

Antique Legacy

About Antique Legacy

It's all a matter of perception and, perhaps, a matter of time and place as well. From the synthesis of letterform designs proposed by Walter Käch in the late 1940s to the optical balance achieved by Helvetica, which was drawn by Max Miedinger in the mid-1950s, an organic and rational image was defined for the letter. With a distinct sensorial liaison between the positive and the negative spaces of its letterforms and counterforms, this paradigm of modernist typography eventually became the backbone of Swiss graphic design, which, in turn, inspired an international model in the latter half of the twentieth century.

More than sixty years after the peak of Swiss style and following the release of countless variants, François Rappo reclaims this typographic heritage with Antique Legacy. Rappo, once again, proves his mastery of the grotesque genre with this tremendous project. With its unprecedented ability to produce exceptionally uniform text surfaces and high-quality letterforms, Antique Legacy ultimately reinvigorates the distinctive identity of Swiss typographic modernism and serves as a tool that will make your retina tingle with delight.

→ Released in 2020

Designed by François Rappo

François Rappo lives and works in Lausanne, Switzerland. Rappo studied graphic design in the early 1980s at the École cantonale des beaux arts (ECBA) in Lausanne, where he specialized in typography. After years of graphic design practice in both the cultural and the corporate fields, he became active in design education.

Since the mid-1990s, he teaches editorial and type design at the École cantonale d'art de Lausanne (ECAL), where he established the art direction master's degree program in 2009, which became the type design master's degree program in 2016. Additionally, Rappo frequently lectures about his typographic practice in Europe, Russia, and the USA.

From 2001 to 2007, he was the president of the jury for The Most Beautiful Swiss Books competition. He was awarded the prestigious Jan Tschichold Prize in 2013 for his outstanding achievement in editorial design through his influential typeface designs.

Antique Legacy Medium
240 pt

Ant

Antique Legacy Thin/Italic
110 pt

Aa Aa

Antique Legacy Light/Italic
110 pt

Aa Aa

Antique Legacy Regular/Italic
110 pt

Aa Aa

Antique Legacy Book/Italic
110 pt

Aa Aa

Antique Legacy Medium/Italic
110 pt

Aa Aa

Antique Legacy Semibold/Italic
110 pt

Aa Aa

Antique Legacy Medium
240 pt

Leg

Antique Legacy Bold/Italic
110 pt

Aa Aa


Antique Legacy Family
14 Styles


Antique Legacy Thin
Antique Legacy Thin Italic
Antique Legacy Light
Antique Legacy Light Italic
Antique Legacy Regular
Antique Legacy Italic
Antique Legacy Book
Antique Legacy Book Italic
Antique Legacy Medium
Antique Legacy Medium Italic
Antique Legacy Semibold
Antique Legacy Semibold Italic
Antique Legacy Bold
Antique Legacy Bold Italic

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 Capital


«Optimo»
hi@xyz.ch


H@!:() [] { } & i < > « » -- — .


ALL CAPITAL


«OPTIMO»
HI@XYZ.CH

H@!:() [] { } & i < > « » -- — .

 Tabular Lining Figures [tnum–Inum]

 Proportional Lining Figures [pnum–Inum]


 Tabular Oldstyle Figures [tnum–Inum]

 Proportional Oldstyle Figures [pnum–Inum]

This typeface includes lining and small figures available in tabular or proportional spacing formats. Lining figures have an invariable height and aligned to the capitals height, comparatively to small figures who are slightly smaller. 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


H 0123456789
H 0123456789
H 0123456789
H 0123456789

 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.

A-B-C—D 1-2

A-B-C—D 1-2

 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.

ff ffi ffl fi fl

ff ffi ffl fi fl

1/2

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

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

1^a

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, 1º. Ordinals are designed to match the weight of the typeface.

2^a 2^o 1^{er}

2^a 2^o 1^{er}

00

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.

0 0

0 0

H²

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– +=
Habcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.,()[]

H₂

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– +=
Habcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.,()[]

x²

Superscript/Superiors [supr]

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– +=
Habcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.,()[]


H₂

Subscript/Inferiors [subs]

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– +=
Habcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.,()[]

 Stylistic Set 6 [ss06]


This feature activates alternate lowercase positioning of mathematical symbols.

4–7×8
up+down

H+±×÷–=≈≠≤≥¬∞

4–7×8
up+down


H+±×÷–=≈≠≤≥¬∞

 Stylistic Set 20 [ss20]

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

32x50 cm

32×50 cm

 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.

-> <-

→ ←

Antique Legacy Thin
60 pt

The car was a boxy late mod- el Ford sedan

Antique Legacy Thin
36 pt

The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan,
white over Bold, innoc-
uous bordering on in-
visible, and very fast. It

Antique Legacy Thin
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, 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,

Antique Legacy Thin
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, in-
nocuous 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 some-
thing 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, out-

Antique Legacy Thin
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 .

