

# Amitale Book

*A-mi-tah'-lay:* A font family designed for use in books, booklets, and general typography with a full complement of small caps, playful ligatures, lining/oldstyle/small cap figures, and very good readability. This quiet unassuming font is designed for use by professional typographers looking for that excellence that only expresses itself in the fact that you do not notice it—all you notice is the purpose & content of the writing.

**“Sweet Raqhel, you won’t be here, remember?”  
That thought struck Raqhel almost physically.**

“In the next few seasons, you are going to become a woman.” Seeing the look of protest, “No I don’t mean sexually. That has already happened and awaits only the consummation. I mean physically, emotionally, and spiritually. I have never sensed that your destiny was to be a librarian or a historian.”

As Raqhel walked back to her chair and sat down facing her aunt, she nodded in agreement. She had been aware for several seasons that her studies had become simply escape. She knew what she needed to know. Her explorations now were only for entertainment.

“First of all, you will gain some exercise and physical strength. You were never cut out to be a court lady with delicate unused hands. So, one of your problems for the next few weeks is going to be blisters, unless you are very careful. Fortunately for you, this old lady has no more use for some wonderful tools given me by my husband. Stuck in that closet, they only make me sad. My desire is for you to be prepared for your new life, whatever Anselân has for you. Give me that dark green elkskin bag, my dear. No, not the large pack, that little one tucked into the far corner.”

Raqhel found that bag. It was a deep Forest green, obviously well used, with that patina only achieved by the best leathers, lovingly cared for, and used often. She could see that both sides were covered with flaps, beginning from a common centerline at the center of the top, tied down with straps of braided whorlhide.

“Good! Why don’t you get my bench from the dressing table and bring it over here next to me show I can show you my treasures. This is what I carried instead of a makeup bag. Lorem always teased women about their warpaint, anyway.”

After dragging over the graceful carved nutwood bench with a padded top covered with a needlepoint floral bouquet, Raqhel sat down next to her aunt. Curious didn’t begin to describe her anticipation.

Merial held out the side of the bag for her inspection and then pulled a gorgeous little folding knife about four thumb long from the bag. Showing it to Raqhel, silver gleamed from the inlays in the ivory covering the knife. Merial quickly flipped open three blades. The first had a flat sharpened edge, coming to a sharp point with the back of the blade curving back to parallel with the edge leaving substantial strength to the tip. “This blade is the best I have ever seen for cutting patterns in leather, fabric, paper, or wood. Lorem always called it a sheepsfoot blade.”

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Closing the sheepsfoot, she showed her the second blade which looked much more normal to Raqhel’s uneducated eye. “This is a meat blade. This groove drains the blood or juices. It’s not of much use for anything else.” Closing that blade she turned the knife around to show the third. “This is my favorite carving blade. Notice this notch in the body of the knife?” At Raqhel’s nod, she continued, “This bar of steel crossing the notch is the lock for the carving blade. You cannot close this blade until the bar is pressed down like this.” She demonstrated three times.

“These three blades will become extensions of your hand. I highly advise you to practice using them until you can use them as easily as you use that pretty forefinger to scratch your nose.”

Raqhel smiled and self-consciously jerked her hand back to her lap. She had never seen this side of her aunt. It was fascinating. The Duchess seemed to come alive, confident, focused, happy.

## Amitale Book

Party bobbins of bigger string in a jiffy  
AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJjKkLlMmNnOoPpQqRrSsTtUuVvWwXxYyZz

## Amitale Book Italic

Party bobbins of bigger string in a jiffy  
AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJjKkLlMmNnOoPpQqRrSsTtUuVvWwXxYyZz

## Amitale Book Bold

Party bobbins of bigger string in a jiffy  
AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHhIiJjKkLlMmNnOoPpQqRrSsTtUuVvWwXxYyZz

## Amitale Book Bold Italic

Party bobbins of bigger string in a jiffy  
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# Amitale Book

Playful ligatures still bring joy in typesetting, & cause giggling whilst goggling for rabbits on a cold, wet, still morning as daffy as that sounds. What?

No. Sad to say, this type of levity is not a normal part of typesetting today. Discretionary ligatures can give a special flavor to your typography as you seek to put your readers in a friendly mindset for your clients. Qualities that make it more fun to set excellent type.