

# The Exotic World of Trade Publishing

## Part One: Culture and Workflow

Phil Madans / Hachette Book Group



- One of the “Big Six Five” Trade Publishers in the U.S.
- Owned by Hachette Livre since 2006.
- Publishes 800+ new titles a year
- HBG sells general fiction, sci-fi, mystery, general non-fiction, lifestyle, cookbooks, children’s books, and Christian books
- Divisions: Grand Central Publishing, Little, Brown, Orbit/Yen, Little Brown Books for Young Readers, Faith Words, Hyperion, Hachette Audio
- Print, audio and ebook
- HBG has published ebooks since the earliest days of 3½ inch floppies, Rocketbook, and .lit
- HBG was the first major publisher to standardize on EPUB2 as our only ebook format, in 2007.

# HBG Digital Content Creation

Content-centric

Standardization

In-House

2010

2007

2001



HTML/CSS  
Digital  
Composition

XML First  
Composition

Text XML  
Extraction



Editorial  
Markup/  
Production  
Design

Docbook

Page  
Composition



Print-centric

Chaos

Outsourced

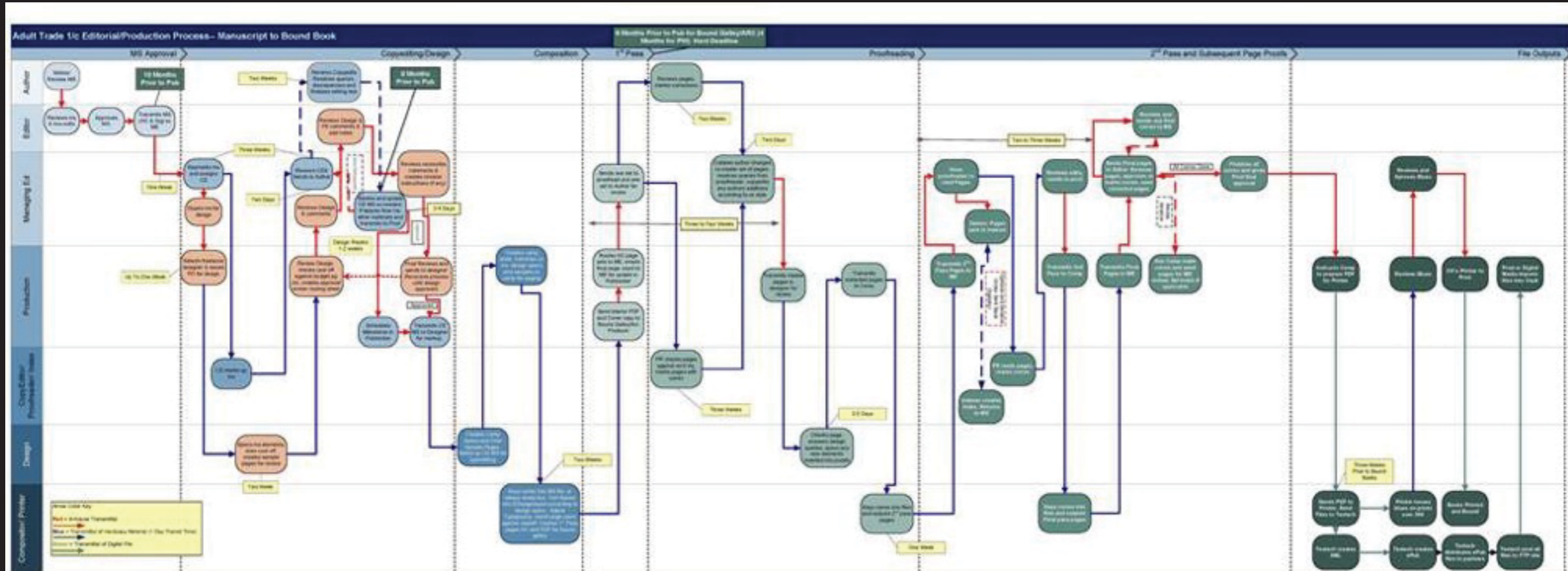
# The transition to Word Track Changes Phase One, c. 2005



Track Changes Baaaad!



# Traditional paper-based editorial production workflow for one-color text from author to finished print and digital (2009)



More than 20 touch points where the production of the book was in the hands of Fed-EX.

It's all about the Author

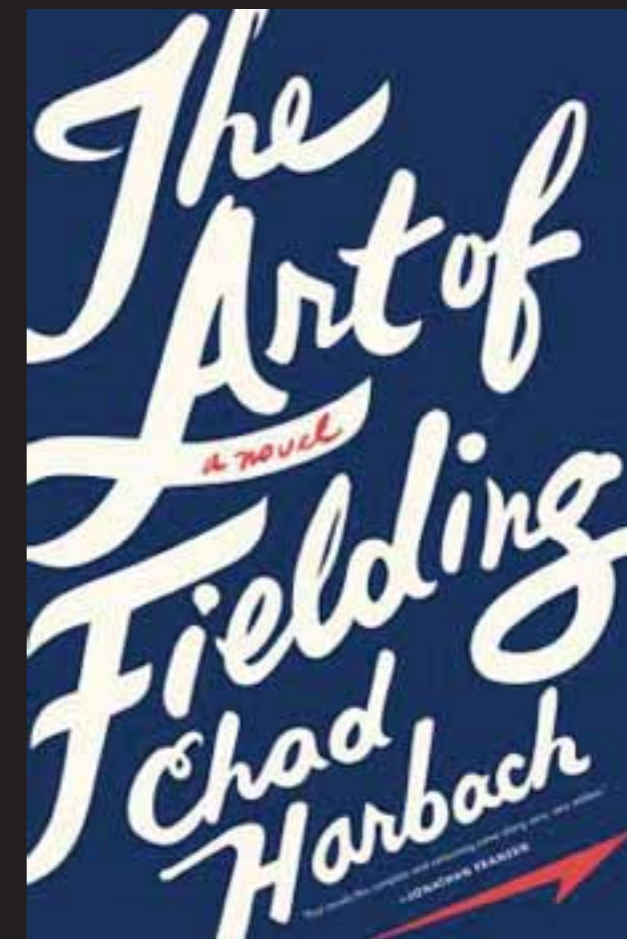


Our job is to express the  
Author's vision, not hinder it.

But there are all types of Authors



A first novel—ten years in the making.



Our priority is to create a wonderful reading experience, which is why we argue about...

