

**Specimen of Printing
Wierd**

**ibrahim kaçtıođlu
EsadType 2022-2024**

Wierd is an
experimental *Latin*
& *Arabic* type family
designed for small sizes.
The letter shapes are
optimised to maintain
legibility across
different weights.

Light
Regular
Bold داکن
Italic
Black

R

Q T

Wierd Light 290, 200 pt

Salt

EAR

Gider

Light 150, 125, 100 pt

Robust
HIRBO

Glycogen
MOLDER

Misadventure
YONTULMAK

This is a tale of
a meeting of
two lonesome

One of them was a
science-fiction writer
named Kilgore Trout.
He was a nobody at the

The man he met was an
automobile dealer, a Pontiac
dealer named Dwayne Hoover.
Dwayne Hoover was on the
brink of going insane.

There were one quadrillion nations in the Universe, but the nation Dwayne Hoover and Kilgore Trout belonged to was the only one with a national anthem which was gibberish sprinkled with question marks. Here is what their flag looked like: It was the law of their nation, a law no other nation on the planet had about its flag, which said this: "The flag shall not be dipped to any person or thing." Flag-dipping was a form of

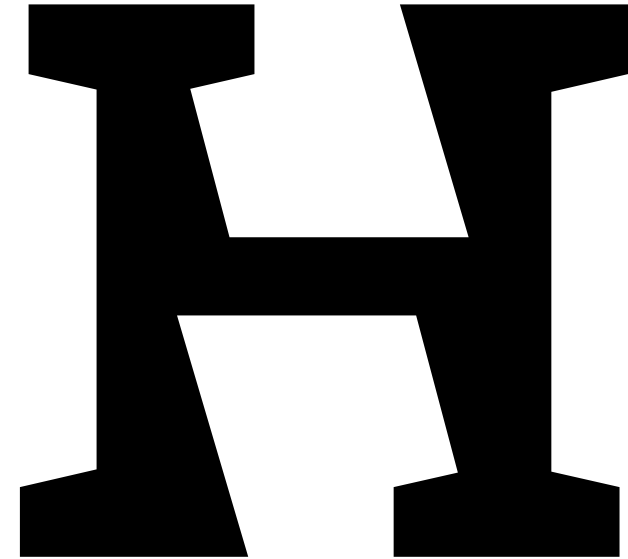
The undippable flag was a beauty, and the anthem and the vacant motto might not have mattered much, if it weren't for this: a lot of citizens were so ignored and cheated and insulted that they thought they might be in the wrong country, or even on the wrong planet, that some terrible mistake had been made. It might have comforted them some if their anthem and their motto had mentioned fairness or brotherhood or hope or happiness, had somehow welcomed them to the society and its real estate. If they studied their paper money for clues as to what their country was all about, they found, among a lot

If they studied their paper money for clues as to what their country was all about, they found, among a lot of other baroque trash, a picture of a truncated pyramid with a radiant eye on top of it, like this: Not even the President of the United States knew what that was all about. It was as though the country were saying to its citizens, "In nonsense is strength." A lot of the nonsense was the innocent result of playfulness on the part of the founding fathers of the nation

of Dwayne Hoover and Kilgore Trout. The founders were aristocrats, and they wished to show off their useless education, which consisted of the study of hocus-pocus from ancient times. They were bum poets as well. But some of the nonsense was evil, since it concealed great crimes. For example, teachers of children in the United States of America wrote this date on blackboards again and again, and asked the children to memorize it with pride and joy: fourteen

But some of the nonsense was evil, since it concealed great crimes. For example, teachers of children in the United States of America wrote this date on blackboards again and again, and asked the children to memorize it with pride and joy: Fourteen Ninety Two. The teachers told the children that this was when their continent was discovered by human beings. Actually, millions of human beings were already living full and imaginative lives on the continent in Fourteen Ninety Two. That was simply the year in which sea pirates began to cheat and rob and kill them. Here was another piece of

evil nonsense which children were taught: that the sea pirates eventually created a government which became a beacon of freedom to human beings everywhere else. There were pictures and statues of this supposed imaginary beacon for children to see. It was sort of an ice-cream cone on fire. It looked like this. Actually, the sea pirates who had the most to do with the creation of the new government owned human slaves. They used human beings for machinery, and, even after slavery was eliminated, because it was so embarrassing, they and their descendants continued to think of ordinary human



