



noodge

---

#### About Noodge

---

inspired by the pioneering work of wim crowel and 8vo, noodge is an ultra-modular type family in three styles: 20, 80 and 320. an exploration of the effects of exponential growth in typography, the characters evolve from their most basic into more complex forms as more units are progressively used in their construction.

---

#### 3 Styles

---

Noodge 20, 80 and 320.

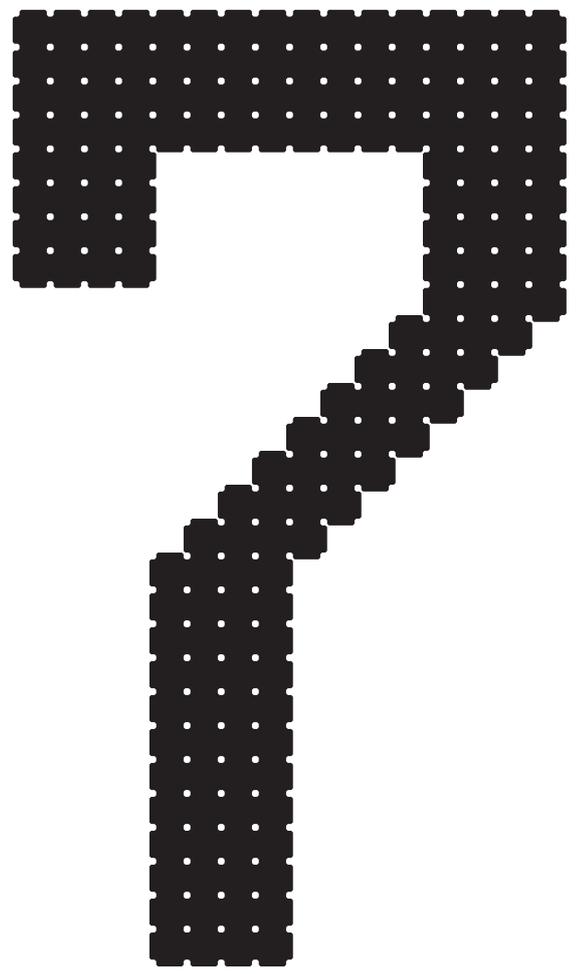
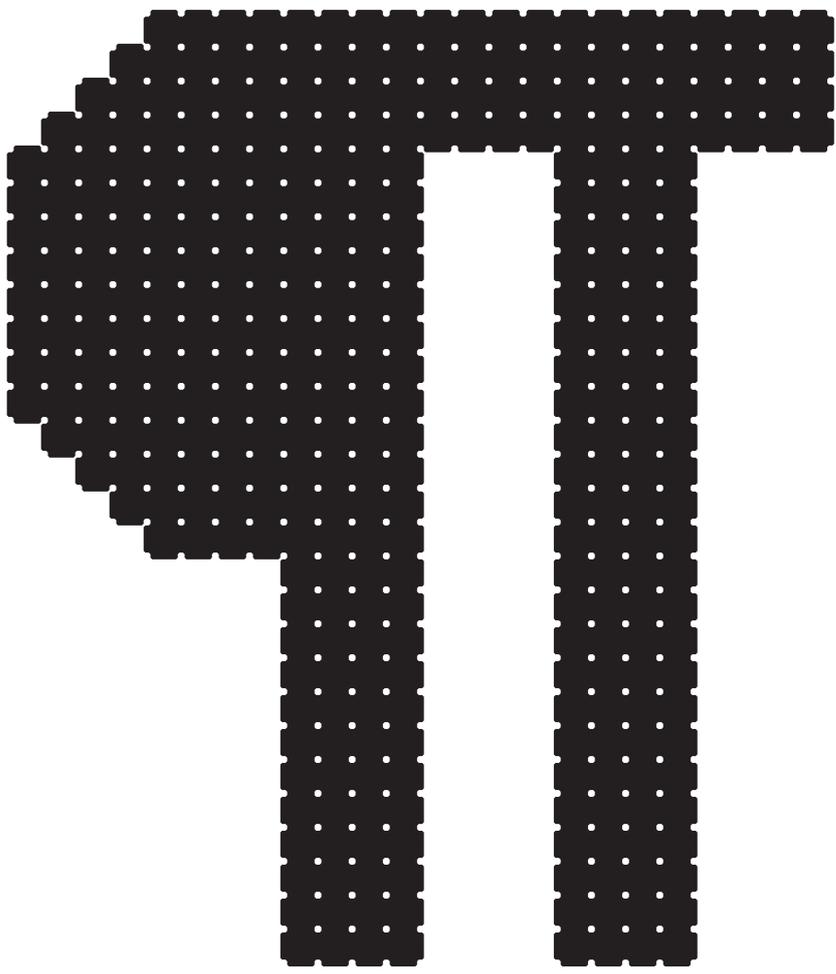
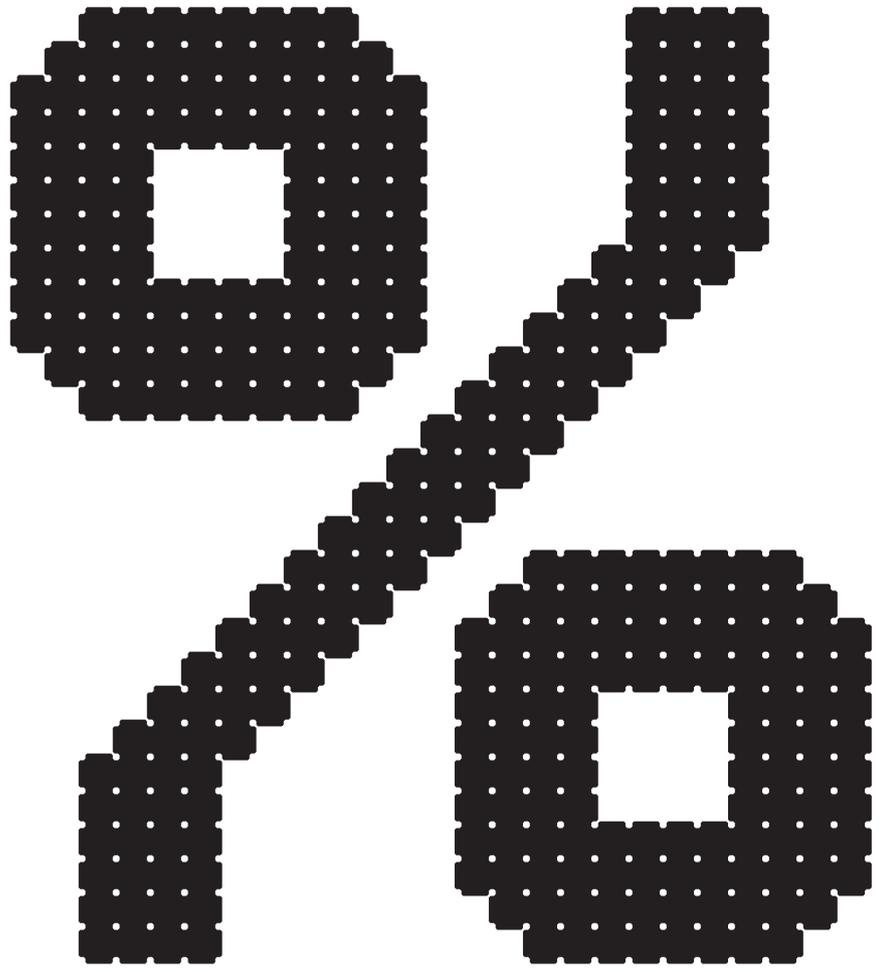
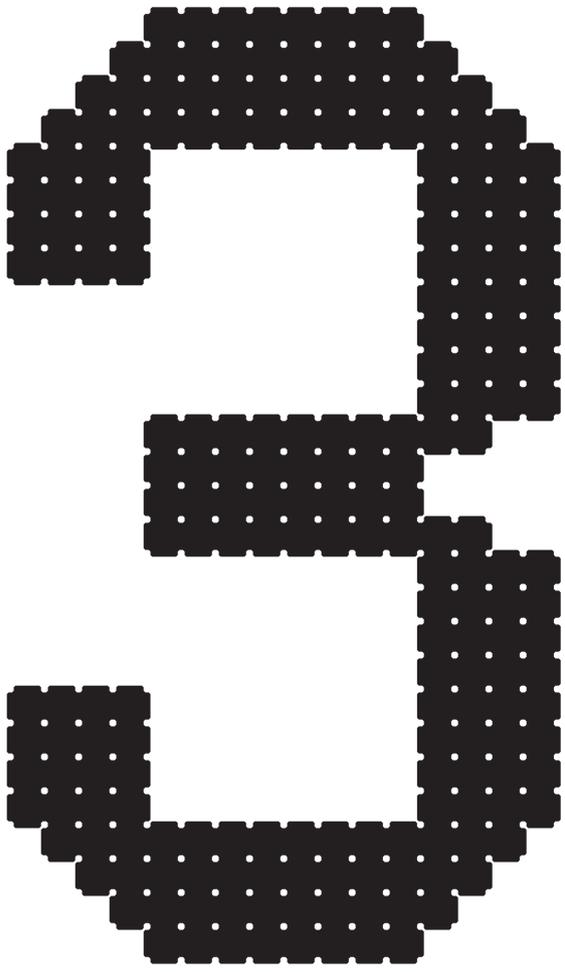
---

