


LNT Natalia Mono

A black and white photograph of a cluttered desk. In the foreground, a typewriter is visible on the right side. To its left is a bowl filled with oranges. The desk is covered with various papers, boxes, and other small objects, creating a sense of a busy, perhaps old-fashioned, workspace. The text 'LNT Natalia Mono' is overlaid in large, white, sans-serif font across the center of the image.

Library of Narrative Types
LNT Natalia Mono
Type Specimen

Beta version released 28. 09. 2024
Full family released 09. 09. 2025

About the typeface

LNT Natalia Mono is a typewriter-inspired true monospaced typeface family. The entanglement of material and immaterial memory and the interplay between forms preserved, lost and reconstructed was the inspiration for this project.

Once upon a time I had a typewritten manuscript of an amateur sci-fi story, that I found on the street close to my house one day during my studies in Hungary. After moving houses and countries, the manuscript was lost without a trace, but after some years it became my obsession and inspiration for a writing project, in which I tried to recreate it. I borrowed a typewriter from my flatmate in order to reenact the gesture of typewriting the texts that I was reimagining.

I appreciated this type machine because of its dense and blocky letters that gave a friendly aura while being decidedly modernist. After moving houses and cities, I stumbled upon these manuscripts. I started analyzing the letters, sketching ideas based on them, and trying to find the typewriter. My flatmate has left the country, and who knows where the typewriter went. I was left with information fragments: the typewriter was Triumph Gabriele 25, the typeface was Cubic, or rather a version of that. Instead of trying to find another version of the typewriter, I decided to build further from my limited sources, a handful of typewritten pages. I complemented this with unlimited store of my memories about my friendship with my flatmate, our shared interest in typewriters, sputniks, samizdat and modernist playgrounds. This typeface is not a revival in the typographic sense, but a reconstruction of the original examples in the way memory reconstructs itself by each recalling.

LNT Natalia Mono is designed for writers and readers with an inclination for nostalgia. It's wide characters and extra heavy punctuation care for a good legibility. Besides the regular – which was derived from the original – bold, italic and bold italic styles were designed to complete the family. With an amply set of diacritics, it covers a wide range of languages that use the latin script. The open type features, such as a full set of small capitals, superscript and subscript numerals and fractions make it ideal for setting complex texts with advanced typographic needs.

Character set

Uppercase

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
À Á Â Ã Ä Å Ą Ć Ĉ Ċ
Č Ď ě È É Ê Ë Ē Ė Ę Ě Ğ Ġ
Ģ Ĥ Ħ Ĩ Í Î Ï Ĳ Ĵ Ĳ Ĵ Ĵ
Ł Ł Ł Ł Ł Ñ Ñ Ñ Ñ Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö
Ø Ø Ò Ó Œ Ù Ú Û Ü Þ Ñ Ñ Ñ
Ş Ş Ş Ş Ş Ţ Ţ Ţ Ţ Ţ Ũ Ũ Ũ Ũ Ũ
Ÿ Ž ž ž

Lowercase

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n
o p q r s t u v w x y z
à á â ã ä å ą ċ ĉ ċ
č đ ě è é ê ë ē ė ħ ģ ģ ģ
ġ ĥ ĩ í î ï ĳ ĵ ĵ ĵ Ĵ Ĵ
ł ł ł ł ł ñ ñ ñ ñ ñ ò ó ô õ ö
ø ø ò ó Œ Ù Ú Û Ü Þ Ñ Ñ Ñ
ś ś ś ś ś ŧ ŧ ŧ ŧ ŧ Ũ Ũ Ũ Ũ Ũ
ý ý ý ý ý ž ž ž

Punctuation

. , : ; ! ? - - - _ [] ()
{ } “ ‘ ’ ’ , “ ” „ « » < >
& @ / \ • # * § ¶ † ‡ ... †
© ® ¢ ™ №

Numerals

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Small capitals

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
À Á Â Ã Ä Å Ą Ć Ĉ Ċ
Č Ď ě È É Ê Ë Ē Ė Ę Ě Ğ Ġ
Ģ Ĥ Ħ Ĩ Í Î Ï Ĳ Ĵ Ĳ Ĵ Ĵ
Ł Ł Ł Ł Ł Ñ Ñ Ñ Ñ Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö
Ø Ø Ò Ó Œ Ù Ú Û Ü Þ Ñ Ñ Ñ
Ş Ş Ş Ş Ş Ţ Ţ Ţ Ţ Ţ Ũ Ũ Ũ Ũ Ũ
Ÿ Ž ž ž