Tie

JET

KURS

Regular 150, 125, 100 pt

Shine
PANG

Suluova
BALTIK

Flamboyant
EXTRINSIC

Regular 80, 60, 40 pt

The sea pirates were white.

The people who were already on the continent when the pirates arrived were copper-colored.

When slavery was introduced onto the continent, the slaves were black. Color was everything.

Here is how the pirates were able to take whatever they wanted from anybody else: they had the best boats in the world, and they were meaner than anybody else, and they had gunpowder, which was a mixture of potassium nitrate, charcoal, and sulphur. They touched this seemingly listless powder with fire, and it turned violently into gas. This gas blew projectiles out of metal tubes

The chief weapon of the sea pirates, however, was their capacity to astonish. Nobody else could believe, until it was much too late, how heartless and greedy they were. When Dwayne Hoover and Kilgore Trout met each other, their country was by far the richest and most powerful country on the planet. It had most of the food and minerals and machinery, and it disciplined other countries by threatening to shoot big rockets at them or to drop things on them from airplanes. Most other countries didn't have doodley-squat.

Many of them weren't even inhabitable anymore. They had too many people and not enough space. They had sold everything that was any good, and there wasn't anything to eat anymore, and still the people went on fucking all the time. Fucking was how babies were made. A lot of the people on the wrecked planet were Communists. They had a theory that what was left of the planet should be shared

more or less equally among all the people, who hadn't asked to come to a wrecked planet in the first place. Meanwhile, more babies were arriving all the time-kicking and screaming, yelling for milk. In some places people would actually try to eat mud or such on gravel while babies were being born just a few feet away. And so on. Dwayne Hoover's and Kilgore Trout's country, where there was still

It didn't think that Earthlings who had a lot should share it with others unless they really wanted to, and most of them didn't want to. So they didn't have to. Everybody in America was supposed to grab whatever he could and hold on to it. Some Americans were very good at grabbing and holding, were fabulously well-to-do. Others couldn't get their hands on doodley-squat. Dwayne Hoover was fabulously well-to-do when he met Kilgore Trout. A man whispered those exact words to a friend one morning as Dwayne walked by:

"Fabulously well-to-do." And here's how much of the planet Kilgore Trout owned in those days: doodley-squat. And Kilgore Trout and Dwayne Hoover met in Midland City, which was Dwayne's home town, during an Arts Festival there in autumn of Nineteen Seventy Two. As has already been said: Dwayne was a Pontiac dealer who was going insane. Dwayne's incipient insanity was mainly a matter of chemicals, of course. Dwayne Hoover's body was manufacturing certain chemicals which unbalanced his mind. But Dwayne, like all

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3M
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1985

**Golcü
GAYE**

**Haydut
TENCH**

**Unexciting
MACERACI**

**Bad chemicals
and bad ideas
were the Yin**

**Yin and Yang were
Chinese symbols
of harmony. They
looked like this.**

**Trout considered himself
not only harmless but
invisible. The world had
paid so little attention to
him that he supposed he**

He hoped he was dead. But he learned from his encounter with Dwayne that he was alive enough to give a fellow human being ideas which would turn him into a monster. Here was the core of the bad ideas which Trout gave to Dwayne: Everybody on Earth was a robot, with one exception—Dwayne Hoover. Of all the creatures in the Universe, only Dwayne

