

+ Almeria  
regular  
+ & *italic*

Styles:

Regular, Italic

Design by:

Alex Chavot

Format:

Opentype (850 glyphs)

Published:

2015

+ No revival or historical models here, Almeria is a bold and distinctive serif typeface (almost) only born from its author's mind! Almeria's surprising shapes undoubtedly make it a contemporary companion for every designer. With a right contrast between thick and thin strokes, Almeria combines sharp terminals and elegant calligraphic bowls with a slightly condensed width optimised for both running texts and display purposes.

Extracts from *Don Quixote* by Miguel de Cervantes

120/120 pts

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+

+

+

+

Seized  
Truth  
Steady  
Panza  
Castilá  
Books

120/120 pts

*Seized*  
*Truth*  
*Steady*  
*Panza*  
*Castilá*  
*Books*

90/92 pts

Worship  
Chevalry  
Hidalgo  
Quixada  
Maidens  
Nicholas  
Siguenza  
Antaeus

90/92 pts

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*Chevalry*  
*Hidalgo*  
*Quixada*  
*Maidens*  
*Nicholas*  
*Siguenza*  
*Antaeus*

48/52 pts

**The Knighthood  
Valiant Sancho P.  
Gravity & dignity  
Antonio's Ballad  
No Shepherdess  
Horseback Rider**

30/32 pts

**The housekeeper,  
who had been already  
well instructed in what  
she was to answer, said:  
“What room or what  
nothing is it that your  
worship is looking for?  
There are neither room  
nor books in this house  
now, for the devil himself  
has carried all away.”**

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24/26 pts

“Look, your worship,” said Sancho; “what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned by the wind make the millstone go.”

22/25 pts

“It is easy to see,” replied Don Quixote, “that thou art not used to this business of adventures; those are giants; and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer while I engage them in fierce & unequal combat.”

20/23 pts

So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rocinante, heedless of the cries his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that most certainly they were windmills [...] he was going to attack.

18/20 pts

He, however, was so positive they were giants that he neither heard the cries of Sancho, nor perceived, near as he was, what they were, but made at them shouting, “Fly not, cowards and vile beings, for a single knight attacks you.” A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to move, seeing which Don Quixote exclaimed, “Though ye flourish more arms than the giant Briareus...



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16/19 pts

You must know, then, that the above-named gentleman whenever he was at leisure (which was mostly all the year round) gave himself up to reading books of chivalry with such ardour and avidity that he almost entirely neglected the pursuit of his field-sports, and even the management of his property; and to such a pitch did his eagerness and infatuation go that he sold many an acre of tillageland to buy books of chivalry to read, and brought home as many of them as he could get. But of all there were none he liked so well as those of the famous Feliciano de Silva's composition, for their lucidity of style and complicated conceits were as pearls in his sight, particularly when in his reading he came upon courtships and cartels, where he often found passages like "the reason of the unreason with which my reason is afflicted so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your beauty;" or again, "the high heavens, that of your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, render you deserving of the desert your greatness deserves."

14/16,5 pts

Over conceits of this sort the poor gentleman lost his wits, and used to lie awake striving to understand them and worm the meaning out of them; what Aristotle himself could not have made out or extracted had he come to life again for that special purpose. He was not at all easy about the wounds which Don Belianis gave and took, because it seemed to him that, great as were the surgeons who had cured him, he must have had his face and body covered all over with seams and scars. He commended, however, the author's way of ending his book with the promise of that interminable adventure, and many a time was he tempted to take up his pen and finish it properly as is there proposed, which no doubt he would have done, and made a successful piece of work of it too, had not greater and more absorbing thoughts prevented him.

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Many an argument did he have with the curate of his village (a learned man, and a graduate of Siguenza) as to which had been the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. Master Nicholas, the village barber, however, used to say that neither of them came up to the Knight of Phoebus, and that if there was any that could compare with him it was Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis of Gaul, because he had a spirit that was equal to every occasion, and was no finikin knight, nor lachrymose like his brother, while in the matter of valour he was not a whit behind him. In short, he became so absorbed in his books that he spent his nights from sunset to sunrise, and his days from dawn to dark, poring over them; and what with little sleep and much reading his brains got so dry that he lost his wits.

10/12,5 pts

His fancy grew full of what he used to read about in his books, enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, agonies, and all sorts of impossible nonsense; and it so possessed his mind that the whole fabric of invention and fancy he read of was true, that to him no history in the world had more reality in it. He used to say the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very good knight, but that he was not to be compared with the Knight of the Burning Sword who with one back-stroke cut in half two fierce and monstrous giants. He thought more of Bernardo del Carpio because at Roncesvalles he slew Roland in spite of enchantments, availing himself of the artifice of Hercules when he strangled Antaeus the son of Terra in his arms. He approved highly of the giant Morgante, because, although of the giant breed which is always arrogant and ill-conditioned, he alone was affable and well-bred. But above all he admired Reinaldos of Montalban, especially when he saw him sallying forth from his castle and robbing everyone he met, and when beyond the seas he stole that image of Mahomet which, as his history says, was entirely of gold.