SC numerals

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Math symbols

+ < = > | ~ ¬ ± × ÷ − √ ≈ ≠
≤ ≥ ∞ % % ℓ e ∫ ∂ ∏ ∑ ∞ Δ ◇
μ Ω ° ■ □ ▪ ▫ ● ○ ●

Currency

€ \$ ¢ £ ¤ ¥ ₪ ₹ ₪

Superscript,
Subscript,
Fractions

n^{0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9} n_{0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9}
½ ¼ ¾ ⅓ ⅔ ⅝ ⅞

Ordinals

ª º

Arrows

← ↑ → ↓ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙
▶ ◀ ▲ ▼ ► ◀ ▲ ▼

Astrology

○ ● ☾ ☽ ♀ ♂ ♋ ♌ ♍ ♎
♏ ♐ ♑ ♒ ♓ ♈ ♉ ♊ ♋

Technicalities

Styles	<p>LNT Natalia Mono Light <i>LNT Natalia Mono Light Italic</i> LNT Natalia Mono Regular <i>LNT Natalia Mono Italic</i> LNT Natalia Mono Bold <i>LNT Natalia Mono Bold Italic</i></p>
File formats	<p>otf woff, woff2</p>
Available licenses	<p>Desktop License, Web License, App & Game License, E-book License.</p> <p>Please note that not all of the license types are available via the website. If your license necessities do not correspond with the options online, please get in touch via libraryofnarrativetypes@gmail.com.</p>
Credits	<p>Design: Nóra Békés Mentoring: Ramiro Espinoza Type specimen: Nóra Békés Type specimen example texts: Marcel Proust, <i>In Search of Lost Time</i> Cover photo: Fortepan / Budapest Főváros Levéltára. HU.BFL.XV.19.c.10</p>
Language support	<p>Acheron, Achinese, Acholi, Afar, Afrikaans, Alekano, Aleut, Amahuaca, Amarakaeri, Amis, Anaang, Andaandi, Dongolawi, Anuta, Aragonese, Arbëreshë, Albanian, Asháninka, Ashéninka Perené, Atayal, Balinese, Banjar, Bari, Basque, Batak Dairi, Batak Karo, Batak Mandailing, Batak Simalungun, Batak Toba, Bemba (Zambia), Bena (Tanzania), Bikol, Bislama, Borana, Arsi, Guji Oromo, Bosnian, Breton, Buginese, Candoshi, Shapra, Caquinte, Caribbean Hindustani, Cashibo, Cacataibo, Catalan, Cebuano, Central Aymara, Central Kurdish, Chamorro, Chavacano, Chiga, Chiltepec Chinantec, Chokwe, Chuukese, Cimbrian, Cofán, Cook Islands Māori, Cornish, Corsican, Creek, Crimean Tatar, Croatian, Czech, Danish, Dehu, Dutch, Eastern Arrernte, Eastern Oromo, English, Faroese, Fijian, Filipino, Finnish,</p>