Nobody else knew what pain was. Nobody else had any choices to make. Everybody else was a fully automatic machine, whose purpose was to stimulate Dwayne. Dwayne was a new type of creature being tested by the Creator of the Universe. Only Dwayne Hoover had free will. Trout did not expect to be believed. He put the bad ideas into a science-fiction novel, and that was where Dwayne found them. The book wasn't addressed to Dwayne alone. Trout had never heard of Dwayne when he wrote it. It was addressed

It was a tour de force. It was a jeu d'esprit. But it was mind poison to Dwayne. It shook up Trout to realize that even he could bring evil into the world—in the form of bad ideas. And, after Dwayne was carted off to a lunatic asylum in a canvas camisole, Trout became a fanatic on the importance of ideas as causes and cures for diseases. But nobody would listen to him. He was a dirty

old man in the wilderness, crying out among the trees and underbrush, "Ideas or the lack of them can cause disease!" Kilgore Trout became a pioneer in the field of mental health. He advanced his theories disguised as science-fiction. He died in 1981, almost twenty years after he made Dwayne Hoover so sick. He was by then recognized as a great artist and scientist. The American Academy of

Dwayne was a widower. He lived alone at night in a dream house in Fairchild Heights, which was the most desirable residential area in the city. Every house there cost at least one hundred thousand dollars to build. Every house was on at least four acres of land. Dwayne's only companion at night was a Labrador retriever named Sparky. Sparky could not wag his tail—because of an automobile accident many years ago, so he had no way of telling other dogs how friendly he was. He had to fight all the time. His ears

were in tatters. He was lumpy with scars. Dwayne had a black servant named Lottie Davis. She cleaned his house every day. Then she cooked his supper for him and served it. Then she went home. She was descended from slaves. Lottie Davis and Dwayne didn't talk much, even though they liked each other a lot. Dwayne reserved most of his conversation for the dog. He would get down on the floor and roll around with Sparky, and he would say things like, "You and me, Spark," and "How's my old buddy?" and so on.

A large, bold, black lowercase letter 'b' is centered on the page. It has a thick vertical stem and a rounded, bowl-like bottom that curves slightly to the right.

Two large, bold, black uppercase letters, 'M' and 'W', are centered on the page. The 'M' has a thick vertical stem and a rounded top with a slight dip in the middle. The 'W' is composed of two 'M' shapes joined together, with a thick vertical stem and a rounded top.

فخرنا

22

منك!

Bold 150, 125 pt

فأحذرنا

من جديد

23

هذا الرجل

Bold 100, 80, 60 pt

تدور أحداث الرواية في المستقبل

البعيد حيث يعيش إقطاعي النجوم وطبقة النبلاء، ويسيطرون على

الكواكب المفردة، ويدينون بالولاء
إلى إمبراطورية كورينو، الكتيب،
تحكي الرواية قصة بول أتريديس
الصغير، ولي عهد ديكو أتريديس

بعد أن نُشرت روايته (التنين في البحر) عام ١٩٥٧، سافر
هربرت إلى فلورنس في ولاية أوريغون، في الشمال الأقصى
من منطقة أوريغون دنس الطبيعية. حين كانت وزارة الزراعة
في الولايات المتحدة الأمريكية تحاول استخدام أعشاب جذباء
لتحقيق الاستقرار في الكثبان الرملية المدمرة.

أمضى هربرت السنوات الخمس التالية في الكتابة والبحث وتنقيح عمله
الأدبي الذي عرض في نهاية المطاف في شكل سلسلة في مجلة المحاكاة من
١٩٦٣ إلى ١٩٦٥ كعملين قصيرين: «عالم الكثبان ونبي الكثبان». كرس هربرت
عمله «إلى البشر الذين يجاهدون للذهاب إلى ما وراء الأفكار في العالم المادي
والحقيقي، إلى علماء البيئية في الأراضي الجافة؛ أينما كانوا وكيفما عملوا،
هذا المجهود للتنبؤ بكرس لهم لتواضعهم». تم توسيع السلسلة وإعادة

منظمة لاندسراد وبالتالي حدوث حرب أهلية.
وبدلاً من ذلك رمى تفكير الإمبراطور إلى استغلال
الخلافة القديم بين عائلتي أتريديس وهاركونن
للتغطية على المعتدي عبر إستغلال سلطة
فلاديمير هاركونن لطردهم من إقطاعية كالادان.
الجدير بالذكر إن هذه الإقطاعية محمية بقوات
عسكرية مدربة تحت سلطة عائلة هاركونن.

