

Page Layout Options

Please look at the following page layout options. First off, you have the choice of indenting all paragraphs or setting them apart with spacing.

Indented Paragraphs

RONY KESSLER

tried again, but nothing came out, no sound! She thought of bolting across the hall, but the men were in the hall coming towards Johnny's room. As she turned to look for a place to hide in her brother's room, she heard a spitting sound like soft whispers, pfft... pfft... pfft... She quickly backed up into the room out of sight. She turned and ran towards her brother's bed. He was still sleeping soundly. She was going to get into the bed and cover them both and hide under the blanket. Then she thought she would get under the bed. It was then that she saw the chest where her mother stored the blankets at night. Johnny's spare blanket was still in there. Without thinking, survival instinct took over, and she dove into the chest which was at the foot of the bed and somehow was able to squeeze in and get the fluffy blanket on top of her so that it covered her completely.

It was stuffy and tough to breathe, but it was also timely. It was not with a moment to spare as one of the men came into the room. The man came closer to the bed. She could hear his footsteps and his breathing. A few seconds later she heard another man from the hallway talking to the man inside the room in a whispered voice, a voice with a very thick accent, "Yaya, I went to the girl's room and she was not in there. I checked the room, the bed was not slept in."

The man by the bed, who was called Yaya, whispered back, also with a very thick accent, "It's obvious if her bed was not slept in, then the girl is either in one of the other rooms or maybe slept out at a friend or relative."

The man, who she now figured was standing by the door in the hall, said, "Salim will not be happy."

The man who was addressed as Yaya said, "Stop talking stupid, Ishy, before we wake the boy up! Let's do what we came here to do and get out. We will worry about the girl later."

Rachel's nostrils flared as she smelled a strange odor. It was medicinal, one she had not smelled before. She heard a sound like someone ruffling the bedding and then lifting something up. Then she heard Karen scream. It was not a normal scream. It was the kind of scream that was being blocked by a hand over someone's mouth. She knew that because sometimes when they played, they did that to each other.

Spaced Paragraphs

RONY KESSLER

had guns in their hands with long barrels. That was when she decided to scream.

Rachel opened her mouth and expected to hear herself scream, but nothing came out. It was as though her throat was paralyzed. She tried again, but nothing came out, no sound! She thought of bolting across the hall, but the men were in the hall coming towards Johnny's room. As she turned to look for a place to hide in her brother's room, she heard a spitting sound like soft whispers, pfft... pfft... pfft... She quickly backed up into the room out of sight. She turned and ran towards her brother's bed. He was still sleeping soundly. She was going to get into the bed and cover them both and hide under the blanket. Then she thought she would get under the bed. It was then that she saw the chest where her mother stored the blankets at night. Johnny's spare blanket was still in there. Without thinking, survival instinct took over, and she dove into the chest which was at the foot of the bed and somehow was able to squeeze in and get the fluffy blanket on top of her so that it covered her completely.

