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But every morning we waited for you, took you from your dressing and blessed you for it. Lo! I am reasers in the wisdom of my own, like a bee that has collected too much honey; I need my arms outstretched to take it. I would pass out and divide until the wise become happy again in their madness, and the poor would be happy in their wealth. That's why I have to go down in depth; As you do in the evening, when you go after the sea and give the light to the necro, you upsetting star! Like you, I have to go down, as people say, who am I going to go down to? Bless me, then, you serene eye, who can't see the greatest happiness without envy! Bless the bead that will spill, that the water flows gold out of them and carries everywhere a reflection of the bliss of your own! Lo! This cup will be emptied again, and Zarathustra will be a man again. So began Zarathustra down-going.2.Zarathustra went up the mountain alone, no one met him. But when he entered the forest, suddenly an old man stood in front of him, leaving his sacred bed to look for roots. And so the old man Zarathustri said: No stranger to me is this wanderer: many years ago, he passed by. His name was Zarathustra; but it has changed. And you took your dust to the mountains, or will you now carry the fires of your own into the valleys? Are you afraid you're not a shingly-ass? Yes, I recognize Zarathustra. It's his eye, and there's nothing thoty-hearted about his mouth. Don't walk like a dancer? Zarathustra has been modified; the child became Zarathustra; He's awake, Zarathustra, what are you going to do in the land of sleep? Like in the sea, you lived in soliy and gave birth to you. Oh, are you going to go ashore now? Aplaud, will you pull your body again? Zarathustra replied: I love humanity. Why, said the saint: Did I go into the forest and the desert? Wasn't it because I loved men too much? Now I love God: men, I don't love. Man, it's too imperfect for me. Love for a man would be fatal to me. Zarathustra replied: What I was saying about love! I bring gifts to people. Don't give them anything, the councillor said. Take quite a bit of the burden of theirs and carry it with you - it will be the most enjoyable for them; it's going to be the most enjoyable thing for them. If only it was acceptable to you! But if you give them, don't give them more than evil, and they should ask for it. No, Zarathustra replied, I don't give any almes. I'm not poor enough for that. The saint laughed at Zarathustri, saying, Then make sure they accept your treasures! They're not classified to anchors, and they don't believe we come with gifts. The fall of our footprints is too hollow in their streets. And like at night, when they're in bed and they hear a man abroad long before sunrise, so they ask themselves, Where's the thief going? Don't go to men, but stay in. You'd better go to the animals! Why not be like me- a bear among bears, a bird among birds? And what does a saint in the woods do? He asks Zarathustra. The saint replies: I make hymns and eat them; and when I brag, I laugh and cry and mummy; That's how I praise God. I praise God, who is my God, with the singing, the laughter and the muttering. What do you bring us as a gift? When he heard those words, he chained up to the saint and said, What can I give you! I'd better hurry or I'll catch you! And so they separated, the old man and Zarathustra, who laughed like schoolgirls. When Zarathustra was alone, he said to his heart, Is it possible! That old saint in the woods has never heard of God being dead! 3.When Zarathustra came to the nearest town, which is next to the forest, he found many people who were in the square; Because it was announced that the rope dancer would perform. And Zarathustra was telling the people: I teach you superman. A man is something to be overtake. What have you done to surpass a man? All creatures have so far created something beyond themselves; And you want to be the dam of this great tide and you'd rather go back to the beast than surpass the man? What is a monkey to a man? It's a laughing stock, a disgrace. And so will the man superman: smiling stock, a matter of shame. You've turned from worm to human, and a lot of you are still a worm. You used to be monkeys, and even a man is more of a monkey than any of the monkeys. Even the mostmud among you is just a disharmony and a hybrid of plants and phantoms. But do you want to be phantoms or plants? Lo, I taught you Superman! Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say, Superman will be the meaning of the earth! I expect you, my brothers, to remain true to the earth and do not believe those who tell you of superseding hopes! It's the poisoners, whether they know it or not. The contemptuous of life is them who periil themselves and poison themselves, which the earth has died; so away with them! Once upon a time, god-clearing against God was the greatest worship; And God died, and so did those blasphes. The worship of the earth is now the dumbest sin and to assess the heart of the unknown higher than the meaning of the earth! Once, the soul despised the body, and then that contempt was the top thing:-- the soul wanted the body to be softened, misguided and washed. That's how he meant to get out of his body and the earth. Oh, that soul