

Identity Letters

# Kisba Nova Text

# About the Typeface: Kisba Nova Text

## Designed by

Moritz Kleinsorge

## First Release

2018

## Current Release

2021

## Styles

7

## Glyphs

563

## OpenType Features

Discretionary Ligatures,  
Standard Ligatures, Small  
Capitals, Small Capitals from  
Capitals, Case-sensitive Forms,  
Subscript, Superscript, Lining  
Figures, Old-style Figures,  
Proportional Figures, Tabular  
Figures, Slashed Zero, Fractions

## Language Support

Afrikaans, Albanian, Basque,  
Bosnian, Catalan, Croatian,  
Czech, Danish, Dutch, English,  
Estonian, Faroese, Filipino,  
Finnish, French, Galician,  
German, Hungarian, Icelandic,  
Indonesian, Irish, Italian, Latvian,  
Lithuanian, Malay, Norwegian  
Bokmål, Polish, Portuguese,  
Romanian, Slovak, Slovenian,  
Spanish, Swahili, Swedish,  
Turkish, Welsh, Zulu

# A character actor that turns heads. Spiky serifs, soft ball terminals.

All eyes on Kisba Nova: enter a typeface designed to arouse attention. Kisba Nova is that one guest who joins a party, and a murmur goes through the crowd. Kisba Nova is pure charisma. This typeface combines sharp wedge serifs and spiky spurs with round and soft ball terminals and a neoclassical look. With two optical sizes, Kisba Nova looks gorgeous in all situations. With decreased contrast, more generous letter proportions, and wider spacing, the Text subfamily is perfect for point sizes 10 to 18, aiming for a more even texture on the page. In 7 weights and 600+ characters, Kisba Nova Text celebrates the dual nature of softness and sharpness in a single typeface.

## Language Support

Afrikaans, Albanian, Basque, Bosnian, Catalan, Croatian, Czech, Danish, Dutch, English, Estonian, Faroese, Filipino, Finnish, French, Galician, German, Hungarian, Icelandic, Indonesian, Irish, Italian, Latvian, Lithuanian, Malay, Norwegian Bokmål, Polish, Portuguese, Romanian, Slovak, Slovenian, Spanish, Swahili, Swedish, Turkish, Welsh, Zulu

**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 1 2**

**3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 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**

## Overview of Styles

01 Thin

02 Light

03 Book

04 Regular

05 Medium

06 Bold

07 Black



Butterscotch  
Butterscotch  
Butterscotch  
Eclair's

Butterscotch  
Eclair's 1 | -

15 pieces

PREMIUM ALMOND CRISP

Identity Snackers® @ two pounds net

Enjoy your healthy snack.

Date & Sultana Cake 1/4

Identity Snackers® one pound net

Date & Sultana Cake 1/4

Identity Snackers® one pound net

Identity Snackers® Date & Sultana Cake  
one pound net  
Ingredients: Milk Chocolate (60%) (Sugar, Cocoa Butter, Cocoa Mass, Skimmed Cows' Milk Powder, Cows' Milk Fat, Lactose (Cows' Milk), Emulsifier: Soya Lecithin), Cornflakes (40%) (Corn, Sugar, Salt, Barley Malt Extract, Iron, Niacin, Vitamin B6, Riboflavin, Folic Acid, Vitamin B12).

one pound net  
Identity Snackers®  
one pound net  
Identity Snackers® Butterscotch Eclair's  
Ingredients: Sugar, Vegetable Oil (Rapeseed, Sunflower, Sustainable Palm), Wheat Flour (Wheat Flour, Calcium Carbonate, Iron, Niacin, Thiamin), Water, Raspberry Jam (Raspberries (5.7%), Sugar, Apple Pectin, Thickener: Pectin, Aquafaba (Water, Chickpea Extract, Antioxidant: Ascorbic Acid), Humectant: Glycerine, Wheat Gluten, Oats, Faba Bean Protein, Raising Agents: Disodium Diphosphate, Potassium Bicarbonate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Modified Potato Starch, Wheat Starch, Dextrose, Acidity Regulators: Citric Acid, E559, E541, Emulsifiers: E471, E475, E477, E481, Salt, Stabilizers: Xanthan Gum, E516, Maltodextrin, Preservative: Potassium Sorbate, Citric Acid, Vanillin, Flavourings, Flavourings, Colours: Annatto Bixin, Curcumin