لقد أثارت الشعبية الزائدة لليتو في منظمة
لاندسراد ذات التوجهات السياسية خوف
الإمبراطور شادم الرابع وعائلته من عائلة
أتريديس. لهذا السبب أمر الإمبراطور باجتماع
طارئ للعائلة الحاكمة. كان من ضمن ما قرره
شادم، هو تدمير عائلة أتريديس، ولكن ليس
بالشكل العلني الذي قد يتسبب في غضب

برنامج طويل الأمد. وكجزء من المكيدة فقد قررت محظية
ليت جاسيكا إن تد وريثاً ذكراً لليتو وبسبب قدراتها
كعضوه في البيئي جزرت فإنها كانت قادرة على تبين جنس
المولود. لقد كان ليتو وألقا في إن المواهرات تحاك حولها.
وفي نفس الوقت موهنا بأن عائلة أتريديس قادرة على صد
الهجمات الأولى للهاركونن. في الوقت الذي يقوم فيه
يعمل تحالف مع عائلة فيرمين الصحراوية الذي يأملون في
حلف. لكن كل المؤشرات تقول بأن أتريديس ليست قادرة

إن شادم يحاول إغراء ليتو وجذبه لقبول إقطاعية اراكيس
الغريبة والتايعة لـ «كوكب التوابل» وقد كانت مملوكة
سابقة لعائلة الهاركونن. إن سيطرة ليتو المطلقة على
كوكب يتصدر في مجال إنتاج التوابل يعني إطلاق العنان
لنفوذ عائلة أتريديس التي حُرمت من المال والسلطة
قديمًا. إن تعقيد المسائل السياسية هي ئيمة بارزة لنجل
الدوق بول أتريديس الذي ينتمي لمجموعة البيئي جزرت
التي تمتهن السياسة والدين وترويض قدرات منتسبها عبر

U

26

Y8

Wierd Bold Italic 290, 200 pt

176

FLP

27

BuZb

Bold Italic 150, 125, 100 pt

**Gazox
TOILS**

**Bombay
METRIC**

**Randomiser
EQUALISER**

***And that
routine went
on unrevised,***

***Kilgore Trout
owned a parakeet
named Bill. Like
Dwayne Hoover,***

***But while Dwayne babbled
to his Labrador retriever
about love, Trout sneered
and muttered to his
parakeet about the end of***

It was Trout's theory that the atmosphere would become unbreathable soon. Trout supposed that when the atmosphere became poisonous, Bill would keel over a few minutes before Trout did. He would kid Bill about that. "How's the old respiration, Bill?" he'd say, or, "Seems like you've got a touch of the old emphysema, Bill," or, "We never discussed what kind of a funeral you want,

He told Bill that humanity deserved to die horribly, since it had behaved so cruelly and wastefully on a planet so sweet. "We're all Heliogabalus, Bill," he would say. This was the name of a Roman emperor who had a sculptor make a hollow, life-size iron bull with a door on it. The door could be locked from the outside. The bull's mouth was open. That was the only other opening to the outside. Heliogabalus would have a human being put into the bull through the door, and the door would be locked. Any sounds the human being made in there

Heliogabalus would have guests in for a nice party, with plenty of food and wine and beautiful women and pretty boys—and Heliogabalus would have a servant light kindling. The kindling was under dry firewood—which was under the bull. Trout did another thing which some people might have considered eccentric: he called mirrors leaks. It amused him to pretend that mirrors were holes

between two universes. If he saw a child near a mirror, he might wag his finger at a child warningly, and say with great solemnity, "Don't get too near that leak. You wouldn't want to wind up in the other universe, would you?" Sometimes somebody would say in his presence, "Excuse me, I have to take a leak." This was a way of saying that the speaker intended to drain liquid wastes from his body through a