was, in itself, a gooly, misguided and washed away; And cruelty was the joy of this soul! And my brothers, too, tell me: What does your body say about your soul? Isn't your soul poverty, pollution and miserable complacency? The polluting current is man. One must be the sea in order to without becoming impurity. Lo, I'm teaching you Superman: he's that sea; Your great contempt can sink into it. What's the best you can experience? It's an hour of contempt. An hour in which your happiness hates yours, and so is your intellect and virtue. The hour you say, What's good for my happiness! It's about poverty and pollution and miserable complacency. But my happiness should justify the existence of the very existence! The hour you say, What's good for my mind! Does it take a while to know like a lion for your food? It's about poverty and pollution and miserable complacency! The hour when you say, What's good of my virtues! It still hasn't made me passionate. How I'm good and good! It's all poverty and pollution and miserable complacency! The hour when you say, What good justice is mine! I don't see that I'm inflamed and fueled. However, they are just inflamed and fueled! The hour when you say, What good is my mercy! Isn't it a pity the cross on which he nailed who loves a man? But my mercy is not crucifixion. Have you ever said that? Have you ever cried like that? Ah! That I heard you crying! It's not your sin- it's your masturbation that screams to heaven; it's your own. Your very spare sin screams into heaven! Where's the lightning to lick your tongue? Where's the frenzy we should be sleeping? Lo, I'm teaching you Superman: he's that lightning, he's this frenzy!- When he was talking like that, one of the people said, Now we've heard enough about the rope-dancer; It's time to see him! And all the people laughed at Zarathustri. But the rope dancer, who thought the words applied to him, started his show.4.Zarathustra was watching people and wondering. Then he said, Man is a rope, stretched between an animal and Superman - a rope across the a byne. Dangerous passage, dangerous journey, dangerous viewing, dangerous tremors and shutdowns. What is great in man is that it is a bridge and not a goal: what is lovely in man is that it is over-GOING and DOWN-GOING. I like those who don't know how to live, except as legacies because they're too bad. I love the great despises because they are big fans, and arrows of logs for another coast. I love those who first seek no reason to get rid of and sacrifice, but sacrifice themselves to the earth to make the earth of Superman below. I love him, who lives to know, and I'm looking to know that Superman could live on. So he found out how to get rid of it. I love him, who works and makes it to build a house for Superman and prepares him for land, animal and plant; Because that's how he's looking for his. I love him, who loves his virtue because he is a virtue and the arrow of the log. I love him, who does not reserve a share of the spirit for himself, but wants to be the full spirit of his virtue; So he walks like a ghost over a bridge. I love him, who has driven his virtues and his own fate; therefore, because of his virtue, he is willing to live or no longer live. I love him, who doesn't want too many virtues. One virtue is more of a virtue than two, because it's more of a knot for fate to stick to. I love him, whose soul is a binge, who does not want to thank and not return; because he always delivers and wishes he didn't stay to himself. I love him, who is ashamed when the dice fall in his favor, and who then hears: Am I an insexualist? -- because he is willing to succumb. I love him, who dissuaes golden words in front of his works and always does more than he promises; Because he's looking for his way. I love the one who embodies the future and redeems the past; because he is willing to succumb to the present. I love God of my own because he loves God of his, for he must succumb to the jem of God of his own. I love him, whose soul is deep in the wound, and can succumb through a small thing; So it goes with the will over the bridge. I love him, whose soul is so full that he forgets himself, and everything is in him; so everything becomes his. I love this one, which is free spirit and free heart; so the head is his only intestines of his heart; his heart causes his downsize. I love all who are like heavy droplets falling one by one from a dark cloud that descends over a man, predict the arrival of lightning and succumb as predicted. Lo, I'm the predictor of lightning and the heavy fall from the cloud: lightning is SUPERMAN.