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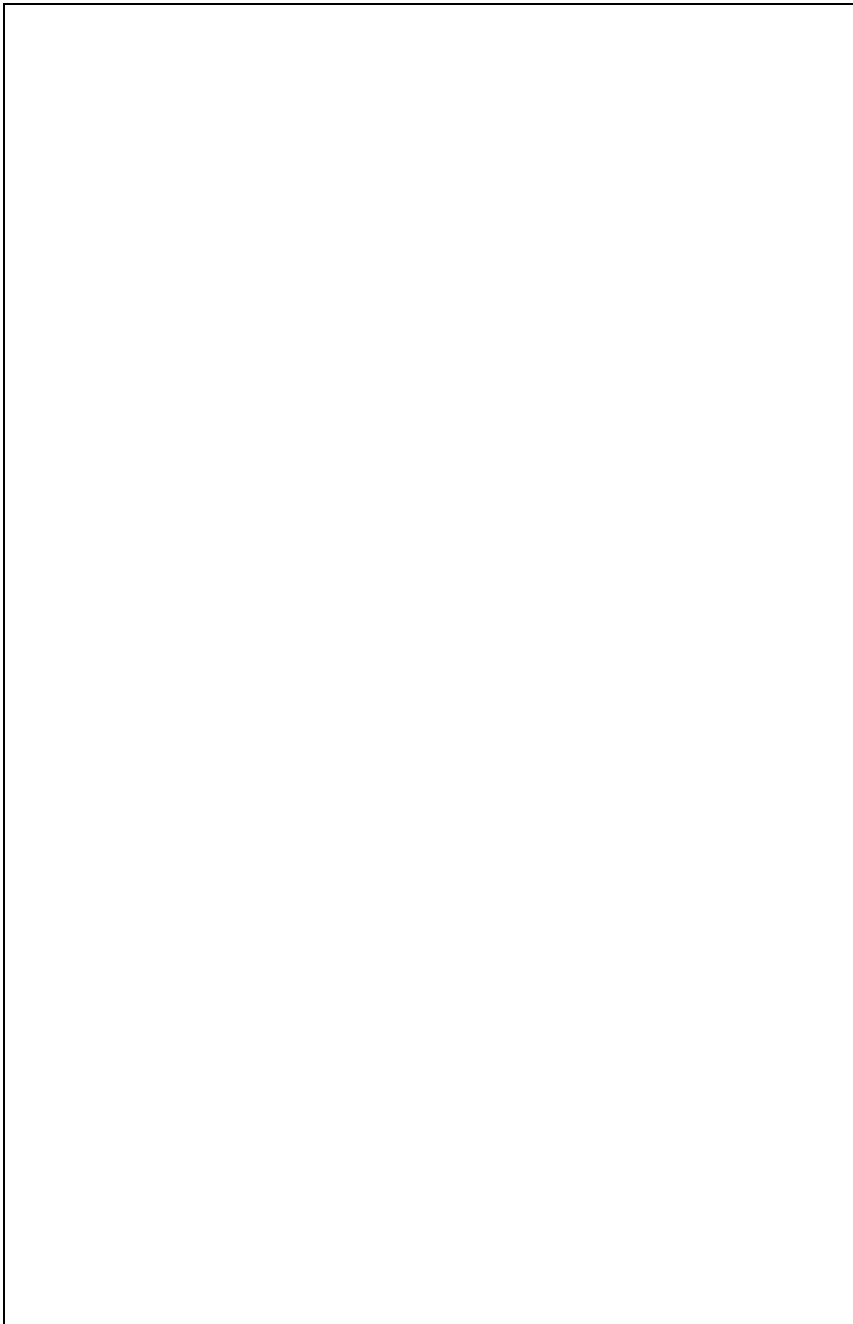
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