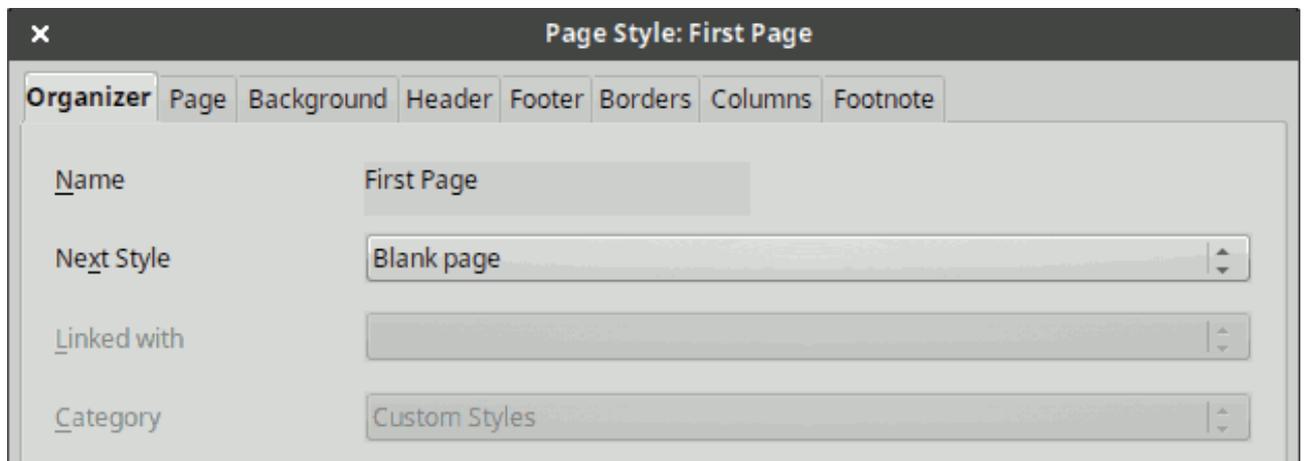


Test file

Instructions are in blue, black text is dummy text.

This is the first page, no header, no footer. Page style is just **First Page**.
The next page will automatically switch to a page style with **Blank page** (custom style created on purpose).



Page left intentionally blank

This test file was created like a report to be printed double sided, complying with the rule: odd pages are right and even pages are left.

You should switch to the book view
(status bar at bottom):



White pages with no header/footer are automatically inserted by AOO
(“blank page” is visible in gray for them in AOO).

