

A Sample Book

By Test Author

Chapter 1: The Beginning

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust.

The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide.

Chapter 2: The Journey

Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold.
Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn
paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh
blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything.

Chapter 3: The Resolution

The end is where we start from. Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning. Every poem an epitaph. And any action is a step to the block, to the fire, down the sea throat.