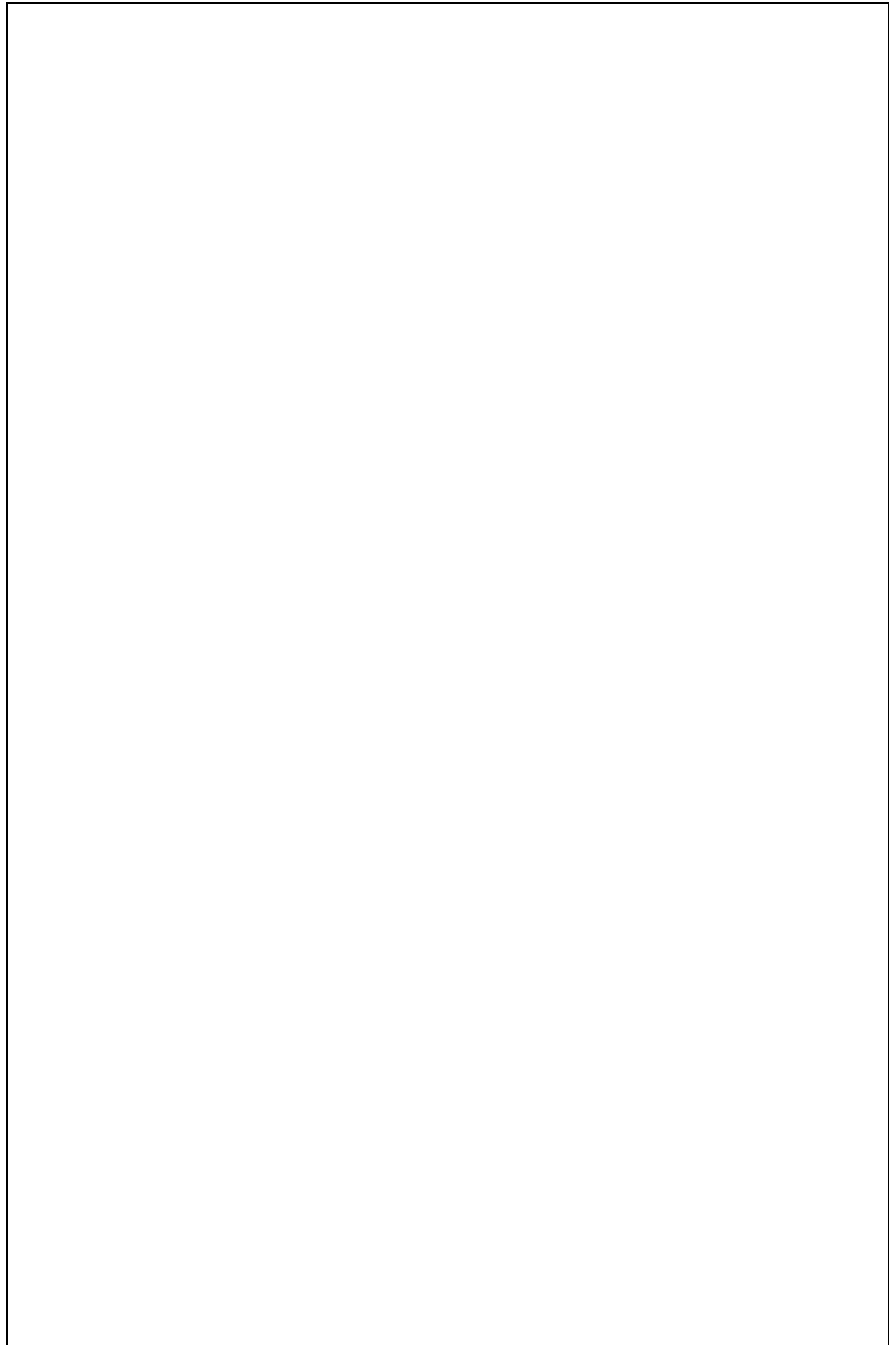
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Next, for each of these options, look both at the chapter heading style

