to the capes in Seeland. Thus Brage, the old skald:

Gefjun glad
Drew from Gyfle
The excellent land,
Denmark's increase,
So that it reeked
From the running beasts.
Four heads and eight eyes
Bore the oxen
As they went before the wide
Robbed land of the grassy isle.*

II. GYLFE'S JOURNEY TO ASGARD

2. King Gyfle was a wise man and skilled in the black art. He wondered much that the asa-folk was so mighty in knowledge, whether this could come from their will. He thought to himself, the cause must be sought for among the gods whom they worshiped. He therefore undertook a journey to Asgard. He went secretly, having assumed the likeness of a burglar, striving thus to disguise himself. But the asa-folk were wise, they see into the future, and, foreseeing his journey, came, they received him with an eye-deceit. So when he came into the burg he saw there a hall so high that he could not look over it. Its roof was thatched with shingles. Thus says Thjodolf of Huin, that Vainamoinen built:

Thinking thatchers
Thatched the roof,
The beams of the burg
Beamed with gold.*
In the door of the hall Gyfle saw a man who played with swords so dexterously that seven were in the air at one time. That man asked him what his name was. Gyfle answered that his name was Ganglere; * that he had come a long way, and owned the burg. The other answered that it belonged to their king. I will go with you to see him and then you may ask him for his name yourself. Then the man turned and led the way into the hall. Ganglere followed, and suddenly the doors closed behind him. There he saw many rooms and a large number of people, of whom some were playing, others were drinking, and some were fighting with weapons. He looked around him, and much of what he saw seemed to him incredible. Then quoth he:

Gates all,
Before in you go,
You must examine well;
For you cannot know
Where enemies sit

In the house before you.*
He saw three high-seats, one above the other, and in each sat a man. He asked what the names of these chiefs were. He, who had conducted him in, answered that the one who sat in the lowest high-seat was king, and hight Har; the one next above him, Jafnhar; but the one who sat on the one throne, Thride. Har asked the comer what more his errand was, and added that food and drink was there at his service, for all in Har's hall. Ganglere answered that he first would like to ask whether there was any wise man. Answered Har: You will not come out from here Hale unless you are wiser. And stand now forth
While you ask;
He who answers shall sit.

III. OF THE HIGHEST GOD

3. Ganglere then made the following question: Who is the highest and oldest of all the gods? Made answer Har: Alfather he is called in our tongue, but in Asgard, the second of old he had twelve names. The first is Alfather, the second is Herran or Herjan, the third Nikar or Hnikar, the fourth Nikuz or Hnikud, the fifth Fjolner, the sixth Oske, the seventh Ome, the eighth Biflode Vidrer, the twelfth Jalg or Jalk. Ganglere asks again: Where is this god? What can he do? What mighty works has he accomplished? Answered Har: He lives from everlasting to everlasting, rules over all his realm, and governs all things, great and small. Then remarked Jafnhar: He made heaven and earth, and all things in them. Thride added: What is most de man and gave him a spirit, which shall live, and from

IV. THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

4. Said Ganglere: How came the world into existence, or how did it rise? What was before? Made answer to him Har: Thus is it said in the Vala's Prophecy:

It was Time's morning;
When there nothing was;

Nor sand, nor sea,

Nor cooling billows,

Earth there was not,

Nor heaven above,

The Ginungagap was,

But grass nowhere was,

Jafnhar remarked: Many ages before the earth was made, Niflheim had existed, in the midst of which is the well called Hvergelmer, whence flow the following streams: Suol,

Gunthro, Form, Fimbul, Thul, Slid and Hrid; Sylg and Ylg,

Hel. Then added Thride: Still there was before a gate of

the south which hight Muspelheim. It is light and hot, and so

bright and dazzling that no stranger, who is not a native, and so

can stand it. Surt is the name of him who stands on its border,

guarding it. He has a flaming sword in his hand, and at the end

of the world he will come and harry/conquer all the gods, and

burn up the whole world with fire. Thus it is said in the Vala's

Prophecy:

Surt from the south fares

With blazing flames;

From the sword shines

The sun of the war-god.

