

JT Peleton

JT Peleton Text Regular
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JT Peleton Headline Regular
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JT Peleton Text Regular

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Marcel Proust
Haruki Murakami
Alice Munro
Charles Dickens
Jane Austen

Гордана Куић
Петар Кочић
Данило Киш
Асмир Кујовић
Иво Андрић

Le Comte de
Monte Cristo

LE COMTE DE
MONTE CRISTO

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Thomas Mann

Thomas Mann

Agatha Christie

Agatha Christie

Magda Szabó

Magda Szabó

белетристика

белетристика

Vol. 5

Vol. 5

8:30-11:45

8:30-11:45

« Bonjour ! »

« Bonjour ! »

i¿ Qué?!

i¿ Qué?!

—My children!
She said

—My children!
She said

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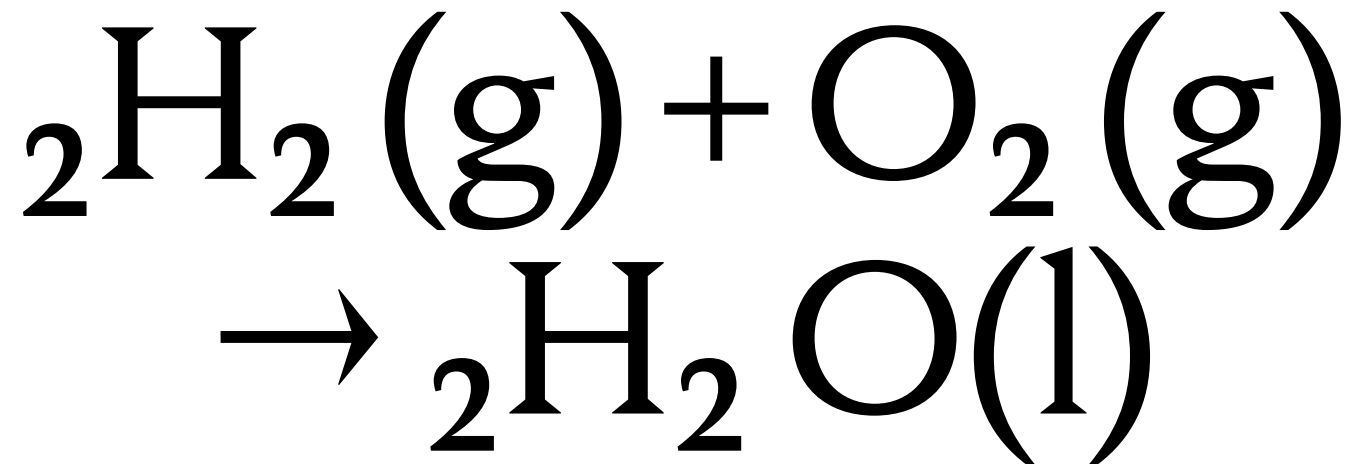
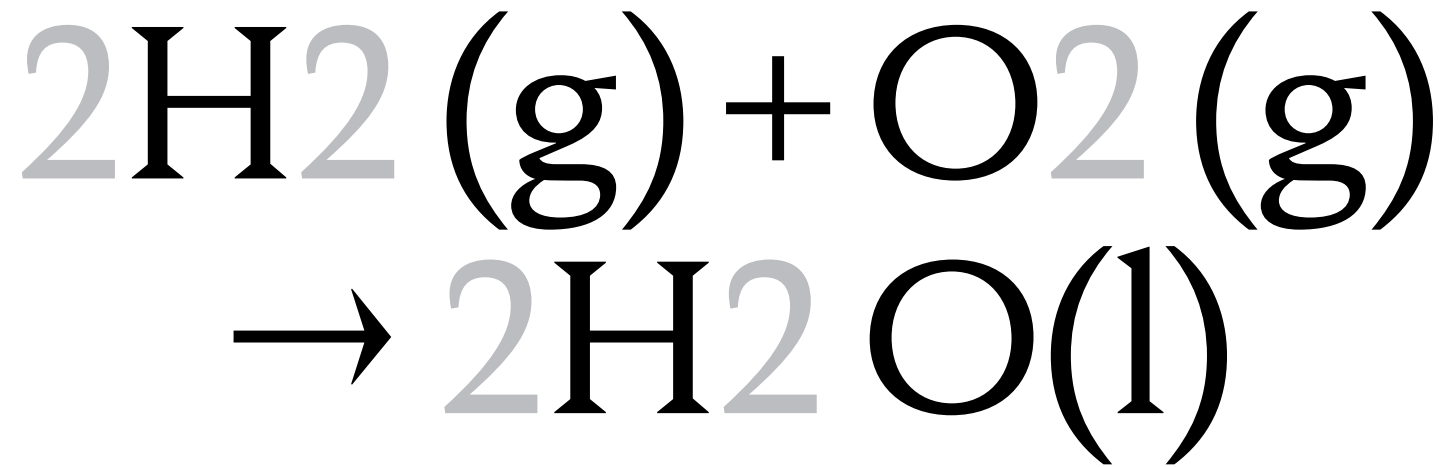
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$$2 \times \{3 - [5 + 2 \times (4 - 1)]\} = -16$$

