

Crit

Crit is an interpretation of the early grotesque sans serif models through a contemporary lens, now expanded into a family of eight weights with matching italics. It takes inspiration from the straightforward charm of mid-century sans serifs, often swapped freely in phototype layouts where names like Helvetica and Akzidenz became almost interchangeable. Crit builds on that tradition with clean shapes and careful spacing that give it a steady, balanced feel. As it gets bolder, the counters shift toward squarer forms to keep the letters clear without getting too heavy. Its tall x-height combined with shorter ascenders and descenders keeps the text looking tight but easy to read. Though rooted in function, Crit introduces quiet shifts in form that add character without distraction. Shapes open up, ligatures appear where they help, and heavier styles hold their shape without crowding. Drawn as a single, adaptable cut, Crit stays consistent across sizes and settings.

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Crit Extralight

Extralight Italic

Crit Light

Light Italic

Crit Regular

Regular Italic

Crit Medium

Medium Italic

Crit Semibold

Semibold Italic

Crit Bold

Bold Italic

Crit Extrabold

Extrabold Italic

Crit Black

Black Italic

Extralight, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

TRAVAILLAIENT
Borgarstjóranum

Extralight Italic, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

TERRORIZZATO
Vrouwenafdeling

Light, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

STEVNEMØTER
Comprehensibly

Light Italic, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

SEGURAMENTE
Meðvitundarlaus

Regular, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

RESOURCEFUL
Redescobríssim

Regular Italic, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

EXCRESCENCE
Bergwanderweg

Medium, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

PROPORTIONS
Voorwaardelijke

Medium Italic, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

ARRESTORDRE
Hyperventilated

Semibold, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

PLEASANTRIES
Acquisitiveness

Semibold Italic, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

CANTUSSEGEU
Forhenværende

Bold, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

SOĞUMÖLÇER
Sicherzustellen

Bold Italic, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

ZROZUMIAŁEM
Nahrungsmittel

Extrabold, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

DISCOURSING
Flickenteppich

Extrabold Italic, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

SMATTERINGS
Örökkévalóság

Black, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

FASCINUJÚCE
Identificazione

Black Italic, 92 Pt, 0 Tracking

MUKADDERAT
Mispronounce

Extralight, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

When I had inhaled this
air freely, I sought the
conduit-pipe, which

Extralight Italic, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

*So perfectly defined
that it could not have
been more neatly done*

Light, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

In an instant we were
by his side. Hunt had
evinced no surprise

Light Italic, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

*Driven with prodigious
strength, and piercing
an iron plate 1-3/8*

Regular, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

Were these the
remains of one of
the strange animals

Regular Italic, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

*But, again, William Guy
and his five sailors
could not be among*

Medium, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

Apart, in separate
compartments, were
spread out chaplets

Medium Italic, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

*Captain Nemo rose. I
followed him. A double
door, contrived at the*

Semibold, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

**Was it not the name of
one who had shared in
the horrible scenes of**

Semibold Italic, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

***For several days past
I had not seen the
half breed, or, at least,***

Bold, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

**Now when an
American has an idea,
he directly seeks a**

Bold Italic, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

***I bowed assent. It
was not a question
that the commander***

Extrabold, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

**Nevertheless, these
valiant artilleryists
took no particular**

Extrabold Italic, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

***On the 5th of
October, at eight
p.m., a dense crowd***

Black, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

**Just when the deep
toned clock in the
great hall struck**

Black Italic, 72 Pt, 0 Tracking

***Thus, a few days
ago, a German
geometrician***

Extralight, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

By the time Dhanaji died, Balaji had proven himself as an honest and able officer. Balaji fell out with Dhanaji's son and successor, Chandrasen Jadhav and went over to the newly released Maratha ruler Shahu who took

Extralight Italic, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

They could scarcely believe it possible; at two yards and a half below water-mark was a regular rent, in the form of an isosceles triangle. The broken place in the iron plates was so perfectly defined that it could not have been

Light, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

It rallied round it a certain number of partisans. The solution it proposed gave, at least, full liberty to the imagination. The human mind delights in grand conceptions of supernatural beings. And the sea is precisely their best

Light Italic, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

Conseil was my servant, a true, devoted Flemish boy, who had accompanied me in all my travels. I liked him, and he returned the liking well. He was phlegmatic by nature, regular from principle, zealous from habit, evincing little dis-

Regular, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

Captain Farragut was a good seaman, worthy of the frigate he commanded. His vessel and he were one. He was the soul of it. On the question of the cetacean there was no doubt in his mind, and he would not allow

Regular Italic, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

I myself, for whom money had no charms, was not the least attentive on board. Giving but few minutes to my meals, but a few hours to sleep, indifferent to either rain or sunshine, I did not leave the poop of the vessel. Now

Medium, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

The frigate was then in 31° north latitude and 136° east longitude. The coast of Japan still remained less than two hundred miles to leeward. Night was approaching. They had just struck eight bells; large clouds veiled the

Medium Italic, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

A Frenchman from Paris, Michel Ardan by name, eccentric, but keen and shrewd as well as daring, demanded, by the Atlantic telegraph, permission to be enclosed in the bullet so that he might be carried to the

Semibold, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

**Then it moved away two or three miles,
leaving a phosphorescent track, like those
volumes of steam that the express trains
leave behind. All at once from the dark line
of the horizon whither it retired to gain its**

