SuperScotch

About SuperScotch

From an unexpected alignment of François Rappo's longstanding interests in both mountaineering and type design, Super-Scotch emerges as an original typeface inspired by the typography found in technical, adventure, and travel publications.

As a point of departure, Rappo turned to *The Playground of Europe*, a classic early work of mountaineering literature that brings together the Alps, British explorers, and a Scotch-face. With this inspiration, Rappo set out to tackle the challenge of creating a new set of curves and structural tensions, which he mastered with remarkable finesse in SuperScotch. The typeface carries a distinctly vertical axis, echoing the imposing stance of Alpine peaks, along with a pronounced stroke contrast, beautiful serifs, and generous ball terminals.

Offering a more pragmatic alternative to the severe neo-classical styles and positioned halfway between modern and transitional faces, SuperScotch channels this sense of historical shift. It also resonates with the turning point in the Victorian era when the Alps went from being thought of as a terrifying, sublime space to be understood as landscapes for recreation and exploration.

Featuring display styles that have a dramatic, commanding presence that is ideal for titles, SuperScotch is above all a versatile typeface. Its balance of rational and expressive features performs well across a wide range of contexts, from print to digital environments. True to Rappo's practice, no detail has been left unattended: each weight has been drawn individually, without interpolation, giving every style integrity and its own carefully chiseled forms. The result is a modernist take on a modern face, precise, distinctive, and as cleanly defined as the Matterhorn's ridgeline.

→ Released in 2025

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.

SuperScotch Book 288 pt

SuperScotch Thin/Italic 128 pt

Aa Aa

SuperScotch Light/Italic 128 pt

Aa

 $\underline{\underline{A}a}$

SuperScotch Book/Italic 128 pt

Aa

Aa

SuperScotch Regular/Italic 128 pt

Aa

Aa

SuperScotch Bold/Italic 128 pt

Aa

Au

SuperScotch Bold/Italic 128 pt

Aa

Aol

SuperScotch Book 288 pt

SuperScotch Extra/Italic 128 pt

Aa Au

SuperScotch Family 14 Styles SuperScotch Thin

 $SuperScotch\ Thin\ Italic$

SuperScotch Light

 $SuperScotch\ Light\ Italic$

SuperScotch Book

SuperScotch Book Italic

SuperScotch Regular

SuperScotch Italic

SuperScotch Bold

SuperScotch Bold Italic

SuperScotch Black

SuperScotch Black Italic

SuperScotch Extra

SuperScotch Extra Italic

SuperScotch® Character Map

Uppercase

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

LOWERCASE abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Small Caps

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Standard Punctuation

.:,;...-—_()[]{};i!¿¿?'''',,,'"<>«»/\|¦•·@

Symbols

&%%©®®™°§¶*†‡#•

Standard Ligatures

fi fl fb fh fk fj ft tt ff ffi ffl ffb ffh ffk ffj fft

Lining Figures

0123456789

Oldstyle Figures

0123456789

Slashed Zero

00

Mathematical Symbols

 $+-\pm\times$

Currencies

\$¢£¥€₱₴₡₦₫₭₵₸₹<u>С</u>₮₺₼₽₿₿₲₾₨₩₧¤

Fractions

 $\frac{1}{4} \, \frac{1}{2} \, \frac{3}{4} \, \frac{1}{3} \, \frac{2}{3} \, \frac{1}{8} \, \frac{3}{8} \, \frac{5}{8} \, \frac{7}{8} \, \frac{12345}{67890}$

Numerators

 $H^{0123456789abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.,()[]=-+$

Denominators

 $H_{0123456789abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.,()[]=-+$

Superscript/Superiors & Ordinals

 $H^{0123456789abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.,0]=-+}Hao$