Actin **Bron** Curium  
Alum Cadm Darmstadtium  
Ame Calciu Dubnium  
Antim Califo Dysprosium  
Argo Carbo **Einsteinium**  
Arse Cerium **Erbium**  
Astat Cesium **Europium**  
**Bari** Chlori Fermium  
**Berk** Chron Flerovium  
**Bery** Cobal Fluorine  
**Bism** Coper Francium  
**Bohr** Coppe **Gadolinium**  
**Boro** Curium **Gallium**

Mosc Phosp **Rubidium**  
Neod Platini **Ruthenium**  
Neon Pluton **Rutherford**  
Nept Poloni **Samarium**  
Nick Potass **Scandium**  
Nihon Praseo **Seaborgium**  
Niobi Prome **Selenium**  
Nitro Protac **Silicon**  
Nobe **Radium** **Silver**  
Ogar **Rado** **Sodium**  
Osm **Rhen** **Strontium**  
Oxyg **Rhod** **Sulfur**  
Pallac **Roen** **Tantalum**



24 pt / 10 mm

For mange Aar siden levede en Keiser, som holdt saa uhyre meget af smukke nye Klæder, at han gav alle sine Penge ud for ret at blive pyntet. Han brød sig ikke om sine Soldater, brød sig ei om Comedie eller om at kjøre i Skoven, uden alene for at vise sine nye Klæder. Han havde en Kjole for hver Time paa

16 pt / 7,5 mm

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12 pt / 5 mm

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I den store Stad, hvor han boede, gik det meget fornøieligt til, hver Dag kom der mange Fremmede, een Dag kom der to Bedragere; de gave sig ud for at være Vævere og sagde, at de forstode at væve det deiligste Tøi, man kunde tænke sig. Ikke alene Farverne og Mønstret var noget usædvanligt smukt, men de Klæder, som

Hans Christian Andersen:  
Keiserens nye Klæder

**11 pt / 5 mm**

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"Det var jo nogle deilige Klæder," tænkte Keiseren; "ved at have dem paa, kunde jeg komme efter, hvilke Mænd i mit Rige der ikke due til det Embede de have, jeg kan kjende de kloge fra de dumme! ja det Tøi maa strax væves til mig!" og han gav de to Bedragere mange Penge paa

**9 pt / 3,75 mm**

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De satte ogsaa to Væverstole op, lode som om de arbejdede, men de havde ikke det mindste paa Væven. Rask væk forlangte de den fineste Silke, og det prægtigste Guld; det puttede de i deres egen Pose og arbejdede med de tomme Væve, og det til langt ud paa Natten.

"Nu gad jeg dog nok vide, hvor vidt de ere med Tøiet!" tænkte Keiseren, men han var ordenligt lidt underlig om Hjertet ved at tænke paa, at den, som var dum, eller slet passede til sit Embede, ikke kunde see det, nu troede han nok, at han ikke behøvede at være bange for sig selv, men han vilde dog sende nogen først for at see, hvorledes det stod sig. Alle Mennesker i hele Byen vidste, hvilken forunderlig Kraft Tøiet havde, og alle vare begjærlige efter at see, hvor daarlige eller dum hans Naboe var.

"Jeg vil sende min gamle ærlige Minister hen til Væverne!" tænkte Keiseren, "han kan bedst see, hvorledes Tøiet tager sig ud, for han har Forstand, og ingen passer sit Embede bedre end han!" —

Nu gik den gamle skikkelige Minister ind i Salen, hvor de to Bedragere sad og arbejdede med de tomme Væve. "Gud bevar os!" tænkte den gamle Minister og spillede Øinene op! "jeg kan jo ikke se noget!" Men det sagde han ikke.

