Filson Soft User Guide

Mostardesign Type Foundry

About this font family

Filson Soft is the rounded version of the popular Filson Pro. At first sight, the main feature of Filson Soft are the distinctive letters 'K', 'Q' and especially 'R' that make the font family very elegant. With its rounded terminaisons, this font family is also perfect for original titles and will give you future creations a nicely friendly aspect.

But with all these originals features, Filson Soft is highly legible and quite versatile. Its large x-height, even performs nicely in small sizes. Filson Soft comes in 8 weights - Thin, Light, Book, Regular, Medium, Bold, Black, Heavy with a professional range of Opentype functions such as lining and oldstyle figures, stylistic alternates, case sensitive forms, localized forms, stylistic set, arrows and f-ligatures. For better typographic control, Filson Soft also includes an OpenType class kerning with thousands of kerning pairs.

Qulbutoke

advertising campaign

"HYPER!"
Mûltîliņguåļ

EAGLES OF DEATH METAL

Spotlight

Jardins à la Française

Fox dwarves chop my talking quiz job

Glyphs Overview

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ

à á â ā ā ā å å ą æ æ ć ĉ č ċ ç d'd è é ê ě ë ē ě ė ę ĝ ġ ġ ĥ ħ ì í î ĩ ĭ į į j j ķ ĺ l' ļ ł ŀ ń ň ñ n 'n ò ó ô õ ö ŏ ŏ ø ø œ ŕ ř ŗ ś ŝ š ş ș ť ţ ŧ ù ú û ũ ü ū ŭ ů ű ų w w w w y ý ŷ ÿ ź ż ż ŋ ð þ ß À Á Ä Ā Ā Å Å Å Ā Æ Æ Ć Ĉ Č Ċ Ç Ď Đ È É Ê Ë Ē Ē Ē Ē Ē Ē Ģ Ğ Ğ Ģ Ĥ Ħ Ì Í Î Ĩ Ï Ī Ĭ Į J Ĵ Ķ ĸ Ĺ Ľ Ļ Ł Ŀ Ń Ň Ñ Ņ Ò Ó Ô Ö Ō Ŏ Ŏ Ő Ø Ø Œ Ŕ Ř Ŗ Ś Ŝ Š Ş Š Ť Ţ Ŧ Ù Ú Û Ũ Ü Ū Ŭ Ŭ Ů Ű Ų W W W W Y Y Ŷ Ÿ Ź Ž Ŋ Đ Þ

Punctuation

ALTERNATES

à á â ã ā ā å å ą ĝ ǧ ġ ģ y ỳ ý ŷ ÿ

F LIGATURES

ff fi ffi ffi ffi ffi ffi

ALTERNATE PUNCTUATION

• $\ell \in \mathbb{N}^{\circ} \leftarrow \uparrow \rightarrow \downarrow$

CASE SENSITIVE PUNCTUATION

()[]{}@!?<> «» ¢--- ·

OLD STYLE FIGURES

0123456789

TABULAR OLD STYLE

0123456789

LINING FIGURES

0123456789

TABULAR FIGURES

0123456789

FRACTIONS

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

NUMERATORS & DENOMINATORS

1234567890().,-\$€£¢f

1234567890().,-\$€£¢_f

SUPERIORS & INFERIORS

1234567890().,-\$€£¢f

1234567890().,-\$€£¢f

Weights & Styles

THIN & ITALIC (24PT)

AaBbCcDdEe Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

AaBbCcDdEe Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

LIGHT & ITALIC (24 PT)

AaBbCcDdEe Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

AaBbCcDdEe Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

BOOK & ITALIC (24 PT)

AaBbCcDdEe Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

AaBbCcDdEe Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

REGULAR & ITALIC (24 PT)

AaBbCcDdEe Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

AaBbCcDdEe Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijkImnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

AaBbCcDd Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!)
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

AaBbCcDd Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

BOLD & ITALIC (24 PT)

AaBbCcDd Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!)
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

AaBbCcDd Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

HEAVY & ITALIC (24 PT)

AaBbCcDd Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijkImnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!)
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

AaBbCcDd Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

BLACK & ITALIC (24 PT)

AaBbCcDd Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!)
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

AaBbCcDd Hamburgevons

aabcdefgghijklmnopqrstuvwxyyz&1234567890{.\$£¥€@!) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPORSTUVWXYZ&1234567890

OpenType Features

CASE SENSITIVE {A]i@ ► {A]i@

STYLISTIC ALTERNATES @ STYLISTIC SET 1 agy ► agy

OLD STYLES FIGURES (PROPORTIONAL) 0123 ► 0123

OLD STYLES FIGURES (TABULAR) 0123 ► 0123

LINING FIGURES (PROPORTIONAL) 0123 ► 0123

LINING FIGURES (TABULAR) 0123 ► 0123

ALTERNATIVE FRACTIONS 1/5, 1/5 > 1/5

NUMERATORS 0123\$€ ► 012345\$€

DENOMINATORS O123\$€ ► 012345\$€

SCIENTIFIC INFERIORS CO2 ► CO₂

SUPERCRIPT Km² ► Km²

LOCALIZED FORMS \$\$ ► \$\$

F-LIGATURES ffi ► ffi

PRO KERNING ATO ► ATO

FILSON SOFT THIN (8/11)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to

me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table Samsa was a travelling salesman and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her

