



Testing the
Calligrapher and
Calligrapher Ornaments
fonts

It was sometime later that they arrived at the edge of the forest. They rode beneath the canopy of trees and their horses enjoyed the shade. After a while they decided to dismount to rest the horses and to walk for a while. They gazed at the huge trees and wondered how long they had taken to grow to this size. Could this forest have been planned by people or was it a natural phenomenon? After a while they remounted their horses and rode on at a steady pace. They talked of many things and sometimes they sang. Occasionally they rode for a while in silence. There was much about which to think. When they arrived at the town they would be asked for news of what was happening elsewhere. Yet mostly they would be asked to write documents!

It was late in the afternoon when they left the forest. The edge of the forest was not a sudden event, it was gradual. Gradually the trees had become less dense, then there were few, and then there was open

countryside. They were now about half a mile from the town. They proceeded unhurriedly and arrived at the town in time for a good dinner. They stayed at the same inn as where they had stayed on their previous visit and, indeed as they had thought, were soon asked for news of what was happening elsewhere.

After dinner they received their first request to write. A man and his wife wished to send a letter to their daughter who was married and living in a town beyond the forest. It was arranged that they would all meet together the next day.

Resting after the long journey of the day they sat looking out through the window, looking into the small orchard where several fruit trees were growing. The trees were mostly apples, though there was a pear and a greengage. They were grown with pride by the innkeeper.

They remembered the large trees of the forest through which they had travelled earlier in the day.



It was early the next afternoon when they were approached by an elderly man. He explained that he had been a sailor on a merchant ship which had sailed to Greece and beyond. Now he had returned and was slowly travelling north to the village where he had been born. His sister still lived there and he would like a letter written to inform her of his return. He looked sadly at the writers and explained that unfortunately he had little money and really needed what he had for food. The elder writer interrupted him and offered to write a letter for him free of charge and, indeed, to carry it with them until the route of the letter and their own route parted company, whereupon they would try to pass the letter to some other person, a person whose journey would carry the letter a little further to its destination. The elderly man was delighted and the letter was duly written. Before he left them, he opened a small bag which he was carrying and produced a large seed, a seed which he said he had

found beneath a large tree when the ship had been in harbour in a land beyond Greece. The seed was about twice the size of an acorn, yet mostly dark brown in colour and of a different shape. The elderly man said that he would like the writers to have the seed, in the hope that they would plant it somewhere and that it might grow as a memory of their kindness. Graciously the elder writer accepted the seed and the man thanked him again for writing the letter.

Their work in writing letters now complete as far as they could tell, they resolved to begin their return journey the next morning. It was, in fact, somewhat unusual for them to return so soon over a route, often they journeyed from town to town in a continuous journey, taking many months before arriving again at the same town. Yet this one town, the town beyond the forest, was reached by just one route and so they needed to return back over the same route to the next town. There were a

number of travelling writers journeying through the land, yet few travelled to this town, many others considering that there was insufficient work available here to make such a journey worthwhile. Certainly the amount of work here was small, yet it was work nonetheless and the journey here was pleasant and their welcome always friendly. It was, in a way, almost a holiday to travel through the forest to this town. During their journey through the forest they decided to dismount and rest for a while. When they were ready to continue, the elder writer opened his bag and found the seed which had been given to him by the elderly sailor. The younger writer looked at him and smiled. Together they walked some fifty yards from the road and, in a clear place, planted the seed. They decided that there was sufficient space for a large tree to grow and, if the tree would indeed grow in this climate, it would be visible

from the road when it grew large and might well provide interest for people journeying through the forest in future times.

They mounted their horses and travelled onwards, sometimes gazing up at the sky through the canopy of branches and leaves. They discussed the route which they should follow from the next town. There was a choice of routes. There was the route to the east, which was the route from which they had arrived in that town before their journey to the town beyond the forest, there was a route to the west and a route to the north-west and a route to the north-east. There was no need to retrace their previous route, so they decided to choose one of the other three routes. They resolved that they would decide which of those routes to follow when they learned of any news when they reached the town.

Thus they journeyed, sometimes in silence and sometimes talking, sometimes dismounting and leading the horses for a while so as to provide them with a rest from carrying them upon their backs.

The younger writer started to sing.

In a forest
A seed is planted
Will it grow into a tree?
If it is successful,
How splendid it will be!

The elder writer thought, paused, then sang the words of the newly composed song, then added some words of his own.

A forest is a splendid thing,
With many trees indeed,
It is truly wonderful,
That a tree grows from a seed!

Together they sang the whole song together. The elder writer stopped and dismounted from his horse. He said that he would write down those words so that they shall be preserved for the future. The younger writer dismounted and together they sang the song again, slowly, a few words at a time so that the elder writer could write them down.