Semibold Italic, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

***What had he seen? Then, I know not why, the
thought of the monster came into my head
for the first time! But that voice! The time is
past for Jonahs to take refuge in whales' bel-
lies! However, Conseil was towing me again.***

Bold, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

That on December 13th, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the Projectile shot from Stony Hill had been perceived by Professor Belfast and his assistants; that, deflected a little from its course by some unknown cause,

Bold Italic, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

We must be pardoned here for making a little remark which, however, astronomers and other scientific men of sanguine temperament would do well to ponder over. An observer cannot be too cautious

Extrabold, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

What had taken place within the Projectile? What effect had been produced by the frightful concussion? Had Barbican's ingenuity been attended with a fortunate result? Had the shock

Extrabold Italic, 36 Pt, 0 Tracking

It was a vast sea on which the waves were surging with incomparable violence. It was the limitless ocean, limitless even to them from their commanding height. It was a liquid plain, lashed and beaten by the

Extralight & Extralight Italic, 14 Pt

Steena of the spaceways—that sounds just like a corny title for one of the *Stellar-Vedo* spreads. I ought to know, I've tried my hand at writing enough of them. Only this *Steena* was no glamour babe. She was as colorless as a Lunar plant—even the hair netted down to her skull had a sort of grayish cast and I never saw her but once draped in anything but a shapeless and baggy gray space-all.

Steena was strictly background stuff and that is where she mostly spent her free hours—in the smelly smoky background corners of any stellar-port dive frequented by free spacers. If you really looked for her you could spot her—just sitting there listening to the talk—listening and remembering. She didn't open her own mouth often. But when she did spacers had learned to listen. And the lucky few who heard her rare spoken words—these will never forget *Steena*.

She drifted from port to port. Being an expert operator on the big calculators she found jobs wherever she cared to stay for a time. And she came to be something like the master-minded machines she tended—smooth, gray, without much personality of her own.

But it was *Steena* who told *Bub Nelson* about the *Jovan moon-rites*—and her warning saved *Bub's* life six months

later. It was *Steena* who identified the piece of stone *Keene Clark* was passing around a table one night, rightly calling it unworked *Slitite*. That started a rush which made ten fortunes overnight for men who were down to their last jets. And, last of all, she cracked the case of the *Empress of Mars*.

All the boys who had profited by her queer store of knowledge and her photographic memory tried at one time or another to balance the scales. But she wouldn't take so much as a cup of Canal water at their expense, let alone the credits they tried to push on her. *Bub Nelson* was the only one who got around her refusal. It was he who brought her *Bat*.

About a year after the *Jovan* affair he walked into the *Free Fall* one night and dumped *Bat* down on her table. *Bat* looked at *Steena* and growled. She looked calmly back at him and nodded once. From then on they traveled together—the thin gray woman and the big gray tom-cat. *Bat* learned to know the inside of more stellar bars than even most spacers visit in their lifetimes. He developed a liking for *Vernal* juice, drank it neat and quick, right out of a glass. And he was always at home on any table where *Steena* elected to drop him.

The travelers had sighted the cove from the sea—a narrow bite into the land, the first break in the cliff wall which protected the interior of this continent from the pounding of the ocean. And, although it was still but midafternoon, *Dalgard* pointed the outrigger into the promised shelter, the dip of his steering paddle swinging in harmony with that wielded by *Sssuri* in the bow of their narrow, wave-riding craft.

The two voyagers were neither of the same race nor of the same species, yet they worked together without words, as if they had established some bond which gave them a rapport transcending the need for speech.

Dalgard Nordis was a son of *the Colony*; his kind had not originated on this planet. He was not as tall nor as heavily built as those *Terran* outlaw ancestors who had fled political enemies across *the Galaxy* to establish a foothold on *Astra*, and there were other subtle differences between his generation and the parent stock.

Thin and wiry, his skin was brown from the gentle toasting of the summer sun, making the fairness of his closely cropped hair even more noticeable. At his side was his long bow, carefully wrapped in water-resistant flying-dragon skin, and from the belt which supported his short

breeches of tanned duocorn hide swung a two-foot blade—half wood-knife, half sword. To the eyes of his *Terran* forefathers he would have presented a barbaric picture. In his own mind he was amply clad and armed for the man-journey which was both his duty and his heritage to make before he took his place as a full adult in the *Council of Free Men*.

In contrast to *Dalgard's* smooth skin, *Sssuri* was covered with a fluffy pelt of rainbow-tipped gray fur. In place of the human's steel blade, he wore one of bone, barbed and ugly, as menacing as the spear now resting in the bottom of the outrigger. And his round eyes watched the sea with the familiarity of one whose natural home was beneath those same waters.

The mouth of the cove was narrow, but after they negotiated it they found themselves in a pocket of bay, sheltered and calm, into which trickled a lazy stream. The gray-blue of the seashore sand was only a fringe beyond which was turf and green stuff. *Sssuri's* nostril flaps expanded as he tested the warm breeze, and *Dalgard* was busy cataloguing scents as they dragged their craft ashore. They could not have found a more perfect place for a camp site.

