A battalion waiting

À L'HÔTEL ODÉON

spilled black seeds

UN DÍA MÁS DE CALMA ATMOSFÉRICA

Schiffskapitänin

some offbeat single fittings

el árbol pequeño

LES CHANSONS TÉLÉCHARGÉES

Acting strangely

OT alternate
two-storied "a" set

8 on 10 pt YOUR EVERYDAY ACTION IS AN EMOTIONAL FEINT, GILDED LIKE MOTHER'S STITCH OF YOUR MORE WORN SPOTS. IS THIS PERHAPS THE REVERSE OF THE WASP THAT STEALS THE HONEY OF A DRONE? I see you today; your hair woven like history, in frets. I once thought you moved like a cold front along my memory frontier. Yet I can only recall you as a flower built from a dense blossom, torn edges, the occasional thorn below. Now though, age does not mean rust, but rather a whit that cuts ever deeper. Mother would say you are a sentinel unstained by the words of others passing. I remember when she used to leave her eyes in your hands. Only then was her sight visionary, blown like dandelions—chance recollections of sight spun into sense. Now? You are not lost, but more like a memory in the muscles used when Orpheus turned his head. Though mother's act is more like Eurydice pulling love from her brow in fists of sand; in every case, you never leave her behind. For her, you are memories stitched with ornamented myth—where each recollection dissolves as easily as castles in water do. When you comforted her, when you threaded your life around her like barnacled stone, it was the one fold in the her narrative that set her insides at rest. It was only then she became a statue: truth materialized. She fashioned her belief in you into a pin worn proud on her chest. You are the stratigraphy between her

10 on 12 pt TOOLS ARE LAID ALONG THE GROUND IN FRONT OF YOUR GARDEN—A BATTALION WAITING TO BE DEPLOYED ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT. THE SCARIEST IMPLIMENT IS THE 3-PRONGED WEEDER. It ratchets into your hand when you begin to work into the ground. Soon the tool opens space, creating cavities to place some form of new life. (Maybe from the alphabet of seeds you hide in your front left jeans pocket). Your movements into the dirt are at first violent, perhaps an overview of the invasion to come. Initially you hack rather than caress. Soon though, the action becomes fluid, more akin to a sketching process. You are getting a feel for the material, trying to understand the poetry of the soil. As your arm shakes the land retaliates. Every time you plow into the dirt something underground communicates back. A dilaog quickly errupted. I watch in facination as the message, this vibration from within the garden soil creeps up your arm and into your ear like a cobweb excommunicated to the wind.

Dandelions

32 on 36 pt TODAY I AM MOUNTING A GREAT INVASION. Retraction—my tack is more of a visual reconnis-sance. You are gone, perhaps to the local flower shop, maybe

18 on 24 pt I USE BINOCULARS TO ZOOM IN ON YOUR MORE SUBTLE ACTIONS. Sometimes you get so lost in the foliage that I make believe that I see you using the most advanced x-ray technology. There you are, in the back,

CAPITALS ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÁÀÂÄÃÅĂĀĂÂÅĀĄΛÆǼĀĆĈČĊÇĎĐĐÐÉÈÊËĔĒĔÊĖĘĜĜĞ
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La terre battue

OT alternate "s" set | OT alternate "g" set

a flower shop fragrance

Fliegen & Wespen

El gatito se movía adelante

What a nice breeze

Efficiency is the key to success

an der Ostküste der Insel

C'est ma mère!

Geschnetzeltes mit Rösti

8 on 10 pt *Your everyday action is an emotional feint, gilded like mother's stitch of your more worn spots. Is this perhaps the reverse of the wasp that steals the honey of a drone? I see you today; your hair woven like history, in frets. I once thought you moved like a cold front along my memory frontier. Yet I can only recall you as a flower built from a dense blossom, torn edges, the occasional thorn below. Now though, age does not mean rust, but rather a whit that cuts ever deeper. Mother would say you are a sentinel unstained by the words of others passing. I remember when she used to leave her eyes in your hands. Only then was her sight visionary, blown like dandelions—chance recollections of sight spun into sense. Now? You are not lost, but more like a memory in the muscles used when Orpheus turned his head. Though mother's act is more like Eurydice pulling love from her brow in fists of sand; in every case, you never leave her behind. For her, you are memories stitched with ornamented myth—where each recollection dissolves as easily as castles in water do. When you comforted her, when you threaded your life around her like barnacled stone, it was the one fold in the her narrative that set her insides at rest. It was only then she became a statue: truth materialized. She fashioned her belief in you into a pin worn proud on her chest. You are the stratigraphy between her first and last glance.*

