

Metodo

About Metodo

Masterfully making the quantum leap from metal to digital, Metodo brings distinctly early twentieth century curves to a contemporary typeface. Inspired by a German type design that traveled through numerous European foundries under different names, Davide Tomatis captures the distinct physicality of early modernist typography with a refined drawing.

The original typeface was most likely first released by Wagner & Schmidt and released under the name Neue Moderne Grotesk. It was also listed in the catalogues of some of Europe's most famous foundries at time under various names including: Aurora in Weber's catalogues, Accidenz Grotesk in Haas's catalogues, and Cairoli in Nebiolo's catalogues, just to name a few of its pseudonyms. Soon ubiquitous, albeit remaining somewhat obscure, the typeface was notably used by Jan Tschichold, for the first edition of the Die Neue Typographie, which was published in 1928.

Davide Tomatis first started working with this typeface while completing his master's of type design at ECAL in 2019. Upon graduating, Tomatis continued to meticulously investigate the specific feeling evoked by the original metal typeface through its particular curves and tensions (especially present in its rounded shapes), a further investigation that intertwined Metodo into this unusual lineage. By preserving the typeface's overall texture rather than faithfully reproducing its minute details, Tomatis gave Metodo a sophisticated design with a timeless character.

→ Released in 2021

Designed by Davide Tomatis

Davide Tomatis is currently living and working in his hometown, Turin, Italy. He holds a bachelor in graphic design from the Polytechnic University of Turin, and obtained a master's degree in type design at the École cantonale d'art de Lausanne (ECAL). Since 2012, he has been collaborating with Archivio Tipografico which is one of the biggest Italian letterpress printshops and typographic archive. Besides, Tomatis is working in the field of graphic and type design with international clients as an independent freelancer and also as a member of the Studio 23.56. He teaches typography at Istituto d'Arte Applicata e Design (IAAD), in the Visual Communication bachelor, in Turin.

Metodo Regular
262 pt

Met

Metodo Light/Italic
135 pt

Aa Aa

Metodo Regular/Italic
135 pt

Aa Aa

Metodo Medium/Italic
135 pt

Aa Aa

Metodo Bold/Italic
135 pt

Aa Aa

Metodo Heavy/Italic
135 pt

Aa Aa

Metodo Thin
260 pt

odo

Metodo Display
10 Styles

Metodo Light

Metodo Light Italic

Metodo Regular

Metodo Italic

Metodo Medium

Metodo Medium Italic

Metodo Bold

Metodo Bold Italic

Metodo Heavy


Metodo Heavy Italic


Language Support	Afrikaans, Albanian, Asu, Basque, Bemba, Bena, Breton, Bosnian, Catalan, Chiga, Colognian, Cornish, Croatian [Latin], Czech, Danish, Dutch, Embu, English, Esperanto, Estonian, Faroese, Filipino, Fijian, Finnish, Flemish, French, Friulian, Frisian, Galician, Ganda, German, Gusii, Greenlandic, Hawaiian, Hungarian, Icelandic, Inari Sami, Indonesian, Irish, Italian, Jola-Fonyi, Kabuverdianu, Kalaallisut, Kalenjin.	Kamba, Kikuyu, Kinyardawanda, Latin, Latvian, Lithuanian, Lower Sorbian, Luo, Luxembourgish, Luyia, Machame, Makhuwa-Meetto, Makonde, Malagasy, Malay, Maltese, Manx, Maori, Meru, Morisyen, Moldavian, North Ndebele, Northern Sami, Norwegian Bokmål, Norwegian Nynorsk, Nyankole, Oromo, Portuguese, Polish, Quechua, Provençal, Rhaeto-Romanic, Romanian, Romansh, Romanyn, Rombo, Rundi, Rwa, Samburu.	Sango, Sangu, Sámi [Inari], Sámi [Lule], Sámi [Northern], Sámi [Southern], Samoan, Scottish Gaelic, Sena, Serbian [Latin], Spanish, Shambala, Shona, Slovak, Slovenian, Soga, Somali, Swahili, Swedish, Swiss German, Taita, Teso, Tagalog, Turkish, Upper Sorbian, Uzbek, Volapük, Vunjo, Walser, Wallon, Welsh, Western Frisian, Wolof, Zulu
------------------	---	---	--