EM—EM

# ↑ #  
To | or not to |

*It would have been far easier  
to go from typesetting with hot metal  
directly to HTML +CSS*

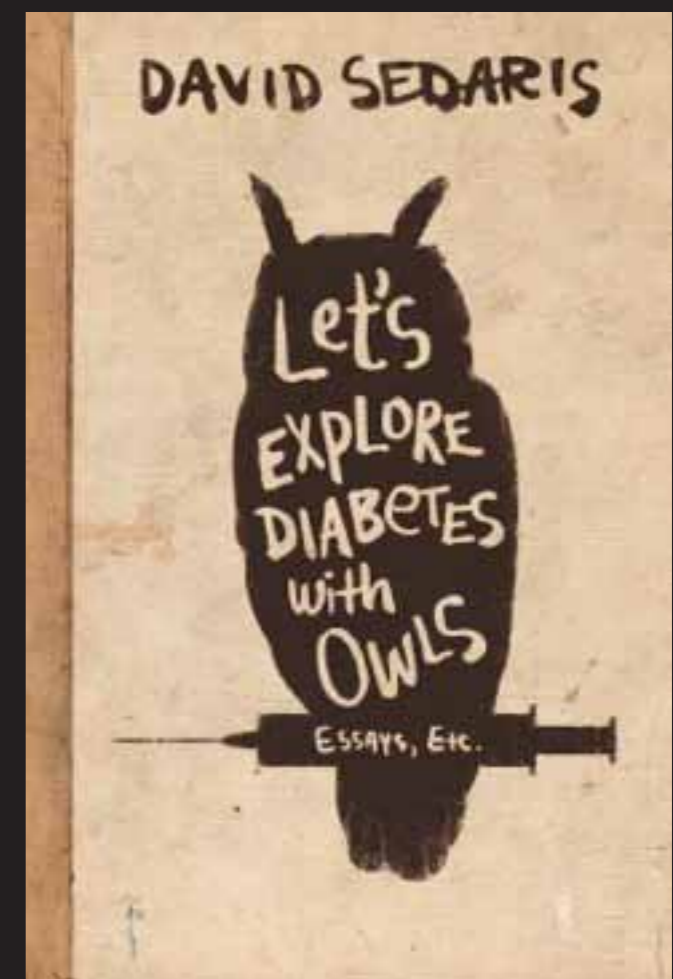