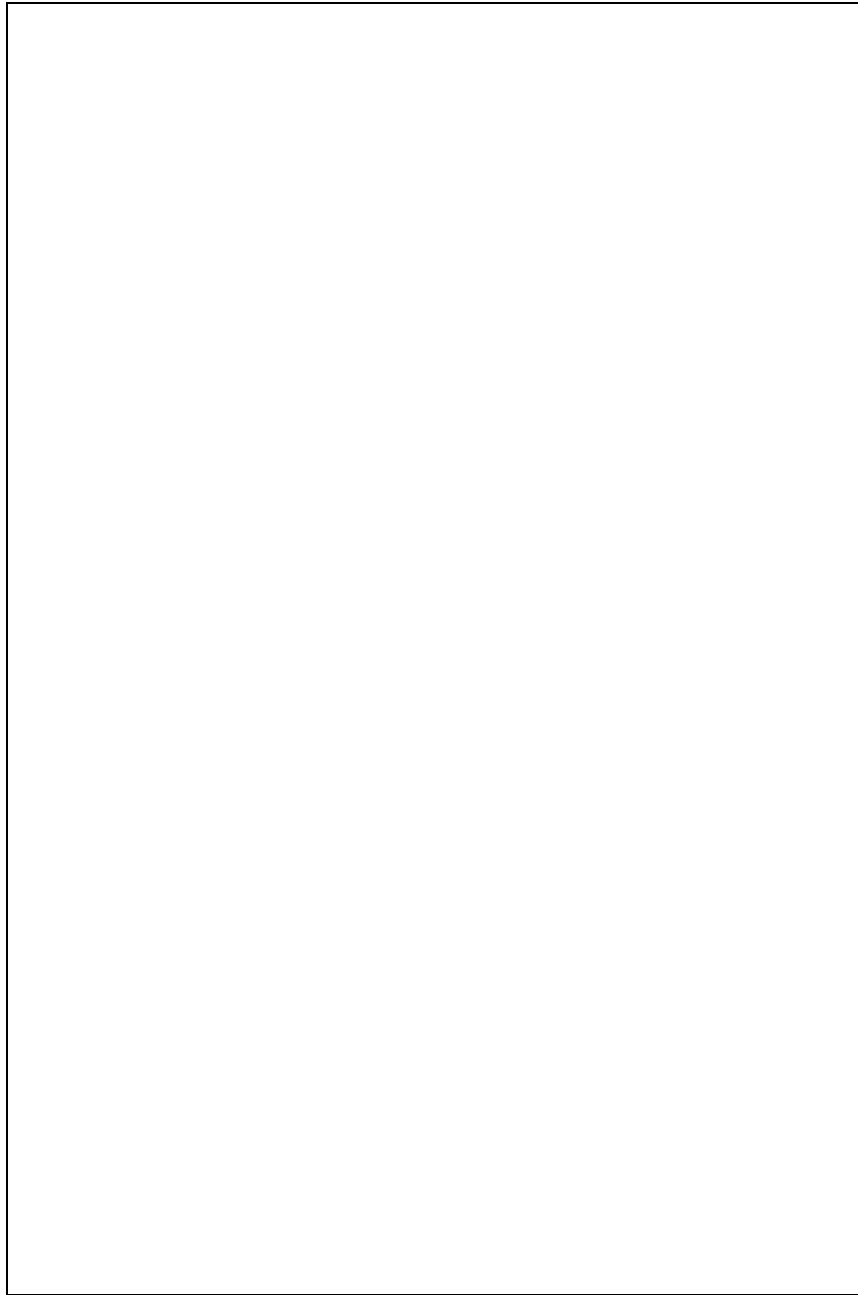
Option #1 - Chapter name with flourish



Option #2 - Chapter number spelled out in script with chapter name



Option #3 - Chapter number and name in san serif font



The Attack

She woke up with a start. She heard something, and it did not sound right. They were very quiet, but she heard them. She was only twelve years old, too inexperienced to know that she was not supposed to be capable of hearing that well. It was not normal; people did not normally have the kind of hearing she did. No one else could probably hear the noise that awoke her, but she did not know that. She was never an ordinary child, having perfect recall and sharp senses that defied the normal spectrum. She was wise for her years and talented beyond convention. Adults who met her were always amazed at her maturity and her quickness. Friends of their parents would say, "She can't be six" or "she can't be seven."

Now, when her mom would give her age as twelve, they would say, "Wow, she is so smart." Her mom would smile proudly and say, "Rachel is my twelve-year-old going on twenty."

Somehow, even though they eased into the house like ghosts, she could hear them clearly. First, the screen door sliding open, and then the glass door. There were several separate footsteps, rubber soles on the tiled floors, she counted five of them. They moved fast. They were now on the steps. She could hear the imperceptible creaking of the steps