Regular & Italic, 14 Pt

The hopper returned. On the rock beside the shining things it coveted, it dropped dried and shriveled fruit. *Dalgard's* fingers separated two of the gleaming marbles, rolled them toward the animal, who scooped them up with a chirp of delight. But it did not leave. Instead it peered intently at the rest of the beads. *Hoppers* had their own form of intelligence, though it might not compare with that of humans. And this one was enterprising. In the end it delivered three more loads of fruit from its burrow and took away all the beads, both parties well pleased with their bargains.

Sssuri splashed out of the sea with as little ado as he had entered. On the end of his spear twisted a fish. His fur, slicked flat to his strongly muscled body, began to dry in the air and fluff out while the sun awoke prismatic lights on the scales which covered his hands and feet. He dispatched the fish and cleaned it neatly, tossing the offal back into the water, where some shadowy things arose to tear at the unusual bounty.

"This is not hunting ground." His message formed in *Dalgard's* mind. "That finned one had no fear of me."

"We were right then in heading north; this is new land." *Dalgard* got to his feet.

On either side, the cliffs, with their alternate bands of red, blue, yellow, and white strata, walled in this pocket. They would make far better time keeping to the sea lanes, where it was not necessary to climb. And it was *Dalgard's* cherished plan to add more than just an inch or two to the explorers' map in the *Council Hall*.

Each of the colony males was expected to make his man-journey of discovery sometimes between his eighteenth and twentieth year. He went alone or, if he formed an attachment with one of the mermen near his own age, accompanied only by his knife brother. And from knowledge so gained the still-small group of exiles added to and expanded their information about their new home.

Caution was drilled into them. For they were not the first masters of *Astra*, nor were they the masters now. There were the ruins left by *Those Others*, the race who had populated this planet until their own wars had completed their downfall. And the mermen, with their traditions of slavery and dark beginnings in the experimental pens of the older race, continued to insist that across the sea—on the unknown western continent—*Those Others* still held onto the remnants of a degenerate civilization. Thus

Now, the High Priest's Palace was situated about half a mile from the Temple, the grounds of the one meeting the other. The park surrounding the Palace was a very noble one, and *spread far out into the suburbs at the back*, whilst at the front it consisted chiefly of gardens and a fine avenue.

It was customary every day at noon for the poor of the city to come here for a meal, and by means of tickets to take away what was specified for *those unable* to attend themselves.

So it was that some time after eleven, dressed in becoming poverty, Marigold set out, taking no children certainly, nor yet an empty stomach, but a mischievous untrained heart, looking for fun and excitement.

The day was so beautiful, *the breeze so fresh*, that it brought more than the usual colour to her cheeks, and more than the usual light to her eyes; or perhaps the episode of the earlier morning still lingered in her mind, for why should Marigold so often stop to frown, and then move on again laughing.

"Frightened of a man! and such a little wizened-looking thing," said she. "I believe he wasn't much bigger than

myself. And his eyes were as expressionless as those of an ox, and his voice like an old tin kettle. It was seeing him so unexpectedly that frightened me, in that big gloomy archway with the red creepers."

She forgot that seeing him had made her laugh till the expressionless ox eyes turned on her. As she turned in one of the sidegates of the park, she met many poor and wretched-looking creatures going in the same direction as herself, and, seeing some of the coarser faces and the deep dirt that surrounded them, she began to wish she had never come, yet persevered from reasons *unintelligible even to herself*.

"Wealth isn't such a disagreeable thing after all," thought she. "I wonder, if I'd tried being agreeable to him from the Princess side of me, if it would have been easier. But a Princess must be so highly respectable, and a beggar needn't be."

At last, with many others in close proximity, she came at the large side door leading to the public dining-hall, and was allowed to pass in, *for none were denied admittance*.

Amongst the *High Priest's* many estimable qualities was this, that he got up moderately early—not officiously so. And having got up, he gave an hour to light reading or recreation of a simple character. Here the clever men as a rule leave recreation till the last thing at night—that is how it is they are often so evil-tempered first thing in the morning. Now *St Armand* knew this, so half-past seven saw him wandering through the cloisters. He had not slept well—in fact, he hadn't slept at all—yet he looked none the worse for it. Had you been out in the silent streets in the dark hours of early morning, you might have seen him once more strolling down *Greensward Avenue*. You might have seen him, as a boy might, scaling the high wall of the near garden, surveying the country beyond. And despite his white hair and dignified appearance of age, with what a neat jump he again reached the pavement. Twenty feet! and as gracefully as one of the gods descending the steep rocks of *Olympus*. And with what wonderful gift of second sight must he have been possessed, for suddenly you saw him stoop—the wrinkled smile on his lips and at the corners of his eyes deepening. He touched a certain spot of the ground with the toe of his boot.

“Here's where the little ragged rascal fell and broke his neck. Impudence, I suppose—looking into a garden of the gods. Poor little *Humpty-Dumpty*! How his mother screamed, I make no doubt, when they took the news to her, and ran out into the streets regardless of appearance. What a merciful dispensation it was that created women with a great capacity for making scenes!” Then he went on, the episode forgotten, and turned now toward *Friar's Court*. All the blinds of the cottages were drawn—all lights out, the owners fast asleep. Except at one window, where a dim light burned behind the curtain.

“The beggar girl,” said he, and scaled the wall again, no leave asked. But he found only a consumptive child, just now sleeping restlessly—a tallow candle in a bottle keeping guard. Yet the windows were so near that it was but the work of a moment from one window to the next. The blind was down, but this was no hindrance; the window open just a little way.