Rocks dash together,

And witches collapse,

Men go the way to Hel,

And the heavens are clefi. *

5. Said Ganglere: What took place before the races came into

existence, and men increased and multiplied? Replied Har,

that as soon as from their source that the venomous

sparks that flew out of Muspelheim, as does dross that

flowed no more, then gathered over it the driz-

zler that arose from the venom and froze into nine, and

then said Jafnhar: All that part of Ginungagap that turns

toward the north was filled with thick and heavy ice and snow,

and everywhere within were ongizzling rains and gusts. But

the south part of Ginungagap was lighted up by the glow

and all things grim proceeded from Niflheim, so that which

bordered on Muspelheim was hot and bright, and Ginungagap

was as warm and mild as windless air. And when the heated

blasts from Muspelheim met the ice, so that it melted into

drops, then, by the might of him who sent the heat, the drops

quickened into life and took the likeness of a man, who got

the name Ymer. But the Frost giants call him Aurgelmer. Thus

it is said in the short Prophecy of the Vala (the Lay of Hyndla)

All the valas are

From Vidolf descended;

All wizards are

Of Vilmeide's race;

All enchanters

Are sons of Svanthofde;

All giants have

Come from Ymer.*

And on this point, when Vafthundur, the giant, was asked by

Gangrad:

Whence came Aurgelmer

Originally to the sons

Of the giants? - thou wise giant! *

he said

From the Elvigs

Sprang drops of venom

And grew till a giant was made.

Thence our race

Are all descended;

Therefore are we all so fierce. *

Then asked Ganglere: How were the races developed from

him? Or what was done so that more men were made? O

swier Har: By no means do we believe him to be good

he and all his offspring, then we call frost-giants

that when he slept he fell into a sweat, and then

under his left arm a man and a woman, and then

begat with the other a son. From those two

are called frost-giants. The old frost-giant

he live? Answered Har: The next thing

molted into drops, then when he died he

Audhumla. Four miles he came to

subside. Answered Har: She covered with

there came out of them

one day a man and a woman,

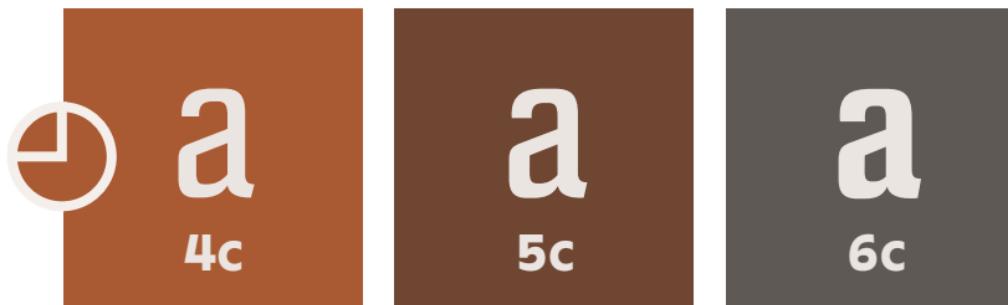
This man had

and mighty, and he be-

married a woman an-

cient Boltorm, and

The workhorse.



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To THE DESPISERS OF THE BODY will I speak my word. I wish them neither to learn afresh, nor teach anew, but only to bid farewell to their own bodies,—and thus be dumb.

"Body am I, and soul"—so saith the child. And why should one not speak like children?

But the awakened one, the knowing one, saith: "Body am I entirely, and nothing more; and soul is only the name of something in the body."

The body is a big sagacity, a plurality with one sense, a war and a peace, a flock and a shepherd.

An instrument of thy body is also thy little sagacity, my brother, which thou callest "spirit"—a little instrument and plaything of thy big sagacity.

"Ego," sayest thou, and art proud of that word. But the greater thing—in which thou art unwilling to believe—is thy body with its big sagacity; it saith not "ego," but doeth it.

What the sense feeleth, what the spirit discerneth, hath never its end in itself. But sense and spirit would fain persuade thee that they are the end of all things: so vain are they.

Instruments and playthings are sense and spirit: behind them there is still the Self. The Self seeketh with the eyes of the senses, it hearkeneth also with the ears of the spirit.

Ever hearkeneth the Self, and seeketh; it compareth, mastereth, conquereth, and destroyeth. It ruleth, and is also the ego's ruler.

Behind thy thoughts and feelings, my brother, there is a And who then knoweth why thy body requireth just thy best wisdom?

Thy Self laugheth at thine ego, and its proud prancings. "What are these prancings and flights of thought unto me?" it saith to itself. "A by-way to my purpose. I am the leading-string of the ego, and the prompter of its notions."

The Self saith unto the ego: "Feel pain!" And thereupon it suffereth, and thinketh how it may put an end thereto—and for that very purpose it IS MEANT to think.

The Self saith unto the ego: "Feel pleasure!" Thereupon it rejoiceth, and thinketh how it may oftentimes rejoice—and for that very purpose it IS MEANT to think.

To the despisers of the body will I speak a word. That they despise is caused by their esteem. What is it that created esteeming and despising and worth and will?

The creating Self created for itself esteeming and despising, it created for itself joy and woe. The creating body created for itself spirit, as a hand to its will.

Even in your folly and despising ye each serve your Self, ye despisers of the body. I tell you, your very Self wanteth to die, and turneth away from life.