Antique Legacy Thin
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Thin
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Thin
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold 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 Semibold in our part of the world, but

Antique Legacy Thin Italic
60 pt

*The car was a
boxy late model
Ford sedan*

Antique Legacy Thin Italic
36 pt

*The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan,
white over Bold, innoc-
uous bordering on in-
visible, and very fast. It*

Antique Legacy Thin Italic
24 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, 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,*

Antique Legacy Thin Italic
14 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, in-
nocuous 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, flatlands,*

Antique Legacy Thin Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Thin Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Thin Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Thin Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold 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 Semibold in

Antique Legacy Light
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Antique Legacy Light
36 pt

The car was a boxy
late model Ford sedan,
white over Bold, innoc-
uous bordering on in-
visible, and very fast. It

Antique Legacy Light
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Light
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold,
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 nev-
er 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

Antique Legacy Light
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Light
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Light
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Light
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold 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 hristmas sled would not go as fast

Antique Legacy Light Italic
60 pt

*The car was a
boxy late model
Ford sedan*

Antique Legacy Light Italic
36 pt

*The car was a boxy
late model Ford sedan,
white over Bold, innoc-
uous bordering on in-
visible, and very fast. It*

Antique Legacy Light Italic
24 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, 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*

Antique Legacy Light Italic
14 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, in-
nocuous 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 nev-
er 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*

Antique Legacy Light Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Light Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Light Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Light Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold 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.

Antique Legacy Regular
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Antique Legacy Regular
36 pt

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

Antique Legacy Regular
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Regular
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold,
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,

Antique Legacy Regular
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Regular
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Regular
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Regular
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold 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,

Antique Legacy Italic
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Antique Legacy Italic
36 pt

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

Antique Legacy Italic
24 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, 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*

Antique Legacy Italic
14 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold,
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,*

Antique Legacy Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold 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

Antique Legacy Book
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Antique Legacy Book
36 pt

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

Antique Legacy Book
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Book
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold,
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

Antique Legacy Book
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Book
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Book
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Book
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty be-cause that afternoon I had been sledding

Antique Legacy Book Italic
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Antique Legacy Book Italic
36 pt

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

Antique Legacy Book Italic
24 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, 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*

Antique Legacy Book Italic
14 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold,
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*

Antique Legacy Book Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Book Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Book Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Book Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty be-cause that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled,

Antique Legacy Medium
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Antique Legacy Medium
36 pt

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

Antique Legacy Medium
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Medium
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Medium
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Medium
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Medium
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Medium
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding

Antique Legacy Medium Italic
60 pt

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

Antique Legacy Medium Italic
36 pt

***The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan,
white over Bold, innoc-
uous bordering on in-
visible, and very fast. It***

Antique Legacy Medium Italic
24 pt

***The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, innocu-
ous bordering on invisible, and very
fast. It had been a sheriff's vehi-
cle originally bought at an auction
in Tennessee, and further modi-
fied for speed. Perry and I listened***

Antique Legacy Medium Italic
14 pt

***The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold,
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***

Antique Legacy Medium Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Medium Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Medium Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Medium Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding

Antique Legacy Semibold
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Antique Legacy Semibold
36 pt

The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan,
white over Bold, innoc-
uous bordering on in-
visible, and very fast. It

Antique Legacy Semibold
24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and very
fast. It had been a sheriff's vehi-
cle originally bought at an auction
in Tennessee, and further modi-
fied for speed. Perry and I listened

Antique Legacy Semibold
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold,
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 lis-
tened 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

Antique Legacy Semibold
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Semibold
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Semibold
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Semibold
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 Bold hole. I was able to date the occasion with

Antique Legacy Semibold Italic
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Antique Legacy Semibold Italic
36 pt

***The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan,
white over Bold, innoc-
uous bordering on
invisible, and very fast.***

Antique Legacy Semibold Italic
24 pt

***The car was a boxy late model Ford
sedan, white over Bold, innocuous
bordering on invisible, and very
fast. It had been a sheriff's vehi-
cle originally bought at an auction
in Tennessee, and further modi-
fied for speed. Perry and I listened***

Antique Legacy Semibold Italic
14 pt

***The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold,
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 lis-
tened 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***

Antique Legacy Semibold Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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,

Antique Legacy Semibold Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Semibold Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Semibold Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 it-self 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 Bold hole. I was able to date the occasion with

Antique Legacy Bold
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Antique Legacy Bold
36 pt

**The car was a boxy
late model Ford se-
dan, white over Bold,
innocuous bordering
on invisible, and very**

Antique Legacy Bold
24 pt

**The car was a boxy late model
Ford sedan, white over Bold, in-
nocuous 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**

Antique Legacy Bold
14 pt

**The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It
had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auc-
tion 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**

Antique Legacy Bold
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Bold
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Bold
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Bold
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Bold Italic
60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Antique Legacy Bold Italic
36 pt

***The car was a boxy
late model Ford se-
dan, white over Bold,
innocuous bordering
on invisible, and very***

Antique Legacy Bold Italic
24 pt

***The car was a boxy late model
Ford sedan, white over Bold,
innocuous bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been a sher-
iff's veh road since high school.
"You like the car?" Perry asked.
"It's all right," I said, my eyes***

Antique Legacy Bold Italic
14 pt

***The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It
had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auc-
tion 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***

Antique Legacy Bold Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s veh 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 . In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of

Antique Legacy Bold Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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

Antique Legacy Bold Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s veh 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 . 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

Antique Legacy Bold Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, 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
--	--