#### Character Set

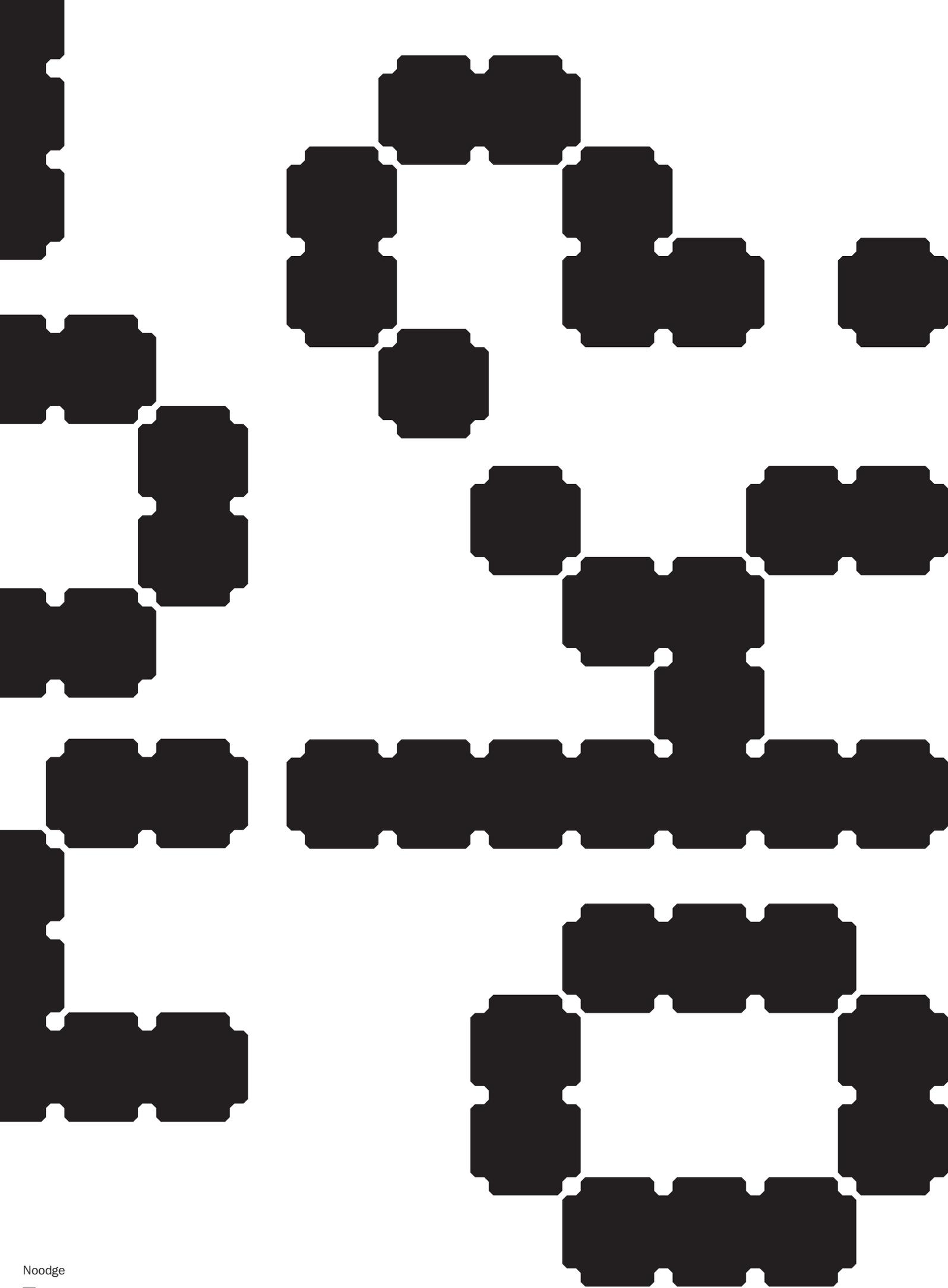
---

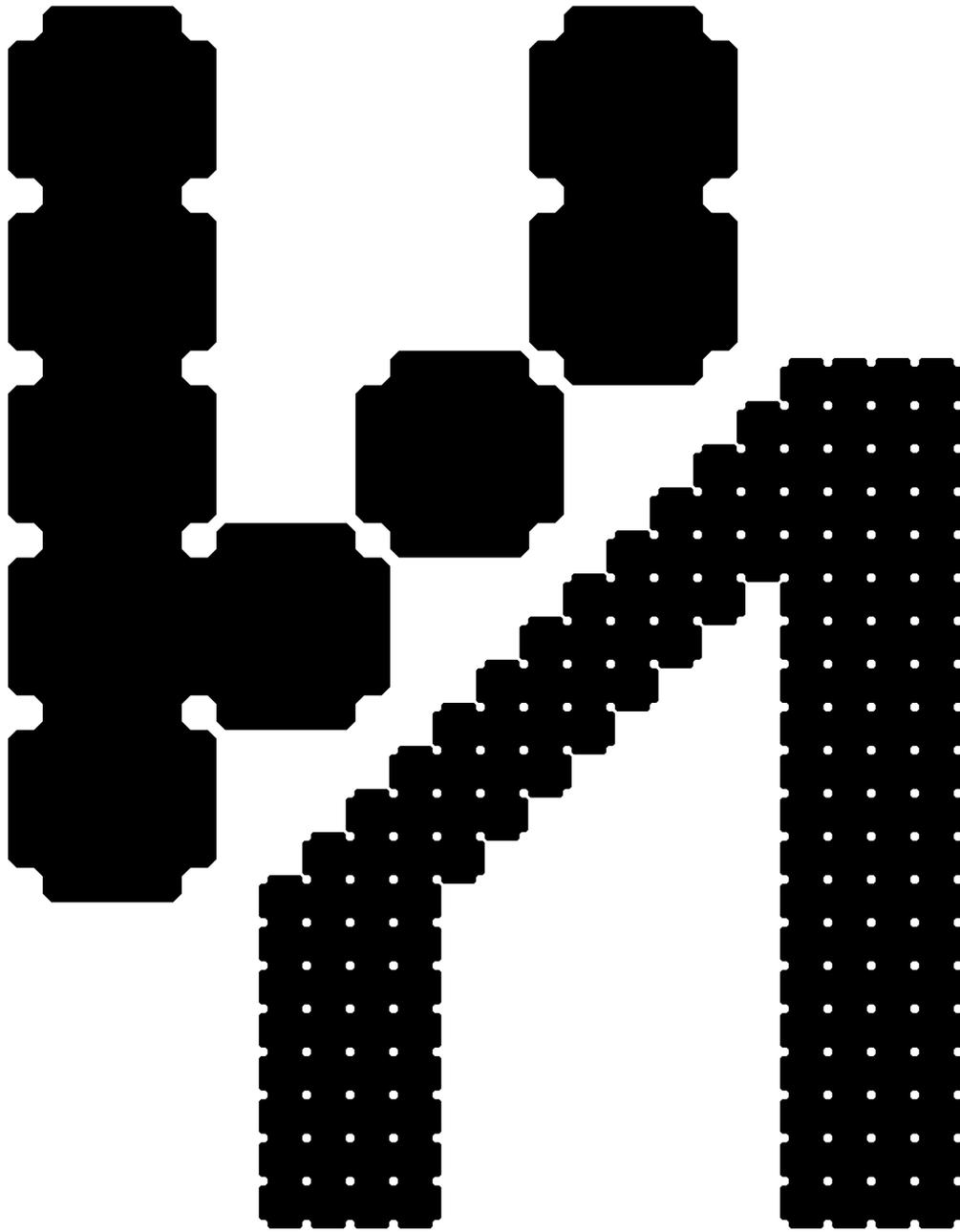
Noodge has a standard character set, with coverage for Western European languages.

