

# Rail Grotesk Regular

2019

About

Inspired by Margaret Calvert’s Rail Alphabet and Roundel’s identity Design for British Rail Railfright, Rail Grotesk positions itself as a Neo-Grotesk with a geometric angular skeleton; and proportions that are wider than a typical Grotesk, but thinner than a Sans. Structurally, this creates a nice balance for both display and text use.

So fare Rail Grotesk only comes in regular. But work already started on an italic, rotalic and bold version. In the future optical adjustments will be incorporated to ensure each weight can sit next to each other.

Rail Grotesk offers an extensive character sets with all western european diacritics, numerics punctuation & mathematic.

Contact

Interetest in buying a licence or Web or Desktop use? Please write me a message.

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Rail Grotesk Alphabet

BCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
 ÀÁÂÃÄÅÆÇÈÉÊËÌÍÎÏÐÑÒÓÔÕÖØÙÚÛÜŴŶŸŷÿÞ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxy  
 àáâãäåæçèéêëìíîïðñóôõöøùúûüŵŵŷÿþðß

Rail Grotesk Numbers

0123456789

Rail Grotesk Mathematics

+ - x ÷ ± = ≈ ≠ < > ≤ ≥ | % ‰

Rail Grotesk Punctuation

! ? ; & @ # \$ % & # • \* + ( ) [ ] { } \ / . , ; : - \_ — ‘ ’ “ ” „ « » ‹ › ”

Rail Grotesk Symbols

© ™  
 \$ ¢ £ ¥ € f  
 ← ↑ → ↓ ↔ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↘  
 ☒ ⊕ ⊗ ⊛ ⊞ ⊚

Rail Grotesk Ligatures

ff fff www

## Rail Grotesk Regular 9pt

It was five o'clock on a winter's morning in Syria. Alongside the platform at Aleppo stood the train grandly designated in railway guides as the Taurus Express. It consisted of a kitchen and dining-car, a sleeping-car and two local coaches.

By the step leading up into the sleeping-car stood a young French lieutenant, resplendent in uniform conversing, with a small man muffled up to the ears of who nothing was visible but a pink-tipped nose and the two points of an upward-curved moustache.

It was freezingly cold, and this job of seeing off a distinguished stranger was not one to be envied, but Lieutenant Dubosc performed his part manfully. Graceful phrases

fell from his lips in polished French. Not that he knew what it was all about. There had been rumours, of course, as there always were in such cases. The General's had grown worse and worse. And then there had come this Belgian stranger — all the way from England, it seemed. There had been a week — a week of curious tensity. And then certain things had happened.

A very distinguished officer had committed suicide, another had suddenly resigned, anxious faces had suddenly lost their anxiety, certain military precautions were relaxed. And the General, Lieutenant Dubosc's own particular General, had suddenly looked ten years younger. Dubosc had overheard part of a conversation between him and the stranger. "You

## Rail Grotesk Regular 14pt

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## Rail Grotesk Regular 20pt

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By the step leading up into the sleeping-car stood a young French lieutenant, resplendent in uniform conversing, with a small man muffled up to the ears of who nothing was visible but a pink-tipped nose and the two points of an upward-curved moustache.

It was freezingly cold, and this job of seeing off a distinguished stranger was not one to be envied, but Lieutenant Dubosc performed his part manfully. Graceful phrases fell from his lips in polished French. Not that

Rail Grotesk Regular 80pt

Signalanlage

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Rail Grotesk Regular 100pt

Intercity 125

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Rail Grotesk Regular 120pt

Skjækerfjella