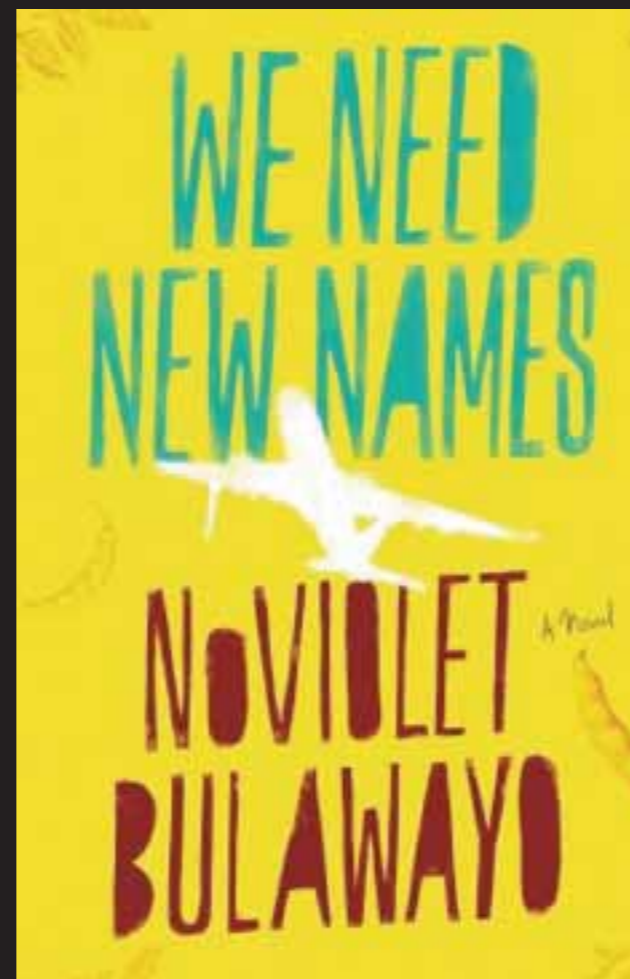
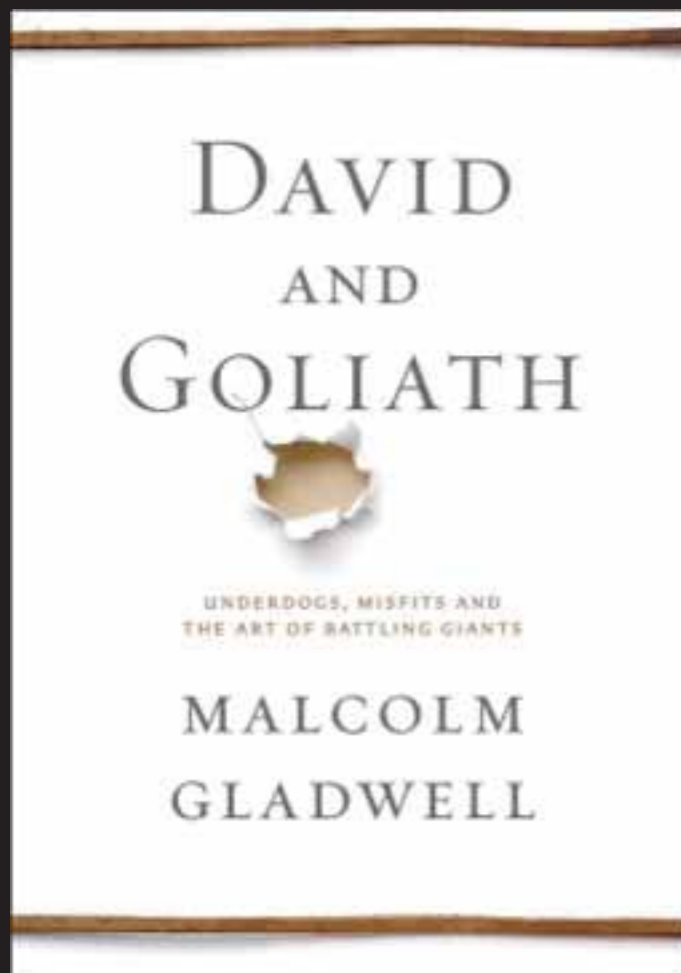
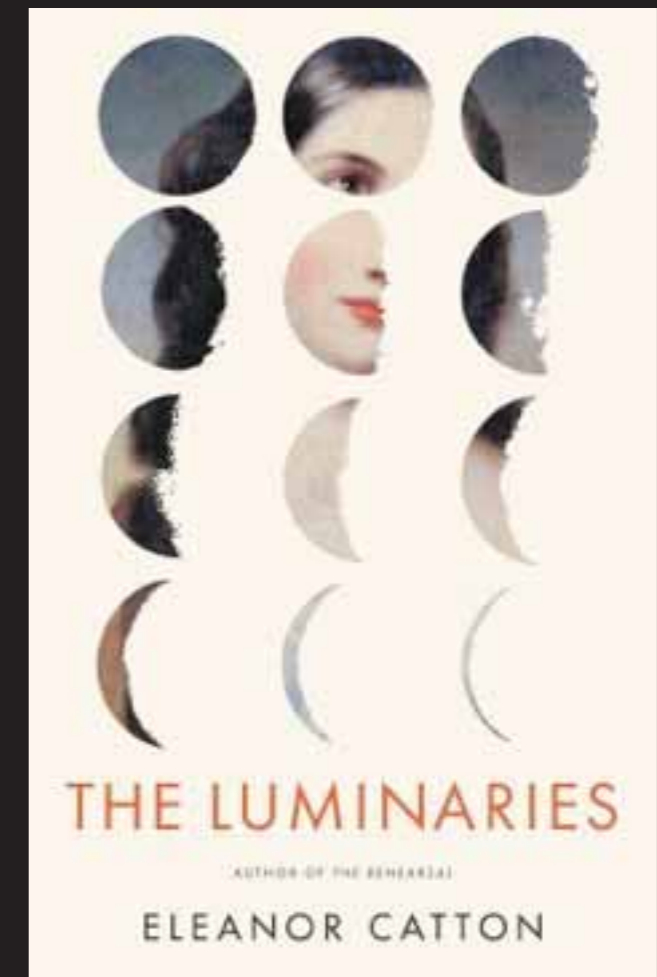
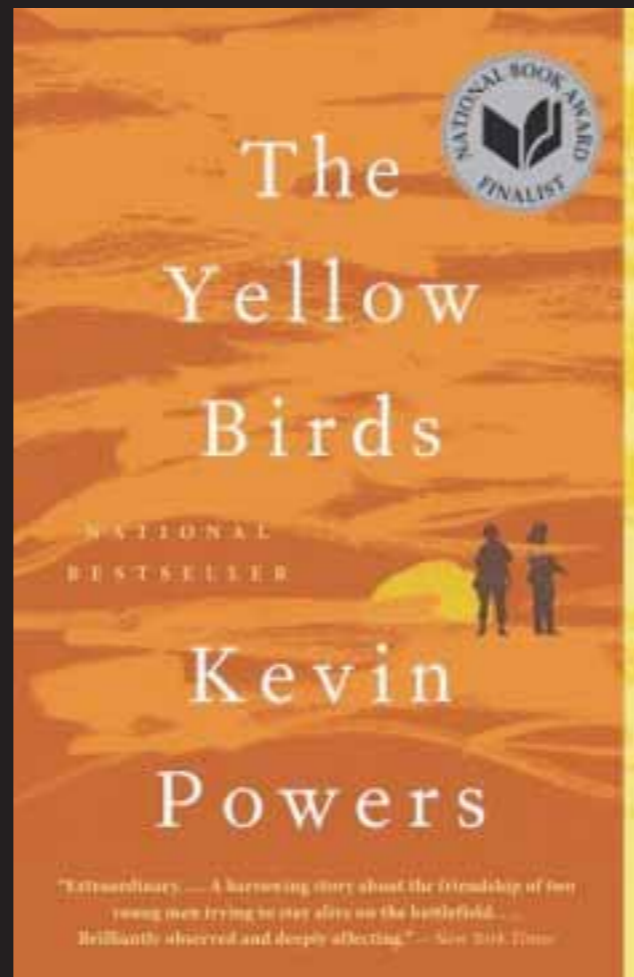
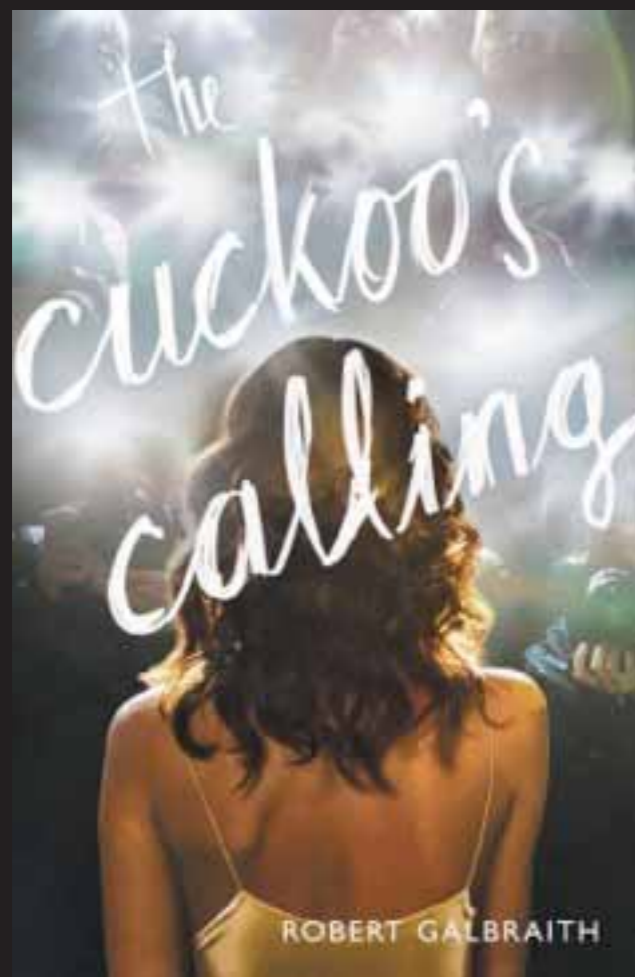