**6.5 pt / 2,5 mm**

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Begge Bedragerne bad ham være saa god at træde nærmere og spurgte, om det ikke var et smukt Mønster og deilige Farver. Saa pegede de paa den tomme Væv, og den stakkels gamle Minister blev ved at spille Øinene op, men han kunde ikke see noget, for der var ingen Ting. "Herre Gud!" tænkte han, "skulde jeg være dum! Det har jeg aldrig troet, og det maa ingen Mennesker vide! skulde jeg ikke due til mit Embede? Nei det gaar ikke an, at jeg fortæller, jeg ikke kan see Tøiet!"

"Naa, de siger ikke noget om det!" sagde den ene, som vævede!

"O det er nydeligt! ganske allerkjæreste!" sagde den gamle Minister og saae igjennem sine Brillen, "dette Mønster og disse Farver! — ja, jeg skal sige Keiseren, at det behager mig særdeles!"

"Naa det fornøier os!" sagde begge Væverne, og nu nævnede de Farverne ved Navn og det sælsomme Mønster. Den gamle Minister hørte godt efter, for at han kunde sige det samme, naar han kom hjem til Keiseren, og det gjorde han.

Nu forlangte Bedragerne flere Penge, mere Silke og Guld, det skulde de bruge til Vævning. De stak Alt i deres egne Lommer, paa Væven kom ikke en Trevl, men de bleve ved, som før, at væve paa den tomme Væv.

Keiseren sendte snart igjen en anden skikkelige Embedsmand hen for at see, hvorledes det gik med Vævningen, og om Tøiet snart var færdigt. Det gik ham ligesom den anden, han saae og saae, men da

24 pt / 10 mm

It was precisely twelve o'clock; twelve by Big Ben; whose stroke was wafted over the northern part of London; blent with that of other clocks, mixed in a thin ethereal way with the clouds and wisps of smoke, and died up there among the seagulls—twelve o'clock struck as Clarissa Dalloway laid her green

16 pt / 7,5 mm

It was precisely twelve o'clock; twelve by Big Ben; whose stroke was wafted over the northern part of London; blent with that of other clocks, mixed in a thin ethereal way with the clouds and wisps of smoke, and died up there among the seagulls—twelve o'clock struck as Clarissa Dalloway laid her green dress on her bed, and the Warren Smiths walked down Harley Street. Twelve was the hour of their

12 pt / 5 mm

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Virginia Woolf:  
Mrs. Dalloway

**11 pt / 5 mm**

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Indeed it was—Sir William Bradshaw's motor car; low, powerful, grey with plain initials interlocked on the panel, as if the pomps of heraldry were incongruous, this man being the ghostly helper, the priest of science; and, as the motor car was grey, so to match its sober suavity, grey furs, silver grey rugs were heaped in it, to keep her ladyship warm while she waited. For often Sir William would travel sixty miles or more down into the country to visit the rich, the afflicted, who could afford the very large fee which Sir William very properly charged for his advice. Her ladyship waited with the rugs about her knees an hour or more, leaning back,

**9 pt / 3,75 mm**

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Sir William himself was no longer young. He had worked very hard; he had won his position by sheer ability (being the son of a shopkeeper); loved his profession; made a fine figurehead at ceremonies and spoke well—all of which had by the time he was knighted given him a heavy

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Sir William himself was no longer young. He had worked very hard; he had won his position by sheer ability (being the son of a shopkeeper); loved his profession; made a fine figurehead at ceremonies and spoke well—all of which had by the time he was knighted given him a heavy look (the stream of patients being so incessant, the responsibilities and privileges of his profession so onerous), which weariness, together with his grey hairs, increased the extraordinary distinction of his presence and gave him the reputation (of the utmost importance in dealing with nerve cases) not merely of lightning skill, and almost infallible accuracy in diagnosis but of sympathy; tact; understanding of the human soul. He could see the first moment they came into the room (the Warren Smiths they were called); he was certain directly he saw the man; it was a case of extreme gravity. It was a case of complete breakdown—complete physical and nervous breakdown, with every symptom in an advanced stage, he ascertained in two or three minutes (writing answers to questions, murmured discreetly, on a pink card).

