
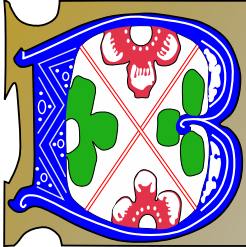
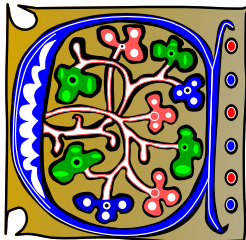
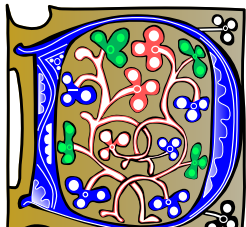


# rop apitals

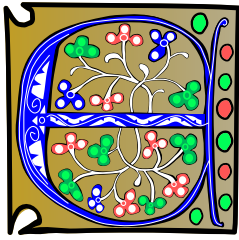
ll of these letters are drawn by hand, imitating particular illuminated capitals of the *Isabella Breviary*. I create the black-and-white outline in *FontForge*, then export it as *SVG* and color it in with *Inkscape*.

oth versions of the letter are present in the font, so we get backward compatibility with browsers that don't yet support *SVG* fonts.

oloring the fonts takes a lot of work, and there are some finicky details of compatibility among the three engines that support it.

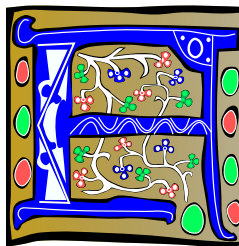
espite that, I find it worthwhile; I think it could add a lot to the

experience of using my Isabella font.



very capital is taken from the Isabella Breviary, except the ones that just aren't there: J, V, W, Y, and Z. Those I'm going to have to

improvise.

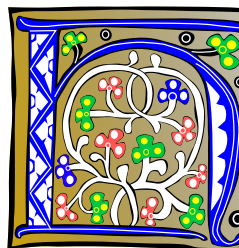


or the F. I wasn't able to find a large example, so the small example I found was too simple, so I drew the vines ab initio, trying to match the

complexity of the C.

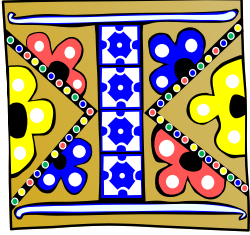


getting harder to come up with text for all of these paragraphs. I think I'm going to stop insisting on being relevant to the font.



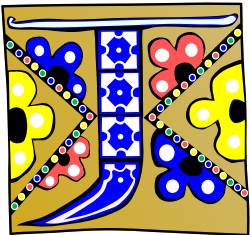
elp! I'm trapped in a paragraph factory! Please send copies of the Riverside Shakespeare. With luck, the sight of vast amounts of

plot without paragraphs will blow the owners'  
minds.

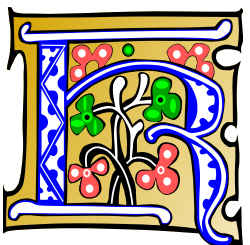


interactive fonts would be even more  
interesting. SVG can contain  
JavaScript, after all. Maybe you  
wouldn't give it access to mouse

events and what-not (what would that mean when  
printed?), but the glyphs could know their neighbors,  
and the background colors; you could have fonts  
where the glyphs adapted themselves to their  
context. Futuracha No had a demo video that showed  
them doing that, but the actual font doesn't.

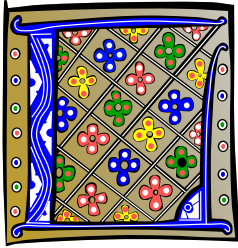


abberwock, Jabberwock, go so slow!  
Jabberwock, Jabberwock, go so fast!  
Jabberwock, Jabberwock, step on  
the gas!



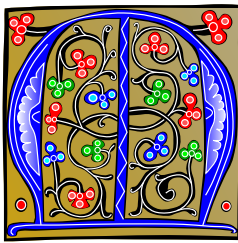
nights of the Round Table:  
Lancelot, Galahad, Tristan,  
Bedivere, Gawain, Kay,

Quercival...Arthur, of course.