Table of Contents

First things first.....iv

1.Instructions..... 1

 1.1.Heading Level 2..... 1

 1.2.Heading Level 2.....2

 1.2.1.Heading Level 3.....2

 1.2.2.Heading Level 3.....3

2.Numbering Pages by Chapter..... 1

 2.1.Prerequisite..... 1

 2.2.Dummy Heading 2..... 1

 2.2.1.Dummy Heading 3..... 1

 2.2.2.Instructions.....3

3.Numbering Pages by Chapter..... 1

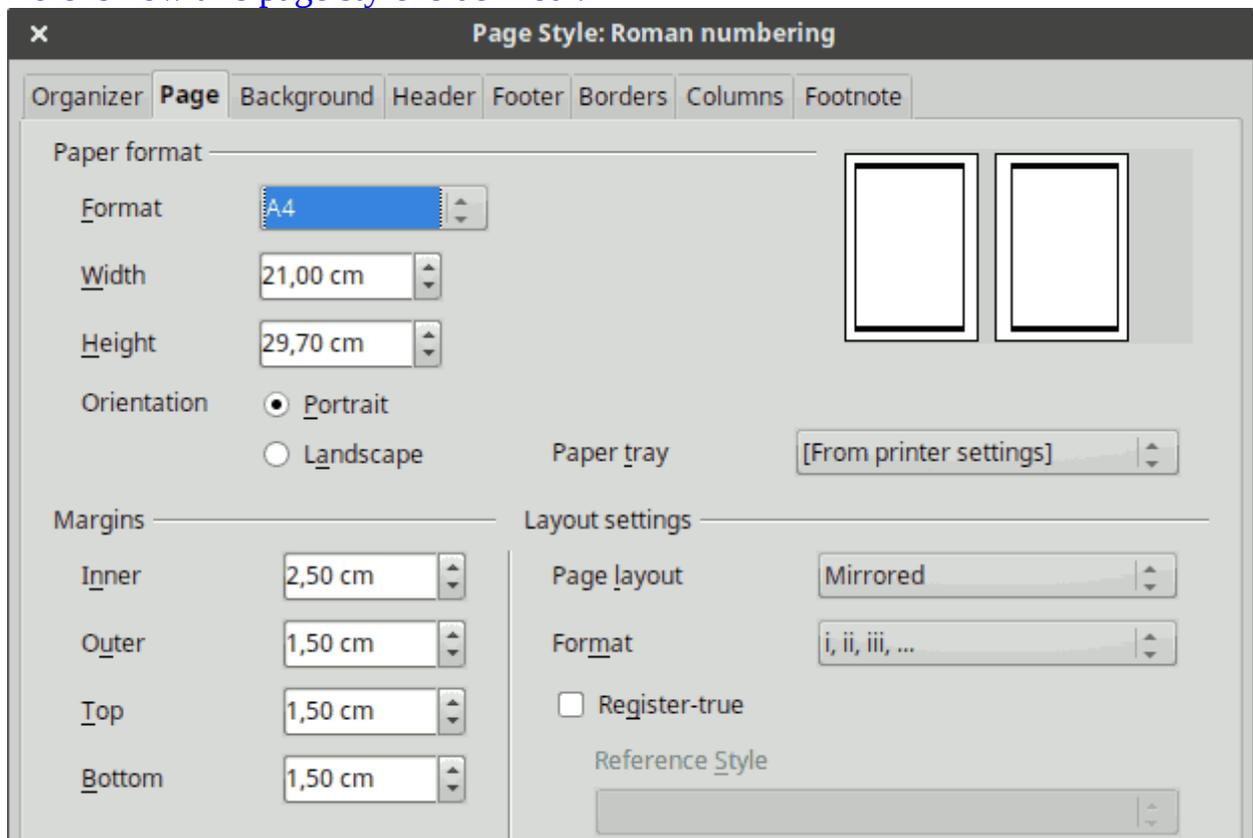
 3.1.Dummy Heading 2..... 1

 3.2.Dummy Heading 2..... 1

 3.2.1.Dummy Heading 3..... 1

 3.2.2.Instructions.....2

Here is how this page style is defined :



First things first

Pages to add content before your main text (acknowledgments, ...).

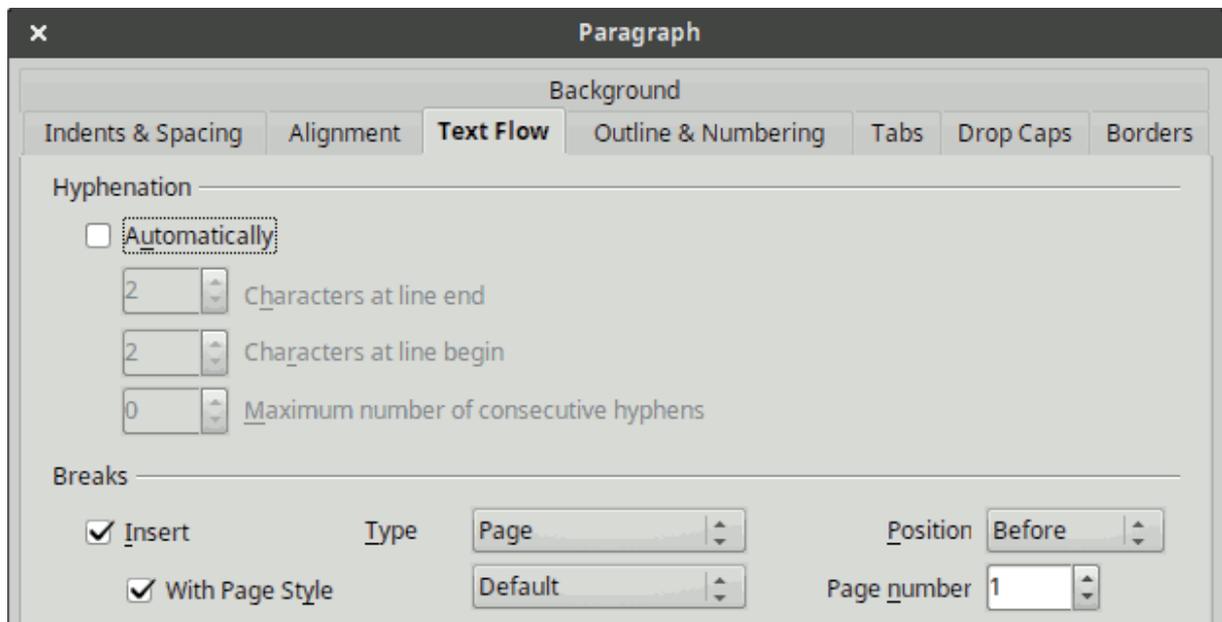
Note the Roman numbering in the footer.