“*Bad practice this,*” said he, smiling; “they die just the same when the time comes, open or not.” And he slipped in easily, with no humiliating contortions of the body, but a grace that never left him, creeping through

Bold & Bold Italic, 14 Pt

There was a shading of rose in the pearl arch of sky, deepening at the horizon meeting of sea and air in a rainbow tint of cloud. The lazy swells of the ocean held the same soft color, darkened with crimson veins where spirals of weed drifted. A rose world bathed in soft sunlight, knowing only gentle winds, peace, and—sloth.

Ross Murdock leaned forward over the edge of the rock ledge to peer down at a beach of fine sand, pale pink sand with here and there *a glitter of a crystalline “shell”*—or were those delicate, fluted ovals shells? Even the waves came in languidly. And the breeze which ruffled his hair, smoothed about his sun-browned, half-bare body, caressed it, did not buffet on its way inland to stir the growths which the Terran settlers called “trees” but which possessed *long lacy fronds* instead of true branches.

Hawaika—named for the old Polynesian paradise—a world seemingly without flaw except the subtle one of being too perfect, too welcoming, too wooing. Its long, uneventful, unchanging days enticed forgetfulness, offered a life without effort. Except for the mystery.... Because this world was not the one pictured on the

tape which had brought the Terran settlement team here. A map, a directing guide, a description all in one, that was the ancient voyage tape. Ross himself had helped to loot a storehouse on an *unknown planet* for a cargo of such tapes. Once they had been the space-navigation guides for a race or races who had ruled the star lanes ten thousand years in his own world’s past, a civilization which had long since sunk again into the dust of its beginning.

Those tapes returned to Terra after their chance discovery, were *studied, probed, deciphered* by the best brains of his time, shared out by lot between already suspicious Terran powers, bringing into the exploration of space bitter rivalries and old hatreds.

Such a tape had landed their ship on Hawaika, a world of shallow seas and archipelagoes instead of true continents. *The settlement team* had had all the knowledge contained on that tape crowded into them, only to discover that much they had learned from *it was false!*

Of course, none of them had expected to discover here still the cities, the civilization the tape had projected as existing in that long-ago period. But no

Extrabold & Extrabold Italic, 14 Pt

One of the newest and fleetest of the *Law Enforcement Vessels of the Triplanetary League*, the heavy cruiser *Chicago*, of the *North American Division of the Tellurian Contingent*, plunged stolidly through interplanetary vacuum. For five long weeks she had patrolled her allotted volume of space. In another week she would report back to the city whose name she bore, where her space-weary crew, worn by their long “trick” in the awesomely oppressive depths of the limitless void, would enjoy to the full their fortnight of refreshing planetary leave.

She was performing certain routine tasks--charting meteorites, watching for derelicts and other obstructions to navigation, checking in constantly with all scheduled space-ships in case of need, and so on--but primarily she was a warship. She was a mighty engine of destruction, hunting for the unauthorized vessels of whatever power or planet it was, that had not only defied the Triplanetary League, but were evidently attempting to overthrow it; attempting to plunge the *Three Planets* back into the ghastly sink of bloodshed and destruction from which they had so recently emerged. Every space-

ship within range of her powerful detectors was represented by two brilliant, slowly moving points of light; one upon a great micrometer screen, the other in the “tank”--the immense, three-dimensional, minutely cubed model of the entire Solar System.

A brilliantly intense red light flared upon a panel and a bell clanged brazenly the furious signals of the sector alarm. Simultaneously a speaker roared forth its message of a ship in dire peril.

“Sector alarm! N. A. T. Hyperion gassed with Vee-Two. Nothing detectable in space, but....”

The half-uttered message was drowned out in a crackling roar of meaningless noise, the orderly signals of the bell became a hideous clamor, and the two points of light which had marked the location of the liner disappeared in widely spreading flashes of the same high-powered interference. Observers, navigators, and control officers were alike dumfounded. Even *the captain*, in the shell-proof, shock-proof, and doubly ray-proof retreat of his conning compartment, was equally at a loss. *No ship or thing* could possibly be close enough to be sending out interfering waves of such

Black & Black Italic, 14 Pt

Nevia, the home planet of the marauding space-ship, would have appeared peculiar indeed to Terrestrial senses. High in the deep red heavens a fervent blue sun poured down its flood of brilliant purplish light upon a world of water. Not a cloud was to be seen in that flaming sky, and through that dustless atmosphere the eye could see the horizon--*a horizon three times as distant as the one to which we are accustomed--* with a distinctness and clarity impossible in our Terra's dust-filled air. As that mighty sun dropped below the horizon the sky would fill suddenly with clouds and rain would fall violently and steadily until midnight. Then the clouds would vanish as suddenly as they had come into being, the torrential downpour would cease, and, through that huge world's *wonderfully transparent*, gaseous envelope, the full glory of the firmament would be revealed. Not the firmament as we know it--*for that hot blue sun and Nevia, her one planet-child, were many light-years distant from Old Sol and his numerous brood--*but a strange and glorious firmament containing not one constellation familiar to earthly eyes.