← Rock  
Hard Place →

# The Exotic World of Trade Publishing

## Part Two: The Books

Dave Cramer / Hachette Book Group



All these books  
were typeset using  
HTML+CSS\*

\*with PrinceXML\*

\*Which is awesome.\*

\*and nearly bulletproof.

It's just text... it can't  
be that complicated!

Prophet is the special OS for KFI's computer system — "like Windows for a radio station," according to Mr. Ziegler's producer.

immense twenty-one-year-old man with a ponytail, stony Meso-american features, and the placid, grandmotherly eyes common to giant mammals everywhere. Keeping the studio signal from peaking is one of 'Mondo's prime directives, along with making sure that each of the program's scheduled commercial spots is loaded into Prophet and run at just the right time, where-

'Mondo's lay explanation of what peaking is consists of pointing at the red area to the right of the two volumeters' bobbing needles on the mixing board: "It's when the needles go into the red." The overall mission, apparently, is to keep the volume and resonance of a host's voice high enough to be stimulating but not so high that they exceed the capacities of an AM analog signal or basic radio receiver. One reason why callers' voices sound so much less rich and authoritative than hosts' voices on talk radio is that it is harder to keep telephone voices from peaking.

"Analog" is slightly misleading, because in fact KFI's signal is digitized for transmission from the studio down to the transmitter facility in La Mirada, where it's then converted back to analog for broadcast. But it is true that AM signals are more limited, quality-wise, than FM. The FCC prohibits AM signal frequencies of more than 10,000 kilohertz, whereas FM signals get 15,000 kHz — mainly because the AM part of the electromagnetic spectrum is more crowded than the FM part.

upon he must confirm that the ad has run as scheduled in the special Airmix log he signs each page of, so that the station can bill advertisers for their spots. 'Mondo, who started out two years ago as an unpaid intern and now earns ten dollars an hour, works 7:00-1:00 on weeknights and also board-ops KFI's special cooking show on Sunday mornings.

Another reason is mike processing, which evens and fills out the host's voice, removing raspy or metallic tones, and occurs automatically in Airmix. There's no such processing for callers' voices.

In the unlikely event of further interest, here is a simplified version of the technical path taken by Mr. Z.'s voice during broadcast: Through channel 7 of 'Mondo's board and the wall of processors, levelers, and compressors in Airmix, through the Eventide BD-980 delayer and Aphex compellor in KFI's master control room, through a duo of Moseley 6000-series digital encoders and to the microwave transmitter on the roof, whence it is beamed at 951.5 MHz to the repeater-site antenna on Briarcrest Peak in the Hollywood Hills, then beamed from the repeater at 943.5 MHz to KFI's forties-era transmitter in Orange County, where its signal is decoded by more Moseley 6000s, further processed and modulated and brought up to maximum legal frequency, and pumped up KFI's 757-foot main antenna, whose 50,000 watts cost \$6,000 a month in electricity and cause phones in a five-mile radius to play ghostly KFI voices whenever the weather's just right.

somebody use a Stradivarius to pound nails. We<sup>v</sup> are the Few, the Proud, the More or Less Constantly Appalled at Everyone Else.

\* \* \*

<sup>7</sup> N.B. that this article's own title page features blocks of the typical sorts of contemporary boners and clunkers and oxymorons and solecistic howlers and bursts of voguish linguistic methane that tend to make a SNOOT's cheek twitch and forehead darken. (N.B. further that it took only about a week of semi-attentive listening and note-taking to assemble these blocks — the Evil is all around us.)

<sup>8</sup> Please note that the strategically repeated I-P pronoun is meant to iterate and emphasize that this reviewer is very much one too, a SNOOT, plus to connote the nuclear family mentioned *supra*. SNOOTitude runs in families. In *ADMAU*'s preface, Bryan Garner mentions both his father and grandfather and actually uses the word *genetic*, and it's probably true: 90 percent of the SNOOTs I know have at least one parent who is, by profession or temperament or both, a SNOOT. In my own case, my mom is a Comp teacher and has written remedial usage books and is a SNOOT of the most rabid and intractable sort. At least part of the reason I am a SNOOT is that for years my mom brainwashed us in all sorts of subtle ways. Here's an example. Family suppers often involved a game: if one of us children made a usage error, Mom would pretend to have a coughing fit that would go on and on until the relevant child had identified the relevant error and corrected it. It was all very self-ironic and lighthearted; but still, looking back, it seems a bit excessive to pretend that your small child is actually *denying you oxygen* by speaking incorrectly. The really chilling thing, though, is that I now sometimes find myself playing this same "game" with my own students, complete with pretend pertussion.

#### INTERPOLATION

As something I'm all but sure *Harper's* will excise, I will also insert that we even had a fun but retrospectively chilling little family *song* that Mom and we little SNOOTlets would sing in the car on long trips while Dad silently rolled his eyes and drove (you have to remember the theme to *Underdog* in order to follow the song):

*When idiots in this world appear  
And fail to be concise or clear  
And solecisms rend the ear  
The cry goes up both far and near  
for Blunderdog  
Blunderlog  
Blunderlog  
Blunderdog  
Pen of iron, tongue of fire  
Tightening the wid'ning gyre  
Blunderdo-O-O-O-O-O . . .  
[etc.]\**

\* (Since this'll almost surely get cut, I'll admit that, yes, I, as a kid, was in fact the author of this song. But by this time I'd been thoroughly brainwashed. It was sort of our family's version of "100 Bottles . . . Wall." My mother was the one responsible for the "wid'ning gyre" line in the refrain, which after much debate was finally substituted for a supposedly "forced" rhyme for *fire* in my own original lyrics — and again, years later, when I actually understood the apocalyptic thrust of that Yeats line I was, retrospectively, a bit chilled.)

around. Then we should call Antonio." Liz starts to dial our favorite pizza place's owner's number.

Josh pokes Liz. "Make sure he puts some garlic knots on."

"And mozzarella sticks," Austin adds.

"Salad pizza," Sky calls out, and Trevor groans. "Hold the cheese. I'll bloat."

I'm not that hungry, so I don't add to the order. All I can think about is Sky firing her mom. I feel a vibration and pull my iPhone out of my pants pocket. I look at the message in horror.

MOM'S CELL: Change of plans. Need 2 move UR Seth dinner mtg 2 2nite. Rodney will pick you up ASAP and bring U to the Polo Lounge. Hope you're dressed for dinner.

"What's wrong?" Austin asks, touching my shoulder.

"Nothing," I insist, typing quickly.

KAITLIN'S CELL: Mom, I have plans with my friends. Remember? You wanted me 2 come 2 this Tasters thing 2nite and I did. Now we're going out.

MOM'S CELL: Sorry. I'm double-booked tomorrow. Everyone already on their way. This is more important! See you at the Polo Lounge.

"I hate when she does this!" I complain, yelling in Tom Turkey Taster's beak without realizing it. "Sorry. Pictures. Right."

SMALL FRIES

SF103 "Give It the Old College Try"

SCENE:

HOPE and TAYLOR'S dorm room. It's packed with people—band members with tubas and drums, cheerleaders, the geek squad, goth kids, every cliché group there is. People are squished into the tiny, very girly dorm room like sardines, and music is playing at full volume.

HOPE opens the dorm room door and screams.

HOPE:

What is going on in here? *(covers ears to avoid the tuba blaring in her ear)*

TAYLOR:

Hey! Isn't this great? We're having a Freshman Fifteen Party.

HOPE:

Do you mean the weight gain thing? *(looks around)* If you're trying to set a Guinness World Record for the most weight in a room...

TAYLOR:

No! No! It's a play on having fifteen people in our tiny twelve-by-twelve room. Although I think there are thirty or forty people at this party. Funny, huh?

HOPE:

*(panicked. She reaches in her pocket for a very dingy, frayed, small pink blanket.)* Party? I don't do parties. I told you that.