French, Friulian, Gagauz, Galician, Ganda, Garifuna, German, Gheg Albanian, Gilbertese, Gooniyandi, Gourmanchéma, Guadeloupean Creole French, Gusii, Haitian, Hani, Hiligaynon, Hopi, Huastec, Hungarian, Icelandic, Iloko, Inari Sami, Indonesian, Irish, Istro Romanian, Italian, Ixcatlán Mazatec, Jamaican Creole English, Japanese, Javanese, Jola, Fonyi, K'iche', Kabuverdianu, Kala Lagaw Ya, Kalaallisut, Kalenjin, Kamba (Kenya), Kaonde, Karelian, Kashubian, Kekchí, Kenzi, Mattokki, Khasi, Kikuyu, Kimbundu, Kinyarwanda, Kituba (DRC), Kongo, Konzo, Kven Finnish, Kölsch, Ladin, Ladino, Latgalian, Lithuanian, Lombard, Low German, Lower Sorbian, Luba, Lulua, Lule Sami, Luo (Kenya and Tanzania), Luxembourgish, Macedo, Romanian, Makonde, Malagasy, Malaysian, Maltese, Mandinka, Mandjak, Mankanya, Manx, Maore Comorian, Maori, Mapudungun, Marshallese, Matsés, Mauritian Creole, Meriam Mir, Meru, Minangkabau, Mirandese, Mohawk, Montenegrin, Munsee, Murrinh, Patha, Mwani, Mískito, Naga Pidgin, Ndonga, Neapolitan, Ngazidja Comorian, Niuean, Nobiin, Nomatsiguenga, North Ndebele, Northern Kurdish, Northern Qiandong Miao, Northern Sami, Northern Uzbek, Norwegian, Nyanja, Nyankole, Occitan, Ojtlán Chinantec, Orma, Oroqen, Palauan, Pampanga, Papantla Totonac, Papiamento, Pedi, Picard, Pichis Ashéninka, Piemontese, Pijin, Pintupi, Luritja, Pipil, Pohnpeian, Polish, Portuguese, Potawatomi, Purepecha, Quechua, Romanian, Romansh, Rotokas, Rundi, Samoan, Sango, Sangu (Tanzania), Saramaccan, Sardinian, Scots, Scottish Gaelic, Sena, Seri, Seselwa Creole French, Shawnee, Shipibo, Conibo, Shona, Sicilian, Silesian, Slovak, Slovenian, Soga, Somali, Soninke, South Ndebele, Southern Aymara, Southern Qiandong Miao, Southern Sami, Southern Sotho, Spanish, Sranan Tongo, Standard Estonian, Standard Latvian, Standard Malay, Sundanese, Swahili, Swedish, Swiss German, Tagalog, Tahitian, Tedim Chin, Tetum, Tetun Dili, Tok Pisin, Tokelau, Tonga (Tonga Islands), Tonga (Zambia), Tosk Albanian, Tumbuka, Turkish, Turkmen, Tzeltal, Tzotzil, Uab Meto, Ume Sami, Upper Guinea Crioulo, Upper Sorbian, Venetian, Veps, Võro, Walloon, Walser, Waray (Philippines), Warlpiri, Wayuu, Welsh, West Central Oromo, Western Abnaki, Western Frisian, Wiradjuri, Wolof, Xhosa, Yanesha', Yao, Yucateco, Zapotec, Zulu, Záparo.

LNT Natalia Mono Light

72 pt

lime-flower tea
old grey house
porcelain bowl

60 pt

so long abandoned
and put out of mind
nothing now survived

LNT Natalia Mono Light

48 pt

everything was scattered
pastry-cooks' windows
the crumb of madeleine
postpone the discovery

30 pt

although I did
not yet know and
must long post-
pone the disco-
very of why this

24 pt

The sight of the little
madeleine had recalled
nothing to my mind be-
fore I tasted it; per-
haps because I had so
often seen such things
in the interval, without

LNT Natalia Mono Light**14pt**

I place in position before my mind's eye the still recent taste of that first mouthful, and I feel something start within me, something that leaves its resting-place and attempts to rise, something that has been embedded like an anchor at a great depth; I do not know yet what it is, but I can feel it mounting slowly; I can measure the resistance, I can hear the echo of great spaces traversed.

12 pt

Undoubtedly what is thus palpitating in the depths of my being must be the image, the visual memory which, being linked to that taste, has tried to follow it into my conscious mind. But its struggles are too far off, too much confused; scarcely can I perceive the colourless reflection in which are blended the uncapturable whirling medley of radiant hues, and I cannot distinguish its form, cannot invite it, as the one possible interpreter, to translate to me the evidence of its contemporary, its inseparable paramour, the taste of cake soaked in tea; cannot ask it to inform me what special circumstance is in question, of what period in my past life. Will it ultimately reach the clear surface of my consciousness, this memory, this old, dead moment which the magnetism of an identical moment has travelled so far to importune, to disturb, to raise up out of the very depths of my being? I cannot tell. Now that I feel nothing, it has stopped, has perhaps gone down again into its darkness [...]