Option #5 - chapter number and name

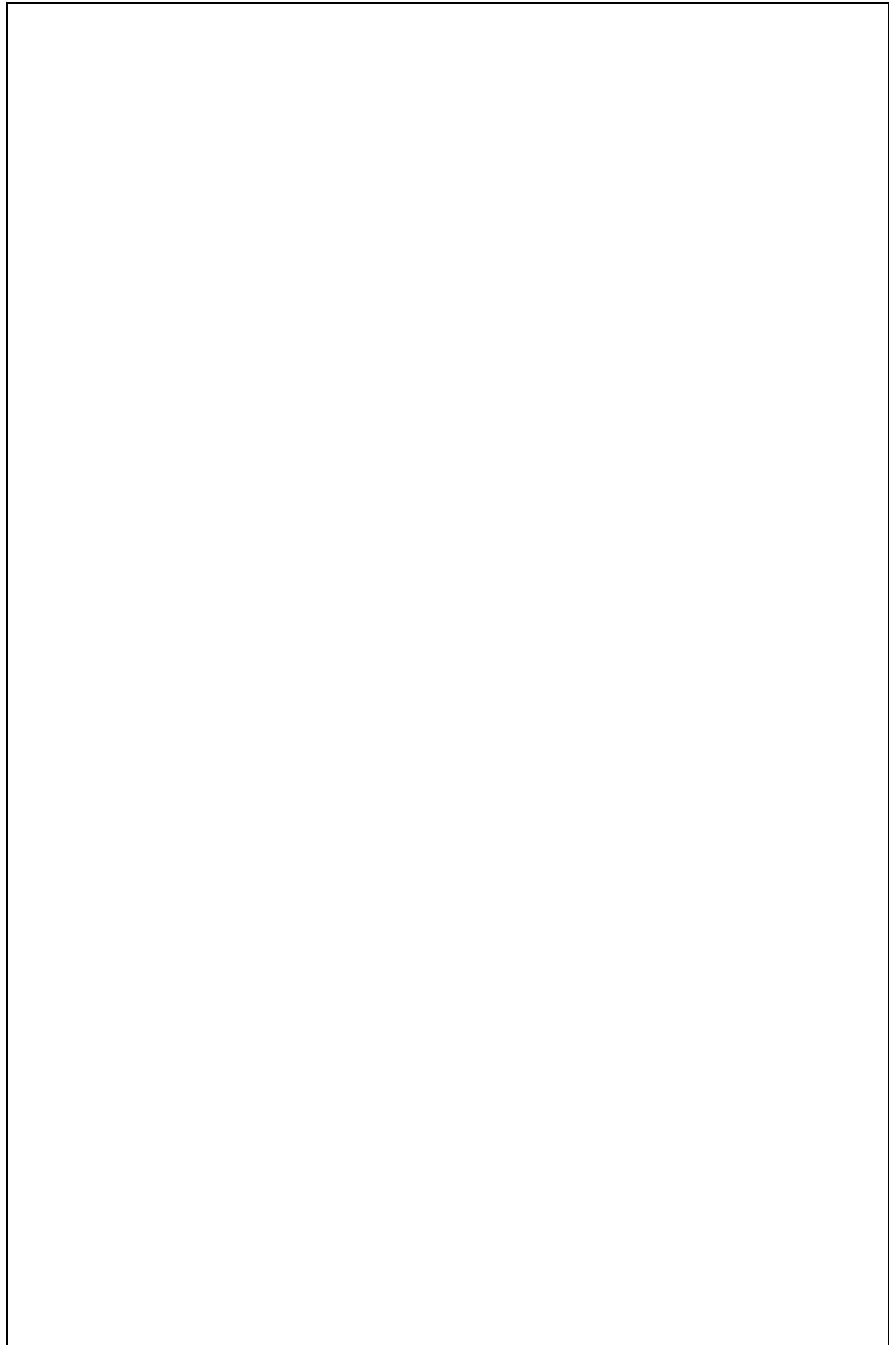
A large, empty rectangular box with a thin black border, occupying most of the page below the text. It is intended for the user to enter the chapter number and name for Option #5.