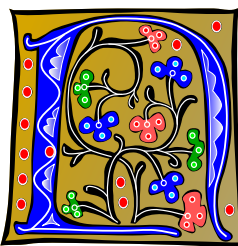
orem ipsum dolor sit amet,  
consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do  
eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore  
et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad

minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco  
laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat.



y favorite part is adding the color.  
The initial black-and-white is  
pickier. Worse, it requires a  
steadier hand, and is difficult to

interrupt, which means I can't really do it on the  
train. So I build the black-and-white outlines on the  
weekends, at home, with an external monitor and a  
trackball, and then color them on my commute.

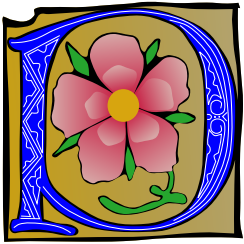


or flesh, nor fowl, nor good red  
herring—I've never seen a red  
herring; I've only ever had pickled  
herring, which is grey, or silver, or

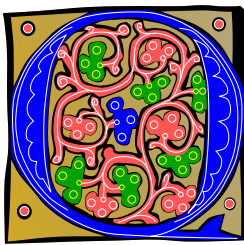
something. I looked it up, and it turns out herring turns red when you smoke it.



to King Cole was a merry old soul—it sounds like it refers to some old pre-Norman King, but “he called for his pipe” seems to suggest the rhyme is post-Columbus. Or maybe King Cole really enjoyed plumbing.



Planet X, the last known source of illdium phosphate, the shaving cream atom! Just beyond Planet U, Planet V, Planet A...a clear demonstration of the Well-Ordering Theorem.

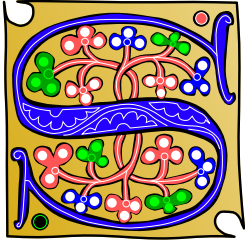


uck, come up with something to say for this paragraph! No, it has to be longer than that; it has to descend below the Q. There, that should do it.



ow, row, row Descartes gently

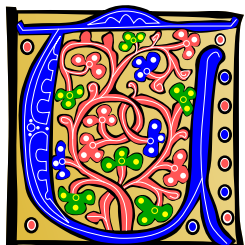
down the stream! He will explain to you That the  
song Is so wrong: Life is not a dream.



uperman comes from a planet with  
a completely different environment  
(red sun, much stronger gravity),

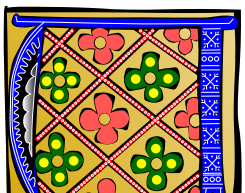
and yet it evolved a species so much

like humans that he can be attracted to a human  
woman. This is staggeringly unlikely; he should be  
completely different. Even if he were superficially  
humanoid, he shouldn't be able to pass as human; he  
should have thicker bones, huge muscles (bigger than he  
has, I mean), and bigger joints to provide leverage  
where the tendons attach.



o thine own self be true, and it must  
follow, as might the day, thou canst  
not then be false to any man. —

Shakespeare



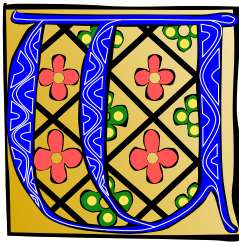
pon the shell of Great A'Tuin  
stand the four elephants; and upon

their backs turns the Discworld, world and mirror of worlds.

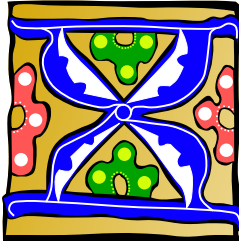


irtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.

— Confucius



hen tired, we are attracted by ideas we long ago conquered. — Nietzsche (not someone I normally look to, but this one rings true)



erox used to be a verb, and they were really annoyed about it. Now everybody's forgotten about them; instead of “xeroxing”, we just say

“copying”. Somehow I doubt they consider this an improvement.