Out of the vacuum of space a fish-shaped vessel of the void--*the vessel that was shortly to attack so boldly both the massed fleet of Triplanetary and Roger's planetoid--*plunged into the rarefied outer atmosphere, and crimson beams of force tore shriekingly the thin air as it braked its terrific speed. A third of the circumference of Nevia's mighty globe was traversed before the velocity of the craft could be reduced sufficiently to make a landing possible. Then, approaching the twilight zone, the vessel dived vertically downward, and it became evident that Nevia was neither entirely aqueous nor devoid of intelligent life. For the blunt nose of the space-ship was pointing toward what was evidently *a half-submerged city*, a city whose buildings were flat-topped, hexagonal towers, exactly alike in size, shape, color, and material. These buildings were arranged as the cells of a *honeycomb* would be if each cell were separated from its neighbors by a relatively narrow channel of water, and all were built of the same white metal. Many bridges and more tubes extended through the air from building to building, and the watery "streets" teemed with

Találnom
Untimely
Smykker
Owelties
Fjögurra
Matcher
Dochází
Influent

Skarpere
Chelsea
Finalised
Happen
Particles
Veraque
Reinsure
Svědomí

Klöppum
Phonetic
Splotchy
Emerson
Wäschst
Sicilians
Császár
Vincere

Uppercase

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Lowercase

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Accented Uppercase

Á Â Ã Ä Å Æ Ç È É Ê Ë Ì Í Î Ï Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö × Ø Ù Ú Û Ü Ý Þ ß à á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë ì í î ï ñ ò ó ô õ ö ø ÷ ù ú û ü ý þ ß à á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë ì í î ï ñ ò ó ô õ ö ø ÷ ù ú û ü ý þ ß

Accented Lowercase

á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë ì í î ï ñ ò ó ô õ ö ø ÷ ù ú û ü ý þ ß à á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë ì í î ï ñ ò ó ô õ ö ø ÷ ù ú û ü ý þ ß à á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë ì í î ï ñ ò ó ô õ ö ø ÷ ù ú û ü ý þ ß

Numbers

0123456789

Punctuation

--_(){}[],,“”‘’«»‹›” ’,,’’’’’,,:;...!¡?¿·•*#/\.,:,...!¡?¿·’