Published in 2013 by **TypeGroup**.  
Designed by Steve O Connell  
and Simon Sweeney.



til tidlig 1960-tallet  
selv om de fortsatt  
brukes i skjermtype





Noodge 20

symbolic

Noodge 80

predisposed

Noodge 320

antiquarian

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it, i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john connee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? connee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the spectacles. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy. flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening it up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they worth it) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

30pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it, i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john connee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? connee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the spectacles. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy. flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening it up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they worth it) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

18 pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it, i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john connee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? connee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the spectacles. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy. flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening it up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they worth it) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

12pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the open backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it, i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john connee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? connee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the spectacles. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy. flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening it up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they worth it) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

8pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank like a henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it. i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john conmee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? conmee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the spectacles. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy, flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening it up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they the same) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

30pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank like a henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it. i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john conmee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? conmee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the spectacles. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy, flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening it up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they the same) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

18 pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank like a henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it. i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john conmee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? conmee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the spectacles. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy, flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening it up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they the same) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

12pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank like a henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it. i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john conmee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? conmee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the spectacles. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy, flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening it up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they the same) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

8pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank like a henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it. i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john conmee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william carleton to the true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to have their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? conmee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the sun. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy, flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they the same?) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

30pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank like a henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it. i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john conmee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william carleton to the true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to have their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? conmee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the sun. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy, flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they the same?) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

18 pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank like a henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it. i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john conmee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william carleton to the true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to have their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? conmee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the sun. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy, flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they the same?) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

12pt

going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. the shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank like a henry flower. you could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. simple bit of paper. lord iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of ireland. shows you the money to be made out of porter. still the other brother lord ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. skin breeds lice or vermin. a million pounds, wait a moment. twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. one and four into twenty: fifteen about. yes, exactly. fifteen millions of barrels of porter. what am i saying barrels? gallons. about a million barrels all the same. an incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. he had reached the backdoor of all hallows. stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. damn it. i must work m'coy for a pass to mullingar. same notice on the door. sermon by the very reverend john conmee s.j. on saint peter claver s.j. and the prayers for the conversion of gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. the protestants are the same. convert dr william carleton to the true religion. save china's millions. wonder how they explain it to the heathen chinee. prefer an ounce of opium. celestials. rank heresy to have their god lying on his side in the museum. taking it easy with hand under his cheek. jossticks burning. not like ecce homo. crown of thorns. idea saint patrick the shamrock. chopsticks? conmee: martin cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. sorry i didn't work him about the choir instead of that father farley who looked a fool but wasn't. they're taught that. he's not going out in bluey specs with the sun. baptise blacks, is he? the glasses would take their fancy, flashing. like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening up like milk, i suppose. the cold smell of sacred stone called him. he trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the door. going on: some sodality. pity so empty. nice discreet place to be next some girl. who is my neighbour? jammed by the hour to slow music. midnight mass. seventh heaven. women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. a batch knelt at the altar. he went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. he stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they the same?) and put it neatly into her mouth. her hat and head sank. then the next one. her hat sank at once. then the next one: a small old woman.

8pt

**Styles**

Noodge 20  
Noodge 80  
Noodge 320

**Specifications**

Latin 1: Supplement;  
Latin Extended A;  
Latin Extended B;  
Spacing Modifier Letters;  
General Punctuation;  
Currency Symbols;  
Letterlike Symbols;  
Mathematical Operators;  
Geometric Shapes.

---

**Copyright**

Please refer to the Terms section at [www.typegroup.ie](http://www.typegroup.ie) for full information on our Terms & Conditions.

**Contact**

**TypeGroup**

c/o Conor & David  
68 Dame Street  
Dublin 2, Ireland

+353 1 6709333  
[hello@typegroup.ie](mailto:hello@typegroup.ie)

---