09/11 pts

In short, his wits being quite gone, he hit upon the strangest notion that ever madman in this world hit upon, and that was that he fancied it was right and requisite, as well for the support of his own honour as for the service of his country, that he should make a knight-errant of himself, roaming the world over in full armour and on horseback in quest of adventures, and putting in practice himself all that he had read of as being the usual practices of knights-errant; righting every kind of wrong, and exposing himself to peril and danger from which, in the issue, he was to reap eternal renown and fame. Already the poor man saw himself crowned by the might of his arm Emperor of Trebizond at least; and so, led away by the intense enjoyment he found in these pleasant fancies, he set himself forthwith to put his scheme into execution.

The first thing he did was to clean up some armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had been for ages lying forgotten in a corner eaten with rust and covered with mildew.

He scoured and polished it as best he could, but he perceived one great defect in it, that it had no closed helmet, nothing but a simple morion. This deficiency, however, his ingenuity supplied, for he contrived a kind of half-helmet of pasteboard which, fitted on to the morion, looked like a whole one. It is true that, in order to see if it was strong and fit to stand a cut, he drew his sword and gave it a couple of slashes, the first of which undid in an instant what had taken him a week to do. The ease with which he had knocked it to pieces disconcerted him somewhat, and to guard against that danger he set to work again, fixing bars of iron on the inside until he was satisfied with its strength; and then, not caring to try any more experiments with it, he passed it and adopted it as a helmet of the most perfect construction. He next proceeded to inspect his hack, which, with more quartos than a real and more blemishes than the steed of Gonela, that "tantum pellis et ossa fuit," surpassed in his eyes the Bucephalus of Alexander or the Babieca of the Cid.

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WHEREIN AN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO THE RICH,  
TOGETHER WITH THE INCIDENT OF BASILIO THE POOR

o

Scarce had the fair Aurora given bright Phoebus time to dry the liquid pearls upon her golden locks with the heat of his fervent rays, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his limbs, sprang to his feet and called to his squire Sancho, who was still snoring; seeing which Don Quixote ere he roused him thus addressed him: *“Happy thou, above all the dwellers on the face of the earth, that, without envying or being envied, sleepest with tranquil mind, and that neither enchanters persecute nor enchantments affright. Sleep, I say, and will say a hundred times, without any jealous thoughts of thy mistress to make thee keep ceaseless vigils, or any cares as to how thou art to pay the debts thou owest, or find to-morrow’s food for thyself and thy needy little family, to interfere with thy repose. Ambition breaks not thy rest, nor doth this world’s empty pomp disturb thee, for the utmost reach of thy anxiety is to provide for thy ass, since upon my shoulders thou hast laid the support of thyself, the counterpoise and burden that nature and custom have imposed upon masters. The servant sleeps and the master lies awake thinking how he is to feed him, advance him, and reward him. The distress of seeing the sky turn brazen, and withhold its needful moisture from the earth, is not felt by the servant but by the master, who in time of scarcity and famine must support him who has served him in times of plenty and abundance.”*

To all this Sancho made no reply because he was asleep, nor would he have wakened up so soon as he did had not Don Quixote brought him to his senses with the butt of his lance. He awoke at last, drowsy and lazy, and casting his eyes about in every direction, observed, *“There comes, if I don’t mistake, from the quarter of that arcade a steam and a smell a great deal more like fried rashers than galingale or thyme; a wedding that begins with smells like that, by my faith, ought to be plentiful and unstinting.”*

*“Have done, thou glutton,”* said Don Quixote; *“come, let us go and witness this bridal, and see what the rejected Basilio does.”*

*“Let him do what he likes,”* returned Sancho; *“be he not poor, he would marry Quiteria. To make a grand match for himself, and he without a farthing; is there nothing else? Faith, senor, it’s my opinion the poor man should be content with what he can get, and not go looking for dainties in the bottom of the sea. I will bet my arm that Camacho could bury Basilio in reals; and if that be so, as no doubt it is, what a fool Quiteria would be to refuse the fine dresses and jewels Camacho must have given her and will give her, and take Basilio’s bar-*

*throwing and sword-play. They won’t give a pint of wine at the tavern for a good cast of the bar or a neat thrust of the sword. Talents and accomplishments that can’t be turned into money, let Count Dirlos have them; but when such gifts fall to one that has hard cash, I wish my condition of life was as becoming as they are. On a good foundation you can raise a good building, and the best foundation in the world is money.”*