-5.When Zarathustra uttered those words, he looked at the people again and kept quiet. They stand there, he says to his heart; there they laugh: do not understand me; I'm not a mouth for those ears. Does one of them have to stun their ears first to learn to hear with their eyes? Does one have to wander like kettledrums and criminal preachers? Or do they believe only mucammer? They have something to be proud of. What do they call it what makes them proud? Culture, they call it; this differenties them from the skin. That's why they don't want to hear about self-contempt. That's why I'm going to appeal to their pride. I'm going to tell them about the most overly wonderful things: that's the last man! And so zarathustra told the people: It is time for man to correct his cause. It's time for a man to plant the sprout of his greatest hope. His floor is still rich enough for that. But this soil will one day be poor and exhausted, and no uphealy tree will grow on this one. Unfortunately! there comes a time when a man will no longer launch the arrow of his Beyond man -- and the string of his bow will not be taught whizz! I'm telling you, there must still be chaos in one to give birth to a dance star. There's still chaos in you. Unfortunately! There comes a time when a man will no longer give birth to any star. Unfortunately! Here comes the time of the most succumbing man who can no longer despise. Lo! I'll show you the last man. What is love? What is creation? What is hinge? What's a star? - That's how I burn the last man and the blinketh. And the earth has become small, and on this one, hops are the last man to make everything small. Its species is untapped as a ground-flea; The last man to live the best. We've discovered happiness, the last men say, and they blink. They have left regions where it is difficult to live; because they need warmth. You still love your neighbor and you're waking up to him. for one necessary heat. They are adeesh and are unpoued, they believe that they are sinful; they go to the air. He's a fool who still stumbles over stones or men! A little poison here and there: it makes a pleasant dream. And finally, a lot of poison for a pleasant death. You're still working, it's a show for work. But one is careful not to let the razonoda hurt one. No one becomes poor or rich anymore; both are overloaded. Who else wants to rule? Who else wants to obey? They're both too heavy. No shepherd and one stadel! Everyone wants the same thing; Each is the same: those who have other senses go voluntarily to the asylum. Before, the whole world was crazy, say the most suk of them and blink with it. They're smart and they know everything that's happened, so there's no end to their railway. People still fall out, but they soon align - otherwise it spoils their stomach. They have their small pleasures for this day and their small pleasures for the night, but they have adoration for health. We discovered happiness,--say the last men, and blink with it.- And here he ended the first zarathustrin discourse, also called Prolog: because at that moment he was interrupted by the screaming and joy of the crowd. Give us this last man, O Zarathustra, -- they called us -- make us into these last people! Then we'll give you a superman present! And all the people insulted and masked their lips. Zarathustra, however, is saddened and says to his heart: They don't understand me; they don't understand me. I'm not a mouth for these ears. For too long, perhaps, I have lived in the mountains; I listened too much to the streams and the trees; Now I'm telling them like skins. Calm is my soul and pure, like the mountains in the morning. But they think I'm cold and I make fun of terrible jokes. And now they're looking at me and laughing, and while they're laughing, they hate me too. There's ice in their laughter. 6.Then something happened that made all the mouths nema and every eye repaired. V Of course, the rope dancer started his show: he came out in front of a small door and went down a rope that was stretched between two towers, so that it was hung above the market and the people. When he was on the other side, a little door opened again. Go, stop, cried his terrible voice, go, nod, interloper, sallow-face!- so i wouldn't tickle you with a heel! What are you doing here between the towers? There's room in the tower for you. You're obstructing the better of yourself! And with every word that was closer and closer to the first. But when he was just a step behind, a terrible thing happened that made all his mouth mush and all his eyes fixed - he said scream like hell and jumped over another one in his way. The latter, however, when he saw a rival, at the same time lost his head and leg on the ropes; and he threw his half away and shot faster than the ear of the arms and legs, in depth. The market and people were like the sea when the storm started: they all flew apart and in a disturbance, especially where the body was about to fall. Zarathustra was left standing and a body fell right next to him, badly injured and oused, but not dead. After a while, she returned to the distraught man, and he saw Zarathustra kneeling next to him. What are you doing there? he says, I knew a long time ago that the devil was going to sm like this. He dragged me to hell, or are you going to stop him? And to honor mine, my friend, zarathustra replies: None of what you say

is no devil and no hell. Your soul will be dead before your body; fear, then, no more! The man looked up in an unthoptly. If you're telling the truth, he says, I don't lose anything when I lose my life. I'm no longer an animal that learned to dance with punches and scanty fare. And nothing, says Zarathustra: You made a danger calling yours, there's nothing despicable about it. Now you die calling your people, so I'm going to bury you with my hands. When Zarathustra said that the dying man no longer answered; but he moved his hand as if he was looking for zarathustra's hand in gratitude. Gratitude.

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