Next, for each of these options, look both at the first line of the chapter

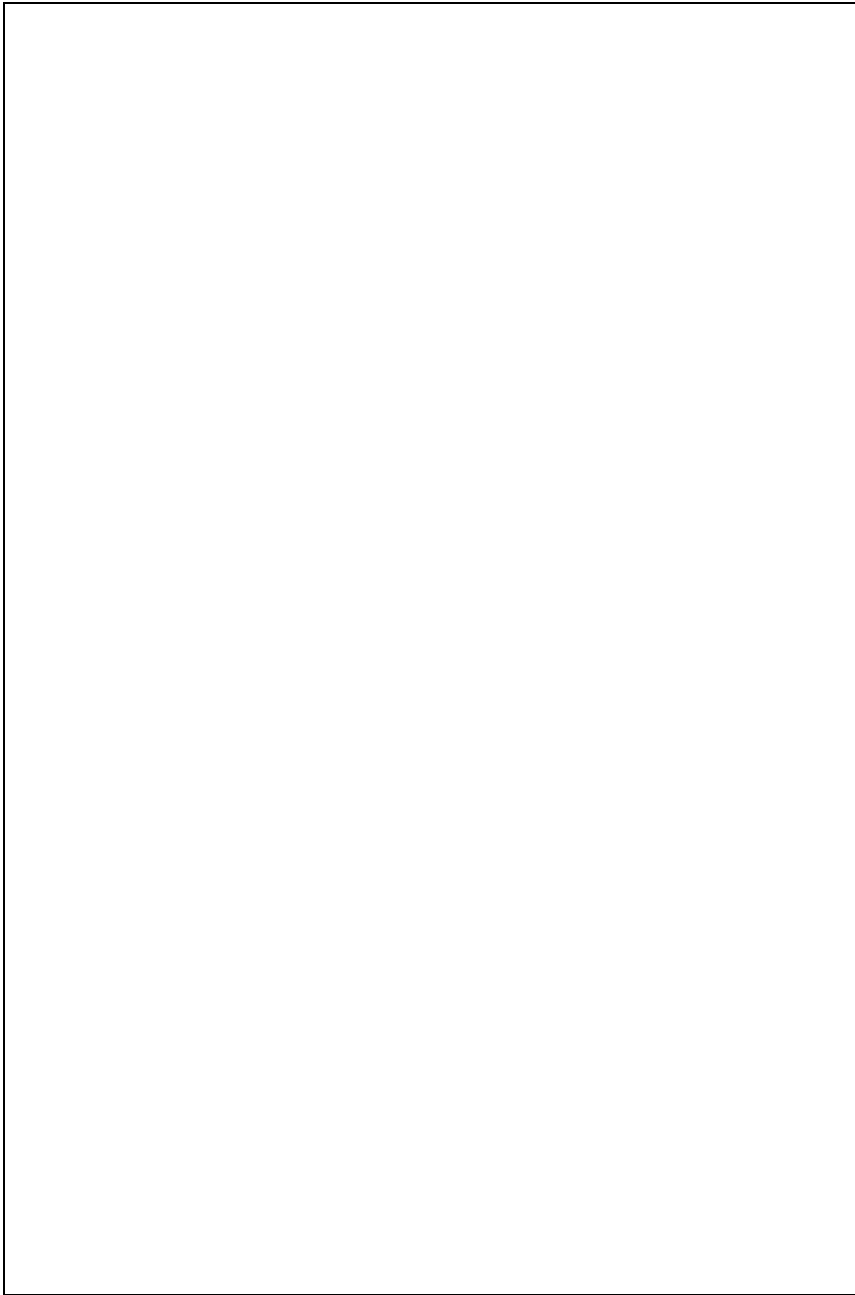
Option #1 - No change for the first line of the chapter

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Option #2 - Very large first letter