How long had Dr. Holmes been attending him?  
Six weeks.

Prescribed a little bromide? Said there was nothing the matter? Ah yes (those general practitioners! thought Sir William. It took half his time to undo their blunders. Some were irreparable).

"You served with great distinction in the War?"

The patient repeated the word "war" interrogatively. He was attaching meanings to words of a symbolical kind. A serious symptom, to be noted on the card.

"The War?" the patient asked. The European War—that little shindy of schoolboys with gunpowder? Had he served with distinction? He really forgot. In the War itself he had failed.

24 pt / 10 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état primitif ne peut plus subsister, & le genre

16 pt / 7,5 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état primitif ne peut plus subsister, & le genre humain périrait s'il ne changeoit sa manière d'être. Or comme les hommes ne peuvent engendrer de nouvelles forces, mais

12 pt / 5 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état primitif ne peut plus subsister, & le genre humain périrait s'il ne changeoit sa manière d'être. Or comme les hommes ne peuvent engendrer de nouvelles forces, mais seulement unir & diriger celles qui existent, ils n'ont plus d'autre moyen pour se conserver, que de former par aggrégation une somme de forces qui puisse l'emporter sur la résistance, de les mettre en jeu par un seul mobile & de les faire agir de concert. Cette somme de forces ne peut naître que du concours de plusieurs : mais la force & la liberté de chaque homme étant les

Jean-Jacques Rousseau:  
Du contrat social ou Principes du droit politique

11 pt / 5 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état primitif ne peut plus subsister, & le genre humain périrait s'il ne changeoit sa manière d'être.

Or comme les hommes ne peuvent engendrer de nouvelles forces, mais seulement unir & diriger celles qui existent, ils n'ont plus d'autre moyen pour se conserver, que de former par aggrégation une somme de forces qui puisse l'emporter sur la résistance, de les mettre en jeu par un seul mobile & de les faire agir de concert.

Cette somme de forces ne peut naître que du concours de plusieurs : mais la force & la liberté de chaque homme étant les premiers instrumens de sa conservation, comment les engagera-t-il sans se nuire, & sans négliger les soins qu'il se doit ? Cette difficulté ramenée à mon sujet peut s'énoncer en ces termes.

« Trouver une forme d'association qui défende & protège de toute la force commune la personne & les biens de chaque associé, & par laquelle chacun s'unissant à

9 pt / 3,75 mm

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Cette somme de forces ne peut naître que du concours de plusieurs : mais la force & la liberté de chaque homme étant les premiers instrumens de sa conservation, comment les engagera-t-il sans se nuire, & sans négliger les soins qu'il se doit ? Cette difficulté ramenée à mon sujet peut s'énoncer en ces termes.

« Trouver une forme d'association qui défende & protège de toute la force commune la personne & les biens de chaque associé, & par laquelle chacun s'unissant à tous n'obéisse pourtant qu'à lui-même & reste aussi libre qu'auparavant ? » Tel est le problème fondamental dont le contract social donne la solution.

Les clauses de ce contract sont tellement déterminées par la nature de l'acte, que la moindre modification les rendrait vaines & de nul effet ; en sorte que, bien qu'elles n'aient peut-être jamais été formellement énoncées, elles sont par-tout les mêmes, par-tout tacitement admises & reconnues ; jusqu'à ce que, le pacte social étant violé, chacun rentre alors dans ses premiers droits & reprenne sa liberté naturelle, en perdant la liberté conventionnelle pour laquelle il y renonça.

Ces clauses bien entendues se réduisent toutes à une seule, savoir l'aliénation totale de chaque associé avec tous ses droits à toute la communauté : Car premièrement, chacun se donnant tout entier, la condition est égale pour tous, & la condition étant égale pour tous, nul n'a intérêt de la rendre onéreuse aux autres.