$$2 \times \{3 - [5 + 2 \times (4 - 1)]\} = -16$$

Just add 1/2, 3/4
or 5/8 of Cocoa

Just add ½, ¾
or ⅝ of Cocoa



F(x, y)² + **x**³² × **y**⁴⁷ = **z**²

F(x, y)² + **x**³² × **y**⁴⁷ = **z**²

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 70

Pride and Prejudice

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 55

Jane Austen (1775–1817)

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 27

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 10

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

“My dear Mr. Bennet,” said his lady to him one day, “have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?”

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

“But it is,” returned she; “for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.”

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

“Do you not want to know who has taken it?” cried his wife impatiently.

“You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.”

This was invitation enough.

“Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.”

“What is his name?”

“Bingley.”

“Is he married or single?”

“Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure!

A single man of large fortune; four or

five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!”

“How so? How can it affect them?”

“My dear Mr. Bennet,” replied his wife, “how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.”

“Is that his design in settling here?”

“Design! Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.”

“I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party.”

“My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.”

“In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of.”

“But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.”

“It is more than I engage for, I assure you.”

“But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general you know they visit no new comers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not.”

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 70

Pippi Långstrump

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 55

Astrid Lindgren

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 27

I utkanten av den lilla, lilla staden låg en gammal förfallen trädgård. I trädgården låg ett gammalt hus, och i huset...

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 10

I utkanten av den lilla, lilla staden låg en gammal förfallen trädgård. I trädgården låg ett gammalt hus, och i huset bodde Pippi Långstrump. Hon var nio år, och hon bodde där alldeles ensam. Ingen mamma eller pappa hade hon, och det var egentligen rätt skönt, för på det viset fanns det ingen som kunde säga till henne, att hon skulle gå och lägga sig, just när hon hade som allra roligast, och ingen som kunde tvinga henne att äta fiskleverolja, när hon hellre ville ha karameller.

En gång i tiden hade Pippi haft en pappa, som hon tyckte förfärligt mycket om, ja, hon hade förstås haft en mamma också, men det var så länge sedan, så det kom hon inte alls ihåg. Mamman hade dött, när Pippi bara var en liten, liten unge, som låg i vaggan och skrek så förskräckligt, att ingen kunde vara i närheten. Pippi trodde, att hennes mamma nu satt uppe i himlen och kikade ner på sin flicka genom ett litet hål, och Pippi brukade ofta vinka upp till henne och säga:

—Var inte ängslig! Jag klarar mej alltid!

Sin pappa hade Pippi inte glömt. Han var sjökaptan och seglade på de stora haven, och Pippi hade seglat med honom på hans båt, ända tills pappan en gång under en storm blåste i sjön och försvann. Men Pippi var alldeles säker på att han en dag skulle komma tillbaka. Hon trodde inte alls, att han hade drunknat. Hon trodde, att han hade flutit iland på en söderhavsö och blivit kung över alla söderhavsborna och gick omkring med en gullkrona på huvudet hela dagarna.

—Min mamma är en ängel och min pappa är en söderhavskung, det är minsann inte alla barn, som har så fina föräldrar, brukade Pippi säga så förnöjd. Och när min pappa bara får bygga sej en båt, så kommer han och hämtar mej, och då blir jag en söderhavsprinsessa. Hej hopp, vad det ska bli livat!

Hennes pappa hade köpt det där gamla huset, som låg i trädgården, för många år sedan. Han hade tänkt, att han skulle bo där med Pippi, när han blev gammal och inte orkade segla på haven längre. Men så hände ju det tråkiga med att han blåste i sjön, och medan Pippi väntade på att han skulle komma tillbaka, begav hon sig raka vägen hem till Villa Villekulla. Huset hette så. Det stod där möblerat och färdigt och väntade på henne. En vacker sommarkväll hade hon sagt adjö till alla matroserna på hennes pappas båt. De tyckte så mycket om Pippi, och Pippi tyckte så mycket om dem.

—Adjö, gossar, sa Pippi och kysste dem allihop på pannan i tur och ordning. Var inte ängsliga för mej. Jag klarar mej alltid!

Två saker tog hon med sig från båten. En liten apa, som hette Herr Nilsson – den hade hon fått av sin pappa – och en stor kappsäck full med gullpengar. Matroserna stod vid relingen och tittade efter Pippi, så länge de kunde se henne. Hon gick stadigt utan att vända sig om med Herr Nilsson på axeln och kappsäcken i näven.

