

# PRINT EDITION

## Basic and Custom Formatting Samples



# *THE GIRL U WANT*

ELAINE REED

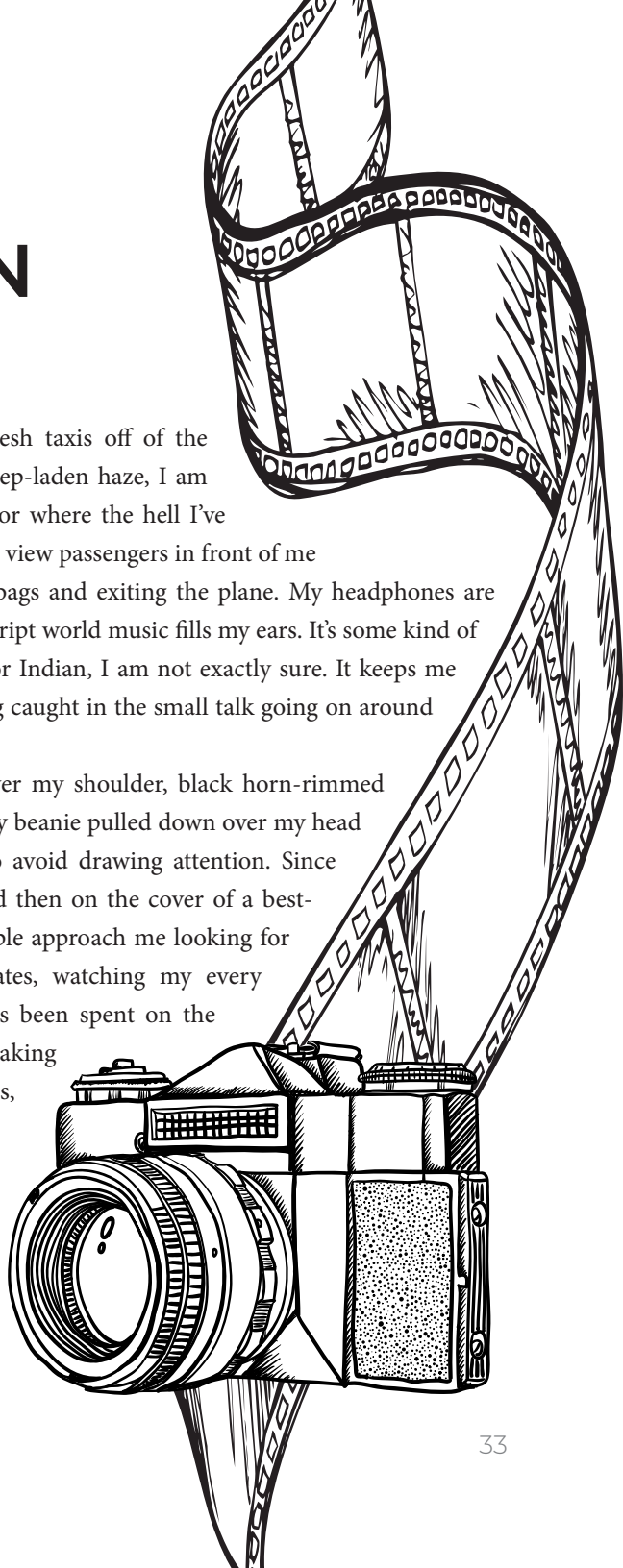


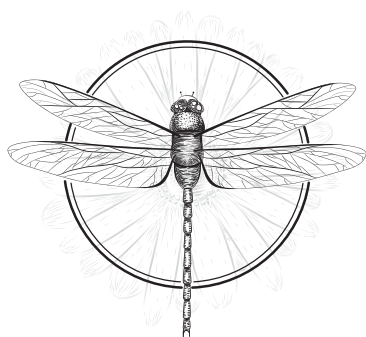
## chapter SEVEN

*R*ed-eye from Marrakesh taxis off of the runway at RDU. In my sleep-laden haze, I am not sure what city I'm in or where the hell I've been. I slide open an eye to view passengers in front of me retrieving their overhead bags and exiting the plane. My headphones are firmly secured as non-descript world music fills my ears. It's some kind of chanting, middle eastern or Indian, I am not exactly sure. It keeps me grounded and from getting caught in the small talk going on around me.

Messenger bag slung over my shoulder, black horn-rimmed glasses in place and slouchy beanie pulled down over my head I exit the plane hoping to avoid drawing attention. Since my debut in GQ Italia and then on the cover of a best-selling book last year, people approach me looking for autographs, asking for dates, watching my every move. Most of my life has been spent on the back side of a tripod, taking sought after photographs, not starring in them.

Back when I was traveling to different destinations for various photo jobs, I decided to let my scruff become a full-grown beard. It was





## CHAPTER 21

# THE METAMORPHOSIS

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Red-eye from Marrakesh taxis off of the runway at RDU. In my sleep-laden haze, I am not sure what city I'm in or where the hell I've been. I slide open an eye to view passengers in front of me retrieving their overhead bags and exiting the plane. My headphones are firmly secured as non-descript world music fills my ears. It's some kind of chanting, middle eastern or Indian, I am not exactly sure. It keeps me grounded and from getting caught in the small talk going on around me.

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chapter thirty-two

# REST IN MOUNTAINS

35.7650° N | 82.2652° W

I go out to the garage and open the double doors to find my pride and joy. Before my Pops died, we spent the summer after my senior year of high school fully restoring my graduation present - a 1971 Toyota FJ 40 Land Cruiser. She is beautiful. Smooth dark red paint with white top, lifted 4" with 33's, air conditioning we added that was not standard and a little off-road gear and wench to be able to get into some deep mud. I had taken 'my girl' off-road, but never really tested her limits because losing her would be like losing Pops all over again.





## *How Do I Love Thee?*

*poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love with a passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

## *The Results*

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ANDIE

A knock on the exam room door startled me from my thoughts as Dr. Sangtani enters the room. She's a youngish doctor, probably mid-thirties with dark assessing eyes and a posh English accent. She comes in with her electronic chart and sits on the stool, at eye level and rolling close. She put her hand over mine and said with a soft lilt - Andie, I have your results. Your x-ray and blood test returned showing a positive result for rheumatoid arthritis or RA. We are waiting for the sedimentation blood rate test, which will be back in a few weeks, it will tell us what type of RA you have and help us guide you to the best forms of treatment. Until then, we need to discuss what RA is and what steps we want to take.

Tears formed in my eyes. After college, I had a beloved co-worker who struggled with RA and I saw the brave face she wore each and every day to prove she was more than a diagnosis. Dr. Sangtani moved on, explaining RA was an autoimmune disease, one doctors had yet to find a cause. Research, and lots of it, was being done to find the cause and new treatments were being tested and approved each year to fight the degenerative and somewhat disfiguring disease.



The doctor kept on talking, telling me risks and side-effects, problems that could occur and their likelihood, best and worst-case scenarios. I had tuned

# GAMBLING IT ALL

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# Andie's Story

*There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you.*

*- Maya Angelou*

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