## TV Tome



### Cover Story Banking on the Burkes

November 8

**After a bumpy spring, Kaitlin, her brother, Matty, and the entire Burke clan are cleaning up their act and (finally) taking Hollywood by storm.**

By Adrianna Locket

Last March, the Burkes looked like they were cashing in a one-way ticket out of Hollywood. After a promising career on the beloved *Family Affair*, Kaitlin Burke crashed and burned under mounting pressure to find a new job, succumbing to the same fate so many other promising teen stars had before her: She chose to trade her SAG card in for VIP status at Shelter. Sprinkle in a short-

*Family Affair* before it went off the air, was left without a paycheck as well—and no one was knocking down his door to give him a new one. Ditto his parents, whose sole source of income is managing and producing the Burke empire. "It was tough," Matty tells us. "I knew the only reason I got the *Family* gig was because of my sister, and then my sister's minor meltdown was keeping me from getting callbacks for even *Celebrity Apprentice*, which, no offense, I wouldn't want anyway."

Summer bloomed and the Burkes (thankfully) all but disappeared from the Hollywood landscape and the gossip rags (except for a lame little feud with fame-loving Hayden and Cobb, which

wished they could—from the criminal's point of view.

The stationery was FROM THE DESK OF MELISSA HOOVER. The word DESK was crossed out and replaced with **DEATH**.

The note read:

Dear Jasper,

I can't begin to tell you what a pleasure it was to see you at Wammaket. You've grown into such a strong and powerful young man. I am so proud of what you will accomplish in this life. I already know you are destined for great things. I dream of the things we'll do together. Someday.

For now, though, I have to leave you with this. Never let it be said your old man doesn't know how to repay a debt.

Profligate with Fonts

## Archer

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

Type: OTF | Face: Archer-Book | Weight: 400 | Style: normal | Stretch: normal | Variant: normal | [Font Viewer](#)

[Keywords](#)[Schemes](#)[Styles -10](#)

## Nexa Black

**The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.**

Type: OTF | Face: NexaBlack | Weight: 900 | Style: normal | Stretch: normal | Variant: normal | [Font Viewer](#)

[Keywords](#)[Schemes](#)[Styles -1](#)

## Nexa Light

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

Type: OTF | Face: Nexa-Light | Weight: 300 | Style: normal | Stretch: normal | Variant: normal | [Font Viewer](#)

[Keywords](#)[Schemes](#)[Styles -1](#)

## Arriba Std

*The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.*

Type: OTF | Face: ArribaStd | Weight: 400 | Style: normal | Stretch: normal | Variant: normal | [Font Viewer](#)

[Keywords](#)[Schemes](#)[Styles -1](#)

## Angryhog ITC Std

**The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.**

Type: OTF | Face: AngryhogITCStd | Weight: 400 | Style: normal | Stretch: normal | Variant: normal | [Font Viewer](#)

[Keywords](#)[Schemes](#)[Styles -1](#)

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KeplerStd-BlackCapt.otf	KeplerStd-BoldExtCapt.otf	KeplerStd-ItCapt.otf	KeplerStd-MediumCnItSubh.otf	KeplerStd-SemiboldCnDisp.otf
KeplerStd-BlackCnDisp.otf	KeplerStd-BoldExtDisp.otf	KeplerStd-ItDisp.otf	KeplerStd-MediumCnSubh.otf	KeplerStd-SemiboldCnItDisp.otf
KeplerStd-BlackCnItDisp.otf	KeplerStd-BoldExtIt.otf	KeplerStd-ItSubh.otf	KeplerStd-MediumDisp.otf	KeplerStd-SemiboldCnItSubh.otf
KeplerStd-BlackCnItSubh.otf	KeplerStd-BoldExtItCapt.otf	KeplerStd-Light.otf	KeplerStd-MediumExt.otf	KeplerStd-SemiboldCnSubh.otf
KeplerStd-BlackCnSubh.otf	KeplerStd-BoldExtItDisp.otf	KeplerStd-LightCapt.otf	KeplerStd-MediumExtCapt.otf	KeplerStd-SemiboldDisp.otf
KeplerStd-BlackDisp.otf	KeplerStd-BoldExtItSubh.otf	KeplerStd-LightCnDisp.otf	KeplerStd-MediumExtDisp.otf	KeplerStd-SemiboldExt.otf
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KeplerStd-BoldCapt.otf	KeplerStd-ExtDisp.otf	KeplerStd-LightScnItSubh.otf	KeplerStd-ScnIt.otf	KeplerStd-SemiboldSubh.otf
KeplerStd-BoldCnDisp.otf	KeplerStd-ExtIt.otf	KeplerStd-LightScnSubh.otf	KeplerStd-ScnItCapt.otf	KeplerStd-Subh.otf
KeplerStd-BoldCnItDisp.otf	KeplerStd-ExtItCapt.otf	KeplerStd-LightSubh.otf	KeplerStd-ScnItDisp.otf	
KeplerStd-BoldCnItSubh.otf	KeplerStd-ExtItDisp.otf	KeplerStd-Medium.otf	KeplerStd-ScnItSubh.otf	
KeplerStd-BoldCnSubh.otf	KeplerStd-ExtItSubh.otf	KeplerStd-MediumCapt.otf	KeplerStd-ScnSubh.otf	
KeplerStd-BoldDisp.otf	KeplerStd-ExtSubh.otf	KeplerStd-MediumCnDisp.otf	KeplerStd-Semibold.otf	