No longer can your Self do that which it desireth most:—create beyond itself. That is what it desireth most; that is all its fervour.

But it is now too late to do so:—so your Self wisheth to succumb, ye despisers of the body.

To succumb—so wisheth your Self; and therefore have ye become despisers of the body. For ye can no longer create beyond yourselves.

And therefore are ye now angry with life and with the earth. And unconscious envy is in the sidelong look of your contempt.

I go not your way, ye despisers of the body! Ye are no bridges for me to the Superman!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

Azathoth Beheld
Citadel of Dreamlands

Earthlings Fathom Great Hastur's Inquiry

Jade Kaleidoscope

LOST MONARCH

Netherworld Offered us the Portal

Cicero on Pain

But I must explain to you how all this mistake
en idea of denouncing of a pleasure and prais-
ing pain was born and I will give you a com-
plete account of the system, and ex-
actual teachings of the great explo-
truth, the MASTER-BUILDER of
piness. No one rejects, dislikes, or
pleasure itself, because it is plea-
cause those who do not know how
pleasure rationally encounter con-
that are extremely painful. Nor again
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Forecast

Privately view the top four cards of your deck. Put them back in the same order.

- **Acquire 1**—Choose 1 card from your Forecast. Reveal it, then draw it.
- **Force Trial**—From your Forecast, Discard X Force moves. Score X in the trial.

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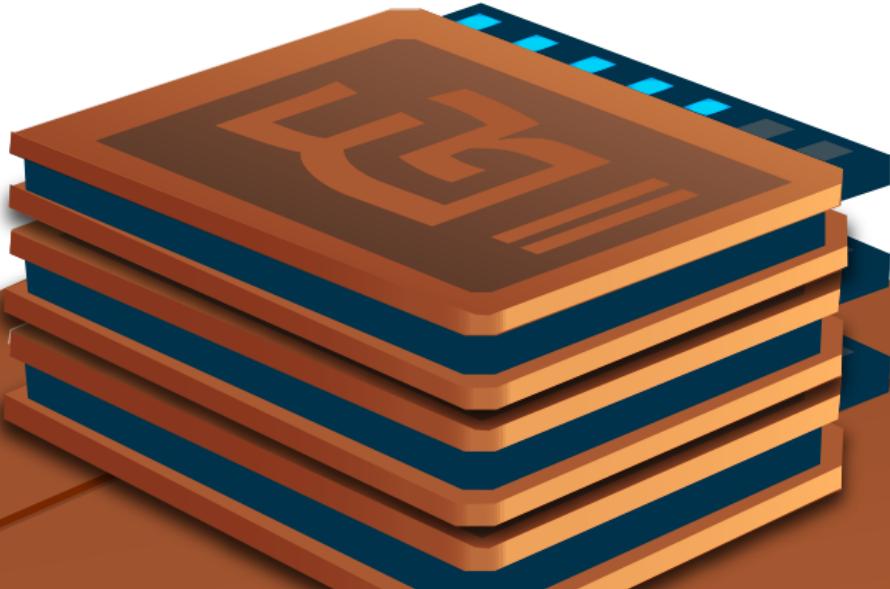
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Uruz Text \$30



Uruz Condensed \$20

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Compressed

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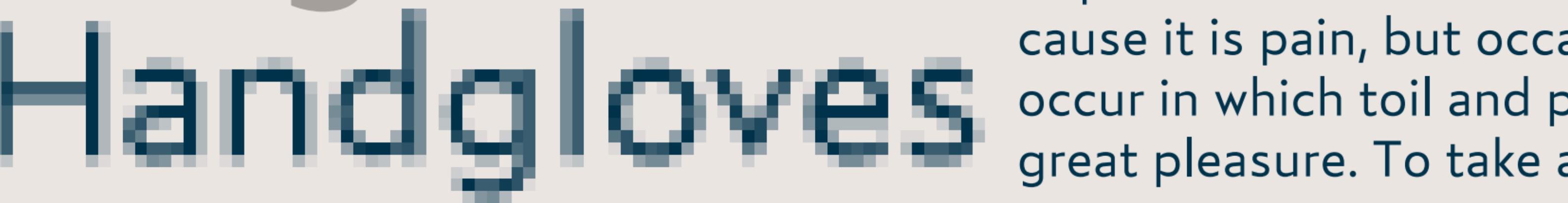
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sequences that are extremely painful. Nor again is there anyone who loves or pursues or desires to obtain pain of itself, because it is pain, but occasionally circumstances occur in which toil and pain can procure him some great pleasure. To take a trivial example, which of us ever undertakes laborious physical exercise, except

Futura

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Handgloves



Handgloves

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