

R̥g Veda 1.164.39

ऋचो अक्षरे परमे व्योमन् यस्मिन् देवा अधि विश्वे निषेदुः ।
यस् तन् न वेद किम् ऋचा करिष्यति य इत् तद् विदुस् त इमे सम् आसते ॥

**ṛco akṣare parame vyoman yasmin devā adhi viśve niṣeduḥ ।
yas tan na veda kim ṛcā kariṣyati ya it tad vidus ta ime sam āsate ॥**

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yas tan na veda kim ṛcā kariṣyati ya it tad vidus ta ime sam āsate ॥*

All the gods have taken their seats upon this supreme heaven, the imperishable (text) of the Veda; what will he, who knows not this, do with the Veda? but they who do know it, they are perfect.

Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regalia. It is a paradisiatic country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar.

The Big Oxmox advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild Question Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way. When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view back on the skyline of her hometown Bookmarksgrove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rethoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy.

The copy warned the Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been re-written a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and" and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk with Longe and Parole and dragged her into their agency, where they abused her for their projects again and again. And if

she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean.

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