—Ett märkvärdigt barn, sa en av matroserna och torkade en tår ur ögat, när Pippi försvann i fjärran.

JT Peleton Text Medium pt. 70

Les Misérables

JT Peleton Text Medium pt. 55

Victor Hugo (1802–1885)

JT Peleton Text Medium pt. 27

En 1815, M. Charles-François-Bienvenu Myriel était évêque de Digne. C'était un vieillard d'environ soixante-quinze

JT Peleton Text Medium pt. 10

En 1815, M. Charles-François-Bienvenu Myriel était évêque de Digne. C'était un vieillard d'environ soixante-quinze ans; il occupait le siège de Digne depuis 1806.

Quoique ce détail ne touche en aucune manière au fond même de ce que nous avons à raconter, il n'est peut-être pas inutile, ne fût-ce que pour être exact en tout, d'indiquer ici les bruits et les propos qui avaient couru sur son compte au moment où il était arrivé dans le diocèse. Vrai ou faux, ce qu'on dit des hommes tient souvent autant de place dans leur vie et surtout dans leur destinée que ce qu'ils font. M. Myriel était fils d'un conseiller au parlement d'Aix; noblesse de robe. On contait de lui que son père, le réservant pour hériter de sa charge, l'avait marié de fort bonne heure, à dix-huit ou vingt ans, suivant un usage assez répandu dans les familles parlementaires. Charles Myriel, nonobstant ce mariage, avait, disait-on, beaucoup fait parler de lui. Il était bien fait de sa personne, quoique d'assez petite taille, élégant, gracieux, spirituel; toute la première partie de sa vie avait été donnée au monde et aux galanteries. La révolution survint, les événements se précipitèrent, les familles parlementaires décimées, chassées, traquées, se dispersèrent. M. Charles Myriel, dès les premiers jours de la révolution, émigra en Italie. Sa femme y mourut d'une maladie de poitrine dont elle était atteinte depuis longtemps. Ils n'avaient point d'enfants. Que se passa-t-il ensuite

dans la destinée de M. Myriel? L'écroulement de l'ancienne société française, la chute de sa propre famille, les tragiques spectacles de 93, plus effrayants encore peut-être pour les émigrés qui les voyaient de loin avec le grossissement de l'épouvante, firent-ils germer en lui des idées de renoncement et de solitude? Fut-il, au milieu d'une de ces distractions et de ces affections qui occupaient sa vie, subitement atteint d'un de ces coups mystérieux et terribles qui viennent quelquefois renverser, en le frappant au cœur, l'homme que les catastrophes publiques nébranleraient pas en le frappant dans son existence et dans sa fortune? Nul n'aurait pu le dire; tout ce qu'on savait, c'est que, lorsqu'il revint d'Italie, il était prêtre.

En 1804, M. Myriel était curé de Brignolles. Il était déjà vieux, et vivait dans une retraite profonde.

Vers l'époque du couronnement, une petite affaire de sa cure, on ne sait plus trop quoi, l'amena à Paris. Entre autres personnes puissantes, il alla solliciter pour ses paroissiens M. le cardinal Fesch. Un jour que l'empereur était venu faire visite à son oncle, le digne curé, qui attendait dans l'antichambre, se trouva sur le passage de sa majesté. Napoléon, se voyant regardé avec une certaine curiosité par ce vieillard, se retourna, et dit brusquement:

— Quel est ce bonhomme qui me regarde?

— Sire, dit M. Myriel, vous regardez un bonhomme, et moi je

JT Peleton Text Semibold pt. 70

Divina Commedia

JT Peleton Text Semibold pt. 55

Dante Alighieri

JT Peleton Text Semibold pt. 27

Nel mezzo del cammin
di nostra vita mi ritrovai
per una selva oscura, ché
la diritta via era smarrita.

JT Peleton Text Semibold pt. 10

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,
mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
ché la diritta via era smarrita.

Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura
esta selva selvaggia e aspra e forte
che nel pensier rinnova la paura!

Tant'è amara che poco è più morte;
ma per trattar del ben ch'ì vi trovai,
dirò de l'altre cose ch'ì v'ho scorte.

Io non so ben ridir com'ì v'intrai,
tant'era pien di sonno a quel punto
che la verace via abbandonai.

Ma poi ch'ì fui al piè d'un colle giunto,
là dove terminava quella valle
che m'avea di paura il cor compunto,

guardai in alto e vidi le sue spalle
vestite già de' raggi del pianeta
che mena dritto altrui per ogne calle.

Allor fu la paura un poco queta,
che nel lago del cor m'era durata
la notte ch'ì passai con tanta pieta.