And Trout would reply waggishly, "Where I come from, that means you're about to steal a mirror." And so on. By the time of Trout's death, of course, everybody called mirrors leaks. That was how respectable even his jokes had become. In 1972, Trout lived in a basement apartment in Cohoes, New York. He made his living as an installer of aluminum combination storm windows and screens. He had nothing to do with the sales end of the business—because he had no charm. Charm was a scheme for making strangers like and

trust a person immediately, no matter what the charmer had in mind. Dwayne Hoover had oodles of charm. I can have oodles of charm when I want to. A lot of people have oodles of charm. Trout's employer and co-workers had no idea that he was a writer. No reputable publisher had ever heard of him, for that matter, even though he had written one hundred and seventeen novels and two thousand short stories by the time he met Dwayne. He made carbon copies of nothing he wrote. He mailed off manuscripts without

B

XKI

COL

INK

Haul

Black 150, 125, 100 pt

**Zebra
QUAD**

**Katman
SHIFTY**

**Mensubiyet
TAKE FIVE**

Black 80, 60, 40 pt

**Sometimes
he didn't
even include**

**He got names
and addresses of
publishers from
magazines devoted**

**When Dwayne was a boy,
when Kilgore Trout was
a boy, when I was a boy,
and even when we became
middle-aged men and**

**It was somehow decided that wide-open
beavers, which were ten thousand times as
common as real beavers, should be the most
massively defended secret under law. So there
was a madness about wide-open beavers.
There was also a madness about a soft, weak
metal, an element, which had somehow been
declared the most desirable of all elements,**

**And the madness about wide-open beavers was extended
to underpants when Dwayne and Trout and I were boys.
Girls concealed their underpants at all costs, and boys
tried to see their underpants at all costs. One of the first
things Dwayne learned in school as a little boy, in fact,
was a poem he was supposed to scream in case he saw a
girl's underpants by accident in the playground. Other
students taught it to him. When Kilgore Trout accepted
the Nobel Prize for Medicine in Nineteen Seventy Nine,**

**The fact that human beings are
now the only animals left on Earth,
I confess, seems a confusing sort
of victory. Those of you familiar
with the nature of my earlier
published works will understand
why I mourned especially when the
last beaver died. "There were two
monsters sharing this planet with
us when I was a boy, however, and
I celebrate their extinction today.**

**They were determined to kill us, or at
least to make our lives meaningless.
They came close to success. They
were cruel adversaries, which my
little friends the beavers were not.
Lions. No. Tigers. No. Lions and
tigers snoozed most of the time. The
monsters I will name never snoozed.
They inhabited our heads. They
were the arbitrary lusts for gold,
and, God help us, for a glimpse of a**

**"I thank those lusts for being so ridiculous,
for they taught us that it was possible for
a human being to believe anything, and
to behave passionately in keeping with
that belief-any belief. "So now we can
build an unselfish society by devoting to
unselfishness the frenzy we once devoted
to gold and to underpants." He paused, and
then he recited with wry mournfulness
the beginning of a poem he had learned to
scream in Bermuda, when he was a little
boy. The poem was all the more poignant,**

**since it mentioned two nations which no
longer existed as such. "I see England,"
he said, "I see France-" Actually, women's
underpants had been drastically devalued
by the time of the historic meeting between
Dwayne Hoover and Trout. The price of
gold was still on the rise. Photographs of
women's underpants weren't worth the
paper they were printed on, and even high
quality color motion pictures of wide-
open beavers were going begging in the
marketplace. There had been a time when a**

N
 SW
 BIT
 MAC
 BIKE

GAMECUBE
 Checkmate
 ENDGAME
Dark Souls
 STARSHIP

Super Mario
سوبر ماريو

Super Smash Bros
سوبر سماش برذرز

The Legend of Zelda
ذا ليجند أوف زيلدا

Pokemon Colosseum
بوكيمون كولوسيوم

Animal Crossing
أنيمل كروسينغ

THE ELDER SCROLLS IV: OBLIVION
Expectation-Maximization Algorithm
MIDDLE-EARTH: SHADOW OF WAR

OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY
Counter-Strike: Global Offensive
TRANSFORMERS: EARTHSPARK

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE
Advanced Encryption Standard
DOKI DOKI LITERATURE CLUB!

