

Start your one-page synopsis approximately one double space below the header. Your synopsis must be single-spaced and can either be indented paragraphs or you may do block paragraphs with a space between those paragraphs. The synopsis must not be longer than this page. To learn more about a one-page synopsis, you can do a Google search. So just keep writing and writing.

This is paragraph two of your synopsis, and you will continue writing until you fill this page. Just fill the page and keep filling the page with your synopsis. Fill the page and keep filling this page only with your synopsis. Fill the page and keep filling this page only with your synopsis. Fill the page and keep filling this page only with your synopsis.

First line .5" ident.  
Use 1" margins on  
all sides.

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Above is the example of indented paragraphs with no space in between paragraphs. Here is an example of block paragraphs with a space between paragraphs.

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The contest requires the use of Times New Roman, Courier New, Garamond, Cambria, or Book Antiqua. Use the same font throughout.

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You should get the idea that you're going to write a one-page synopsis that is formatted like this page. We wish you well with your contest entry.

The header is .5-1" from the top of the page. Left side contains Title/Category. Page number goes on the right side. Use the "Insert Header" feature. Don't retype on each page.

Start the prologue and/or each chapter 4 double-spaced lines down from header. If you have your "ruler" showing on your Word program, Chapter One will start 2-2 1/2 inches below header (depending on if your header is .5 or 1" from top of page), or 3 inches total from top of the page. To see the ruler, go to View, then check the Ruler box.

## Chapter One

Use .5" indent for first lines. Start paragraph one double space under Chapter Heading.

The kitchen door opened, and I came face to face with a ghost. Not a Scrooge's Christmas Past kind of ghost. More like the Ghost of Long-Lost Love. Bronze complexion, espresso-dark eyes, and hair as black as licorice, Marc Thorne looked as gorgeous as he had when he walked out of my life the day before college graduation.

Limp as overcooked pasta, I gripped the island's granite counter, its rock-solid support my only hope of not toppling off my three-inch-too-tight heels. Why now? I opened my mouth to speak, but a vise-like grip on my chest had squeezed out every ounce of air.

He stepped toward me, and a whiff of his citrus-like aftershave tickled my nose. Thankfully, he wasn't wearing the spicy fragrance I'd always liked. One sniff of that stuff and I'd have been transported back to a time I preferred to keep dead and buried.

"April? What are you doing here?"

What was I doing here? I forced a ragged breath into my lungs. "I'm waiting to interview with...Mr. ...Gomez for the chef position."

"Galvez." His voice cracked.

"You're right. Galvez. Ramon Galvez."

How many times had the man's name run through my head recently? As many as the number of restaurants I'd interviewed within the past two weeks. If I had been taken straight to Mr. Galvez's office, I might not be facing this flash from my past that I'd tried for eight years to

despise. And what was Marc doing back? He was supposed to be in California working with His Helping Hands Ministry. At least, that was his plan. His carved-in-granite plan.

Like mannequins in a department store window, we faced each other with set-in- plastic smiles. His features, tanned from his Argentine heritage on his mother's side, and mine no doubt pasty white from shock. His gray slacks fit his build as though tailored for him. The navy and red striped tie coupled with the crisp button-down shirt exuded business, while the sleeves rolled up to reveal strong forearms gave the right touch of casualness.

I gulped. Where was his jacket? If he were here on business, he wouldn't be in his shirtsleeves. Did he work here? I pulled my eyes away from my personal version of Back to the Future and mentally said goodbye to Rescaté de Nino's made-for-a-chef kitchen. Granite counters all around, a pair of microwaves, a commercial-sized dishwasher. They'd done a wonderful job bringing the century-old mansion's kitchen up to date.

My gaze rested on the six-burner stove I'd been drooling over for the past fifteen minutes. A dull pain filled my chest. None of that mattered anymore. Not if Marc worked for Rescaté. Day after day I'd be reminded of how I'd lost him to something else. Goodbye, chef job.

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Insert a page break.

Subsequent chapters must start on a new page four double-spaced lines down from the header.

## Chapter Two

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[Continue on until you have a one-page synopsis followed by 15 pages of your manuscript.](#)