

Zetta Sans + Zetta Serif + Zetta Round

Design: Jonas Hecksher
Published: 2010

30 STYLES
3 FAMILIES

FAMILIES
ZETTA SANS
ZETTA SERIF
ZETTA ROUND

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Version no. 1.001/2010

ZETTA FAMILY

Zetta Family

Zetta Sans Ultra Light

Zetta Sans Thin

Zetta Sans Light

Zetta Sans Book

Zetta Sans Regular

ZETTA SANS CAPS

Zetta Sans Italic

Zetta Sans DemiBold

Zetta Sans Bold

Zetta Sans ExtraBold

Zetta Sans Heavy

Zetta Sans Poster

Zetta Serif UltraLight

Zetta Serif ExtraLight

Zetta Serif Thin

Zetta Serif Light

Zetta Serif Light Italic

Zetta Serif Book

Zetta Serif Book Italic

Zetta Serif Regular

ZETTA SERIF CAPS

Zetta Serif Italic

Zetta Serif DemiBold

Zetta Serif Bold

Zetta Serif ExtraBold

Zetta Serif Heavy

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Zetta Round Light

Zetta Round Regular

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24/25 The warm leather embrace of the cab creaks ominously to the rhythm of the street. I rest my head on the cool glass.

18/19 The harsh curves of the neon city exploding on my closed eyelids as the combination of Xanax and jet-lag slowly deadens my limbs. "Rest" I mouth. Then oblivion.

16/17 I ask her her name, straining to hear above the slow drone coming from the PA. She grabs

my arm and inscribes »Melissa« on it in neat, tightly-spaced cursive, punctuating the i with a small heart.

14/15 The tattoo guns passes around the table- A kid etches out 'MOMS' in blue biro ink laughing hysterically as the machine purrs across his forearm. I can see Melissa through the open door to the bathroom, perched on the toilet, a pair of boys briefs around her ankles, absentmindedly smoking a cigarette and blowing smoke rings; O followed by O followed by O.

12/13 More days in daze. More scripts, more novels. More pages and clammy business cards passed of in moist handshakes. More Melissa. More pointless shopping sprees and more people to please. More dusty blond boys and speedos. I flick my aviators down and read the street signs.

10/12 I keep on cracking jokes, right? Because I'm funny. I want to be funny. Only each time the punch-line falls flat. My delivery is off. I keep glancing between the menu and the fois gras printed out in rounded serifs and the waiter laughing politely, anxiously. I settle on the duck since it strikes me as funny somehow. She picks her teeth and nods.

8/10 The 'clack' of the cab door snaps me back and I nervously glance up at the departures sign. Numerals slither rapidly as I scan the board. SK402 to Copenhagen. Exhausted i push through security – belt, shoes, watch, laptop and slump down at the nearest bar. I slip out my credit card, leaving it on the bar and pick at the polaroid with Melissa's number on the back. 8 digits, XXX and Melissa with a heart dotting the i.

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LEATHER EMBRACE
OF THE CAB CREAKS
OMINOUSLY TO THE
RHYTHM OF THE
STREET. I REST MY
HEAD ON THE
COOL GLASS.

18/19 THE HARSH CURVES OF
THE NEON CITY EXPLODING ON
MY CLOSED EYELIDS AS THE
COMBINATION OF XANAX AND
JET-LAG SLOWLY DEADENS MY
LIMBS. "REST" I MOUTH.
THEN OBLIVION.

16/17 I ASK HER HER NAME,
STRAINING TO HEAR ABOVE THE

SLOW DRONE COMING FROM THE
PA. SHE GRABS MY ARM AND IN-
SCRIBES »MELISSA« ON IT IN NEAT,
TIGHTLY-SPACED CURSIVE, PUNCTU-
ATING THE I WITH A SMALL HEART.

14/15 THE TATTOO GUNS PASSES AROUND
THE TABLE- A KID ETCHES OUT 'MOMS'
IN BLUE BIRO INK LAUGHING HYSTERICAL-
LY AS THE MACHINE PURRS ACROSS HIS
FOREARM. I CAN SEE MELISSA THROUGH
THE OPEN DOOR TO THE BATHROOM,
PERCHED ON THE TOILET, A PAIR
OF BOYS BRIEFS AROUND HER ANKLES,
ABSENTMINDEDLY SMOKING A
CIGARETTE AND BLOWING SMOKE RINGS;
O FOLLOWED BY Q FOLLOWED BY O.