De plus, l'aliénation se faisant sans réserve, l'union est aussi parfaite qu'elle peut l'être & nul associé n'a plus rien à réclamer : Car s'il restait quelques droits aux particuliers, comme il n'y aurait aucun supérieur commun qui put prononcer

6.5 pt / 2,5 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état primitif ne peut plus subsister, & le genre humain périrait s'il ne changeoit sa manière d'être.

Or comme les hommes ne peuvent engendrer de nouvelles forces, mais seulement unir & diriger celles qui existent, ils n'ont plus d'autre moyen pour se conserver, que de former par aggrégation une somme de forces qui puisse l'emporter sur la résistance, de les mettre en jeu par un seul mobile & de les faire agir de concert.

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Enfin chacun se donnant à tous ne se donne à personne, & comme il n'y a pas un associé sur lequel on n'acquière le même droit qu'on lui cède sur soi, on gagne l'équivalent de tout ce qu'on perd, & plus de force pour conserver ce qu'on a.

Si donc on écarte du pacte social ce qui n'est pas de son essence, on trouvera qu'il se réduit aux termes suivans. Chacun de nous met en commun sa personne & toute sa puissance sous la suprême direction de la volonté générale ; & nous recevons en corps chaque membre comme partie indivisible du tout.

A l'instant, au lieu de la personne particulière de chaque contractant, cet acte d'association produit un corps moral & collectif composé d'autant de membres que l'assemblée a de voix, lequel reçoit de ce même acte son unité, son moi commun, sa vie & sa volonté. Cette personne publique qui se forme ainsi par l'union de toutes les autres prenoit autrefois le nom de Cité [1], & prend maintenant celui de République ou de corps politique, lequel est appelé par ses membres État quand il est passif, Souverain quand il est actif, Puissance en le comparant à ses semblables. A l'égard des associés ils prennent collectivement le nom de peuple, & s'appellent en particulier Citoyens comme participant à l'autorité souveraine, & Sujets comme soumis aux loix de l'État. Mais ces termes se confondent souvent &

24 pt / 10 mm

That evening, Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church

16 pt / 7,5 mm

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12 pt / 5 mm

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Robert Louis Stevenson:  
Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

11 pt / 5 mm

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'I thought it was madness,' he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, 'and now I begin to fear it is disgrace.'

With that he blew out his candle, put on a great coat and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. 'If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon,' he had thought.

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door

9 pt / 3,75 mm

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24 pt / 10 mm

**O ferimento de Simão Botelho era melindroso de mais para obedecer prontamente ao curativo do ferrador, enfronhado em aphorismos de alveitaria. A bala passàra-lhe de revez a porção muscular do braço esquerdo; mas algum vaso importante rompêra, que não**

16 pt / 7,5 mm

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12 pt / 5 mm

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Camilo Castelo Branco:  
Amor de Perdição

11 pt / 5 mm

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Na tarde d'esse dia recebeu Simão a seguinte carta de Thereza:

«Deus permitia que tenhas chegado sem perigo

9 pt / 3,75 mm

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Disse-me tua mana que os moços de meu primo tinham apparecido mortos perto da estrada. Agora já sei tudo. Estive para lhe dizer que tu ahi estás; mas não me deram tempo. Meu pae de hora a hora dá passeios no corredor, e solta uns ais muito altos.

Ó meu querido Simão, que será feito de ti?... Estarás tu ferido? Serei eu a causa da tua morte?

Diz-me o que souberes. Eu já não peço a Deus senão a tua vida. Foge d'esses sitios; vai para Coimbra, e espera que o tempo melhore a nossa situação.

Tem confiança n'esta desgraçada, que é digna da tua dedicação.... Chega

6.5 pt / 2,5 mm

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Tem confiança n'esta desgraçada, que é digna da tua dedicação.... Chega a pobre demoral-a mais... Perguntei-lhe se se dizia de ti alguma coisa, e ella respondeu que não. Deus o queira.»