SUPER SMASH BROS. ULTIMATE
Sinbad: Legend of the Seven Seas
BRAIN-COMPUTER INTERFACE

CALL OF DUTY: WORLD AT WAR
Sony Interactive Entertainment
PEAK SIGNAL-TO-NOISE RATIO

Within a century of little Kago's arrival on Earth, according to Trout's novel, every form of life on that once peaceful and moist and nourishing blue-green ball was dying or dead. Everywhere were the shells of the great beetles which men had made and

Little Kago himself died long before the planet did. He was attempting to lecture on the evils of the automobile in a bar in Detroit. But he was so tiny that nobody paid any attention to him. He lay down to rest for a moment, and a drunk

Trout received only one fan letter before 1972. It was from an eccentric millionaire, who hired a private detective agency to discover who and where he was. Trout was so invisible that the search cost eighteen thousand dollars.

*The fan letter reached him in his basement in Cokoes. It was hand-written, and Trout concluded that the writer might be fourteen years old or so. The letter said that *Plague on Wheels* was the greatest novel in the English*

Trout read the letter out loud to his parakeet. "Things are looking up, Bill," he said. "Always knew they would. Get a load of this." And then he read the letter. There was no indication in the letter that the writer, whose name was Eliot

Kilgore Trout, incidentally, could never be President of the United States without a Constitutional amendment. He hadn't been born inside the country. His birthplace was Bermuda. His father, Leo Trout, while remaining an American citizen, worked there for many years for the Royal Ornithological Society guarding the only nesting place in the world for Bermuda Erns. These great green sea

After all the Erns were dead, it was discovered what had killed them. It was a fungus, which attacked their eyes and brains. Men had brought the fungus to their rookery in the innocent form of athlete's foot. Here is what the flag of Kilgore Trout's native island looked like: So Kilgore Trout had a depressing childhood, despite all of the sunshine

A body bag was a large plastic envelope for a freshly killed American soldier. It was a new invention. I do not know who invented the body bag. I do know who invented Kilgore Trout. I did. I made him snaggle-toothed. I gave him hair, but I turned it white. I wouldn't let him comb it or go to a barber. I made him grow it long and

The letter was from the Festival's chairman, Fred T. Barry. He was respectful, almost reverent about Kilgore Trout. He beseeched him to be one of several distinguished out-of-town participants in the Festival, which would last for five days. It would celebrate the opening of the Mildred Barry Memorial Center for the Arts in Midland City. The letter

Fred T. Barry didn't even look like a white man anymore, even though he was of pure English stock. As he grew older and older and happier and happier, and all his hair fell out everywhere, he came to look like an ecstatic old Chinaman. He looked so much like a Chinaman that he had taken to dressing like a Chinaman. Real Chinamen often mistook him

eagles eventually became extinct, despite anything anyone could do. As a child, Trout had seen those Erns die, one by one. His father had assigned him the melancholy task of measuring wingspreads of the corpses. These were the largest creatures ever to fly under their own power on the planet. And the last corpse had the greatest wingspread of all, which was nineteen feet, two and three-quarters

and fresh air. The pessimism that overwhelmed him in later life, which destroyed his three marriages, which drove his only son, Leo, from home at the age of fourteen, very likely had its roots in the bittersweet mulch of rotting Erns. The fan letter came much too late. It wasn't good news. It was perceived as an invasion of privacy by Kilgore Trout. The letter