Optimo Latin Extended
Character Set

Adobe <ul style="list-style-type: none">· Adobe Latin-1	ISO 8859 <ul style="list-style-type: none">· 8859-1 Latin-1 Western European· 8859-2 Latin-2 Central European· 8859-3 Latin-3 South European· 8859-4 Latin-4 North European· 8859-9 Latin-5 Turkish· 8859-13 Latin-7 Baltic Rim· 8859-15 Latin-9· 8859-16 Latin-10 South-Eastern European	Microsoft Windows <ul style="list-style-type: none">· MS Windows 1250 Central European Latin· MS Windows 1252 Western (Standard Latin)· MS Windows 1254 Turkish Latin· MS Windows 1257 Baltic Latin
Apple Macintosh <ul style="list-style-type: none">· MacOS Roman (Standard Latin)· MacOS Central European Latin· MacOS Croatian· MacOS Iceland· MacOS Romanian· MacOS Turkish		Encoded Glyphs <ul style="list-style-type: none">· Basic Latin· Latin-1 Supplement· Latin Extended-A· Latin Extended-B· Latin Extended Additional


OpenType Features


 All Caps [cpsp]


 Case Sensitive Forms [case]


This function formats the text in upper-case and adjusts spacing between all capital letters. It also applies the ‘Case Sensitive Forms’ feature which replaces certain characters with alternates that are better suited for all capital text, especially related to punctuation.

OFF	ON
All Capitals (278) «Optimo» H@!()[]{}¿¡<>«»---.	ALL CAPITALS (278) «OPTIMO» H@!()[]{}¿¡<>«»---.

 Tabular Lining Figures [tnum–lnum]

 Proportional Lining Figures [pnum–lnum]

 Tabular Oldstyle Figures [tnum–lnum]

 Proportional Oldstyle Figures [pnum–lnum]

This typeface includes lining and oldstyle figures available in tabular or proportional spacing formats. Lining figures have an invariable height comparatively to oldstyle figures who have varying ascenders, descenders and x-height. For contexts in which numbers need to line up such as columns or tables, the tabular setting is perfectly adapted as all numerals width is uniformized. Proportional setting generates numerals suitable for text; each number has an appropriate width based on its shape.

H0123456789	H0123456789
H0123456789	H0123456789
H0123456789	H0123456789
H0123456789	H0123456789



Stylistic Set 1 [ss01]
Alternate r

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).



Stylistic Set 2 [ss02]
Alternate R

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).



Stylistic Set 14 [ss14]
Circled symbols

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s). Metodo includes figures and symbols which are enclosed into an outlined circle.



Stylistic Set 15 [ss15]
Black circled symbols

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s). Metodo includes figures and symbols which are enclosed into a filled circle.



Contextual Alternates [calt]

This feature adapts the position of a glyph after its surrounding context. For instance, a dash placed between two uppercase letters or numbers will be replaced by an uppercase version of the dash, slightly higher. This feature is usually active by default in Adobe applications.



Stylistic Set 6 [ss06]

This feature activates alternate lowercase positioning of mathematical symbols.



Standard Ligatures [liga]

Standard ligatures replaces a sequence of characters with a single ligature glyph, they are designed to improve kerning and readability of certain letter pairs.



Slashed Zero [zero]

Originally created to avoid the confusion between the '0' and the 'O', this feature substitutes all zeros in a selected text by a slashed form of the zero.



Discretionary Ligatures [dlig]

This feature activates discretionary ligatures which are specific to the typeface. It applies all other designed ligatures that are not classified as standard ligatures.

rrŕř

RŔŘŘ

0123456789
! ? × √ ← → ↑ ↓

0123456789
! ? × √ ← → ↑ ↓

A-B-C-D

4-7×8
up+down

H+±×÷-≈≠¬∞

fi fl

0 0

-> <-

rrŕř

RŔŘŘ

①②③④⑤⑥⑦⑧⑨
! ? × √ ← → ↑ ↓

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
! ? × √ ← → ↑ ↓

A-B-C-D


4-7×8
up+down

H+±×÷-≈≠¬∞

fi fl

0 0


→ ←

 Superscript/Superiors [sup]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates which are set slightly above the height of the capital letters. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789– +=
Habcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz()[].,