10 pt

Ten times over I must essay the task, must lean down over the abyss. And each time the natural laziness which deters us from every difficult enterprise, every work of importance, has urged me to leave the thing alone, to drink my tea and to think merely of the worries of to-day and of my hopes for to-morrow, which let themselves be pondered over without effort or distress of mind. And suddenly the memory returns. The taste was that of the little crumb of madeleine which on Sunday mornings at Combray (because on those mornings I did not go out before church-time), when I went to say good day to her in her bedroom, my aunt Léonie used to give me, dipping it first in her own cup of real or of lime-flower tea.

8 pt

The sight of the little madeleine had recalled nothing to my mind before I tasted it; perhaps because I had so often seen such things in the interval, without tasting them, on the trays in pastry-cooks' windows, that their image had dissociated itself from those Combray days to take its place among others more recent; perhaps because of those memories, so long abandoned and put out of mind, nothing now survived, everything was scattered; the forms of things, including that of the little scallop-shell of pastry, so richly sensual under its severe, religious folds, were either obliterated or had been so long dormant as to have lost the power of expansion which would have allowed them to resume their place in my consciousness. But when from a long-distant past nothing subsists, after the people are dead, after the things are broken and scattered, still, alone, more fragile, but with more vitality, more unsubstantial, more persistent, more faithful, the smell and taste of things remain poised a long time, like souls, ready to remind us, waiting and hoping for their moment, amid the ruins of all the rest; and bear unfaltering, in the tiny and almost impalpable drop of their essence, the vast structure of recollection.

6 pt

And once I had recognized the taste of the crumb of madeleine soaked in her decoction of lime-flowers which my aunt used to give me (although I did not yet know and must long postpone the discovery of why this memory made me so happy) immediately the old grey house upon the street, where her room was, rose up like the scenery of a theatre to attach itself to the little pavilion, opening on to the garden, which had been built out behind it for my parents (the isolated panel which until that moment had been all that I could see); and with the house the town, from morning to night and in all weathers, the Square where I was sent before luncheon, the streets along which I used to run errands, the country roads we took when it was fine. And just as the Japanese amuse themselves by filling a porcelain bowl with water and steeping in it little crumbs of paper which until then are without character or form, but, the moment they become wet, stretch themselves and bend, take on colour and distinctive shape, become flowers or houses or people, permanent and recognisable, so in that moment all the flowers in our garden and in M. Swann's park, and the water-lilies on the Vivonne and the good folk of the village and their little dwellings and the parish church and the whole of Combray and of its surroundings, taking their proper shapes and growing solid, sprang into being, town and gardens alike, from my cup of tea.

mathematics, superscript

 $50 \times (29+34) = n^2 < 74.580$

fractions

 $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $1\frac{3}{4}$ tsp salt

small caps

the collapse of the USSR

symbols

1000μg vitamine C per day

astrology

♈ - Expect good luck this

LNT Natalia Mono Light Italic

72 pt

lime-flower tea
old grey house
porcelain bowl

60 pt

so long abandoned
and put out of mind
nothing now survived

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48 pt

*everything was scattered
pastry-cooks' windows
the crumb of madeleine
postpone the discovery*

30 pt

*although I did
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I place in position before my mind's eye the still recent taste of that first mouthful, and I feel something start within me, something that leaves its resting-place and attempts to rise, something that has been embedded like an anchor at a great depth; I do not know yet what it is, but I can feel it mounting slowly; I can measure the resistance, I can hear the echo of great spaces traversed.

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LNT Natalia Mono Regular

72 pt

lime-flower tea
old grey house
porcelain bowl

60 pt

so long abandoned
and put out of mind
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48 pt

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30 pt

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24 pt

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nothing to my mind before
I tasted it; perhaps because
I had so often seen such things
in the interval, without

LNT Natalia Mono Regular

14pt

I place in position before my mind's eye the still recent taste of that first mouthful, and I feel something start within me, something that leaves its resting-place and attempts to rise, something that has been embedded like an anchor at a great depth; I do not know yet what it is, but I can feel it mounting slowly; I can measure the resistance, I can hear the echo of great spaces traversed.

