

Contents

I. Tables..... 1

II. Embedding..... 4

III. Font Styles..... 6

IV. Paragraph Styles..... 8

V. Columns..... 11

VI. Margins..... 13

VII. Tab Stops..... 15

VIII. Equations..... 21



IX. Miscellaneous Features..... 22

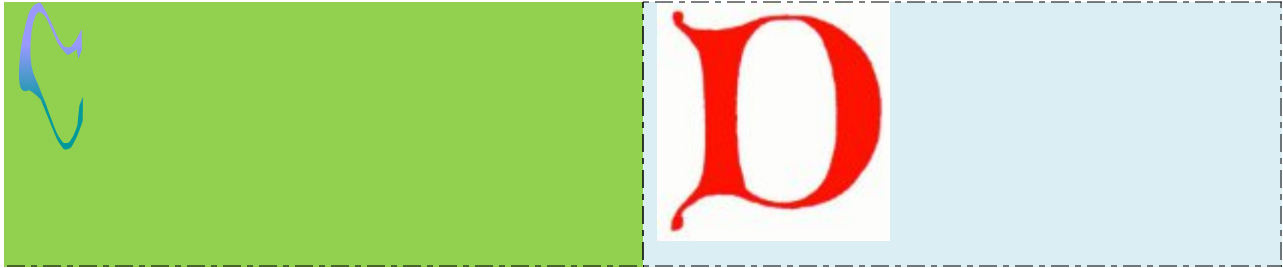
I. Tables

Four square table

A	B
C	D

Table with embedded WordArt and Images

	
---	--



Single cell embedded in single cell

A	
B	C
D	E
F	

Two consecutive tables. First is 3-2, second is 2,2

A	B	C
D	E	F
G	H	
I	J	

4-2 table with column merge

A	B		C
D	E	F	G

4-2 table with row merge

A	B		C	D
E		F	G	

Row and column span

A		B	C
D	E		
	F	G	

Table with variable total width

A	B	
C	D	E

Right-to-left table

B	A
D	C

2-2 table with embedded 2-2 table

A	B	
C	D	
	E	F
	G	
	I	

2-2 table with embedded 2-2 table which itself has embedded 1-1 table

A	B	
C	D	
	E	F
	G	H
	I	

			A	D	E	F	G	H	I	R
			B	S	T	J	K	L	M	
			C	U	V	N	O	P	Q	
				W	X	Y	Z			

II. Embedding

One morning, as Gregor Samsa was waking up from anxious dreams, he discovered that in his bed he
on his
brown,
this
could



had been changed into a monstrous verminous bug. He lay
armour-hard back and saw, as he lifted his head up a little, his
arched abdomen divided up into rigid bow-like sections. From
height the blanket, just about ready to slide off completely,
hardly stay in place. His numerous legs, pitifully thin in
comparison to the rest of his circumference, flickered
helplessly before his eyes.

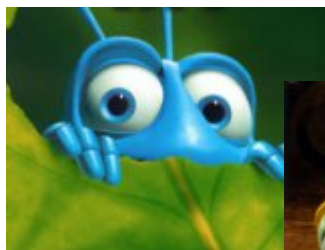
“What’s happened to me,” he thought. It was no dream. His room, a proper room for a human being, only somewhat too small, lay quietly between the four well-known walls. Above the table, on which an unpacked collection of sample cloth goods was spread out—Samsa was a travelling salesman—hung the picture which he had cut out of an illustrated magazine a little



while ago and set in a pretty gilt frame. It was a picture of a woman with a

fur hat and a fur boa. She sat erect there, lifting up in the direction of the viewer a solid fur muff into which her entire forearm had disappeared.

Gregor’s glance then turned to the window. The dreary weather—the rain drops were falling audibly down on the melancholy. “Why and forget all this But this was entirely to sleeping on his state he could not No matter how hard right side, he always rolled onto his back a hundred times, closing his eyes so that the wriggling legs, and gave up only when he began to feel a light, dull pain in his side which he had never felt before.



metal window ledge—made him quite
don’t I keep sleeping for a little while longer
foolishness,” he thought.



impractical, for he was used
right side, but in his present
get himself into this position.
he threw himself onto his
again. He must have tried it
he would not have to see

“O God,” he thought, “what a demanding job I’ve chosen! Day in, day out, on the road. The stresses of selling are much greater than the actual work going on at head office, and, in

addition to that, I still have to cope with the problems of travelling, the worries about train connections, irregular bad food, temporary and constantly changing human relationships, which never come from the heart. To hell with it all!" He felt a slight itching on the top of his abdomen. He slowly pushed himself on his back his head more easily, found the itchy small white spots—he did not know what the place with a leg. But he retracted it cold shower all over him.