**Knockout No. 26, Junior Flyweight.** This narrowest, most compact member of the Knockout family, was c

Knockout No. 26 Junior Flyweight

**Knockout No. 27, Junior Bantamweight.** The light and narrow styles of this range

Knockout No. 27 Junior Bantamweight

**Knockout No. 28, Junior Featherweight.** Sharing the matter-of-fac

Knockout No. 28 Junior Featherweight

**Knockout No. 29, Junior Lightweight.** Ideal for informat

Knockout No. 29 Junior Lightweight

**Knockout No. 30, Junior Welterweight.** Compos

Knockout No. 30 Junior Welterweight

**Knockout No. 31, Junior Middleweight.** Se

Knockout No. 31 Junior Middleweight

**Knockout No. 32, Jr Cruiserweight.** R

Knockout No. 32 Junior Cruiserweight

**Knockout No. 33, Jr Heavyweight**

Knockout No. 33 Junior Heavyweight

**Knockout No. 34, Junior Sumo**

Knockout No. 34 Junior Sumo

**Knockout No. 46, Flyweight.** These ultra-compressed members of the Knockout family thrive at very large

Knockout No. 46 Flyweight

**Knockout No. 47, Bantamweight.** Sufficient space appears in this font's counters t

Knockout No. 47 Bantamweight

**Knockout No. 48, Featherweight.** Subheads, sidebars and pullquote

Knockout No. 48 Featherweight

**Knockout No. 49, Lightweight.** Bold enough to attract the

Knockout No. 49 Lightweight

**Knockout No. 50, Welterweight.** Without overpow

Knockout No. 50 Welterweight

**Knockout No. 51, Middleweight.** The open c

**Knockout No. 54, Sumo. Page**

Knockout No. 54 Sumo

**Knockout No. 66, Full Flyweight.** Banner headlines need supercompressed forms for their extra large sizes.

Knockout No. 66 Full Flyweight

**Knockout No. 67, Full Bantamweight.** Despite its width, this font works in remarkab

Knockout No. 67 Full Bantamweight

**Knockout No. 68, Full Featherweight.** An adaptation of American wo

Knockout No. 68 Full Featherweight

**Knockout No. 69, Full Lightweight.** For headlines and cove

Knockout No. 69 Full Lightweight

**Knockout No. 70, Full Welterweight.** Packing the p

Knockout No. 70 Full Welterweight

**Knockout No. 71, Full Middleweight.** Suitec

Knockout No. 71 Full Middleweight

**Knockout No. 72, Full Cruiserweight.**

Knockout No. 72 Full Cruiserweight

**Knockout No. 73, Full Heavywei**

Knockout No. 73 Full Heavyweight

**Knockout No. 74, Full Sumo.**

Knockout No. 74 Full Sumo

**Knockout No. 90, Ultimate Welterweight.** Not me

Knockout No. 90 Ultimate Welterweight

**Knockout No. 91, Ultimate Middleweight. B**

Knockout No. 91 Ultimate Middleweight

**Knockout No. 92, Ult. Cruiserweight.**

Knockout No. 92 Ultimate Cruiserweight

**Knockout No. 93, Ult. Heavyweig**

Knockout No. 93 Ultimate Heavyweight

**Knockout No. 94, Ultimate Su**

Obsessed with  
typography and  
pagination

letting me stay the night. I so enjoyed the times I spent here with Larry." A youngish male.

Murmured reply in an older woman's voice.

"And I'm so sorry Mr. Peeples is away at that conference."

"He'll be sorry he missed you."

"If it's okay, I'd like to take a walk before turning in. It's so warm here—unlike in the city—and everything's so fragrant."

Another murmured reply.

Hy slipped back along the side of the house, clicked his fingers at John, motioning him to follow.

They were halfway to the rear windows when the lights went out. Another flashed at the back of the house. A door opened and closed. Footsteps swished—moving over grass—then crunched on gravel.

Hy kept going, John close behind.

They reached the back of the house, and Hy touched John's shoulder, signaling for him to stop. Ahead of them a figure was disappearing into yet another oak grove. Hy measured the open space they'd have to cross, waited till the figure disappeared, then gestured for John to follow him in a crouch.

At the other side of the grove he saw a stable—big place, not like the one that he and Shar housed their horses in at their ranch. The tack room would be there.

He signaled to John and they moved forward. Through the open front doors, where the familiar smells of hay and manure greeted him. Past the stalls, where the horses—five or six, he couldn't tell in the dim light—pawed and snorted at the intrusion. There was a faint glow in the doorway to the tack room. He

Paras  
look  
loose

"Qua, what are you doing?" Gena asked, looking around to see if any people were close enough to see.

"I'm doing exactly what you want me to do," he said, very politely.

"Qua, stop," she whined.

"You don't really want me to do that," he said, stopping for a second before he kissed her, his tongue caressing every corner of her mouth, from her top lip to her bottom. Qua kissed her in the mouth like he had never kissed anyone. He took his other hand and held her behind her neck. He was holding her so tight that she couldn't back away. All she could do was submit to him.

"Come on," he said, pulling her up.

"Where are we going?" she asked, realizing that she had dropped her joint in the sand. Quadir led her closer to the water. "Qua, where are we going? Swimming?"

"Gena, I don't want to swim." He looked so serious. And he was.

He took her to a secluded spot off a wooded area near the water.

"I need you, Gena," he said, pulling her closer to him.

Gena pushed back. "Quadir, Sahirah told me all about you. I know you have an entourage of women and everyone is supposed to be trying to see you, or don't you know?"

His hands were memorizing her body, his eyes piercing through to the real Gena.

"I don't want them. I've wanted you ever since the day you were with Jamal on his motorcycle. You had your leather riding gear on. I saw you get off the bike and take your helmet off your head. You were so beautiful. I never forgot your face. I have searched for you. Everywhere I

break  
stack

# Chapter 47

WASHINGTON, D.C.

That same afternoon, Senator John Tyler Morgan, Democrat of Alabama, stood in the lobby of the Willard Hotel, yelling at the general manager.

"I have never been refused service in my life! That insufferable man in the elevator had the nerve to tell me he was holding the car for an *important personage*. He told me to get off that car and wait for another car!"

Senator Morgan was so angry that specks of saliva were speckling the lapels of the general manager's morning coat.

"Senator, I am so sorry for the inconvenience—"

"Not an *inconvenience*! It's a goddamned *insult*! Who the hell was he holding the elevator for, the goddamned president of the United States?"

As he roared this question, the great glass doors of the lobby flew open at the hands of two uniformed guards. In walked Theodore Roosevelt.

He took one look at John Tyler Morgan in mid rampage and the poor little cowering manager. Then Roosevelt thundered, "Unless my eyes de-

(bh) (pe)

Comp: pe

Merriam  
Webster,

Cannot  
break word

as above.  
Must be broken

as:  
in-con-ve-nience  
can't break  
this part.

...or just obsessed.

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Move up one line & close up #

# CHAPTER 1

Reduce 1 pta  
pls reduce all  
CN's 1 pt  
throughout  
book.

*By marriage, the husband and wife are one person in law. . . . If the wife be injured in her person or her property, she can bring no action for redress without her husband's concurrence.*

—Sir William Blackstone (1723–1780)

I should never have suggested perfume. If I'd stuck to something plain vanilla like a lacy bed jacket or some pretty note cards or even a box of assorted chocolates, it would have been fine. But no. I had to stop at a cosmetics counter in Crabtree Mall for a tube of my favorite moisturizer and say to Cal, "What about that?"

"That" was a small white porcelain bottle shaped like a single perfect gardenia.

My stepson shrugged and said, "Okay," plainly bored with this shopping trip. He and Dwight were going to drive up to Virginia the next morning. Dwight hoped to finish cleaning out the house Cal had inherited from his mother and to put it on the market, before driving on up to Charlottesville to teach a couple of sessions at a law-

Hunter, you're amazing! I'm so proud of you. Thank you for trying so hard. Thank you for telling me that you love me. I love you so much."

I started to unhook the vest that held his little diseased body in the stander. Once again our eyes lock and he speaks. "Blink, blink, blink..."