H⁰123456789– +=
H^abcdefghijklmno
H^pqrstuvwxyz()[].,

 Subscript/Inferiors [sub]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates which are set slightly below the baseline. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789– +=
Habcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz()[].,


H₀123456789– +=
H_abcdefghijklmno
H_pqrstuvwxyz()[].,

 Numerators [numr]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates. The numerators are the same glyphs that are used to create fractions, their vertical position remains within the capital letters height. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789– +=
Habcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz()[].,


H⁰123456789– +=
H^abcdefghijklmno
H^pqrstuvwxyz()[].,

 Denominators [dnom]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates and low position glyphs. The denominators are the same glyphs that are used to create fractions, their vertical position remains within the base line. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789– +=
Habcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz()[].,


H₀123456789– +=
H_abcdefghijklmno
H_pqrstuvwxyz()[].,

 Fractions [frac]

With this feature, any numbers separated by a slash will automatically turn into a fraction. To fit in fraction configuration, numerals have been designed smaller and their weights have been adjusted to suit the typeface.

1/2 1/3 2/3 1/4
3/4 3/8 5/8 7/8


½ ⅓ ⅔ ¼
¾ ⅜ ⅝ ⅞

 Stylistic Set 20 [ss20]

This feature substitutes the letter “x” into the multiplication sign.

32x50 cm

32×50 cm

 Ordinals [ordn]

This feature replaces any letter following a numeral with its matching superior letters. French language uses the ordinal indicators such as ‘er’ for 1er premier, while Spanish, Portuguese and Italian require the feminine and masculine ordinals ‘a,’ ‘o’ for 1º, 1ª. Ordinals are designed to match the weight of the typeface.

2a 2o 1er

2^a 2^o 1^{er}

Metodo Light
60 pt

The car was a
boxy late model
Ford sedan,

Metodo Light
36 pt

The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and
very fast. It had been a

Metodo Light
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and very fast. It
had been a sheriff's vehicle originally
bought at an auction in Tennessee, and
further modified for speed. Perry and I
listened to the big engine idle, checked

Metodo Light
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a

Metodo Light
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale

Metodo Light
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back

Metodo Light
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would

Metodo Light
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this

point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. “Cement,” he said. It’s not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don’t even remember the event. It’s a blank: a white slate, a Heavy hole, I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn’t move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in

Metodo Light Italic
60 pt

*The car was a
boxy late model
Ford sedan,*

Metodo Light Italic
36 pt

*The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and
very fast. It had been a*

Metodo Light Italic
24 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and very fast. It
had been a sheriff's vehicle originally
bought at an auction in Tennessee, and
further modified for speed. Perry and I
listened to the big engine idle, checked*

Metodo Light Italic
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands,

Metodo Light Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale

Metodo Light Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city

Metodo Light Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would

Metodo Light Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this

point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. "Cement," he said. It's not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don't even remember the event. It's a blank: a white slate, a Heavy hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn't move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in

Metodo Regular
60 pt

The car was a
boxy late model
Ford sedan,

Metodo Regular
36 pt

The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and
very fast. It had been a

Metodo Regular
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and very fast. It
had been a sheriff's vehicle originally
bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry
and I listened to the big engine idle,

Metodo Regular
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy,
innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sher-
iff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and fur-
ther modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle,
checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those
on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's
all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford
man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about
cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale,
New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan
Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings,

Metodo Regular
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old

Metodo Regular
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly

Metodo Regular
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t pray when Emily died. God would

Metodo Regular
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a

harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. “Cement,” he said. It’s not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don’t even remember the event. It’s a blank: a white slate, a Heavy hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn’t move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over

Metodo Italic
60 pt

*The car was a
boxy late model
Ford sedan,*

Metodo Italic
36 pt

*The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and
very fast. It had been a*

Metodo Italic
24 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and very fast. It
had been a sheriff's vehicle originally
bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry
and I listened to the big engine idle,*

Metodo Italic
14 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy,
innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sher-
iff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and
further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine
idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of
those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry
asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much
of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something
about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in
Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow
Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands,*

Metodo Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old

Metodo Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town.

