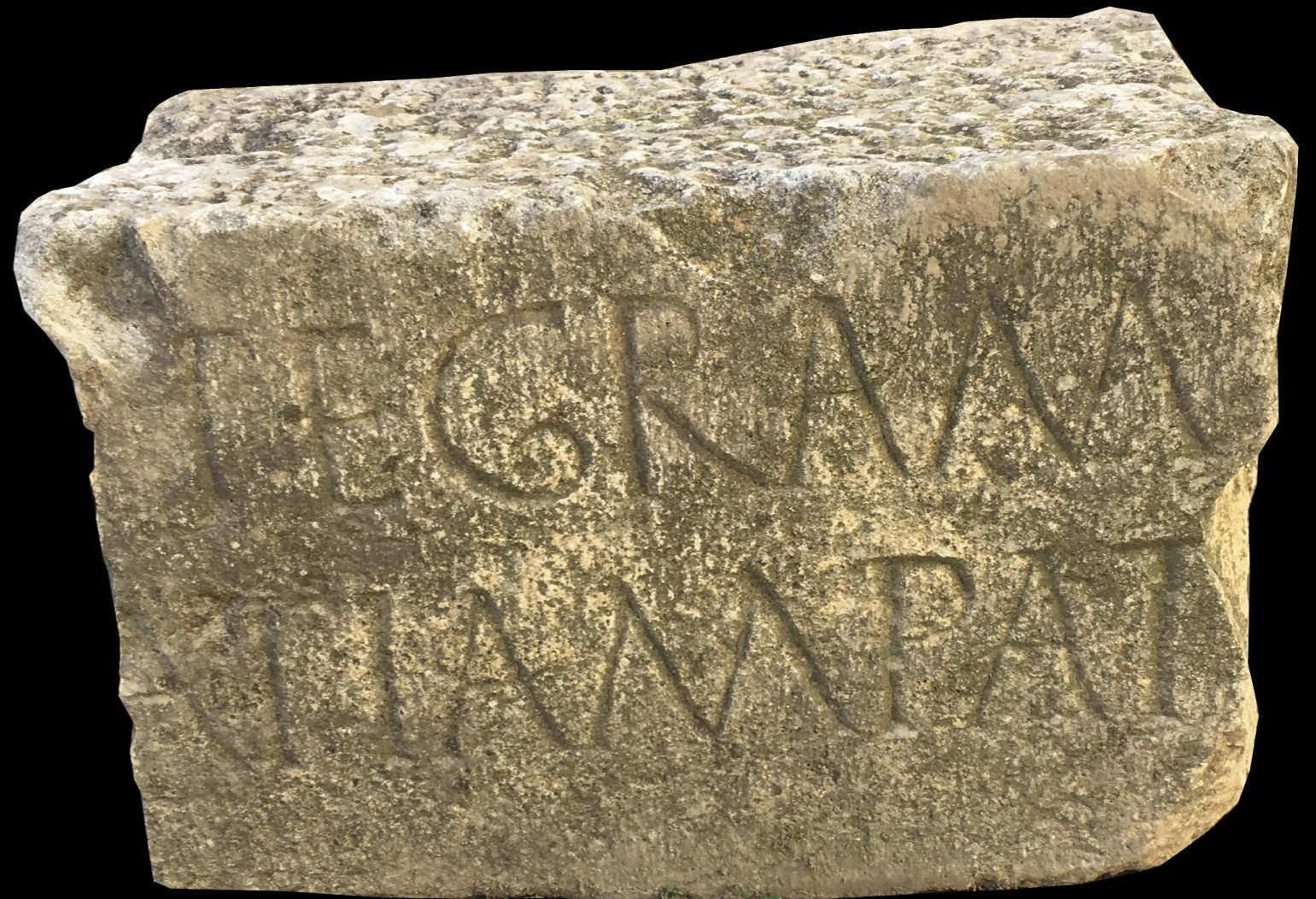


T b g g f o n t



A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Tbgg 120 pt

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n
o p q r s t u v w x y z

Tbgg 120 pt

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 (10 / 1998) . , ; :

Tbgg 120 pt

THE QUICK BROWN
FOX JUMPS OVER THE
LAZY DOG.

Tbgg 140 pt

The quick brown fox
jumps over the lazy dog.

Tbgg 130 pt

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:

«My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair»
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Ozymandias by Percy Shelley, 1818

Tbgg 30 pt

1801 – I have just returned from a visit to my
landlord – the solitary neighbour that I shall be
troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful country.
In all England, I do not believe that I could have
fixed on a situation so completely removed from the
stir of society. A perfect misanthropist Heaven:
and Mr. Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair to
divide the desolation between us. A capital fellow! He
little imagined how my heart warmed towards him
when I beheld his black eyes withdraw so suspiciously
under their brows, as I rode up, and when his fingers
sheltered themselves, with a jealous resolution, still
further in his waistcoat, as I announced my name.

In all England, I do not believe that I could have fixed on a situation
so completely removed from the stir of society. A perfect misanthropist
Heaven: and Mr. Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair to divide
the desolation between us. A capital fellow! He little imagined how my
heart warmed towards him when I beheld his black eyes withdraw
so suspiciously under their brows, as I rode up, and when his fingers
sheltered themselves, with a jealous resolution, still further in his
waistcoat, as I announced my name.

The apartment and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary as belonging to a homely, northern farmer, with a stubborn countenance, and stalwart limbs set out to advantage in knee-breeches and gaiters. Such an individual seated in his armchair, his mug of ale frothing on the round table before him, is to be seen in any circuit of five or six miles among these hills, if you go at the right time after dinner. But Mr. Heathcliff forms a singular contrast to his abode and style of living. He is a dark-skinned gipsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman: that is, as much a gentleman as many a country squire: rather slovenly, perhaps, yet not looking amiss with his negligence, because he has an erect and handsome figure; and rather morose. Possibly, some people might suspect him of a degree of underbred pride; I have a sympathetic chord within that tells me it is nothing of the sort: I know by instinct, his reserve springs from an aversion to showy displays of feeling – to manifestations of mutual kindness. He'll love and hate equally under cover, and esteem it a species of impertinence to be loved or hated again. No. I'm running on too fast: I bestow my own attributes over liberally on him. Mr. Heathcliff may have entirely dissimilar reasons for keeping his hand out of the way when he meets a would-be acquaintance, to those which actuate me. Let me hope

Tbgg 24 pt

Tbgg 18 pt

Tbgg 12 pt

THE QUICK BROWN
FOX JUMPS OVER
THE LAZY DOG.

Tbgg 140 pt

The quick brown fox
jumps over the lazy dog.

Tbgg 130 pt