

Your blurb belongs at the beginning of your contest entry and is 200 words or less and gives a brief overview of your novel. Tell us the story of your novel here. Just take a look at several back cover copies of the books in your own personal library and you'll get the idea of what we're looking for.

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

Insert a page break.

Chapter One

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, 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.

Start the prologue and/or each chapter one double-space below the header. You must have a chapter heading (e.g., Prologue, Chapter 1, etc.). Use .5" indent for first lines. Start paragraph one double-space under Chapter Heading.

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.

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

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. Ramón 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 by 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 good-bye to Rescaté de Nino's made-for-a-chef kitchen. Granite counters all around, a pair of microwaves, 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. Good-bye chef job.

Insert a page break.

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

Chapter Two

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.

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.

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."

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.

Continue on until you have a 200-word blurb followed by 5 pages of your manuscript.