tangled. I gave him the same legs the Creator of the Universe gave to my father when my father was a pitiful old man. They were pale white broomsticks. They were hairless. They were embossed fantastically with varicose veins. And, two months after Trout received his first fan letter, I had him find in his mailbox an invitation to be a speaker

did not say so, but Mildred Barry was the late mother of the Chairman, the wealthiest man in Midland City. Fred T. Barry had paid for the new Center of the Arts, which was a translucent sphere on stilts. It had no windows. When illuminated inside at night, it resembled a rising harvest moon. Fred T. Barry, incidentally, was exactly the same age as Trout. They had the

for a real Chinaman. Fred T. Barry confessed in his letter that he had not read the works of Kilgore Trout, but that he would joyfully do so before the Festival began. "You come highly recommended by Eliot Rosewater," he said, "who assures me that you are perhaps the greatest living American novelist. There can be no higher praise than that." Clipped to the letter

A CRY FOR HELP

But Dwayne wasn't all that weird before he met Kilgore Trout. His behavior in public kept him well within the limits of acceptable acts and beliefs and conversations in Midland City. The person closest to him, Francine Pefko, his white secretary and mistress, said that Dwayne seemed to be getting happier and happier all the time during the month before Dwayne went public as a maniac. "I kept thinking," she told a newspaper reporter from her hospital bed, "He is finally getting over his wife's suicide." Francine worked at Dwayne's principal place of business, which was Dwayne Hoover's Exit Eleven Pontiac Village, just off the Interstate,

Here is what made Francine think he was becoming happier: Dwayne began to sing songs which had been popular in his youth, such as "*The Old Lamp Lighter*," and "*Tippy-Tippy-Tin*," and "*Hold Tight*," and "*Blue Moon*," and so on. Dwayne had never sung before. Now he did it loudly as he sat at his desk, when he took a customer for a ride in a demonstrator, when he watched a mechanic service a car. One day he sang loudly as he crossed the lobby of the new **Holiday Inn**, smiling and gesturing at people as though he had been hired to sing for their pleasure. But nobody thought that was necessarily a hint of derangement, either-especially since Dwayne owned a piece of

In May 1999, with the advent of the PlayStation 2, Nintendo entered an agreement with IBM and Panasonic to develop the 128-bit Gekko processor and the DVD drive to be used in Nintendo's next home console. Meanwhile, a series of administrative changes occurred in 2000, when Nintendo's corporate offices were moved to the Minami-ku neighborhood in Kyoto, and Nintendo Benelux was established to manage the Dutch and Belgian territories. In 2001, two new Nintendo consoles were introduced: the Game Boy Advance, which was designed by Gwénaél Nicolas with stylistic departure from its predecessors, and the

في ١٩٥٦، ذهب هيروشي ياموشي لتتصلح مع شركة ورقة لعب الولايات المتحدة، المصنع مسيطر لإنتاج الأوراق اللعب في الولايات المتحدة. قد اندهش ياموشي عندما وجد أن أكبر منتجي للأوراق في العالم قد عزلوا لاستعمال مكتب صغير. من هذه الناحية أدرك ياموشي الحدود في عمل إنتاج الأوراق اللعب. من ثم كسب الحقوق لاستخدام شخصيات من ديزني لإستعمال صورها على أوراق لعب شركته، بهدف دفع مبيعات الأوراق. في ١٩٦٣، غير ياموشي اسم شركته من «شركة ورقة لعب نينتندو المحدودة» إلى «شركة نينتندو المحدودة». بدأت الشركة بتجربتي أنواع أخرى من الأعمال مع استعمال رأس مال المدخل حديثاً. في هذه الفترة، أي

Goodbye, Blue Monday.

