

**CYPHER**

FONT FAMILY

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur  
adipiscing elit. Duis libero elit, dictum non  
auctor et, venenatis blandit quam. Mauris  
facilisis nisi at odio tincidunt, ac fringilla nisi  
fermentum. Suspendisse sit amet justo dolor.  
Pellentesque consequat dignissim ultrices.  
Suspendisse varius, est et gravida venenatis,  
magna urna placerat ligula.

## Font Weights

Cypher Bold

Piet Mondrian

Cypher Semibold

Walter Gropius

Cypher Medium

Anni Albers

Cypher Regular

Wassily Kandinsky

# Font Details

## Formats

TTF (True Type Format)

## Languages

English (American British Canadian English)

# Font Glyphs

## Lowercase

**abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz**

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

## Uppercase

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ**

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

## Numbers

**0123456789**

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## Punctuation and marks

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# Cypher Regular

Cypher Regular

## Regular

The quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles—Achilles withdraws from the war, and sends his mother Thetis to ask Jove to help the Trojans—Scene between Jove and Juno on Olympus.

Sing, O goddess, the anger of Achilles son of Peleus, that brought countless ills upon the Achaeans. Many a brave soul did it send hurrying down to Hades, and many a hero did it yield a prey to dogs and vultures, for so were the counsels of Jove fulfilled from the day on which the son of Atreus, king of men, and great Achilles, first fell out with one another.

And which of the gods was it that set them on to quarrel? It was the son of Jove and Leto: for he was angry with the king and sent a pestilence upon the host to plague the people, because the son of Atreus had dishonoured Chryses his priest. Now Chryses had come to the ships of the Achaeans to free his daughter, and had brought with him a great ransom: moreover he bore in his hand the sceptre of Apollo wreathed with a suppliant's wreath, and he besought the Achaeans, but most of all the two sons of Atreus, who were their chiefs.

"Sons of Atreus," he cried, "and all other Achaeans, may the gods who dwell in Olympus grant you to sack the city of

Priam, and to reach your homes in safety: but free my daughter, and accept a ransom for her, in reverence to Apollo, son of Jove."

On this the rest of the Achaeans with one voice were for respecting the priest and taking the ransom that he offered: but not so Agamemnon, who spoke fiercely to him and sent him roughly away. "Old man," said he, "let me not find you tarrying about our ships, nor yet coming hereafter. Your sceptre of the god and your wreath shall profit you nothing, I will not free her. She shall grow old in my house at Argos far from her own home, busying herself with her loom and visiting my couch: so go, and do not provoke me or it shall be the worse for you."

The old man feared him and obeyed. Not a word he spoke, but went by the shore of the sounding sea and prayed apart to King Apollo whom lovely Leto had borne. "Hear me," he cried, "O god of the silver bow, that protectest Chryse and holy Cilla and rulest Tenedos with thy might, hear me oh thou of Sminthe.

# Cypher Medium

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# Cypher Semibold

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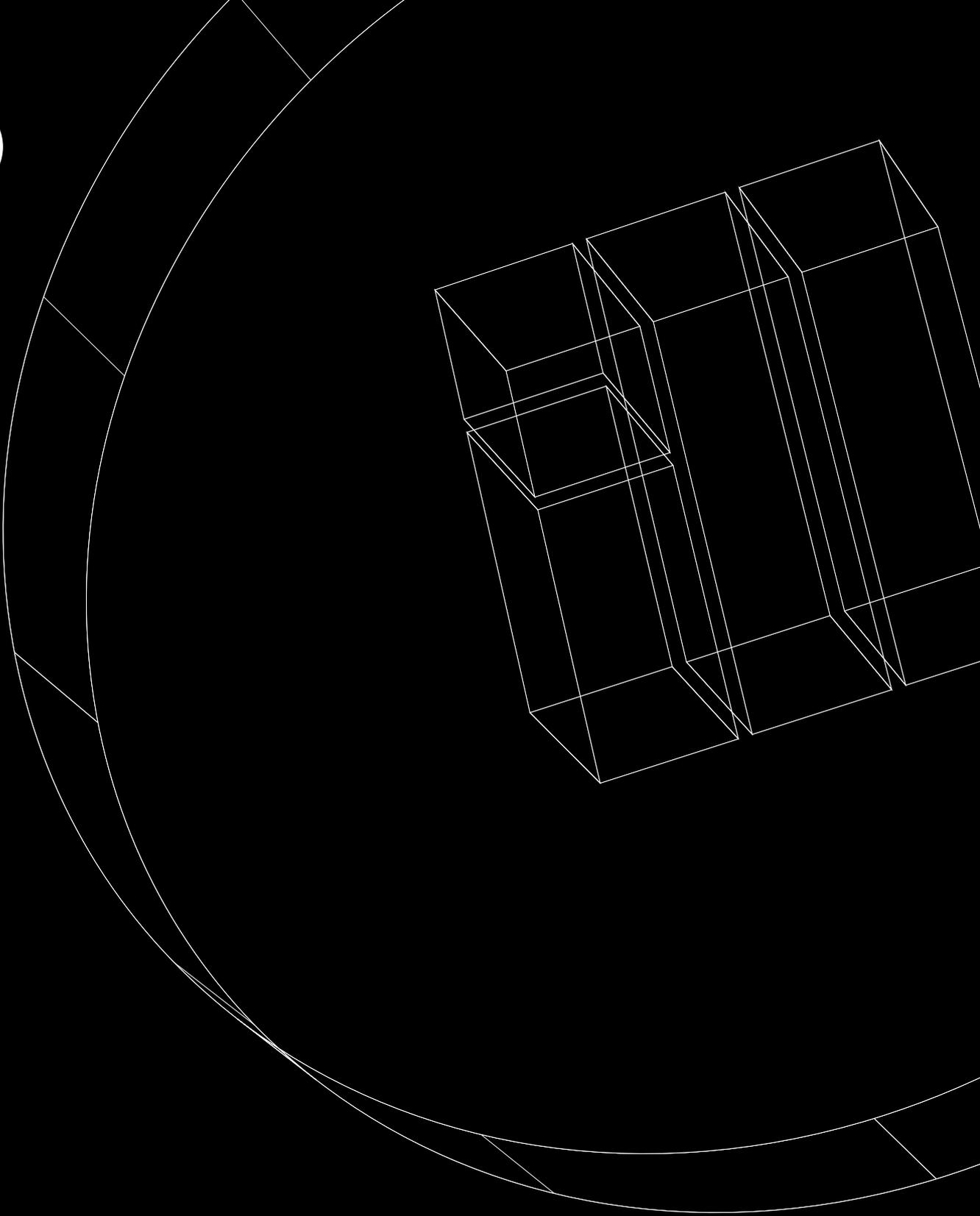
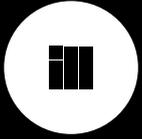
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# III Type Foundary