

Note that the header is .5-1" from top of page. Left side contains: Title/Category/Word Count. Tab over to right side, stopping to allow enough room to add page number.

Start 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 ½ 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

Indent .5 first line indent. Start first line 2 rows under Chapter Heading

1" margin  
on sides.

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.

1" margin  
on sides

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."

1" margin at bottom.

“Galvez.” His voice cracked. “You’re right. Galvez. Ramón Galvez.”

Start first line of following pages 1” down from top or ½ inch below header.

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.