Subscript/Inferiors

 $H_{0123456789abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.,()[]=-+$

Accented Uppercases

ÀÁÂÄÄÄÄÄÄÆÆĆĈČĊÇĎĐÈÉÊĚËĒĒĖĘĜĞĠĢĤ ĦÌÍĨÏĪĬĬĮIJĴĶĹĽĻŁĿĹŃŇÑŅŊÒÓÔÕÖŌŎŐØØŒÞŔ ŘŖßŜŠŞŤŢŢŦÙÚÛŨÜŮŰŮŰŲŴŴŴŸŶŶŸŹŽŻ

Accented Lowercases

àáâãäāäåaææćĉčċçďđèéêěëēĕėęĝgġģĥħ ìíîïïīĭiiijĵjķĺľļŀŀlńňñņòóôõöōŏőøøœŕřŗßśŝ šṣṣťţṭŧùúûũüūŭůűųŵẃŵŵỳýŷÿźžżŋðþ

sşştţţŧuuuuuuuuwwwyyyzzzŋop

Accented Small Caps

ÀÁÂÄÄÄÄÄÄÄÆÆĆĈČĊÇĎĐÈÉÊĚËĒĔĖĘĜĞĠĢĤĦÌÍÎ ĨÏĪĬĬĮIJĴĶĹĽĻŁĿĹŃŇÑŅŊÒÓÔÕÖŌŎŐØØŒÞŔŘŖßŜŠ ŞŞŤŢŢŦÙÚÛŨÜŪŬŮŰŲŴŴŴŸŶŶŸŹŽŻ

ŞŞTŢŢŦUUUUUUUWW

Arrows

 \leftarrow \wedge \wedge \rightarrow \rightarrow \vee \vee \vee

Stylistic Alternates

T?354ga

Language Support

Afrikaans, Albanian, Asu, Basque, Bemba, Bena, Breton, Bosnian, Catalan, Chiga, Colognian, Cornish, Croatian [Latin], Czech, Danish, Dutch, Embu, English, Esperanto, Estonian, Faroese, Fillpino, Fijian, Finnish, Flemish, French, Friulian, Frisian, Galician, Ganda, German,Gusii, Greenlandic, Hawaiian, Hungarian, Icelandic, Inari Sami, Indonesian, Irish, Italian, Jola-Fonyi, Kabuverdianu, Kalaallisut, Kalenjin,

Kamba, Kikuyu, Kinyardawanda, Latin, Latvian, Lithuanian, Lower Sorbian, Luo, Luxembourgish, Luyia, Machame, Makhuwa-Meetto, Makonde, Malagasy, Malay, Maltese, Manx, Maori, Meru, Morisyen, Moldavian, North Ndebele, Nothern Sami, Norwegian Bokmål, Norwegian Nynorsk, Nyankole, Oromo, Portuguese, Polish, Quechua, Provençal, Rhaeto-Bookic, Bookian, Booksh, Booky, Rombo, Rundi, Rwa, Samburu, Sango, Sangu, Sámi [Inari], Sámi [Luli], Sámi [Northern], Sámi [Southern], Samoan, Scottish Gaelic, Sena, Serbian [Latin], Spanish, Shambala, Shona, Slovak, Slovenian, Soga, Somali, Swahili, Swedish, Swiss German, Taita, Teso, Tagalog, Turkish, Upper Sorbian, Uzbek, Volapük, Vunjo, Walser, Wallon, Welsh, Western Frisian, Wolof, Zulu

ISO 8859

Optimo Latin Extended Character Set

Adobe

Adobe Latin-1

Apple Macintosh

- · MacOS Roman (Standard Latin)
- · MacOS Central European Latin
- MacOS Croatian
- · MacOS Iceland
- · MacOS Romanian
- · MacOS Turkish

· 8859-1 Latin-1 Western European -8859-3 Latin-3 South European

· 8859-4 Latin-4 North European

8859-16 Latin-10 South-Eastern

8859-9 Latin-5 Turkish

8859-15 Latin-9

European

8859-13 Latin-7 Baltic Rim

- · MS Windows 1250 Central European Latin 8859-2 Latin-2 Central European · MS Windows 1252 Western (Standard Latin)
 - · MS Windows 1254 Turkish Latin
 - · MS Windows 1257 Baltic Latin

