

Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Durden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regalia. It is a paradisiac country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth.

## On Her Way She Met a Copy

### Section 1

On her way she met a copy. The copy warned the Little Red Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and" and the Little Red Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country.

1. But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her,
  - a. Made her walk with Lunge and Parole, and
  - b. Flagged her into their agency, where they used her for their projects again and again.
  - c. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her.
  - d. Far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Visalia and Consonantal, there live the red texts.
2. Separated they live in Bookmarks grove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Durden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regalia. It is a paradisiac country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth.
3. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the red texts it is an almost unorthographical life One day however a small line of red text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar.



### Section 2

When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view back on the skyline of her hometown Bookmarks grove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pitifully a rhetoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued on her way. On her way she met a copy.