FILSON SOFT LIGHT (8/11)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to

me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table Samsa was a travelling salesman and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her

FILSON SOFT BOOK (8/11)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to

me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table Samsa was a travelling salesman and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her

FILSON SOFT REGULAR (8/11)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to

me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table Samsa was a travelling salesman and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her

FILSON SOFT MEDIUM (8/11)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's

happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table Samsa was a travelling salesman and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff

FILSON SOFT BOLD (8/11)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's

happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table Samsa was a travelling salesman and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff

FILSON SOFT BLACK (8/11)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armourlike back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as

he looked. «What's happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table Samsa was a travelling salesman and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright,

FILSON SOFT HEAVY (8/11)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armourlike back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as

he looked. «What's happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table Samsa was a travelling salesman and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright,

FILSON SOFT THIN (10/13)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly

able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully

FILSON SOFT LIGHT (10/13)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly

able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay

FILSON SOFT BOOK (10/13)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly

able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay

FILSON SOFT REGULAR (10/13)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly

able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay

FILSON SOFT MEDIUM (10/13)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The

bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a

FILSON SOFT BOLD (10/13)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The

bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a

FILSON SOFT BLACK (10/13)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The

bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room

FILSON SOFT HEAVY (10/13)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The

bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked. «What's happened to me?» he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human

FILSON SOFT THIN (12/15)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared

FILSON SOFT LIGHT (12/15)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin

FILSON SOFT BOOK (12/15)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin

FILSON SOFT REGULAR (12/15)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about

FILSON SOFT MEDIUM (12/15)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully

FILSON SOFT BOLD (12/15)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully

FILSON SOFT BLACK (12/15)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully

FILSON SOFT HEAVY (12/15)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of

FILSON SOFT THIN (14/16)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to

FILSON SOFT LIGHT (14/16)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to

FILSON SOFT BOOK (14/16)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to

FILSON SOFT REGULAR (14/16)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to

FILSON SOFT MEDIUM (14/16)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to

FILSON SOFT BOLD (14/16)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and

FILSON SOFT BLACK (14/16)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and

FILSON SOFT HEAVY (14/16)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover

FILSON SOFT THIN (18/20)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly,

FILSON SOFT LIGHT (18/20)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly,

FILSON SOFT BOOK (18/20)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly,

FILSON SOFT REGULAR (18/20)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly,

FILSON SOFT MEDIUM (18/20)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown

FILSON SOFT BOLD (18/20)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown

FILSON SOFT BLACK (18/20)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown

FILSON SOFT HEAVY (18/20)

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown

om Walbaum or Didot, as der similar font metrics when th lowever, hot metal type fam a range of foundries to slight h as the c. 1880 typeface Ro he Berlin foundry Ferdinand erei, designed by Ferdinand ntific publications of the Roy Sciences in Berlin. FTS also si dium and bold weights of th n Berthold took over Theinho 8, it wasn't until the fall of t n 1918 that Royal Grotesk wa

Language support

Afrikaans Hiligaynon Rhaeto-Romance
Albanian Hmong Romansh (Rumantsch)

Alsatian Hopi Rotokas
Aragonese Hungarian Sami (Inari)
Arapaho Ibanag Sami (Lule)
Aromanian Iloko (Ilokano) Samoan

Arrernte Indonesian Sardinian (Sardu)
Asturian Interglossa (Glosa) Scots (Gaelic)

Aymara Interlingua Seychellois Creole (Seselwa)

BasqueIrish (Gaelic)ShonaBelarusian (Lacinka)IslandicSicilianBislamaIstro-RomanianSlovak

Bosnian Italian Slovenian (Slovene)

Breton Jèrriais Somali

Catalan Kashubian Southern Ndebele

Cebuano Kurdish (Kurmanji) Southern Sotho (Sesotho)

ChamorroLadinSpanishCheyenneLithuanianSwahiliChichewa (Nyanja)LojbanSwati/SwaziCimbrianLombardSwedish

Corsican Low Saxon Tagalog (Filipino/Pilipino)

CroatianLuxembourgianTahitianCzechMalagasyTausugDanishMalay (Latinized)Tetum (Tetun)DutchMalteseTok Pisin

English Manx Tongan (Faka-Tonga)

Esperanto Maori Tswana
Estonian Megleno-Romanian Turkish
Faroese Mohawk Turkmen

Fijian Nahuatl Turkmen (Latinized)

Finnish Norfolk/Pitcairnese Tuvaluan

French Northern Sotho (Pedi) Uyghur (Latinized)

French Creole (Saint Lucia) Norwegian Veps
Frisian Occitan Volapük

Friulian Oromo Votic (Latinized)

Galician Pangasinan Walloon Genoese Warlpiri Papiamento Piedmontese Welsh German Gilbertese (Kiribati) Polish Xhosa Greenlandic Portuguese Yapese Haitian Creole Potawatomi Zulu

Hawaiian Quechua

Mostardesign Type Foundry

All rights Reserved © 2004 - 2015 - www.motyfo.com La Peyssonie - 24640 La Boissière d'Ans - France +33 (0)6 81 97 61 71 - hello@motyfo.com