

## Serif

| Command                     | Output  |
|-----------------------------|---|
| <code>\textrm</code>        | Very simple test file for Baskerville–Optima using $\text{\texttt{E}\text{T}\text{E}\text{X}}$ : ö ß é ô È<br>Difficult font definitions baffle users—flee them. 0123456789               |
| <code>\textit</code>        | <i>Very simple test file for Baskerville–Optima using <math>\text{\texttt{E}\text{T}\text{E}\text{X}}</math>: ö ß é ô È Difficult<br/>font definitions baffle users—flee them.</i>        |
| <code>\textbf</code>        | <b>Very simple test file for Baskerville–Optima using <math>\text{\texttt{E}\text{T}\text{E}\text{X}}</math>:<br/>ö ß é ô È Difficult font definitions baffle users—flee them.</b>        |
| <code>\textbf\textit</code> | <b><i>Very simple test file for Baskerville–Optima using <math>\text{\texttt{E}\text{T}\text{E}\text{X}}</math>:<br/>ö ß é ô È Difficult font definitions baffle users—flee them.</i></b> |
| <code>\textsc</code>        | Small Caps 0123456789   |

When we combine fonts like roman/serif and sans serif or maybe also typewriter it should look OK.

And math should be fine too:

$$a = \int_0^\infty \frac{\Gamma}{\sqrt{\delta x}}$$

## Sans

|                                    |   |
|------------------------------------|---|
| <code>\textsf</code>               | Very simple test file for Baskerville–Optima using $\text{\texttt{E}\text{T}\text{E}\text{X}}$ : ö ß é ô È<br>Difficult font definitions baffle users—flee them. 0123456789               |
| <code>\textsf\textit</code>        | <i>Very simple test file for Baskerville–Optima using <math>\text{\texttt{E}\text{T}\text{E}\text{X}}</math>: ö ß é<br/>ô È Difficult font definitions baffle users—flee them.</i>        |
| <code>\textsf\textbf</code>        | <b>Very simple test file for Baskerville–Optima using <math>\text{\texttt{E}\text{T}\text{E}\text{X}}</math>: ö ß<br/>é ô È Difficult font definitions baffle users—flee them.</b>        |
| <code>\textsf\textbf\textit</code> | <b><i>Very simple test file for Baskerville–Optima using <math>\text{\texttt{E}\text{T}\text{E}\text{X}}</math>: ö ß<br/>é ô È Difficult font definitions baffle users—flee them.</i></b> |
| <code>\textsf\textsc</code>        | Small Caps 0123456789   |

When we combine fonts like roman/serif and sans serif or maybe also typewriter it should look OK.

## Mono

|                           |  |
|---------------------------|--|
| \texttt                   | Very simple test file for Baskerville--Optima<br>using <del>TeX</del> : ö ß é ô È Difficult font definitions<br>baffle users---flee them. 0123456789 |
| \texttt\textit            | <i>Very simple test file for Baskerville--Optima<br/>using <del>TeX</del>: ö ß é ô È Difficult font definitions<br/>baffle users---flee them.</i>    |
| \texttt\textbf            | Very simple test file for Baskerville--Optima<br>using <del>TeX</del> : ö ß é ô È Difficult font definitions<br>baffle users---flee them.            |
| \texttt\textbf<br>\textit | <i>Very simple test file for Baskerville--Optima<br/>using <del>TeX</del>: ö ß é ô È Difficult font definitions<br/>baffle users---flee them.</i>    |
| \texttt\textsc            | SMALL CAPS 0123456789  |

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also typewriter it should look OK.

## Text

Let me tell you a little story. There was once a young man who dreamed of reducing the world to pure logic. Because he was a very clever young man, he actually managed to do it. When he had finished his work, he stood back and admired it. It was beautiful! A world purged of imperfection and indeterminacy. Countless acres of gleaming ice stretching to the horizon. So the clever young man looked around the world he had created and decided to explore it. He took one step forward and fell flat on his back. You see, he had forgotten about friction! The ice was smooth and level and stainless, but you couldn't walk there. So the clever young man sat down and wept bitter tears. But as he grew into a wise old man, he came to understand that roughness and ambiguity aren't imperfections, they are what make the world turn. He wanted to run and dance. And the words and things scattered upon the ground were all battered and tarnished and ambiguous. The wise old man saw that that was the way things were. Something in him was still homesick for the ice, where everything was radiant and absolute and **relentless**. Though he had come to like the idea of the rough ground, he couldn't bring himself to live there. So now he was marooned between earth and ice, at home at neither. And this was the cause of all his grief.