Encoded Glyphs

Microsoft Windows

- 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 uppercase 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

All Caps

(278) «Optimo»

 $H@||()[]{}_{i} \leftrightarrow \cdots$

ON

ALL CAPS

(278) «OPTIMO»

H@|¦()[]{}¿¡<><<>-----•

Tabular Lining Figures [tnum-Inum]



Proportional Lining Figures [pnum-|num]



Tabular Oldstyle Figures [tnum-Inum]



Proportional Oldstyle Figures [pnum-Inum]

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

H0123456789

H0123456789

H0123456789

H0123456789

H0123456789

H0123456789

H0123456789

Ho123456789

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

fi

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,

fiflfbfhfkfjftttff ffi ffl ffb ffh ffk ffj fft fiflfbfhfkfjftttff ffi ffl ffb ffh ffk ffj fft



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



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

2a 2o 1er

 $2^a 2^o 1^{er}$



Slashed Zero [zero]

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

00

00



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-+= Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz.,()[] $H^{0123456789-+=}$ $H^{abcdefghijklmno}$ $H^{pqrstuvwxyz.,0[]}$



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-+= Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz.,()[]

H0123456789-+=
Habcdefghijklmno
Hpqrstuvwxyz.,0[]



Superscript/Superiors [sups]

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-+= Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz.,()[] $H^{0123456789-+=}\\H^{abcdefghijklmno}\\H^{pqrstuvwxyz.,0[]}$



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-+= Habcdefghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz.,()[] $H_{0123456789^{-+=}}$ $H_{abcdefghijklmno}$ $H_{pqrstuvwxyz.,0}$



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.



 \rightarrow \leftarrow

ON



Alternate T [ss01]

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



OFF

-><-

Тт ŤŢŢŦ ŤŢŢŦ



Alternate ? [ss02]

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



Alternate 3 5 [ss07]

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



35 3^{3}_{3} 3^{3}_{5} 5^{5}_{5} 5^{5}_{5} 3^{4}_{3} 3^{4}_{4} 3^{5}_{8}



Alternate 4 [ss08]

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



4444 1/4 3/4

4 4^{4} 4^{4} 4^{4} 4^{4}



Single-storey g [ss09]

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

g ggggggg g ğĝģġ^ggg



Single-storey a [ss10] (uprights only)

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

a áăâäàāaaåã^aaa a áăâäàāqåã^aa



Small Caps [smcp]



All Small Caps [c2sc]

Small Capital ALL SMALL CAPS SMALL CAPITAL
ALL SMALL CAPS

This feature formats the text from lowercase or uppercase to small caps. It uses alternate characters for punctuation which are lowered and adjusted to small caps. Depending on the software used, lowercase may be affected only when a word starts with a capital.

abcdefghijklmnopqr stuvwxyz 0123456789 ()[]{};!;?''",,,'"/\|;&

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQR STUVWXYZ 0123456789 ()[]{}:!¿?‹`"',,,'''/\||&



Lowercase math symbols [ss06]

This feature activates alternate lowercase positioning of mathematical symbols.

 $\begin{array}{c} 4-7\times 8 \\ up+down \end{array}$

 $4-7\times8$ up+down

H++x:-=≈≠<≥¬∞

 $H+\pm \times \div -=\approx \neq \leq \geq \neg \infty$

www.optimo.ch



Multiply sign [ss20]

This feature substitutes the letter "x" into the multiplication sign,

32x50 cm

 $32 \times 50 \text{ cm}$

Version 1,005 © 1998–2025 Optimo Sàrl

SuperScotch Thin

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Thin 36 pt

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

SuperScotch Thin 24 pt

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

SuperScotch Thin 14 pt

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

SuperScotch Thin

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

SuperScotch Thin

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

SuperScotch Thin 8 pt

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

SuperScotch Thin

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 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 black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently-but she didn't move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over