10 on 12 pt *Tools are laid along the ground in front of your garden—a battalion waiting to be deployed on special assignment. The scariest impliment is the 3-pronged weeder. It ratchets into your hand when you begin to work into the ground. Soon the tool opens space, creating cavities to place some form of new life. (Maybe from the alphabet of seeds you hide in your front left jeans pocket). Your movements into the dirt are at first violent, perhaps an overview of the invasion to come. Initially you hack rather than caress. Soon though, the action becomes fluid, more akin to a sketching process. You are getting a feel for the material, trying to understand the poetry of the soil. As your arm shakes the land retaliates. Every time you plow into the dirt something underground communicates back. A dilaog quickly errupted. I watch in facination as the message, this vibration from within the garden soil creeps up your arm and into your ear like a cobweb excommunicated to the wind. ools are laid along the ground in front of your garden—a battalion waiting to be*

Quick Start

32 on 36 pt *Today I am mounting a great invasion. Retraction—my tack is more of a visual reconnissance. You are gone, perhaps to the local flower shop, maybe gathering seed*

18 on 24 pt *I use binoculars to zoom in on your more subtle actions. Sometimes you get so lost in the foliage that I make believe that I see you using the most advanced x-ray technology. There you are, in the back, near what*

Capitals *ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÁÀÂÄÃÅĂĀĂÂÅÄĄΛÆÉĒĆĈČĊÇĎĐĐÐÉÈÊËĔĒĔÊĖĘĜĜĞĞĠĢĜĦĤĦĤÍÌÎÏĨĬĬĬ

La próxima edición

An Epidemic of Diagnoses

Konstituierung

The deputy secretary of State

Votée en Espagne

Geniekult um den Komponisten

One very pretty woman

a Surrealist Vision

Das Atmen fällt mir schwer

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Ses affidées

32 on 36 pt Today I am mounting a great invasion. Retraction—my tack is more of a visual reconnissance. You are gone, perhaps to the local flower shop, maybe gathering seeds

18 on 24 pt I use binoculars to zoom in on your more subtle actions. Sometimes you get so lost in the foliage that I make believe that I see you using the most advanced x-ray technology. There you are, in the back, near what

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ĞĠĢĜĤĦHÍÌÎÏĨĬĬĬ

Prix Nobel d'économie

todo el mundo

Repräsentantenhaus

binoculars

Olympische Spiele 2008

OT alternate two-storied "a" set

El año pasado

The Great American Dust Bowl

Qui n'hésite pas à s'affranchir?

Universität

8 on 10 pt Your everyday action is an emotional feint, gilded like mother's stitch of your more worn spots. Is this perhaps the reverse of the wasp that steals the honey of a drone? I see you today; your hair woven like history, in frets. I once thought you moved like a cold front along my memory frontier. Yet I can only recall you as a flower built from a dense blossom, torn edges, the occasional thorn below. Now though, age does not mean rust, but rather a whit that cuts ever deeper. Mother would say you are a sentinel unstained by the words of others passing. I remember when she used to leave her eyes in your hands. Only then was her sight visionary, blown like dandelions—chance recollections of sight spun into sense. Now? You are not lost, but more like a memory in the muscles used when Orpheus turned his head. Though mother's act is more like Eurydice pulling love from her brow in fists of sand; in every case, you never leave her behind. For her, you are memories stitched with ornamented myth—where each recollection dissolves as easily as castles in water do. When you comforted her, when you threaded your life around her like barnacled stone, it was the one fold in the her narrative that set her insides at rest. It was only then she became a statue: truth materialized. She fashioned her belief in you into a pin worn proud on her chest. You are the stratigraphy between her first

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Cinco años

32 on 36 pt Today I am mounting a great invasion. Retraction—my tack is more of a visual reconnissance. You are gone, perhaps to the local flower shop, maybe gathering seeds or exchanging

18 on 24 pt I use binoculars to zoom in on your more subtle actions. Sometimes you get so lost in the foliage that I make believe that I see you using the most advanced x-ray technology. There you are, in the back, near what resembles an

Capitals ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÁÀÂÄÃÅĂĀĂÂÅĄΛÆǼĒĆĈČĊÇĎĐĐÉÈÊËĔĒĔÊĖĘĜĜ
ĞĞĠĢĜĦĦÍÌÎÏĨĬĬĬĬĬĬĬĬĮĮĴĴĶĶĸĹĽĻĻĻĿŁĦŃÑŇŅŅŅŅŊÓÒÔÖÕŎŌŎÔŐǪǪǪØǾŒÞŔŘŘŖŖŖŘŚŜŠŞŞŞŤŢŢ
ŢŦŤÚÙÛÜŨŬŮŬŪŬÛŰŲŲŴŴŴŴŴÝŶŶŸŸŸŶŹŽŻ Lowercase abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzáàâäãåăāăâàáąæ
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Oscar nominations this year

¿Qué incendios?