Metodo Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would

Metodo Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a

harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. "Cement," he said. It's not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don't even remember the event. It's a blank: a white slate, a Heavy hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn't move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over

Metodo Medium
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

Metodo Medium
36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been

Metodo Medium
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle,

Metodo Medium
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands,

Metodo Medium
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in

Metodo Medium
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It

Metodo Medium
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t

Metodo Medium
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood, I had not seen one of those on the road since high school, “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a

harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t pray when Emily died, God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. “Cement,” he said. It’s not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don’t even remember the event. It’s a blank: a white slate, a Heavy hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn’t move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

Metodo Medium Italic
60 pt

*The car was a
boxy late model
Ford sedan,*

Metodo Medium Italic
36 pt

*The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been*

Metodo Medium Italic
24 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and very fast. It
had been a sheriff's vehicle originally
bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry
and I listened to the big engine idle,*

Metodo Medium Italic
14 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy,
innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a
sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and
further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine
idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of
those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry
asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much
of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something
about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in
Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow
Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands,*

Metodo Medium Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in

Metodo Medium Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there.

Metodo Medium Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t

Metodo Medium Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a

harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. “Cement,” he said. It’s not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don’t even remember the event. It’s a blank: a white slate, a Heavy hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn’t move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

Metodo Bold
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Metodo Bold
36 pt

The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been

Metodo Bold
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Heavy, innocu-
ous bordering on invisible, and very
fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in
Tennessee, and further modified for
speed. Perry and I listened to the big

Metodo Bold
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among

Metodo Bold
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density

Metodo Bold
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing

Metodo Bold
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed

Metodo Bold
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as

a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. “Cement,” he said. It’s not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don’t even remember the event. It’s a blank: a white slate, a Heavy hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn’t move. The car was a

Metodo Bold Italic
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Metodo Bold Italic
36 pt

***The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been***

Metodo Bold Italic
24 pt

***The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Heavy, innocu-
ous bordering on invisible, and very
fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in
Tennessee, and further modified for
speed. Perry and I listened to the big***

Metodo Bold Italic
14 pt

***The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy,
innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a
sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big
engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen
one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?"
Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never
been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You
know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent
my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from
long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among***

Metodo Bold Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of

Metodo Bold Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing

Metodo Bold Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for

Metodo Bold Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a

point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. “Cement,” he said. It’s not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don’t even remember the event. It’s a blank: a white slate, a Heavy hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn’t move. The car was a

Metodo Heavy
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Metodo Heavy
36 pt

The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Heavy, innocu-
ous bordering on invis-
ible, and very fast. It had

Metodo Heavy
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford
se-dan, white over Heavy, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and very fast.
It had been a sheriff's vehicle origi-
nally bought at an auction in
Tennessee, and further modified for
speed. Perry and I listened to the big

Metodo Heavy
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy,
innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a
sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big
engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not
seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the
car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've
never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket,
"You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I
spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north
from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay,

Metodo Heavy
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for

Metodo Heavy
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing

Metodo Heavy
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six

Metodo Heavy
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood, I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked, “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense

of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. “Cement,” he said. It’s not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don’t even remember the event. It’s a blank: a white slate, a Heavy hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her,

Metodo Heavy Italic
60 pt

***The car was a
boxy late model
Ford sedan,***

Metodo Heavy Italic
36 pt

***The car was a boxy late
mo del Ford sedan,
white over Heavy, innoc-
uous bordering on invis-
ible, and very fast. It had***

Metodo Heavy Italic
24 pt

***The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Heavy, innocu-
ous bordering on invisible, and very
fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in
Tennessee, and further modified for
speed. Perry and I listened to the big***

Metodo Heavy Italic
14 pt

***The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy,
innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a
sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big
engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen
one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?"
Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never
been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You
know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent
my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from
long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among***

Metodo Heavy Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for

Metodo Heavy Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of

Metodo Heavy Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six

Metodo Heavy Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Heavy, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the abig engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of

peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn’t pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. “Cement,” he said. It’s not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don’t even remember the event. It’s a blank: a white slate, a Heavy hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her,