E come quei che con lena affannata,
uscito fuor del pelago a la riva,
si volge a l'acqua perigliosa e guata,

così l'animo mio, ch'ancor fuggiva,
si volse a retro a rimirar lo passo
che non lasciò già mai persona viva.

Poi ch'èi posato un poco il corpo lasso,
ripresi via per la piaggia diserta,
sì che 'l piè fermo sempre era 'l più
basso.

Ed ecco, quasi al cominciar de l'erta,
una lonza leggiere e presta molto,
che di pel macolato era coverta;
e non mi si partia dinanzi al volto,
anzi 'mpediva tanto il mio cammino,
ch'ì fui per ritornar più volte vòlto.

Temp'era dal principio del mattino,
e 'l sol montava 'n sù con quelle stelle
ch'eran con lui quando l'amor divino

mosse di prima quelle cose belle;
sì ch'a bene sperar m'era cagione
di quella fiera a la gatta pelle

l'ora del tempo e la dolce stagione;
ma non sì che paura non mi desse
la vista che m'apparve d'un leone.

Questi pareo che contra me venisse
con la test'alta e con rabbiosa fame,
sì che pareo che l'aere ne tremesse.

Ed una lupa, che di tutte brame
sembiava carca ne la sua magrezza,
e molte genti fé già viver grame,

questa mi porse tanto di gravezza
con la paura ch'uscìa di sua vista,
ch'io perdei la speranza de l'altezza.

E qual è quei che volentieri acquista,
e giugne 'l tempo che perder lo face,
che 'n tutti suoi pensier piange e
s'attrista;

tal mi fece la bestia senza pace,
che, venendomi 'ncontro, a poco a poco
mi ripigneva là dove 'l sol tace.

JT Peleton Text Bold pt. 70

Don Quixote

JT Peleton Text Bold pt. 55

Miguel de Cervantes

JT Peleton Text Bold pt. 27

En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivía un

JT Peleton Text Bold pt. 10

En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivía un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocín flaco y galgo corredor. Una olla de algo más vaca que carnero, salpicón las más noches, duelos y quebrantos los sábados, lentejas los viernes, algún palomino de añadidura los domingos, consumían las tres partes de su hacienda. El resto della concluían sayo de velarte, calzas de velludo para las fiestas, con sus pantuflos de lo mismo, y los días de entresemana se honraba con su vellorí de lo más fino. Tenía en su casa una ama que pasaba de los cuarenta, y una sobrina que no llegaba a los veinte, y un mozo de campo y plaza, que así ensillaba el rocín como tomaba la podadera. Frisaba la edad de nuestro hidalgo con los cincuenta años; era de complexión recia, seco de carnes, enjuto de rostro, gran madrugador y amigo de la caza. Quieren decir que tenía el sobrenombre de Quijada o Quesada (que en esto hay alguna diferencia en los autores que deste caso escriben), aunque por conjeturas verosímiles se deja entender que se llama Quijana; pero esto importa poco a nuestro cuento; basta que en la narración dél no se salga un punto de la verdad.

Es, pues, de saber, que este sobredicho hidalgo, los ratos que estaba ocioso (que eran los más del año), se daba a leer libros de caballerías con tanta afición

y gusto, que olvidó casi de todo punto el ejercicio de la caza, y aun la administración de su hacienda; y llegó a tanto su lectura, que se pasaban las noches leyendo de claro en claro, y los días de turbio en turbio, y así, con poco dormir y mucho leer, se le secó el cerebro, de manera que vino a perder el juicio. Llenósele la fantasía de todo aquello que leía en los libros, así de encantamientos como de pendencias, batallas, desafíos, heridas, requiebros, amores, tormentas y disparates imposibles; y asentósele de tal modo en la imaginación que era verdad toda aquella máquina de sonadas solemnísimas que leía.

Pues responden a la razón el deseo y la imposibilidad, parece que fue muy acertado el señor Gines de Pasamonte el llamar a su novela “Cautiverio y escapatoria”. Porque si don Quijote se libró en el cativo de Argel, dijo verdad; porque por mi vida que él estaba tan cautivo como si lo estuviera en las mazmorras de Laida. Verdad es que de suerte que pudo la verdad sobre todas las cosas en su entendimiento que vino a persuadirse que los arneses que vio no eran unos lacres en que se le habían de encerrar, sino arneses de la más preciada alhaja que imaginar se puede.