Insect

closer to the bed post so that he could lift part, which was entirely covered with that to make of them and wanted to feel immediately, for the contact felt like a

He slid back again into his earlier position. "This getting up early," he thought, "makes a man quite idiotic. A man must have his sleep. Other travelling salesmen live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the inn during the course of the morning to write up the necessary orders, these gentlemen are just sitting down to breakfast. If I were to try that with my boss, I'd be thrown out on the spot. Still, who knows whether that mightn't be really good for me. If I didn't hold back for my parents' sake, I'd have quit ages ago. I would've gone to the boss and told him just what I think from the bottom of my heart. He would've fallen right off his desk! How weird it is to sit up at that desk and talk down to the employee from way up there. What's more, the boss has trouble hearing, so the employee has to step up quite close to him. Anyway, I haven't completely given up that hope yet. Once I've got together the money to pay off my parents' debt to him—that should take another five or six years—I'll do it for sure. Then I'll make the big break. In any case, right now I have to get up. My train leaves at five o'clock."

III. Font Styles

Normal **bold** *italic* ***italic/bold*** underline **underline/bold** *underline/italic* ***underline/italic/bold***
~~strikethrough~~ ~~**strikethrough/ bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ italic*~~ ~~***strikethrough/ italic/bold***~~
~~strikethrough/ underline~~ ~~**strikethrough/ underline/bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ underline/italic*~~
strikethrough/ underline/italic/bold

Superscript

Normal **bold** *italic* ***italic/bold*** underline **underline/bold** *underline/italic* ***underline/italic/bold*** ~~strikethrough~~ ~~**strikethrough/ bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ italic*~~
~~***strikethrough/ italic/bold***~~ ~~strikethrough/ underline~~ ~~**strikethrough/ underline/bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ underline/italic*~~ ~~***strikethrough/ underline/italic/bold***~~

Subscript

Normal **bold** *italic* ***italic/bold*** underline **underline/bold** *underline/italic* ***underline/italic/bold*** ~~strikethrough~~ ~~**strikethrough/ bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ italic*~~
~~***strikethrough/ italic/bold***~~ ~~strikethrough/ underline~~ ~~**strikethrough/ underline/bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ underline/italic*~~ ~~***strikethrough/ underline/italic/bold***~~

This paragraph should be in Arial

Normal **bold** *italic* ***italic/bold*** underline **underline/bold** *underline/italic* ***underline/italic/bold***
~~strikethrough~~ ~~**strikethrough/ bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ italic*~~ ~~***strikethrough/ italic/bold***~~
~~strikethrough/ underline~~ ~~**strikethrough/ underline/bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ underline/italic*~~
strikethrough/ underline/italic/bold

This paragraph should be in Courier New

Normal **bold** *italic* ***italic/bold*** underline **underline/bold** *underline/italic* ***underline/italic/bold***
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~~strikethrough/ underline~~ ~~**strikethrough/ underline/bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ underline/italic*~~ ~~***strikethrough/ underline/italic/bold***~~

This paragraph is in Times New Roman

Normal **bold** *italic* ***italic/bold*** underline **underline/bold** *underline/italic* ***underline/italic/bold***
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~~**strikethrough/ underline/bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ underline/italic*~~ ~~***strikethrough/ underline/italic/bold***~~

This paragraph is in Georgia

Normal **bold** *italic* ***italic/bold*** underline **underline/bold** *underline/italic* ***underline/italic/bold***
~~strikethrough~~ ~~**strikethrough/ bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ italic*~~ ~~***strikethrough/ italic/bold***~~
~~strikethrough/ underline~~ ~~**strikethrough/ underline/bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/ underline/italic*~~
strikethrough/ underline/italic/bold

This paragraph is in Tahoma

Normal **bold** *italic* ***italic/bold*** underline **underline/bold** *underline/italic* ***underline/italic/bold***
~~strikethrough~~ ~~**strikethrough/bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/italic*~~ ~~***strikethrough/italic/bold***~~
~~strikethrough/underline~~ ~~**strikethrough/underline/bold**~~ ~~*strikethrough/underline/italic*~~
~~***strikethrough/underline/italic/bold***~~

IV. Paragraph Styles

Single spaced paragraph

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, 'and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice 'without pictures or conversation?'