Symbols

+ - × ÷ = ≠ > < ≥ ≤ ± ≈ ~ ¬ ^ μ % ‰ † ‡ ↗ → ↘ ↙ ↚ ↛ ↜ ↝ ↞ ↠ ↡ ↢ ↣ ↤ ↥ ↦ ↧ ↨ ↩ ↪ ↫ ↬ ↭ ↮ ↯ ↰ ↱ ↲ ↳ ↴ ↵ ↶ ↷ ↸ ↹ ↺ ↻ ↼ ↽ ↾ ↿ ⇀ ⇁ ⇂ ⇃ ⇄ ⇅ ⇆ ⇇ ⇈ ⇉ ⇊ ⇋ ⇌ ⇍ ⇎ ⇏ ⇐ ⇑ ⇒ ⇓ ⇔ ⇕ ⇖ ⇗ ⇘ ⇙ ⇚ ⇛ ⇜ ⇝ ⇞ ⇟ ⇠ ⇡ ⇢ ⇣ ⇤ ⇥ ⇦ ⇧ ⇨ ⇩ ⇪ ⇫ ⇬ ⇭ ⇮ ⇯ ⇰ ⇱ ⇲ ⇳ ⇴ ⇵ ⇶ ⇷ ⇸ ⇹ ⇺ ⇻ ⇼ ⇽ ⇾ ⇿ ⤴ ⤵ ⤶ ⤷ ⤸ ⤹ ⤺ ⤻ ⤼ ⤽ ⤿ ⥀ ⥁ ⥂ ⥃ ⥄ ⥅ ⥆ ⥇ ⥈ ⥉ ⥊ ⥋ ⥌ ⥍ ⥎ ⥏ ⥐ ⥑ ⥒ ⥓ ⥔ ⥕ ⥖ ⥗ ⥘ ⥙ ⥚ ⥛ ⥜ ⥝ ⥞ ⥟ ⥠ ⥡ ⥢ ⥣ ⥤ ⥥ ⥦ ⥧ ⥨ ⥩ ⥪ ⥫ ⥬ ⥭ ⥮ ⥯ ⥰ ⥱ ⥲ ⥳ ⥴ ⥵ ⥶ ⥷ ⥸ ⥹ ⥺ ⥻ ⥼ ⥽ ⥾ ⥿ ⦀ ⦁ ⦂ ⦃ ⦄ ⦅ ⦆ ⦇ ⦈ ⦉ ⦊ ⦋ ⦌ ⦍ ⦎ ⦏ ⦐ ⦑ ⦒ ⦓ ⦔ ⦕ ⦖ ⦗ ⦘ ⦙ ⦚ ⦛ ⦜ ⦝ ⦞ ⦟ ⦠ ⦡ ⦣ ⦤ ⦥ ⦦ ⦧ ⦨ ⦩ ⦪ ⦫ ⦬ ⦭ ⦮ ⦯ ⦰ ⦱ ⦲ ⦳ ⦴ ⦵ ⦶ ⦷ ⦸ ⦹ ⦺ ⦻ ⦼ ⦽ ⦾ ⦿ ⧀ ⧁ ⧂ ⧃ ⧄ ⧅ ⧆ ⧇ ⧈ ⧉ ⧊ ⧋ ⧌ ⧍ ⧎ ⧏ ⧐ ⧑ ⧒ ⧓ ⧔ ⧕ ⧖ ⧗ ⧘ ⧙ ⧚ ⧛ ⧜ ⧝ ⧞ ⧟ ⧠ ⧡ ⧢ ⧣ ⧤ ⧥ ⧦ ⧧ ⧨ ⧩ ⧪ ⧫ ⧬ ⧭ ⧮ ⧯ ⧰ ⧱ ⧲ ⧳ ⧴ ⧵ ⧶ ⧷ ⧸ ⧹ ⧺ ⧻ ⧼ ⧽ ⧾ ⧿ ⨀ ⨁ ⨂ ⨃ ⨄ ⨅ ⨆ ⨇ ⨈ ⨉ ⨊ ⨋ ⨌ ⨍ ⨎ ⨏ ⨐ ⨑ ⨒ ⨓ ⨔ ⨕ ⨖ ⨗ ⨘ ⨙ ⨚ ⨛ ⨜ ⨝ ⨞ ⨟ ⨠ ⨡ ⨢ ⨣ ⨤ ⨥ ⨦ ⨧ ⨨ ⨩ ⨪ ⨫ ⨬ ⨭ ⨮ ⨯ ⨰ ⨱ ⨲ ⨳ ⨴ ⨵ ⨶ ⨷ ⨸ ⨹ ⨺ ⨻ ⨼ ⨽ ⨾ ⨿ ⩀ ⩁ ⩂ ⩃ ⩄ ⩅ ⩆ ⩇ ⩈ ⩉ ⩊ ⩋ ⩌ ⩍ ⩎ ⩏ ⩐ ⩑ ⩒ ⩓ ⩔ ⩕ ⩖ ⩗ ⩘ ⩙ ⩚ ⩛ ⩜ ⩝ ⩞ ⩟ ⩠ ⩡ ⩢ ⩣ ⩤ ⩥ ⩦ ⩧ ⩨ ⩩ ⩪ ⩫ ⩬ ⩭ ⩮ ⩯ ⩰ ⩱ ⩲ ⩳ ⩴ ⩵ ⩶ ⩷ ⩸ ⩹ ⩺ ⩻ ⩼ ⩽ ⩾ ⩿ ⪀ ⪁ ⪂ ⪃ ⪄ ⪅ ⪆ ⪇ ⪈ ⪉ ⪊ ⪋ ⪌ ⪍ ⪎ ⪏ ⪐ ⪑ ⪒ ⪓ ⪔ ⪕ ⪖ ⪗ ⪘ ⪙ ⪚ ⪛ ⪜ ⪝ ⪞ ⪟ ⪠ ⪡ ⪢ ⪣ ⪤ ⪥ ⪦ ⪧ ⪨ ⪩ ⪪ ⪫ ⪬ ⪭ ⪮ ⪯ ⪰ ⪱ ⪲ ⪳ ⪴ ⪵ ⪶ ⪷ ⪸ ⪹ ⪺ ⪻ ⪼ ⪽ ⪾ ⪿ ⫀ ⫁ ⫂ ⫃ ⫄ ⫅ ⫆ ⫇ ⫈ ⫉ ⫊ ⫋ ⫌ ⫍ ⫎ ⫏ ⫐ ⫑ ⫒ ⫓ ⫔ ⫕ ⫖ ⫗ ⫘ ⫙ ⫚ ⫛ ⫝̸ ⫝ ⫞ ⫟ ⫠ ⫡ ⫢ ⫣ ⫤ ⫥ ⫦ ⫧ ⫨ ⫩ ⫪ ⫫ ⫬ ⫭ ⫮ ⫯ ⫰ ⫱ ⫲ ⫳ ⫴ ⫵ ⫶ ⫷ ⫸ ⫹ ⫺ ⫻ ⫼ ⫽ ⫾ ⫿ ⬀ ⬁ ⬂ ⬃ ⬄ ⬅ ⬆ ⬇ ⬈ ⬉ ⬊ ⬋ ⬌ ⬍ ⬎ ⬏ ⬐ ⬑ ⬒ ⬓ ⬔ ⬕ ⬖ ⬗ ⬘ ⬙ ⬚ ⬛ ⬜ ⬝ ⬞ ⬟ ⬠ ⬡ ⬢ ⬣ ⬤ ⬥ ⬦ ⬧ ⬨ ⬩ ⬪ ⬫ ⬬ ⬭ ⬮ ⬯ ⬰ ⬱ ⬲ ⬳ ⬴ ⬵ ⬶ ⬷ ⬸ ⬹ ⬺ ⬻ ⬼ ⬽ ⬾ ⬿ ⭀ ⭁ ⭂ ⭃ ⭄ ⭅ ⭆ ⭇ ⭈ ⭉ ⭊ ⭋ ⭌ ⭍ ⭎ ⭏ ⭐ ⭑ ⭒ ⭓ ⭔ ⭕ ⭖ ⭗ ⭘ ⭙ ⭚ ⭛ ⭜ ⭝ ⭞ ⭟ ⭠ ⭡ ⭢ ⭣ ⭤ ⭥ ⭦ ⭧ ⭨ ⭩ ⭪ ⭫ ⭬ ⭭ ⭮ ⭯ ⭰ ⭱ ⭲ ⭳ ⭴ ⭵ ⭶ ⭷ ⭸ ⭹ ⭺ ⭻ ⭼ ⭽ ⭾ ⭿ ⮀ ⮁ ⮂ ⮃ ⮄ ⮅ ⮆ ⮇ ⮈ ⮉ ⮊ ⮋ ⮌ ⮍ ⮎ ⮏ ⮐ ⮑ ⮒ ⮓ ⮔ ⮕ ⮖ ⮗ ⮘ ⮙ ⮚ ⮛ ⮜ ⮝ ⮞ ⮟ ⮠ ⮡ ⮢ ⮣ ⮤ ⮥ ⮦ ⮧ ⮨ ⮩ ⮪ ⮫ ⮬ ⮭ ⮮ ⮯ ⮰ ⮱ ⮲ ⮳ ⮴ ⮵ ⮶ ⮷ ⮸ ⮹ ⮺ ⮻ ⮼ ⮽ ⮾ ⮿ ⯀ ⯁ ⯂ ⯃ ⯄ ⯅ ⯆ ⯇ ⯈ ⯉ ⯊ ⯋ ⯌ ⯍ ⯎ ⯏ ⯐ ⯑ ⯒ ⯓ ⯔ ⯕ ⯖ ⯗ ⯘ ⯙ ⯚ ⯛ ⯜ ⯝ ⯞ ⯟ ⯠ ⯡ ⯢ ⯣ ⯤ ⯥ ⯦ ⯧ ⯨ ⯩ ⯪ ⯫ ⯬ ⯭ ⯮ ⯯ ⯰ ⯱ ⯲ ⯳ ⯴ ⯵ ⯶ ⯷ ⯸ ⯹ ⯺ ⯻ ⯼ ⯽ ⯾ ⯿ Ⰰ Ⰱ Ⰲ Ⰳ Ⰴ Ⰵ Ⰶ Ⰷ Ⰸ Ⰹ Ⰺ Ⰻ Ⰼ Ⰽ Ⰾ Ⰿ Ⱀ Ⱁ Ⱂ Ⱃ Ⱄ Ⱅ Ⱆ Ⱇ Ⱈ Ⱉ Ⱊ Ⱋ Ⱌ Ⱍ Ⱎ Ⱏ Ⱐ Ⱑ Ⱒ Ⱓ Ⱔ Ⱕ Ⱖ Ⱗ Ⱘ Ⱙ Ⱚ Ⱛ Ⱜ Ⱝ Ⱞ Ⱟ ⰰ ⰱ ⰲ ⰳ ⰴ ⰵ ⰶ ⰷ ⰸ ⰹ ⰺ ⰻ ⰼ ⰽ ⰾ ⰿ ⱀ ⱁ ⱂ ⱃ ⱄ ⱅ ⱆ ⱇ ⱈ ⱉ ⱊ ⱋ ⱌ ⱍ ⱎ ⱏ ⱐ ⱑ ⱒ ⱓ ⱔ ⱕ ⱖ ⱗ ⱘ ⱙ ⱚ ⱛ ⱜ ⱝ ⱞ ⱟ Ⱡ ⱡ Ɫ Ᵽ Ɽ ⱥ ⱦ Ⱨ ⱨ Ⱪ ⱪ Ⱬ ⱬ Ɑ Ɱ Ɐ Ɒ ⱱ Ⱳ ⱳ ⱴ Ⱶ ⱶ ⱷ ⱸ ⱹ ⱺ ⱻ ⱼ ⱽ Ȿ Ɀ Ⲁ ⲁ Ⲃ ⲃ Ⲅ ⲅ Ⲇ ⲇ Ⲉ ⲉ Ⲋ ⲋ Ⲍ ⲍ Ⲏ ⲏ Ⲑ ⲑ Ⲓ ⲓ Ⲕ ⲕ Ⲗ ⲗ Ⲙ ⲙ Ⲛ ⲛ Ⲝ ⲝ Ⲟ ⲟ Ⲡ ⲡ Ⲣ ⲣ Ⲥ ⲥ Ⲧ ⲧ Ⲩ ⲩ Ⲫ ⲫ Ⲭ ⲭ Ⲯ ⲯ Ⲱ ⲱ Ⲳ ⲳ Ⲵ ⲵ Ⲷ ⲷ Ⲹ ⲹ Ⲻ ⲻ Ⲽ ⲽ Ⲿ ⲿ Ⳁ ⳁ Ⳃ ⳃ Ⳅ ⳅ Ⳇ ⳇ Ⳉ ⳉ Ⳋ ⳋ Ⳍ ⳍ Ⳏ ⳏ Ⳑ ⳑ Ⳓ ⳓ Ⳕ ⳕ Ⳗ ⳗ Ⳙ ⳙ Ⳛ ⳛ Ⳝ ⳝ Ⳟ ⳟ Ⳡ ⳡ Ⳣ ⳣ ⳤ ⳥ ⳦ ⳧ ⳨ ⳩ ⳪ Ⳬ ⳬ Ⳮ ⳮ ⳯ ⳰ ⳱ Ⳳ ⳳ ⳴ ⳵ ⳶ ⳷ ⳸ ⳹ ⳺ ⳻ ⳼ ⳽ ⳾ ⳿ ⴀ ⴁ ⴂ ⴃ ⴄ ⴅ ⴆ ⴇ ⴈ ⴉ ⴊ ⴋ ⴌ ⴍ ⴎ ⴏ ⴐ ⴑ ⴒ ⴓ ⴔ ⴕ ⴖ ⴗ ⴘ ⴙ ⴚ ⴛ ⴜ ⴝ ⴞ ⴟ ⴠ ⴡ ⴢ ⴣ ⴤ ⴥ ⴦ ⴧ ⴨ ⴩ ⴪ ⴫ ⴬ ⴭ ⴮ ⴯ ⴰ ⴱ ⴲ ⴳ ⴴ ⴵ ⴶ ⴷ ⴸ ⴹ ⴺ ⴻ ⴼ ⴽ ⴾ ⴿ ⵀ ⵁ ⵂ ⵃ ⵄ ⵅ ⵆ ⵇ ⵈ ⵉ ⵊ ⵋ ⵌ ⵍ ⵎ ⵏ ⵐ ⵑ ⵒ ⵓ ⵔ ⵕ ⵖ ⵗ ⵘ ⵙ ⵚ ⵛ ⵜ ⵝ ⵞ ⵟ ⵠ ⵡ ⵢ ⵣ ⵤ ⵥ ⵦ ⵧ ⵨ ⵩ ⵪ ⵫ ⵬ ⵭ ⵮ ⵯ ⵰ ⵱ ⵲ ⵳ ⵴ ⵵ ⵶ ⵷ ⵸ ⵹ ⵺ ⵻ ⵼ ⵽ ⵾ ⵿ ⶀ ⶁ ⶂ ⶃ ⶄ ⶅ ⶆ ⶇ ⶈ ⶉ ⶊ ⶋ ⶌ ⶍ ⶎ ⶏ ⶐ ⶑ ⶒ ⶓ ⶔ ⶕ ⶖ ⶗ ⶘ ⶙ ⶚ ⶛ ⶜ ⶝ ⶞ ⶟ ⶠ ⶡ ⶢ ⶣ ⶤ ⶥ ⶦ ⶧ ⶨ ⶩ ⶪ ⶫ ⶬ ⶭ ⶮ ⶯ ⶰ ⶱ ⶲ ⶳ ⶴ ⶵ ⶶ ⶷ ⶸ ⶹ ⶺ ⶻ ⶼ ⶽ ⶾ ⶿ ⷀ ⷁ ⷂ ⷃ ⷄ ⷅ ⷆ ⷇ ⷈ ⷉ ⷊ ⷋ ⷌ ⷍ ⷎ ⷏ ⷐ ⷑ ⷒ ⷓ ⷔ ⷕ ⷖ ⷗ ⷘ ⷙ ⷚ ⷛ ⷜ ⷝ ⷞ ⷟ ⷠ ⷡ ⷢ ⷣ ⷤ ⷥ ⷦ ⷧ ⷨ ⷩ ⷪ ⷫ ⷬ ⷭ ⷮ ⷯ ⷰ ⷱ ⷲ ⷳ ⷴ ⷵ ⷶ ⷷ ⷸ ⷹ ⷺ ⷻ ⷼ ⷽ ⷾ ⷿ ⸀ ⸁ ⸂ ⸃ ⸄ ⸅ ⸆ ⸇ ⸈ ⸉ ⸊ ⸋ ⸌ ⸍ ⸎ ⸏ ⸐ ⸑ ⸒ ⸓ ⸔ ⸕ ⸖ ⸗ ⸘ ⸙ ⸚ ⸛ ⸜ ⸝ ⸞ ⸟ ⸠ ⸡ ⸢ ⸣ ⸤ ⸥ ⸦ ⸧ ⸨ ⸩ ⸪ ⸫ ⸬ ⸭ ⸮ ⸯ ⸰ ⸱ ⸲ ⸳ ⸴ ⸵ ⸶ ⸷ ⸸ ⸹ ⸺ ⸻