—¡Oh Dulcinea del Toboso, señora mía, por vida mía que os saquéis desta prisión!; que, ya que de la vuestra no me puedo sacar, a lo menos de la desta fortuna. Decidme,

JT Peleton Text Bold pt. 70

Der Prozess

JT Peleton Text Bold pt. 55

Franz Kafka (1883–1924)

JT Peleton Text Bold pt. 27

Jemand mußte Josef K. verleumdet haben, denn ohne daß er etwas Böses getan hätte, wurde er eines

JT Peleton Text Bold pt. 10

Jemand mußte Josef K. verleumdet haben, denn ohne daß er etwas Böses getan hätte, wurde er eines Morgens verhaftet. Die Köchin der Frau Grubach, seiner Zimmervermieterin, die ihm jeden Tag gegen acht Uhr früh das Frühstück brachte, kam diesmal nicht. Das war noch niemals geschehen. K. wartete noch ein Weilchen, sah von seinem Kopfkissen aus die alte Frau, die ihm gegenüber wohnte und die ihn mit einer an ihr ganz ungewöhnlichen Neugierde beobachtete, dann aber, gleichzeitig befremdet und hungrig, läutete er. Sofort klopfte es und ein Mann, den er in dieser Wohnung noch niemals gesehen hatte, trat ein. Er war schlank und doch fest gebaut, er trug ein anliegendes schwarzes Kleid, das ähnlich den Reiseanzügen mit verschiedenen Falten, Taschen, Schnallen, Knöpfen und einem Gürtel versehen war und infolgedessen, ohne daß man sich darüber klar wurde, wozu es dienen sollte, besonders praktisch erschien. „Wer sind Sie?“ fragte K. und saß gleich halb aufrecht im Bett. Der Mann aber ging über die Frage hinweg, als müsse man seine Erscheinung hinnehmen, und sagte bloß seinerseits: „Sie haben geläutet?“ „Anna soll mir das Frühstück bringen,“ sagte K. und versuchte zunächst stillschweigend durch Aufmerksamkeit und Überlegung festzustellen, wer der Mann eigentlich war. Aber dieser setzte sich nicht allzu lange seinen

Blicken aus, sondern wandte sich zur Tür, die er ein wenig öffnete, um jemandem, der offenbar knapp hinter der Tür stand, zu sagen: „Er will, daß Anna ihm das Frühstück bringt.“ Ein kleines Gelächter im Nebenzimmer folgte, es war nach dem Klang nicht sicher, ob nicht mehrere Personen daran beteiligt waren. Trotzdem der fremde Mann dadurch nichts erfahren haben konnte, was er nicht schon früher gewußt hätte, sagte er nun doch zu K. im Tone einer Meldung: „Es ist unmöglich.“ „Das wäre neu,“ sagte K., sprang aus dem Bett und zog rasch seine Hosen an. „Ich will doch sehn, was für Leute im Nebenzimmer sind und wie Frau Grubach diese Störung mir gegenüber verantworten wird.“ Es fiel ihm zwar gleich ein, daß er das nicht hätte laut sagen müssen und daß er dadurch gewissermaßen ein Beaufsichtigungsrecht des Fremden anerkannte, aber es schien ihm jetzt nicht wichtig. Immerhin faßte es der Fremde so auf, denn er sagte: „Wollen Sie nicht lieber hierbleiben?“ „Ich will weder hierbleiben noch von Ihnen angesprochen werden, solange Sie sich mir nicht vorstellen.“ „Es war gut gemeint,“ sagte der Fremde und öffnete nun freiwillig die Tür. Im Nebenzimmer, in das K. langsamer eintrat als er wollte, sah es auf den ersten Blick fast genau so aus, wie am Abend vorher. Es war das Wohnzimmer der Frau Grubach, vielleicht war in diesem mit Möbeln, Decken, Porzellan und Photographien

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 15.5

Lorsque j'avais six ans j'ai vu, une fois, une magnifique image, dans un livre sur la Forêt Vierge qui s'appelait « Histoires Vécues ». Ça représentait un serpent boa qui avalait une bête. Voilà la copie du dessin. On disait dans le livre: « Les serpents boas avalent leur proie tout entière, sans la mâcher. Ensuite ils ne peuvent plus bouger et ils dorment pendant les six mois de leur digestion. » J'ai bien alors beaucoup réfléchi sur les aventures de la jungle et, à mon tour, j'ai réussi, avec un crayon de couleur, à tracer mon premier dessin. Mon dessin numéro 1. Il était comme ça:

JT Peleton Text Semibold pt. 15.5

Lorsque j'avais six ans j'ai vu, une fois, une magnifique image, dans un livre sur la Forêt Vierge qui s'appelait « Histoires Vécues ». Ça représentait un serpent boa qui avalait une bête. Voilà la copie du dessin. On disait dans le livre: « Les serpents boas avalent leur proie tout entière, sans la mâcher. Ensuite ils ne peuvent plus bouger et ils dorment pendant les six mois de leur digestion. » J'ai bien alors beaucoup réfléchi sur les aventures de la jungle et, à mon tour, j'ai réussi, avec un crayon de couleur, à tracer mon premier dessin. Mon dessin numéro 1. Il était comme ça:

JT Peleton Text Medium pt. 15.5

Lorsque j'avais six ans j'ai vu, une fois, une magnifique image, dans un livre sur la Forêt Vierge qui s'appelait « Histoires Vécues ». Ça représentait un serpent boa qui avalait une bête. Voilà la copie du dessin. On disait dans le livre: « Les serpents boas avalent leur proie tout entière, sans la mâcher. Ensuite ils ne peuvent plus bouger et ils dorment pendant les six mois de leur digestion. » J'ai bien alors beaucoup réfléchi sur les aventures de la jungle et, à mon tour, j'ai réussi, avec un crayon de couleur, à tracer mon premier dessin. Mon dessin numéro 1. Il était comme ça:

JT Peleton Text Bold pt. 15.5

Lorsque j'avais six ans j'ai vu, une fois, une magnifique image, dans un livre sur la Forêt Vierge qui s'appelait « Histoires Vécues ». Ça représentait un serpent boa qui avalait une bête. Voilà la copie du dessin. On disait dans le livre: « Les serpents boas avalent leur proie tout entière, sans la mâcher. Ensuite ils ne peuvent plus bouger et ils dorment pendant les six mois de leur digestion. » J'ai bien alors beaucoup réfléchi sur les aventures de la jungle et, à mon tour, j'ai réussi, avec un crayon de couleur, à tracer mon premier dessin. Mon dessin numéro 1. Il était comme ça:

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 12, French

Lorsque j'avais six ans j'ai vu, une fois, une magnifique image, dans un livre sur la Forêt Vierge qui s'appelait « Histoires Vécues ». Ça représentait un serpent boa qui avalait une bête. Voilà la copie du dessin. On disait dans le livre: « Les serpents boas avalent leur proie tout entière, sans la mâcher. Ensuite ils ne peuvent plus bouger et ils dorment pendant les six mois de leur digestion. » J'ai bien alors beaucoup réfléchi sur les aventures de la jungle et, à mon tour, j'ai réussi, avec un crayon de couleur, à tracer mon premier dessin. Mon dessin numéro 1. Il était comme ça:

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 12, Italian

Un tempo lontano, quando avevo sei anni, in un libro sulle foreste primordiali, intitolato "Storie vissute della natura", vidi un magnifico disegno. Rappresentava un serpente boa nell'atto di inghiottire un animale. Eccovi la copia del disegno. C'era scritto: "I boa ingoiano la loro preda Tutta intera, senza masticarla. Dopo di che non riescono più a muoversi e dormono durante i sei mesi che la digestione richiede". Meditai a lungo sulle avventure della jungla. E a mia volta riuscii a tracciare il mio primo disegno. Il mio disegno numero uno. Era così:

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 12, English

Once upon a time, when I was six years old, in a book about primeval forests, entitled 'Living Stories of Nature', I saw a magnificent drawing. It depicted a boa snake in the act of swallowing an animal. Here is a copy of the drawing. It said: 'Boas swallow their prey whole, without chewing it. After that they can no longer move and sleep for the six months that digestion requires'. I meditated at length on the adventures of the jungle. And in turn I drew my first picture. My number one drawing. It was like this:

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 12, German

Als ich sechs Jahre alt war, habe ich in einem Buch über den Urwald, das den Titel „Erlebte Geschichten“ trug, das erste Male ein wunderschönes Bild gesehen. Es zeigte eine Riesenschlange, die ein wildes Tier verschlingt. Hier ist das Bild mal nachgezeichnet: Im Buch hieß es: „Riesenschlangen verschlingen ihre Beute in einem Stück, ohne sie zu zerkauen. Danach können sie sich nicht mehr bewegen und halten sechs Monate lang Verdauungsschlaf.“ So habe ich viel über Dschungelabenteuer nachgedacht und dann gelang mir mit einem Farbstift meine Zeichnung Nr. 1. 4 Sie sah so aus:

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 12, Spanish

Cuando yo tenía seis años vi en el libro sobre la selva virgen: Historias vividas, una grandiosa estampa. Representaba una serpiente boa comiéndose a una fiera. He aquí la copia del dibujo. En el libro se afirmaba: "La serpiente boa se traga su presa entera, sin masticarla. Luego, como no puede moverse, duerme durante los seis meses que dura su digestión". Reflexioné mucho en ese momento sobre las aventuras de la jungla y logré trazar con lápices de colores mi primer dibujo. Mi dibujo número 1 era de esta manera:

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 12, Swedish

En gång i tiden, när jag var sex år gammal, såg jag en magnifik teckning i en bok om urskogar, med titeln "Naturens levande berättelser". Den föreställde en boaorm i färd med att svälja ett djur. Här är en kopia av ritningen. Det stod: 'Boas sväljer sitt byte hela utan att tugga det. Efter det kan de inte längre röra sig och sova under de sex månader som matsmältningen kräver'. Jag mediterade länge över djungelns äventyr. Och i sin tur ritade jag min första bild. Min teckning nummer ett. Det var så här:

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 6

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife, impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise

JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 9

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JT Peleton Text Regular pt. 40

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JT Peleton Headline Regular

JT Peleton Headline Medium

JT Peleton Headline Semibold

JT Peleton Headline Bold

Mark Twain

Margaret Atwood

Franz Kafka

Elsa Morante

Giacomo Leopardi

Иван Вазов
Елин Пелин
Христо Ботев
Алдиса Башић
Иордан Йовков

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

Virginia Woolf

Virginia Woolf (1882–1941) is considered one of the most important modernist 20th-century authors.

Therefore I would ask you to write all kinds of books, hesitating at no subject however trivial or however vast. By hook or by crook, I hope that you will possess yourselves of money enough to travel and to idle, to contemplate the future or the past of the world...

КРАДЕЦЪТ НА ПРАСКОВИ

Емилиян Станев

Емилиян Станев (1907–1979) е литературен псевдоним на българския писател Никола Стоянов Станев.

Крадецът на праскови беше голям, оголен човек, с остаряло, бесно и презърбено лице. Блузката му беше замазана, на дълбоки лачуги от пръсти и сив прах, петна от бъз и ягоди.

LESSICO FAMILIARE

Natalia Ginzburg

Natalia Ginzburg, nata Levi (1916–1991), è stata una scrittrice, drammaturga, traduttrice e politica italiana.

Nella mia casa paterna, quand'ero ragazzina, a tavola, se io o i miei fratelli rovesciavamo il bicchiere sulla tovaglia, o lasciavamo cadere un coltello, la voce di mio padre tuonava: — Non fate malagrazie! Se inzuppavamo il pane nella salsa, gridava: Non leccate i piatti!

PIPPI LÅNGSTRUMP

Astrid Lindgren

Astrid Lindgren var skaparen av den älskade karaktären Pippi Långstrump, vars äventyr fortsätter att förtrolla läsare i alla åldrar.

I utkanten av den lilla, lilla staden låg en gammal förfallen trädgård. I trädgården låg ett gammalt hus, och i huset bodde Pippi Långstrump. Hon var nio år, och hon bodde där alldeles ensam. Ingen mamma eller pappa hade hon, och det var egentligen rätt skönt...

MADAME BOVARY

Gustave Flaubert

Gustave Flaubert (1821–1880), maître de la prose française et précurseur du réalisme littéraire.

Nous étions à l'Étude, quand le Proviseur entra, suivi d'un nouveau habillé en bourgeois et d'un garçon de classe qui portait un grand pupitre. Ceux qui dormaient se réveillèrent, et chacun se leva comme surpris dans son travail.

МАРУСЯ ЧУРАЙ

Костенко Ліна Василівна

**Костенко Ліна Василівна (1930)—українська
поетеса-шістдесятниця, письменниця, дисидент.**

Мене ніхто не розумів. Вони дивилися на мене, як на інопланетянина, на якогось ворога. Я намагався примиритися з ними, бо й сам хотів мати друзів серед хлопчаків, але нічого не виходило. Чому вони так мене не любили? Чого я їм зробив?

DIE VERWANDLUNG

Franz Kafka

Franz Kafka (1883–1924), ein Meister des surrealen Schreibens in der deutschen Literatur.

Als Gregor Samsa eines Morgens aus unruhigen Träumen erwachte, fand er sich in s einem Bett zu einem ungeheueren Ungeziefer verwandelt. Er lag auf seinem panzerartig harten Rücken und sah, wenn er den Kopf ein wenig hob, seinen gewölbten, braunen...

JT Peleton Headline

JT Peleton Headline Bold pt. 65

CIEN AÑOS DE SOLEDAD

JT Peleton Headline Bold pt. 65

Gabriel García Márquez

JT Peleton Headline Bold pt. 30

Gabriel García Márquez, el maestro del realismo mágico, encantó a los lectores con su prosa lírica y su narrativa cautivadora.