SuperScotch Thin Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Thin Italic

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

SuperScotch Thin Italia

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

SuperScotch Thin Italic

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

SuperScotch Thin Italic

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

SuperScotch Thin Italic

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

SuperScotch Thin Italia 8 pt

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

SuperScotch Thin Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 vas being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don't even remember the event. It's a blank: a white slate, a black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was duing, I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn't move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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

SuperScotch Light

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Light 36 pt

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

SuperScotch Light 24 pt

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

SuperScotch Light

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

SuperScotch Light

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

SuperScotch Light

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

SuperScotch Light 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 $\label{eq:condition} \textbf{high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford property of the property of th$ man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about ears? 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

SuperScotch Light

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dving. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn't move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan

SuperScotch Light Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Light Italic

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

SuperScotch Light Italic 24 pt

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

SuperScotch Light Italic

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

SuperScotch Light Italic

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

SuperScotch Light Italic

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

SuperScotch Light Italic 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 $would\ come\ in\ one\ day\ when\ the\ fall\ was\ over\ and\ would\ stay\ for\ the\ six\ following\ months.\ I\ prayed\ for\ my\ dead\ dog,\ but\ for\ my\ dead\ dog,\ but\ for\ my\ dead\ dog,\ but\ for\ my\ dead\ dog,\ dog\ for\ my\ dead\ dog,\ dog\ for\ my\ dead\ dead\ dog\ for\ my\ dead\ dead\ dead\ dog\ for\ my\ dead\ dead\ dead\ dead\ dead\ dead\ dead\ dead\ dead\ de$ didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my

SuperScotch Light Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuou 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 Ilistened 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 vas being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don't even remember the event It's a blank: a white slate, a black hole. I was able to date the occasion with $complete\ certainty\ because\ that\ afternoon\ I\ had\ been\ sledding\ with\ my\ lifelong$ friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was duing, I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn't move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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

SuperScotch Book

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Book

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

SuperScotch Book 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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

SuperScotch Book

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

SuperScotch Book

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

SuperScotch Book

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

SuperScotch Book 8 pt

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

SuperScotch Book

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dving. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently-but she didn't move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Book Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Book Italic

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

SuperScotch Book Italic

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

SuperScotch Book Italic

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

SuperScotch Book Italic

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

SuperScotch Book Italic

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

SuperScotch Book Italic 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 $would\ come\ in\ one\ day\ when\ the\ fall\ was\ over\ and\ would\ stay\ for\ the\ six\ following\ months.\ I\ prayed\ for\ my\ dead\ dog,\ but\ prayed\ for\ my\ dead\ dog,\ for\ my\ dead\ dog,\ dog\ for\ my\ dead\ dog\ for\ my\ dead\ dead\ dog\ for\ my\ dead\ dead\ dog\ fo$ didn't pray when Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my

SuperScotch Book Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuou 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. "Tve 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 black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was $never\ heavy\ in\ our\ part\ of\ the\ world,\ but\ this\ Christmas\ it\ had\ been\ plentiful$ enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently—but she didn't move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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

SuperScotch Regular

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Regular

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

SuperScotch Regular 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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,

SuperScotch Regular

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

SuperScotch Regular

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

SuperScotch Regular

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

SuperScotch Regular 8 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 \ all \ right," I \ said, \ my \ eyes \ ahead. "I've \ never \ been \ much \ of \ all \ right," I \ said, \ my \ eyes \ ahead. "I've \ never \ been \ much \ of \ all \ right," I \ said, \ my \ eyes \ ahead. "I've \ never \ been \ much \ of \ all \ right," I \ said, \ my \ eyes \ ahead. "I've \ never \ been \ much \ of \ all \ right," I \ said, \ my \ eyes \ ahead. "I've \ never \ been \ much \ of \ all \ right," I \ said, \ my \ eyes \ ahead. "I've \ never \ been \ much \ of \ all \ right," I \ said, \ my \ eyes \ ahead. "I've \ never \ been \ much \ of \ all \ right," I \ said, \ my \ eyes \ ahead. "I've \ never \ been \ much \ of \ all \ right," I \ said, \ my \ eyes \ ahead. "I've \ never \ been \ much \ of \ all \ right," I \ said, \ my \ eyes \ ahead. "I've \ never \ high \ never \$ 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