Respondeu Simão a querer tranquillisar o animo de Thereza. Do seu ferimento fallava tão de passagem, que dava a suppôr que nem o curativo era necessario. Promettia partir para Coimbra logo que o pudesse fazer sem receio de Thereza soffrer na sua ausencia. Animava-a a chamal-o, assim que as ameaças de convento passassem a ser realisadas.

Entretanto Balthazar Coutinho, chamado às autoridades judicias para esclarecer a devassa instaurada, respondeu que effectivamente os homens mortos eram seus criados, de quem elle e sua familia se acompanhara de Castro-d'Aire. Accrescentou que não sabia que elles tivessem inimigos em Vizeu, nem tinha contra alguem as mais leves presumpções.

Os mais proximos visinhos da localidade, onde os cadaveres tinham apparecido, apenas depunham que, alta noite, tinham ouvido dois tiros ao mesmo tempo, e outro, pouco depois. Um apenas adiantava coisa que não podia alumiara a justiça, e vinha a ser que o mato, nas visinhanças do local, fôra chapotado. N'esta escuridade a justiça não podia dar passo algum.

Thadeu de Albuquerque era conivente no attentado contra a vida de Simão Botelho. Fôra seu o alvitre, quando o sobrinho denunciou a causa das sahdas frequentes de Thereza, na noite do baile. Tanto ao velho como ao morgado convinha apagar algum indicio que pudesse envolvê-os no mysterio

24 pt / 10 mm

**Our friends at home may well rejoice with us, for we are at our goal, and up to a point, at least, we have shown that the statement of Professor Challenger can be verified. We have not, it is true, ascended the plateau, but it lies before us, and even Professor Summerlee is in a more chastened mood.**

16 pt / 7,5 mm

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Arthur Conan Doyle:  
The Lost World

11 pt / 5 mm

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**When I wrote last we were about to leave the Indian village where we had been deposited by the Esmeralda. I have to begin my report by bad news, for the first serious personal trouble (I pass over the incessant bickerings between the Professors) occurred this evening, and might have had a tragic ending. I have spoken of our English-speaking**

9 pt / 3,75 mm

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**When I wrote last we were about to leave the Indian village where we had been deposited by the Esmeralda. I have to begin my report by bad news, for the first serious personal trouble (I pass over the incessant bickerings between the Professors) occurred this evening, and might have had a tragic ending. I have spoken of our English-speaking half-breed, Gomez—a fine worker and a willing fellow, but afflicted, I fancy, with the vice of curiosity, which is common enough among such men. On the last evening he seems to have hid himself near the hut in which we were discussing our plans, and, being observed by our huge negro Zambo, who is as faithful as a dog and has the hatred which all his race bear to the half-breeds, he was dragged out and carried into our presence. Gomez whipped out his knife, however, and but for the huge strength of his captor, which enabled him to disarm him with one hand, he would certainly have stabbed him. The matter has ended in reprimands, the opponents have been compelled to shake hands, and there is every hope that all will be well. As to the feuds of the two learned men, they are continuous and bitter. It must be admitted that Challenger is provocative in the last degree, but Summerlee has an acid tongue, which makes matters worse. Last night Challenger said that he never cared to walk on the Thames Embankment and look up the river, as it was always sad to see one's own eventual goal. He is convinced, of course, that he is destined for Westminster Abbey. Summerlee rejoined, however, with a sour smile, by saying that he understood that**

6.5 pt / 2,5 mm

**Our friends at home may well rejoice with us, for we are at our goal, and up to a point, at least, we have shown that the statement of Professor Challenger can be verified. We have not, it is true, ascended the plateau, but it lies before us, and even Professor Summerlee is in a more chastened mood. Not that he will for an instant admit that his rival could be right, but he is less persistent in his incessant objections, and has sunk for the most part into an observant silence. I must hark back, however, and continue my narrative from where I dropped it. We are sending home one of our local Indians who is injured, and I am committing this letter to his charge, with considerable doubts in my mind as to whether it will ever come to hand.**