I thought for sure I had experienced the pinnacle of real love after the birth of our firstborn, Erin Marie. Completely overcome, I felt so full. She captivated my life in such a profound way that I honestly thought I could never love another person as much as I loved Erin.

But then her brother, Hunter, was born. On February 14, 1997—Valentine's Day and Daddy's birthday—the pride and joy of the Kelly family joined the team. The protégé son destined for greatness. The boy



XHTML



~~Schema~~

# CSS\*

\*or things that look a lot like CSS but are not W3C recs or even stable editor's drafts...

background	letter-spacing	prince-hyphenate-before
background-color	line-height	prince-hyphenate-lines
border	list-style	prince-page-group
clear	list-style-type	prince-text-replace
color	margin	prince-glyph-index
column-count	max-height	prince-opentype
column-gap	min-height	size
content	orphans	string-set
display	padding	text-align
float	page-break-after	text-indent
font-family	page-break-before	text-transform
font-style	page-break-inside	vertical-align
font-variant	prince-bleed	widows
font-weight	prince-trim	width
height	prince-hyphenate-after	word-spacing
hyphens		

```
@page {  
  size: 6in 9in;  
  margin-top: 56pt;  
  margin-bottom: 82pt;  
  margin-inside: 54pt;  
  margin-outside: 54pt;  
  padding: 0 0 0 0;  
  @footnotes {  
    border-top: 0.25pt solid cmyk(0%,0%,0%,100%);  
    margin-top: 7pt; /*(LHx0.5)*/  
    padding-bottom: 7pt; /*(LHx0.5)*/  
    vertical-align: bottom;  
    max-height: 200pt;  
  }  
}
```

```
prince-bleed: 30pt;  
prince-trim: 15pt;  
prince-page-group: start;  
prince-hyphenate-after: 3;  
prince-hyphenate-before: 2;  
display: prince-footnote;
```

```
div.Chapter-rw {  
    page: body-rw;  
    prince-page-group: start;  
}  
  
@page body-rw:first {  
    @bottom-center {  
        content: normal;  
    }  
}
```

```
prince-text-replace: "... " "\202F\202F\202F\202F";
```

before

**B**acon ipsum dolor sit amet e  
consectetur...short ribs mi  
round pork chop.... Et swine nos  
ficia shoulder capicola pig. Kevin

after

**B**acon ipsum dolor sit amet ex  
consectetur...short ribs mir  
round pork chop.... Et swine nost  
ficia shoulder capicola pig. Kevin

```

/*INDIC*/
.abvm-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(abvm); font-feature-settings: "abvm";} /*Above-base Mark Positioning. Lang: Indic */
.abvs-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(abvs); font-feature-settings: "abvs";} /*Above-base Substitutions. Lang: Indic */
.akhn-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(akhn); font-feature-settings: "akhn";} /*Akhands. Lang: Kannada, Indic*/
.blwf-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(blwf); font-feature-settings: "blwf";} /*Below-base Forms. Lang: Indic*/
.blwm-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(blwm); font-feature-settings: "blwm";} /*Below-base Mark Positioning. Lang: Indic*/
.blws-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(blws); font-feature-settings: "blws";} /*Below-base Substitutions. Lang: Indic*/
.cjct-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(cjct); font-feature-settings: "cjct";} /*Conjunct Forms. Lang: Indic/Devanagari*/
.dist-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(dist); font-feature-settings: "dist";} /*Distances. Lang: Indic*/
.fwid-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(fwid); font-feature-settings: "fwid";} /*Full Widths. Lang: Monospaced forms*/
.half-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(half); font-feature-settings: "half";} /*Half Forms. Lang: Indic*/
.haln-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(haln); font-feature-settings: "haln";} /*Halant Forms. Lang: Indic*/
.nukt-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(nukt); font-feature-settings: "nukt";} /*Nukta Forms. Lang: Indic*/
.rphf-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(rphf); font-feature-settings: "rphf";} /*Reph Forms. Lang: Indic*/
.pref-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(pref); font-feature-settings: "pref";} /*Pre-Base Forms. Lang: Khmer, Myanmar, Indic*/
.pres-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(pres); font-feature-settings: "pres";} /*Pre-base Substitutions. Lang: Indic*/
.pstf-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(pstf); font-feature-settings: "pstf";} /*Post-base Forms. Lang: Khmer, Indic*/
.rkrf-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(rkrf); font-feature-settings: "rkrf";} /*Rakar Forms. Lang: Indic*/
.rlig-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(rlig); font-feature-settings: "rlig";} /*Required Ligatures. Lang: Indic*/
.vatu-rw {font-variant: prince-opentype(vatu); font-feature-settings: "vatu";} /*Vattu Variants. Lang: Indic*/

```





*January* ∞ 4

Pennsylvania city, each of her days could easily resemble the next—she has a lot of time, having been laid off from her job busing tables at a fast food restaurant. She has enough money to live on, as a recipient of government assistance for people with disabilities.

But Beth also has something else: ingenuity.

This trait isn't generally ascribed to people

```

@page body-rw:first {
  @top-center {content:
normal;}
  @bottom-center {
  content: normal;
  }
}

@page body-rw:left {
  @top-center {
  content: flow(verso);
  }
  @bottom-center {
  content: normal;
  }
}

@page body-rw:right {
  @top-center {
  content: flow(recto);
  }
  @bottom-center {
  content: normal;
  }
}

p.verso-cus {
flow: static(verso);
font-family: "Minion Pro
Regular";
font-style: normal;
content: prince-glyph-
index(1255);
font-size: 10pt;
text-align: center;
text-indent: 0;
}

p.verso-cus:before {
content: counter(page);
display: inline;
padding-right: 15pt;
font-family: 'Garamond 3';
font-style: italic;
font-size: 10pt;
margin: 0;
text-indent: 0;
}

p.verso-cus:after {
content: string(flow-
header-left-rw);
display: inline;
padding-left: 15pt;
font-family: 'Garamond 3';
font-style: italic;
margin: 0;
text-indent: 0;
font-size: 10pt;
}

p.recto-cus:before {
content: string(flow-
header-rw);
display: inline;
padding-right: 15pt;
font-family: 'Garamond 3';
font-style: italic;
font-size: 10pt;
margin: 0;
text-indent: 0;
}

p.recto-cus {
flow: static(recto);
font-family: "Minion Pro
Regular";
content: prince-glyph-
index(1255);
font-size: 10pt;
text-align: center;
text-indent: 0;
}

p.recto-cus:after {
content: counter(page);
display: inline;
padding-left: 15pt;
font-family: 'Garamond 3
LT';
font-style: italic;
margin: 0;
text-indent: 0;
font-size: 10pt;
}

```

## WE ARE HERE

Two days ago she'd asked if I'd do her a favor, though, and I'd agreed because I felt I was letting her down in other ways. That meant a change was coming. If you're with a strong woman (and they're *all* strong, whatever they may have been told to the contrary; women have backbone men can only dream of), then once you've given ground you'll never be off the back foot again.