*“For God’s sake, Sancho,”* said Don Quixote here, *“stop that harangue; it is my belief, if thou wert allowed to continue all thou beginnest every instant, thou wouldst have no time left for eating or sleeping; for thou wouldst spend it all in talking.”*

*“If your worship had a good memory,”* replied Sancho, *“you would remember the articles of our agreement before we started from home this last time; one of them was that I was to be let say all I liked, so long as it was not against my neighbour or your worship’s authority; and so far, it seems to me, I have not broken the said article.”*

*“I remember no such article, Sancho,”* said Don Quixote; *“and even if it were so, I desire you to hold your tongue and come along; for the instruments we heard last night are already beginning to enliven the valleys again, and no doubt the marriage will take place in the cool of the morning, and not in the heat of the afternoon.”*

Sancho did as his master bade him, and putting the saddle on Rocinante and the pack-saddle on Dapple, they both mounted and at a leisurely pace entered the arcade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho’s eyes was a whole ox spitted on a whole elm tree, and in the fire at which it was to be roasted there was burning a middling-sized mountain of faggots, and six stewpots that stood round the blaze had not been made in the ordinary mould of common pots, for they were six half wine-jars, each fit to hold the contents of a slaughter-house; they swallowed up whole sheep and hid them away in their insides without showing any more sign of them than if they were pigeons. Countless were the hares ready skinned and the plucked fowls that hung on the trees for burial in the pots, numberless the wildfowl and game of various sorts suspended from the branches that the air might keep them cool. Sancho counted more than sixty wine skins of over six gallons each, and all filled, as it proved afterwards, with generous wines. There were, besides, piles of the whitest bread, like the heaps of corn one sees on the threshing-floors.





Historical form

s → f

Historical

Contextual alternates

1x2 3x4

1x2 3x4

< + - = ←

- + > = →

v + | + ^ = ⇅

| + ^ = ↑

| + v = ↓

< + - + > = ↔

^ + \ = ↖

/ + ^ = ↗

v + \ = ↙

\ + v = ↘

Currency, slashed zeros & figures



Proportional lining

#€\$¢£¥f

00123456789

Tabular lining

#€\$¢£¥f

00123456789

Proportional old style

#€\$¢£¥f

00123456789

Tabular old style

#€\$¢£¥f

00123456789

Punctuation (caps + small caps)

<> <> «» «» () () () [] [] [] {} {} {}

- - - - — — , . : ; \_ ... ‘ ’ “ ” , , ”

! ; i ? ; & ? ?



Fractions (any combination)

1/4 1/2 3/4

% ‰

12345/67890 12345/67890

Mathematical symbols

+ - ± × ÷ = ≠ ≈ ~ ¬ < > ≤ ≥ / | | \ ^

μ ∂ Σ Π π ∫ Ω ∞ √ Δ ∅







Superiors  
& inferiors

H , . ( ) + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H , . ( ) + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Numerators  
& denominators

H , . ( ) + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H , . ( ) + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Ordinals

OoO AaA o a

N<sup>o</sup> no No nO N<sup>o</sup> N<sup>o</sup>



Miscellaneous symbols  
(caps + small caps)

& & @ @ @ € ℙ SM TM ® ©

§ ¶ † ‡ ° ª « \* " ' ¨ . . .

Arrows

← ↑ → ↓ ↔ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙

[ss.03]

← ↑ → ↓

Geometric symbols

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▣ ▤ ▥ ▦

♠ ♣ ♦ ♥

♥ ♡ ★ ☆



Circled figures [ss.01]

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨

[ss.02]

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨







Historical form

*s* → *f*

*Historical*

Contextual alternates

*1x2 3x4*

*1x2 3x4*

< + - = ←  
/ + ^ = ↑  
^ + | = ↖  
v + | = ↙

- + > = →  
/ + v = ↓  
/ + ^ = ↗  
\ + v = ↘

v + / + ^ = ↕  
< + - + > = ↔

Currency, slashed zeros & figures



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*00123456789*

Tabular lining

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*00123456789*

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*00123456789*

Punctuation (caps + small caps)

<> <> «» «» () () () [] [] [] {} {} {}  
- - - - — — , . : ; \_ ... ‘ ’ “ ” , , ,  
! ; i ? ð è ? ?



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Ordinals

*OooAaa* *o a*

*N<sup>o</sup> no No nO N<sup>o</sup> N<sup>o</sup>*



Miscellaneous symbols  
(caps + small caps)

*Œ œ @ @ @ € ℓ <sup>SM</sup> <sup>TM</sup> ® ©*

*§ ¶ † ‡ ° ª « \* " ' ¤ . . .*

Arrows

← ↑ → ↓ ↔ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙

[ss.03]

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Geometric symbols

■ ◆ ● ▲

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♠ ♣ ♦ ♥

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Circled figures [ss.01]

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[ss.02]

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨





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