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**The very next day we did actually make our start upon this remarkable expedition. We found that all our possessions fitted very easily into the two canoes, and we divided our personnel, six in each, taking the obvious precaution in the interests of peace of putting one Professor into each canoe. Personally, I was with Challenger, who was in a beatific humour, moving about as one in a silent ecstasy and beaming benevolence from every feature. I have had some experience of him in other moods, however, and shall be the less surprised when the thunderstorms suddenly come up amidst the sunshine. If it is impossible to be at your ease, it is equally impossible to be dull in his company, for one is always in a state of half-tremulous doubt as to what sudden turn his formidable temper may take.**

**For two days we made our way up a good-sized river, some hundreds of yards broad, and dark in colour, but transparent, so that one could usually see the bottom. The affluents of the Amazon are, half of them, of this nature, while the other half**

24 pt / 10 mm

**It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had**

16 pt / 7,5 mm

**It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all**

12 pt / 5 mm

**It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only. There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the**

Charles Dickens:  
A Tale of Two Cities

11 pt / 5 mm

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**There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled for ever.**

**It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently**

9 pt / 3,75 mm

**It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.**

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**It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock-lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America: which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock-lane brood.**

**France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned**

6.5 pt / 2,5 mm

**It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.**

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**France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.**

**In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Boxing burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognised and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom**



# How to Become A Millionaire By Selling ... Philosophy Books

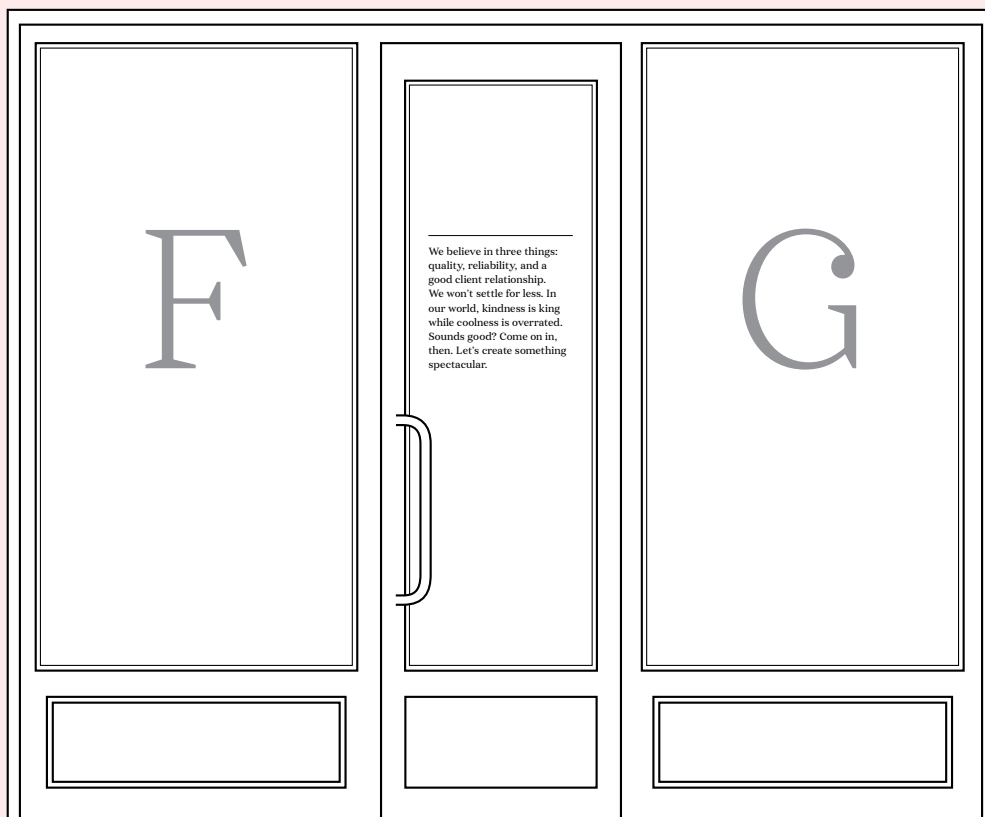
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