Semantisierungsverfahren

Im Engadin

le dépôt d'une plainte

Spässe treiben

OT alternate "s" OT alternate "g"

Prognosen bis Donnerstagabend

happy sitcom spot

Gabinete de Historia Natural

8 on 10 pt *Your everyday action is an emotional feint, gilded like mother's stitch of your more worn spots. Is this perhaps the reverse of the wasp that steals the honey of a drone? I see you today; your hair woven like history, in frets. I once thought you moved like a cold front along my memory frontier. Yet I can only recall you as a flower built from a dense blossom, torn edges, the occasional thorn below. Now though, age does not mean rust, but rather a whit that cuts ever deeper. Mother would say you are a sentinel unstained by the words of others passing. I remember when she used to leave her eyes in your hands. Only then was her sight visionary, blown like dandelions—chance recollections of sight spun into sense. Now? You are not lost, but more like a memory in the muscles used when Orpheus turned his head. Though mother's act is more like Eurydice pulling love from her brow in fists of sand; in every case, you never leave her behind. For her, you are memories stitched with ornamented myth—where each recollection dissolves as easily as castles in water do. When you comforted her, when you threaded your life around her like barnacled stone, it was the one fold in the her narrative that set her insides at rest. It was only then she became a statue: truth materialized. She fashioned her belief in you into a pin worn proud on her chest. You are the stratigraphy between her first and last glance.*

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Augenblick

32 on 36 pt *Today I am mounting a great invasion. Retraction—my tack is more of a visual reconnissance. You are gone, perhaps to the local flower shop, maybe gathering seeds or exchanging recipies*

18 on 24 pt *I use binoculars to zoom in on your more subtle actions. Sometimes you get so lost in the foliage that I make believe that I see you using the most advanced x-ray technology. There you are, in the back, near what resembles an*

Capitals *ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ* Lowercase *abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz* Ligatures *fbffbfffhffhfiffifjffjffjfkffkflfflftfftfiffiftttttctgigjspstwww* Superiors *ao* Punctuation & Marks *& ´ ` ˆ ¨ ˜ ° ˘ ˇ ¯ ˚ ˛ " " ' , ‚ ‹ › « » / \ | ¦ • · - u – — ― ‒ ( ) [ ] { } ⟨ ⟩ * † ‡ § ¶ ^ ~ _ ' " ‴ @ @ © ® ™* Figures & Related Forms *0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 ¹²³ / ¼ ½ ⅓ ⅔ ¾ % ‰ ℅ € $ ¢ £ ƒ ¥ # ƷǮƏ + − ± × ÷ = ≠ < > ≤ ≥ µ ¬ °*

Herbstliches Angebot

CASSIOPEIA

An affirmative answer

Gelehrte Minerva

Apparent in the finest detail

L'ÉCHO LUMINEUX

La producción del maestro francés

Das Gesicht der Frau

Theatrical MAGIC

8 on 10 pt • Initials Your everyday action is an emotional feint, gilded like mother's stitch of your more worn spots. Is this perhaps the reverse of the wasp that steals the honey of a drone? I see you today; your hair woven like history, in frets. I once thought you moved like a cold front along my memory frontier. Yet I can only recall you as a flower built from a dense blossom, torn edges, the occasional thorn below. Now though, age does not mean rust, but rather a whit that cuts ever deeper. Mother would say you are a sentinel unstained by the words of others passing. I remember when she used to leave her eyes in your hands. Only then was her sight visionary, blown like dandelions—chance recollections of sight spun into sense. Now? You are not lost, but more like a memory in the muscles used when Orpheus turned his head. Though mother's act is more like Eurydice pulling love from her brow in fists of sand; in every case, you never leave her behind. For her, you are memories stitched with ornamented myth—where each recollection dissolves as easily as castles in water do. When you comforted her, when you threaded your life around her like barnacled stone, it was the one fold in the her narrative that set her insides at rest. It was only then she became a statue: truth materialized. She fashioned her belief in you into a pin worn proud on her chest.

10 on 12 pt • Deco Initials, SCs, Roman A battalion waiting to be deployed on special assignment. The scariest impliment is the 3-pronged weeder. It ratchets into your hand when you begin to work into the ground. Soon the tool opens space, creating cavities to place some form of new life. (Maybe from the alphabet of seeds you hide in your front left jeans pocket). Your movements into the dirt are at first violent, perhaps an overview of the invasion to come. Initially you hack rather than caress. Soon though, the action becomes fluid, more akin to a sketching process. You are getting a feel for the material, trying to understand the poetry of the soil. As your arm shakes the land retaliates. Every time you plow into the dirt something underground communicates back. A dilaog quickly errupted. I watch in facination as the message, this vibration from within the garden soil creeps up your arm and into your ear like a cobweb excommunicated to the

Operetta

32 on 36 pt • Deco Initials, Upright Italic

You are gone, perhaps to the local flower shop, maybe gathering seeds or exchanging for recipies.

Ornaments

Initials ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ ÁÀÂÄÃÅĂĀĂÂÅÃĄΛÆÁÆĀĆĈČĊÇĎĐĐĐÉÈÊËĔĒĔĔĖĘ ĠĜĞĞĞĠĢĜĤĦĦÍÌÎÏĨĬĬĬ