I was on the way to do that favor now.

# *Chapter 3*

The café was on Greenwich Avenue. I deliberately walked the last forty yards on the opposite side of the street, and when I spotted them at one of the rickety tables outside I slowed down to take a look.

Kristina was wearing a skirt and jacket I hadn't seen before. It was probably only the second or third time in our entire acquaintance, in fact, that I'd seen her in anything except head-to-toe black. Opposite her sat a trim woman in her midthirties, attractive in the way that owes less to bone structure than to upkeep and confidence. Her hair was

WE ARE HERE

## *Chapter 4*

When Catherine had disappeared up the street, Kristina turned to me. She had a look in her eye that I've seen her use on men in the bar, optimistic drunkards who've mistaken professional courtesy for a ticket to bed. The look works. The guys always elect to buy their next drink someplace else. Often in a different city altogether.

"What?" I asked, though I knew.

She kept glowering at me.

"I just don't get it," I said. "All she has is a vague impression of *maybe* being followed. So she got spooked walking home on a few occasions a very long time apart—there's not a woman in the city who couldn't say the same. And a few guys."

"That doesn't mean she's—"

"I'd be more convinced without the big gap, to be honest. I don't know much about stalkers, but my impression is they tend to stick to the job at hand—not get distracted for a couple of presidential terms.

# Many Editions of the Same Book

	Hardcover	first eBook	Paperback
Text title page	✓		✓
Image title page		✓	
Landmarks		✓	
Chapters	✓	✓	✓
Reading group			✓
Sales quotes	✓		✓

## HTML:

```
<div class="backmatter-rw ReadingGroupGuide-rw dp-TradePaperback-rw">
```

```
<div class="frontmatter-rw Landmarks-rw exclude-print-rw">
```

```
<div class="frontmatter-rw BookTitlePage-rw exclude-reader-rw">
```

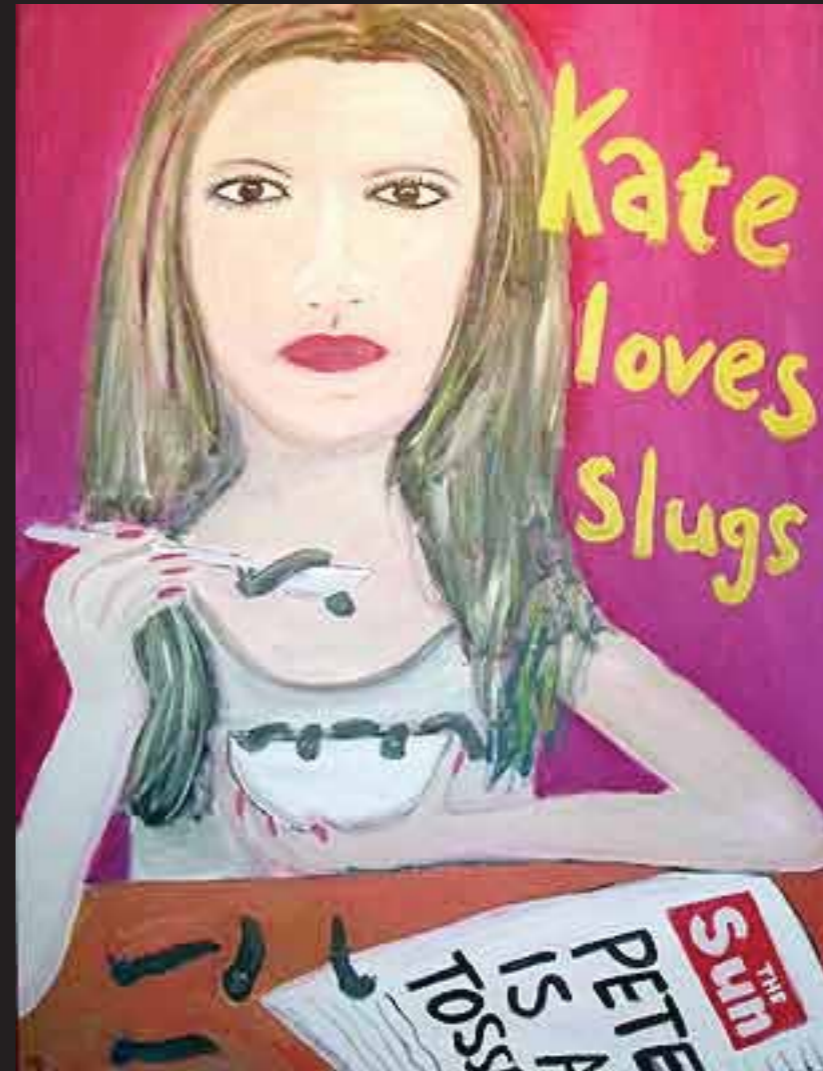
## XSL for Print:

```
<xsl:template match="*[contains(@class, 'exclude-print')]" />
```

## XSL for e-book:

```
<xsl:template match="*[contains(@class, 'exclude-reader')]" />
```

# Slugs



# DAVID AND GOLIATH

UNDERDOGS, MISFITS, AND  
THE ART OF BATTLING GIANTS

MALCOLM GLADWELL



LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY  
NEW YORK • BOSTON • LONDON

```
/* PAGE LEFT BOTTOM SLUGLINE
```

```
===== */
```

```
/* Page Left Bottom Right */
```

```
@page:left {
```

```
  @bottom-right {
```

```
    content: '$IDENTIFIER$' '&#8195;' string(section-  
number-str) '&#8195;' string(section-title-str) '&#8195;'
```

```
'$DATETIME$' '&#8195;' counter(page) !important;
```

```
  font-family: Courier, monospace !important;
```

```
  font-size: 7pt !important;
```

```
  line-height: 7pt !important;
```

```
  white-space: nowrap !important;
```

```
  text-align: right !important;
```

```
  vertical-align: bottom !important;
```

```
  margin-bottom: -20pt !important;
```

```
  padding: 0 !important;
```

```
}
```

```
}
```

# Why is this so hard?

$$\zeta(s) = \sum_{n=1}^{\infty} \frac{1}{n^s} = \prod_{p \in \mathbb{P}} \frac{1}{1 - p^{-s}} = \frac{e^{-i\pi s} \Gamma(1 - s)}{2\pi i} \int_C \frac{z^{s-1} dz}{e^z - 1} \quad (s \in \mathbb{C}, \operatorname{Re} s > 1).$$

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optical-weight, custom facet • content  
profiling • apply new named pages without  
page-breaks • variables and calculations •  
automation of pagination • XPath-strength  
CSS selectors • regions, exclusions &  
templates • inject “hooks” for styling •  
callouts •