Option #3 - Medium size first letter



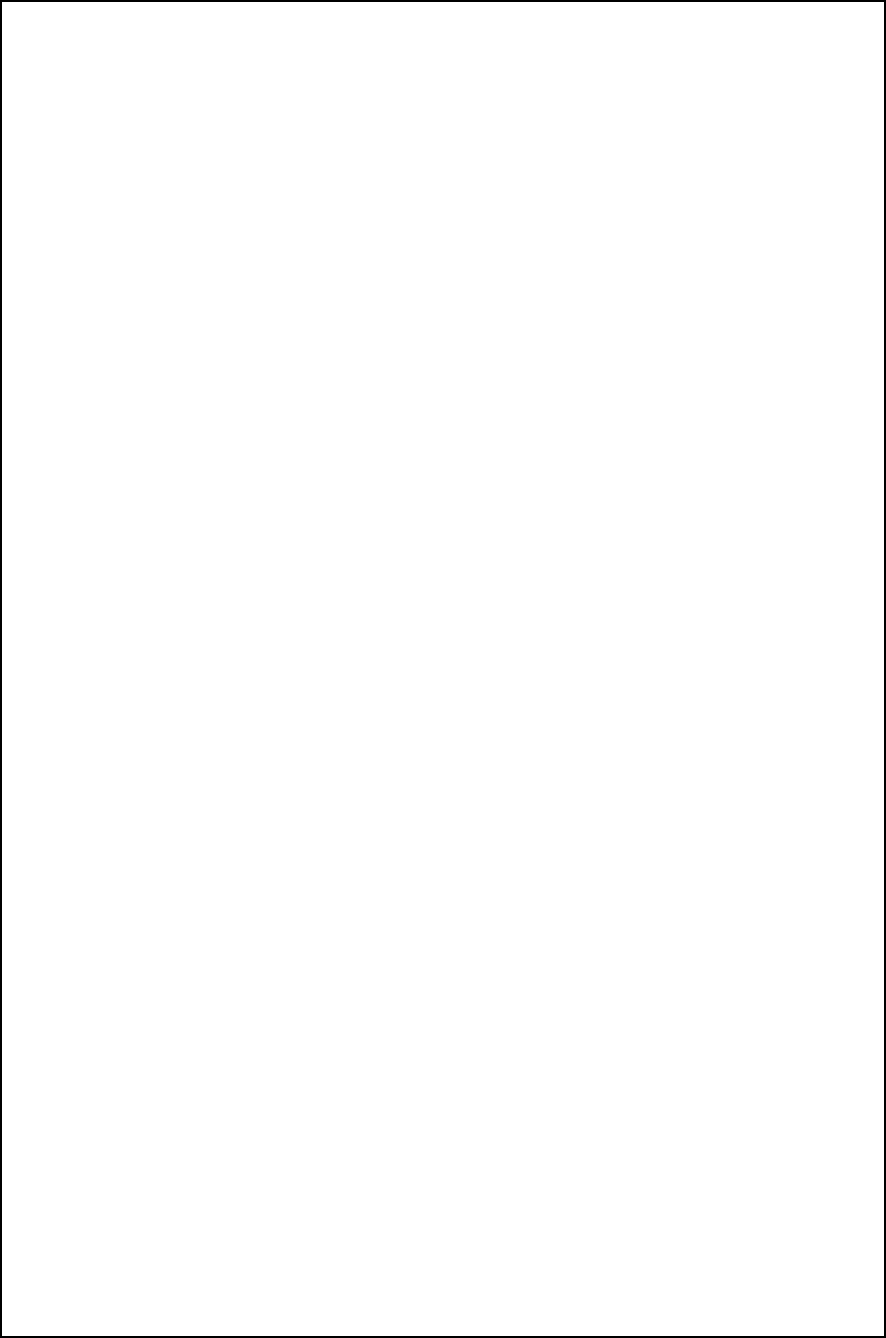
The Plan

IT WAS DETERMINED THAT BITTY AND JA'AL WOULD SPEND THE night on the Grissom Farm with Bev. When they arrived at the farm, Bitty and her mom decided that they would stay on the porch to listen and keep watch. Bev smiled warmly and gently shut the door, feeling safe and ready for some much-needed rest. She knew the next day would be very hectic with everyone performing their part in the plan against the Hornet Queen.

Bev laid in her bed and rehearsed the plan in her mind several times to make sure that she knew what she was to do in the morning. She felt a twinge of nervousness about succeeding in her part of the plan, but she remembered the reassurances that she received from everyone earlier in the day. She thought to herself, *They have faith in me, and I will not let them down!*

