

Sample of Conventionally Formatted Fiction

From a story called “The Two Lindas” by Meredith Sue Willis
(<http://www.meredithsuewillis.com/thetwolindas.html>)

I had last seen her on television almost twenty years ago as she was being led into a courthouse for trial. Today, her coat, pumps, and opaque stockings were all the same dark magenta color, as was the velvet collar of the little girl's picture-perfect princess coat. I was wearing a bulky denim jacket. I had gray in my hair and spots on my glasses.

I stepped in her way. “Linda?”

Her face pressed in close. “Linda?” she said. “Is that you, Linda?”

We had been an amazing, amusing coincidence: Two Lindas, same friends, same apartment, same politics, me scaled slightly larger, but enough alike to be repeatedly mistaken for each other.

“My god,” she said. “Linda! Where have you been?”

“Here. I never left.”

“You've been in New York all along? I can't believe it.” She extended her arms and embraced me with a brief, precise, decisiveness. Like her haircut. I held myself stiff around my clipboard. “Melly, look!” she said. “This is Aunt Linda. This is Mommy's oldest friend.”

What *chutzpah*, I thought. Aunt Linda indeed. We had been so closely identified that they arrested me when she tried to blow up the approach ramp to the bridge half an hour too soon for the governor's limousine.

One day we were discussing whether a pacifist could support national liberation armies, and the next day, she moved into what she called an action-oriented communal living situation. Just strapped on her combat boots and left me shocked and bereft, especially when Bedrosian followed her.