JT Peleton Headline Bold pt. 20

Desde entonces manifestaba el párroco los primeros síntomas del delirio senil que lo llevó a decir, años más tarde, que probablemente el diablo había ganado la rebelión contra Dios, y que era aquél quien estaba sentado en el trono celeste, sin revelar su verdadera identidad

JT Peleton Poster Regular

JT Peleton Poster Medium

JT Peleton Poster Semibold

JT Peleton Poster Bold

Virginia Woolf

Roald Dahl

William Shakespeare

Ernest Hemingway

Mary Shelley

Ліна Костенко
Олесь Гончар
Іван Франко
Леся Українка
Тарас Шевченко

Cien años
de soledad

Gabriel García Márquez

Isprinsessan

Camilla Läckberg

Под изомо

Иван Минчов Вазов

Блакитна
троянда

Леся Українка

Quicksilver

Neal Stephenson

**I Promessi
Sposi**

Alessandro Manzoni

Les Misérables

Victor Hugo

Der Zauberberg

Thomas Mann

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
 YZabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzА
 БВГДЕЁЖЗИЙКЛМНОПРСТУФХ
 ЧЦШЩЬЫЪЭЮЯЃГЁЙЎЉЦЛЬЊSЄІ
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Latin	Central Aymara	Huastec	Macedo-Romanian	Pampanganga	Southern Sotho	West Central Oromo
Acheron	Central Kurdish	Hungarian	Makhuwa	Papantla Totonac	Spanish	Western Abnaki
Achinese	Chachi	Hän	Makhuwa-Meetto	Papiamento	Sranan Tongo	Western Frisian
Acholi	Chamorro	Icelandic	Makonde	Paraguayan Guarani	Standard Estonian	Wik-Mungkan
Achuar-Shiwiar	Chavacano	Iloko	Makwe	Pedi	Standard Latvian	Wiradjuri
Afar	Chiga	Inari Sami	Malagasy	Picard	Standard Malay	Wolof
Afrikaans	Chiltepec Chinantec	Indonesian	Malaysian	Pichis Ashéninka	Sundanese	Xavánte
Aguaruna	Chokwe	Irish	Maltese	Piemontese	Swahili	Xhosa
Ahtna	Chuukese	Istro Romanian	Mandin- ka	Pijin	Swati	Yanesha'
Alekano	Cimbrian	Italian	Mandjak	Pintupi-Luritja	Swedish	Yao
Aleut	Cofán	Ixcatlán Mazatec	Mankanya	Pipil	Swiss German	Yapese
Amahuaca	Congo Swahili	Jamaican Creole English	Manx	Pite Sami	Tagalog	Yindjibarndi
Amarakaeri	Cook Islands Māori	Japanese	Maore Comorian	Pohnpeian	Tahitian	Yucateco
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Andaandi	Creek	K'iche'	Marshallese	Potawatomi	Tedim Chin	Zuni
Dongolawi	Crimean Tatar	Kabuverdianu	Matsés	Purepecha	Tetum	Záparo
Anuta	Croatian	Kain- gang	Mauritian Creole	Páez	Tetun Dili	
Ao Naga	Czech	Kala Lagaw Ya	Meriam Mir	Quechua	Tiv	
Apinayé	Danish	Kalaallisut	Meru	Romanian	Toba	Cyrillic
Aragonese	Dehu	Kalenjin	Minangkabau	Romansh	Tok Pisin	
Arbëreshë Albanian	Dutch	Kamba (Kenya)	Mirandese	Rotokas	Tokelau	Abaza
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Asháninka	Eastern Oromo	Kaqchikel	Montenegrin	Rwa	Tonga (Zambia)	Bulgarian
Ashéninka Perené	Efik	Karelian	Munsee	Samburu	Tosk Albanian	Crimean Tatar
Asu (Tanzania)	Embu	Kashubian	Murrinh-Patha	Samoan	Tsakhur	Erzya
Atayal	English	Kekchí	Muslim Tat	Sango	Tsonga	Karachay-Balkar
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Catalan	Hiligaynon	Lule Sami	Otuho	Southern Aymara	Warlpiri	
Cebuano	Ho-Chunk	Luo (Kenya and Tanzania)	Palauan	Southern Qiangdong Miao	Wayuu	
	Hopi	Luxembourgish	Paluan	Southern Sami	Welsh	

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Web: WOFF, WOFF2
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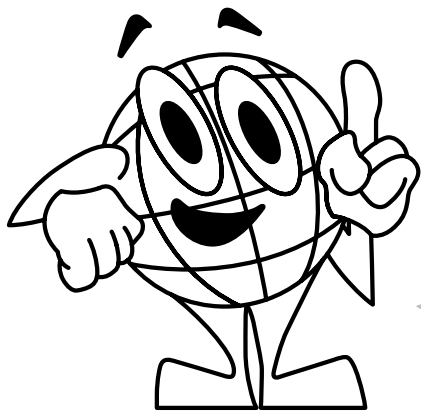
About

July Type is a type design studio founded by Edward Dżulaj in 2023 in The Hague. The Studio specializes in providing users with high-quality retail and custom typefaces, combining historical knowledge with contemporary letter design craft for a global audience. Language support is paramount to us, and we devote significant attention to ensuring our fonts are accessible and usable across a diverse range of languages.

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