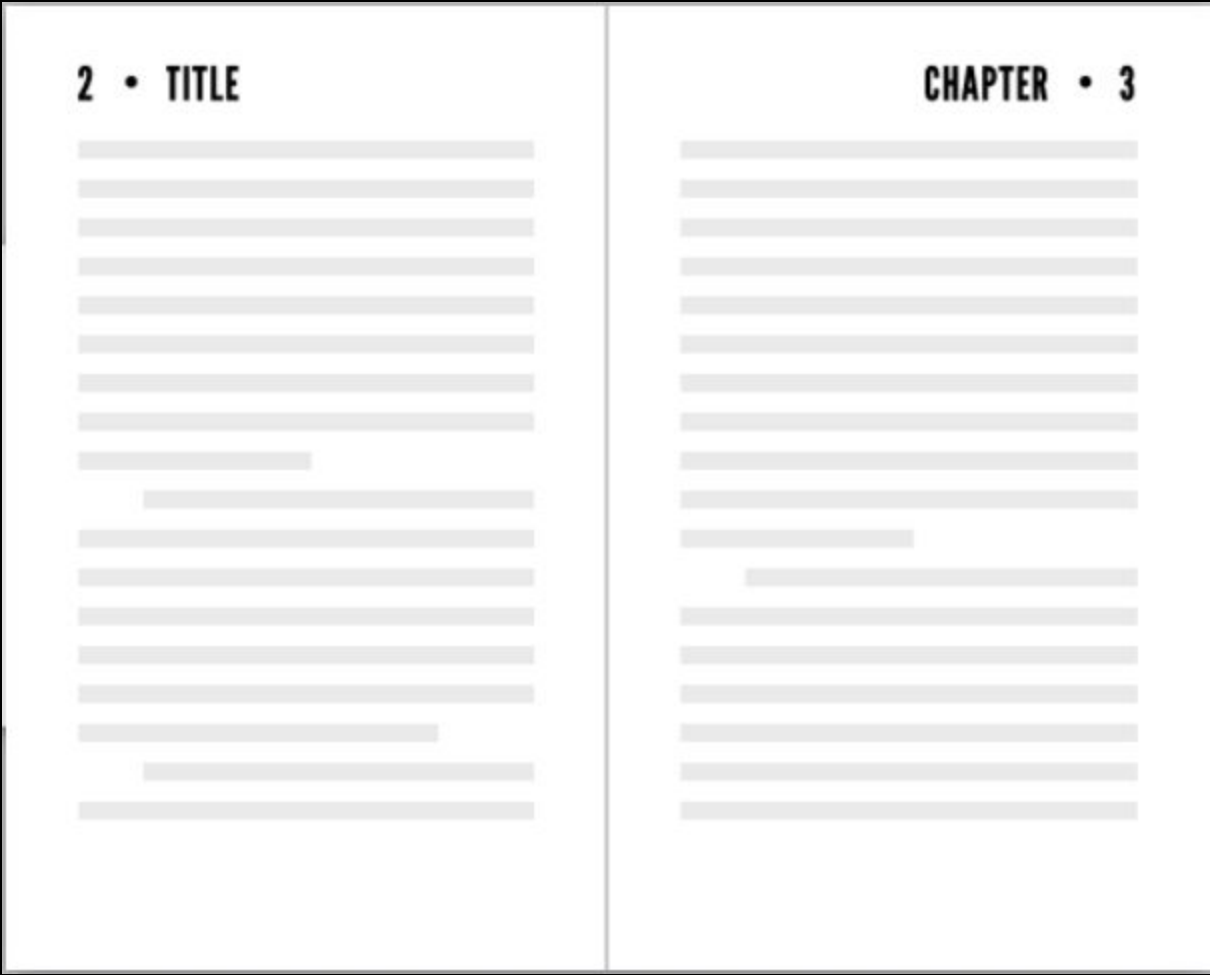
As she lay in the stillness of the night, she heard the gibberish sounds of Bitty and her mom talking. It gave her comfort knowing that they would be watching over the area and would be alert to any noises out of the ordinary. After a few more moments, Bev finally drifted off into a much-needed, restful splendor.

Option #5 - scripted first letter of the chapter





Also, for the tops of the pages, we can have:

Option #1 - Title and chapter names



Option #2 - Author and Title

AUTHOR	TITLE
	
2	3

Option #3 - Nothing

<p>[Redacted text block]</p> <p>2</p>	<p>[Redacted text block]</p> <p>3</p>
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