Currency

€ \$ £ ¥ ¤ ₪ ₧ ₨ ₩ ₪ ₮

Ligatures

ff fi fj ffi ffj rt rf

Ordinals

a o

Alternates

GǦǦǦ̄RṚṚṚṚṚṚṚṚQÄĆĚĚĞİİÖÜẀỲŽĞ
aáăăâăàāąǻăđđđđđđâďđđāqǫđgğğğğgūúûü
ùúūųűűăćěėėğiiijöüẁỳžăăğü

Discretionary Ligatures

Jeffy Befit Sofja Efficient Offje Berton Curfew

Alternative Forms ss01 ss02 ss03 ss04 ss05 ss06 ss07 ss08

aa^a gg GG RRR QQ uu

Circled Dots ss09

Ä ç ë ð ï ÿ ö ü ! ? Ä ç ë ð ï ÿ ö ü ! ?

Straight Quotes ss10

“H” ‘H’ “H” ‘H’

Ordinals

No. 2^a 3^o N^o 2^a 3^o

Fractions

1/2 1/4 4/6 ½ ¼ ⅔ ¹²³⁴⁵⁶⁷⁸⁹⁰/₁₂₃₄₅₆₇₈₉₀

Superscript, Subscript, Denominator, Numerator

0123456789 H⁰¹²³⁴⁵⁶⁷⁸⁹ H₀₁₂₃₄₅₆₇₈₉ H⁰¹²³⁴⁵⁶⁷⁸⁹ H₀₁₂₃₄₅₆₇₈₉

element