

#jurafontredesign by
#jurafontredesign by
@avanyashin
@avanyashin
for @googlefonts.
for @googlefonts.
/cc @ossobuffo
/cc @ossobuffo

@ossobuffo

My font Jura is
getting a professional
makeover by @
avanyashin funded by
@googlefonts. Gory
details: groups.google...

@hhpapazian

Interesting project
involving cross-script
letterform migration

NATIONAL REACTION TO GREG HARDY'S REDUCED SUSPENSION: 'I'M GOING TO THROW UP IN MY MOUTH'

Boston's 2024 Olympic Bid Faces
Skepticism Despite New Proposal,
Poll Finds NBA's future matches up in summer

league, and a big crowd descends Richard

Gasquet derrotó a Stanislas
Wawrinka por 6-4, 4-6, 3-6, 6-4 y
11-9 y avanzó a las semifinales

Almost before we knew it, we
had left the ground.

A shining crescent far beneath
the flying vessel.

It was going to be a lonely trip
back.

Mist enveloped the ship three
hours out from port.

The night was bitterly cold. The temperature had dropped from the evening's warm 80 degrees straight down to a frigid 50. Darkness had brought a surprising chill, as if wanting to unbalance everyone overly twinkling, as though impossibly trying to touch the straw thatched roofs of the mud huts in the village. Of course, this supposed attempt ailed no success.

Inside one of the small, shabby huts, a middle-aged man lay snoring on his sleeping mat, which, in fact, was in the only room in his tiny home. He had nothing to fight the cold but the thin clothes he had worn that day, and his one cotton blanket, wrapped tightly around his emaciated body. The only thing protecting the poor shelter inside from the freezing air outside was a heavy black canvas hanging in the doorway. But even that had flaws; it was old and tattered, full of small, exposing holes—not small enough to keep bugs and most of the cold out.

The man shivered subconsciously and snuggled deeper under his poor excuse for a blanket. The blanket was shorter than he, so his big feet stuck out from the frayed end of it, his toes starting to turn blue. If the man's uncomfortable position didn't wake him up soon, his toes certainly would.

It turned out that neither of those woke up the man. Soft footsteps danced closer and closer to his hut, until someone pulled open the canvas and slipped through the doorway. The blast of cold wind hit the man as the canvas was pushed aside for that moment, and his eyes flew open. With another shudder, the man sat up and rubbed his tired eyes, wondering why he had awoke. He didn't notice the woman standing behind him until she gave a small cough. "Kalo."

Backfire Background Ball Bangkok Banquet Baptism Barge Bashful
Basque Bawl Bazaar Bel Bedpost Beefeater Beginning Behind Bell-
hop Bezel Bigtown Bismarck Blackjack Blacktop Blazer Blitz Bloom
Blow Bobcat Bookcase Boxwood Bozo Brawn Brunch Buggy Bulge
Bummer Buys Bygone Byte Byzantine

Calculate Camp Cantor Cash Celebration Certified Chamfer Child
Chimney Church Circumflex Circumvent Clervaux Clever Cobweb
Cockpit Cod Coffee Comb Community Company Cook Cop Coral Cot-
ton Could Cover Crest Croquet Crowd Cupboard Cupcake Cutback

Dab Damage Damsel Daring Dass Dauntless Dawg Declared Deliver Did
Dimly Dinner Dirty Does Donut Doppler Dose Dragon Drink Drive Dyna-
mo

Each Earthquake Ebb Eccentric Economy Ecstasy Edelweiss Efficient Ef-
fort Egger Eggs Egypt Eject Elbows Elevate Eliminate Eminent Enterprise
Eons Equestrian Equip Erschrift Erase Essence Estrange Etiquette Europe
Everyday Everything Evolve Exact Excel Exchange Exhausting Expectation
Extra Eyeball

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[illegible]

[illegible]

before: impulsive

after: impulsive

before: trajectory

after: trajectory

@ossobuffo

@avanyashin Your
Jura work looks
fantastic. I can't wait
to see what you do
with Cyrillic...