Listen: Harry LeSabre said to Francine, "When a man has been in combat with another man, he gets so he can sense the slightest change in his buddy's personality, and Dwayne has changed. You ask Vernon Garr." Vernon Garr was a white *mechantic* who was the *only other employee* who had been with Dwayne before Dwayne moved the agency out to the Interstate. As it happened, Vernon was having trouble at home. His wife, Mary, was a *schizophrenic*, so Vernon hadn't noticed whether Dwayne had changed or not. Vernon's wife believed that Vernon was trying to turn her brains into plutonium. Harry LeSabre was *entitled* to talk about combat. He had been in actual combat in a war. Dwayne hadn't been in combat. He was a *civilian employee* of the United States Army Air Corps during the Second World War, though. One time he got to paint a message on a five-hundred-pound bomb which was going to be dropped on Hamburg, Germany. This was it: "Harry," said Francine, "everybody is entitled to a

You Don't Have To Be Crazy To Work Here, But It Sure Helps!

There was a picture of a *crazy person* to go with the text. This was it: Francine wore a button on her bosom which showed a creature in a healthier, more enviable frame of mind. This was the button: Lyle and Kyle sat *side-by-side* on the black leather couch in Dwayne Hoover's inner office. They looked so much alike that Dwayne had *not been able to tell* them apart until 1954, when Lyle got in a fight over a woman at the *Roller Derby*. After that, Lyle was the one with the broken nose. As babies in crib, Dwayne remembered now, they used to suck each other's thumbs. Here is how Dwayne happened to have *stepbrothers*, incidentally, even though he had been adopted by people who couldn't have children of their own. Their adopting him triggered something to *their bodies* which made it possible for them to have *children* after all. This was a *common phenomenon*. A lot of couples seemed to be *programmed* that way. Dwayne was so glad to see

Super Smash Bros. Melee was developed by HAL Laboratory, with Masahiro Sakurai as the head of production. Mario creator Shigeru Miyamoto served as co-producer. The game was one of the first games released on the GameCube and highlighted the advancement in graphics over the Nintendo 64. The project proposal/initial design document for the game was completed on July 5, 1999. Sakurai wanted to make an opening FMV sequence to pay homage to the debut of the GameCube. HAL and Sakurai worked with three separate graphic houses in Tokyo to make the opening sequence. On their official website, the developers posted screenshots and information highlighting and explaining the attention to physics and detail in the game, with references to changes from its predecessor. The game was in development for 13 months, beginning around autumn 2000, and Sakurai called his lifestyle during this period "destructive"

مثل اللعبة السابقة سوبر سماش برذرز، تختلف سوبر سماش برذرز ميلي عن ألعاب القتال التقليدية حيث أن الهدف هو إجبار خصومهم على تجاوز حدود المسرح. تتسبب معظم الهجمات في إلحاق الضرر ويمكنها، في حالة حدوث ضرر كافٍ، هزيمة العدو. يتم قياس صحة كل شخصية بواسطة متر يمثل الضرر كنسبة مئوية. كلما زادت قيمة النسبة المئوية، كلما زاد طرد اللاعب، وكان من الأسهل طرده من المسرح، مما سيؤدي إلى موت الشخصية وفقدان المخزون أو الحياة. على عكس الألعاب الأخرى من نفس النوع، حيث يتم إدخال الحركات عن طريق مجموعات إدخال الأزرار، يمكن الوصول إلى معظم الحركات في سوبر سماش برذرز ميلي عن طريق الضغط على زر واحد واتجاه عصا التحكم. أثناء المعارك، تسقط العناصر المتعلقة بألعاب نينتندو أو البضائع في ميدان اللعبة. هذه العناصر لها أغراض تتراوح من إلحاق الضرر بالخصم إلى استعادة الصحة للاعب. بالإضافة إلى ذلك، فإن معظم المراحل لها موضوع يتعلق بسلاسل نينتندو أو لعبة نينتندو معينة وهي تفاعلية مع اللاعب. على الرغم من تقديم المراحل في ثلاثة أبعاد، لا يمكن للاعبين التحرك إلا على مستوى ثنائي الأبعاد. ليست كل المراحل متاحة على الفور؛ يجب «فتح» بعض المراحل من خلال

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