1.5 spaced paragraph

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

Double spaced paragraphs

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.

13pt Spacing

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled 'ORANGE MARMALADE', but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

Hanging indent

'Well!' thought Alice to herself, 'after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!' (Which was very likely true.)

Negative indent

Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end! 'I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?' she said aloud. 'I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think--' (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) '--yes, that's about the right distance--but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?' (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice grand words to

Justified

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, 'Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!' She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

Distributed

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

V. Columns

The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went to Madrid.

'What should we drink?' the girl asked. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table.

'It's pretty hot,' the man said.

'Let's drink beer.'

'Dos cervezas,' the man said into the curtain.

'Big ones?' a woman asked from the doorway.

'Yes. Two big ones.'

The woman brought two glasses of beer and two felt pads. She put the felt pads and the beer glass on the table and looked at the man and the girl. The girl was looking off at

the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.

'They look like white elephants,' she said.

'I've never seen one,' the man drank his beer.

'No, you wouldn't have.'

'I might have,' the man said. 'Just because you say I wouldn't have doesn't prove anything.'

The girl looked at the bead curtain. 'They've painted something on it,' she said. 'What does it say?'

'Anis del Toro. It's a drink.'

'Could we try it?'

The man called 'Listen' through the curtain. The woman came out from the bar.

'Four reales.' 'We want two Anis del Toro.'

'With water?'

'Do you want it with water?'

'You started it,' the girl said. 'I was being amused. I was having a fine time.'

'I don't know,' the girl said. 'Is it good with water?'

'Well, let's try and have a fine time.'

'It's all right.'

'All right. I was trying. I said the mountains looked like white elephants. Wasn't that bright?'

'You want them with water?' asked the woman.

'That was bright.'

'Yes, with water.'

'I wanted to try this new drink. That's all we do, isn't it - look at things and try new drinks?'

'It tastes like liquorice,' the girl said and put the glass down.

'I guess so.'

'That's the way with everything.'

The girl looked across at the hills.

'Yes,' said the girl. 'Everything tastes of liquorice. Especially all the things you've waited so long for, like absinthe.'

'They're lovely hills,' she said. 'They don't really look like white elephants. I just meant the colouring of their skin through the trees.'

'Oh, cut it out.'

'Should we have another drink?'

VI. Margins

The room was warm
and clean, the
curtains drawn, the
two table lamps
alight-hers and the
one by the empty
chair opposite. On the
sideboard behind her,
two tall glasses, soda
water, whiskey. Fresh
ice cubes in the
Thermos bucket.

Mary Maloney was
waiting for her
husband to come him
from work.

Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did. The drop of a head as she bent over her sewing was curiously tranquil. Her skin -for this was her sixth month with child-had acquired a wonderful translucent quality, the mouth was soft, and the eyes, with their new placid look, seemed larger darker than before. When the clock said ten minutes to five, she began to listen, and a few moments later, punctually as always, she heard the tires on the gravel outside, and the car door slamming, the footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock. She laid aside her sewing, stood up, and went forward to kiss him as he came in.

"Hullo
darling,"
she
said.