12/13 MORE DAYS IN DAZE. MORE SCRIPTS,
MORE NOVELS. MORE PAGES AND CLAMMY BUSI-
NESS CARDS PASSED OF IN MOIST HANDSHAKES.
MORE MELISSA. MORE POINTLESS SHOPPING
SPREES AND MORE PEOPLE TO PLEASE. MORE
DUSTY BLOND BOYS AND
SPEEDOS. I FLICK MY AVIATORS DOWN AND
READ THE STREET SIGNS.

10/12 I KEEP ON CRACKING
JOKES, RIGHT? BECAUSE
I'M FUNNY. I WANT TO BE
FUNNY. ONLY EACH TIME
THE PUNCH-LINE FALLS
FLAT. MY DELIVERY IS
OFF. I KEEP GLANCING
BETWEEN THE MENU AND
THE FOIS GRAS PRINTED
OUT IN ROUNDED SERIFS
AND THE WAITER LAUGH-
ING POLITELY, ANXIOUSLY. I
SETTLE ON THE DUCK SINCE
IT STRIKES ME AS FUNNY
SOMEHOW. SHE PICKS HER
TEETH AND NODS.

8/10 THE 'CLACK' OF THE CAB
DOOR SNAPS ME BACK AND I
NERVOUSLY GLANCE UP AT THE
DEPARTURES SIGN. NUMERALS
SLITHER RAPIDLY AS I SCAN THE
BOARD. SK402 TO COPENHAGEN.
EXHAUSTED I PUSH THROUGH
SECURITY - BELT, SHOES, WATCH,
LAPTOP AND SLUMP DOWN AT
THE NEAREST BAR. I SLIP OUT MY
CREDIT CARD, LEAVING IT ON THE
BAR AND PICK AT THE POLAROID
WITH MELISSA'S NUMBER ON
THE BACK. 8 DIGITS, XXX AND
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MNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmn
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Big play
Big play

Big play
Big play

Big play
Big play

Big play
Big play

Big play
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Big play

BIG PLAY

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LEATHER EMBRACE
OF THE CAB CREAKS
OMINOUSLY TO THE
RHYTHM OF THE
STREET.
I REST MY HEAD ON
THE COOL GLASS.

18/19 THE HARSH CURVES OF
THE NEON CITY EXPLODING
ON MY CLOSED EYELIDS AS
THE COMBINATION OF XANAX
AND JET-LAG SLOWLY DEAD-
ENS MY LIMBS. "REST" I
MOUTH. THEN OBLIVION.

16/17 I ASK HER HER NAME,
STRAINING TO HEAR ABOVE THE

SLOW DRONE COMING FROM THE
PA. SHE GRABS MY ARM AND
INSCRIBES »MELISSA« ON IT IN
NEAT, TIGHTLY-SPACED CURSIVE,
PUNCTUATING THE I WITH A
SMALL HEART.

14/15 THE TATTOO GUNS PASSES
AROUND THE TABLE- A KID ETCHES
OUT 'MOMS' IN BLUE BIRO INK LAUGH-
ING HYSTERICALLY AS THE MACHINE
PURRS ACROSS HIS FOREARM. I CAN
SEE MELISSA THROUGH THE OPEN
DOOR TO THE BATHROOM, PERCHED
ON THE TOILET, A PAIR OF BOYS BRIEFS
AROUND HER ANKLES, ABSENMIND-
EDLY SMOKING A CIGARETTE AND
BLOWING SMOKE RINGS;

12/13 MORE DAYS IN DAZE. MORE SCRIPTS,
MORE NOVELS. MORE PAGES AND CLAMMY
BUSINESS CARDS PASSED OF IN MOIST HAND-
SHAKES. MORE MELISSA. MORE POINTLESS
SHOPPING SPREES AND MORE PEOPLE TO
PLEASE. MORE DUSTY BLOND BOYS AND
SPEEDOS. I FLICK MY AVIATORS DOWN AND
READ THE STREET SIGNS.

10/12 I KEEP ON
CRACKING JOKES, RIGHT?
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I WANT TO BE FUNNY.
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PUNCH-LINE FALLS FLAT.
MY DELIVERY IS OFF. I
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BOARD. SK402 TO COPEN-
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**14/17 ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ
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16/17 I ask her her name, straining to hear above the slow drone coming from the PA. She grabs my arm and inscribes »Melissa« on it in neat, tightly-spaced cursive, punctuating the i with a small heart.

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