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And once I had recognized the taste of the crumb of madeleine soaked in her decoction of lime-flowers which my aunt used to give me (although I did not yet know and must long postpone the discovery of why this memory made me so happy) immediately the old grey house upon the street, where her room was, rose up like the scenery of a theatre to attach itself to the little pavilion, opening on to the garden, which had been built out behind it for my parents (the isolated panel which until that moment had been all that I could see); and with the house the town, from morning to night and in all weathers, the Square where I was sent before luncheon, the streets along which I used to run errands, the country roads we took when it was fine. And just as the Japanese amuse themselves by filling a porcelain bowl with water and steeping in it little crumbs of paper which until then are without character or form, but, the moment they become wet, stretch themselves and bend, take on colour and distinctive shape, become flowers or houses or people, permanent and recognisable, so in that moment all the flowers in our garden and in M. Swann's park, and the water-lilies on the Vivonne and the good folk of the village and their little dwellings and the parish church and the whole of Combray and of its surroundings, taking their proper shapes and growing solid, sprang into being, town and gardens alike, from my cup of tea.

LNT Natalia Mono Bold

72 pt

lime-flower tea
old grey house
porcelain bowl

60 pt

so long abandoned
and put out of mind
nothing now survived

LNT Natalia Mono Bold

48 pt

everything was scattered
pastry-cooks' windows
the crumb of madeleine
postpone the discovery

30 pt

although I did
not yet know and
must long post-
pone the disco-
very of why this

24 pt

The sight of the little
madeleine had recalled
nothing to my mind be-
fore I tasted it; per-
haps because I had so
often seen such things
in the interval, without

LNT Natalia Mono Regular

14pt

I place in position before my mind's eye the still recent taste of that first mouthful, and I feel something start within me, something that leaves its resting-place and attempts to rise, something that has been embedded like an anchor at a great depth; I do not know yet what it is, but I can feel it mounting slowly; I can measure the resistance, I can hear the echo of great spaces traversed.

12 pt

Undoubtedly what is thus palpitating in the depths of my being must be the image, the visual memory which, being linked to that taste, has tried to follow it into my conscious mind. But its struggles are too far off, too much confused; scarcely can I perceive the colourless reflection in which are blended the uncapturable whirling medley of radiant hues, and I cannot distinguish its form, cannot invite it, as the one possible interpreter, to translate to me the evidence of its contemporary, its inseparable paramour, the taste of cake soaked in tea; cannot ask it to inform me what special circumstance is in question, of what period in my past life. Will it ultimately reach the clear surface of my consciousness, this memory, this old, dead moment which the magnetism of an identical moment has travelled so far to importune, to disturb, to raise up out of the very depths of my being? I cannot tell. Now that I feel nothing, it has stopped, has perhaps gone down again into its darkness [...]

10 pt

Ten times over I must essay the task, must lean down over the abyss. And each time the natural laziness which deters us from every difficult enterprise, every work of importance, has urged me to leave the thing alone, to drink my tea and to think merely of the worries of to-day and of my hopes for to-morrow, which let themselves be pondered over without effort or distress of mind. And suddenly the memory returns. The taste was that of the little crumb of madeleine which on Sunday mornings at Combray (because on those mornings I did not go out before church-time), when I went to say good day to her in her bedroom, my aunt Léonie used to give me, dipping it first in her own cup of real or of lime-flower tea.

8 pt

The sight of the little madeleine had recalled nothing to my mind before I tasted it; perhaps because I had so often seen such things in the interval, without tasting them, on the trays in pastry-cooks' windows, that their image had dissociated itself from those Combray days to take its place among others more recent; perhaps because of those memories, so long abandoned and put out of mind, nothing now survived, everything was scattered; the forms of things, including that of the little scallop-shell of pastry, so richly sensual under its severe, religious folds, were either obliterated or had been so long dormant as to have lost the power of expansion which would have allowed them to resume their place in my consciousness. But when from a long-distant past nothing subsists, after the people are dead, after the things are broken and scattered, still, alone, more fragile, but with more vitality, more unsubstantial, more persistent, more faithful, the smell and taste of things remain poised a long time, like souls, ready to remind us, waiting and hoping for their moment, amid the ruins of all the rest; and bear unfaltering, in the tiny and almost impalpable drop of their essence, the vast structure of recollection.

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mathematics, superscript

50 × (29+34) = n² < 74.580

fractions

3½ cups milk, 1¾ tsp salt

small caps

the collapse of the USSR

symbols

1000µg vitamine C per day

astrology

♄ - Expect good luck this

Natalia Mono Bold

72 pt

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old grey house
porcelain bowl

60 pt

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