VII. Tab Stops

One inch tab – center aligned..... 5 inch – right aligned

Text pushing against a tab stop

Right alignedtab pushing into text

Right aligned--- Left aligned

Zero	One	Two	Three	Four	Five	Six
	Seven	Eight	Nine	Ten	Eleven	Twelve
	Thirteen	Fourteen	Fifteen	Sixteen		Seventeen
		Eighteen			Nineteen	
Twenty	Twenty One				Twenty Two	

Lists

1. 1

a. a

i. i

1. 1

a. a

i. i

1. 1

a. a

i. i

ii. ii

b. b

2. 2

ii. ii

b. b

2. 2

ii. ii

b. b

2. 2

Continuous list

1. 1

2. 2

Text in the middle, try adding a line after (2), and expect all numbers to update

3. 3

4. 4

Starting from 0

0. 0

1. 1

2. 2

Counting backwards

3. 3

2. 2

1. 1

Continuous lists and nesting

1. 1

2. 2

a. a

b. b

c. c

3. 3

a. a

4. 4

a. a

b. b

i. I

ii. II

c. c

iii. III

iv. IV

Different numbering styles

1. 1

1.1. 1.1

1.2. 1.2

1.3. 1.3

1.3.1. 1.3.1

1.3.1.1. 1.3.1.1

1.3.1.1.1. 1.3.1.1.1

1.3.1.1.1.1. 1.3.1.1.1.1

1.3.1.1.1.1.1. 1.3.1.1.1.1.1

1.3.1.1.1.1.2. 1.3.1.1.1.2

1.3.1.1.1.1.2.1.1. 1.3.1.1.1.1.2.1.1

1.4. 1.4

2. 2

A. A

a. a

i. i

1. 1

a. a

b. b

2. 2

ii. ii

b. b

B. B

C. C

Text

D. D

New list

A. A

Testing multiple bullet styles. Do we fail nicely with unsupported bullets

□ Dot

o Hollow

□ Square

□ Checkmark

□ Arrow

© Copyright



Image

© Copyright

□ Arrow

□ Arrow

□ Checkmark

© Copyright

o Hollow

□ Square

□ Dot

VIII. Equations

Expected value of geometric series

$$\begin{aligned}E[X] &= 1 \cdot p + (E[X] + 1) \cdot (1 - p) \\ \Rightarrow E[X] &= p + E[X] + 1 - E[X] \cdot p - p \\ \Rightarrow E[X] \cdot p &= 1 \\ \Rightarrow E[X] &= \frac{1}{p}\end{aligned}$$

Derivative of polynomial

$$\begin{aligned}f(x) &= ax^n \\ f'(x) &= \lim_{h \rightarrow \infty} \frac{f(x+h) - f(x)}{h} \\ f'(x) &= \lim_{h \rightarrow \infty} \frac{a(x+h)^n - ax^n}{h} \\ f'(x) &= \lim_{h \rightarrow \infty} \frac{ax^n + \binom{n}{1}ax^{n-1}h^1 + \binom{n}{2}ax^{n-2}h^2 + \dots + \binom{n}{n}ah^n - ax^n}{h} \\ f'(x) &= \lim_{h \rightarrow \infty} nax^{n-1} + \binom{n}{2}ax^{n-2}h^1 + \dots + \binom{n}{n}ah^{n-1} \\ f'(x) &= nax^{n-1}\end{aligned}$$

IX. Miscellaneous Features

Drop Capital

The last question was asked for the first time, half in jest, on May 21, 2061, at a time when humanity first stepped into the light. The question came about as a result of a five dollar bet over highballs, and it happened this way: Alexander Adell and Bertram Lupov were two of the faithful attendants of Multivac. As well as any human beings could, they knew what lay behind the cold, clicking, flashing face -- miles and miles of face -- of that giant computer. They had at least a vague notion of the general plan of relays and circuits that had long since grown past the point where any single human could possibly have a firm grasp of the whole.

Footnotes

Multivac¹ was self-adjusting and self-correcting. It had to be, for nothing human could adjust and correct it quickly enough or even adequately enough -- so Adell and Lupov attended the monstrous giant only lightly and superficially, yet as well as any men could. They fed it data, adjusted questions to its needs and translated the answers that were issued. Certainly they, and all others like them, were fully entitled to share in the glory that was Multivac's.

2

For decades, Multivac had helped design the ships and plot the trajectories that enabled man to reach the Moon, Mars, and Venus, but past that, Earth's poor resources could not support the ships. Too much energy was needed for the long trips. Earth exploited its coal and uranium with increasing efficiency, but there was only so much of both.

¹ **Multivac** is the name of a fictional [supercomputer](#) in many stories by [Isaac Asimov](#) from 1955 to 1979.

² Space, the final frontier