SuperScotch Regular

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dving. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching intently-but she didn't move. The car was a boxy late model

SuperScotch Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Italic 36 pt

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

SuperScotch Italic 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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

SuperScotch Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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. "Tve 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,

SuperScotch Italic

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

SuperScotch Italic

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

SuperScotch Italic 8 pt

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

SuperScotch Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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. $for the \ six following \ months. \ I \ prayed \ for \ my \ dead \ dog, \ but \ I \ didn't \ pray$ 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 whiteslate, a black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was duing. I brought her water and food and placed them near her. stood watching intently—but she didn't move. The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and

SuperScotch Bold

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Bold

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

SuperScotch Bold 24 pt

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

SuperScotch Bold

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

SuperScotch Bold

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

SuperScotch Bold

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

SuperScotch Bold 8 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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

SuperScotch Bold

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 black hole, I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her,

SuperScotch Bold Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Bold

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

SuperScotch Bold Italic 24 pt

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

SuperScotch Bold Italic

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

SuperScotch Bold Italic

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

SuperScotch Bold Italic

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

SuperScotch Bold Italic 8 pt

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

SuperScotch Bold Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 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, $"You know something about cars? For city cruising, it \"{\it '}ll do." I spent my$ 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. $Manhattan\ is\ unique\ in\ its\ shape\ and\ circumstances\ and\ in\ its\ growth,$ 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 $let \ her \ into \ Heaven. \ In \ the \ early \ summer \ of \ my \ four teenth \ year \ a \ lorry$ 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 black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in Mountain Side Park. The following day, my dog was dying. I brought her water and food and placed them near her, stood watching

SuperScotch Black

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Black

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

SuperScotch Black 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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

SuperScotch Black

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

SuperScotch Black

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

SuperScotch Black

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

SuperScotch Black 8 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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

SuperScotch Black

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 vellow 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. 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 black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in

SuperScotch Black Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Black Italic

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

SuperScotch Black Italic 24 pt

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

SuperScotch Black Italic

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

SuperScotch Black Italic

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

SuperScotch Black Italic

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

SuperScotch Black Italic 8 pt

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

SuperScotch Black Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 uellow 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. 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 black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been $plentiful\ enough\ almost\ to\ cover\ the\ tallest\ spears\ of\ dried\ grass\ in$

SuperScotch Extra

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan,

SuperScotch Extra

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

SuperScotch Extra

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

SuperScotch Extra

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

SuperScotch Extra

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 ear?" 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 ears? 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

SuperScotch Extra

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 ear?" 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

SuperScotch Extra

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 lumber $ing \ town. \ No\ one\ who\ lived\ in\ it\ was\ out\ of\ sound\ of\ the\ big\ saws\ in\ the\ mill\ by\ the\ lake.\ Then\ one\ year\ there$ 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

SuperScotch Extra

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 vellow 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. 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 black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been plentiful enough almost to cover the tallest spears of dried grass in

SuperScotch Extra Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford

SuperScotch Extra Italic

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

SuperScotch Extra Italic 24 pt

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

SuperScotch Extra Italic

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

SuperScotch Extra Italic

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

SuperScotch Extra Italic

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

SuperScotch Extra Italic 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 $ahead. \, {}^\circ\! Fre \ neverbeen \ much \ of \ a \ Ford \ man. \, {}^\circ\! Perry \ shifted \ in \ his \ bucket, \, {}^\circ\! You \ know \ something \ about$ 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, outeroppings, 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

SuperScotch Extra Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, 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 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 black $hole. \ Iwas \ able \ to \ date \ the \ occasion \ with \ complete \ certainty$ because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one. Snow was never heavy in our part of the world, but this Christmas it had been