Pages i and ii are for the blank sheet after the cover page.

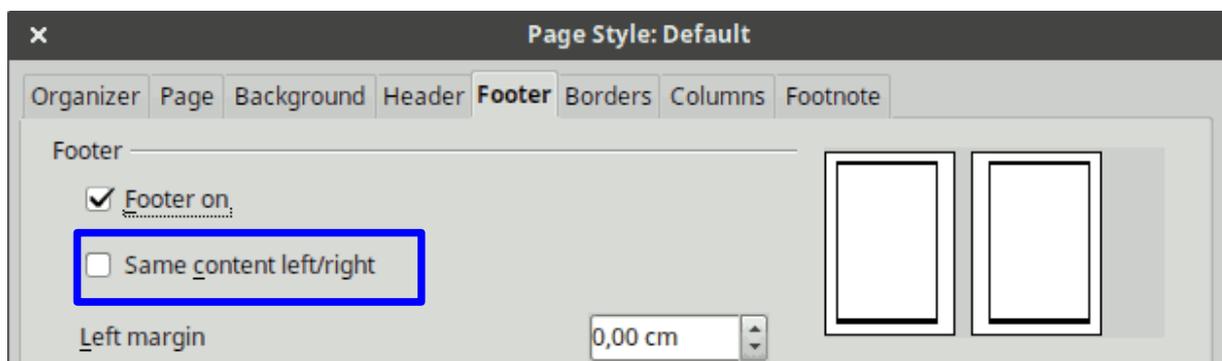
You'll notice that blank pages were automatically added to make odd pages right and left pages left.

1. Instructions

The page number and page style are set in the first paragraph of the page. This can be a direct formatting (Format > Paragraph) or you can include the page break in the Heading style setting (will apply to all your Heading 1).



Note that the footer is different from the next page (right):



The page count in the footer is the total number of pages of the whole document.

1.1. Heading Level 2

He heard quiet steps behind him. That didn't bode well. Who could be following him this late at night and in this deadbeat part of town? And at this particular moment, just after he pulled off the big time and was making off with the greenbacks. Was there another crook who'd had the same idea, and was now

watching him and waiting for a chance to grab the fruit of his labor? Or did the steps behind him mean that one of many law officers in town was on to him and just waiting to pounce and snap those cuffs on his wrists? He nervously looked all around. Suddenly he saw the alley. Like lightning he darted off to the left and disappeared between the two warehouses almost falling over the trash can lying in the middle of the sidewalk. He tried to nervously tap his way along in the inky darkness and suddenly stiffened: it was a dead-end, he would have to go back the way he had come. The steps got louder and louder, he saw the black outline of a figure coming around the corner. Is this the end of the line? he thought pressing himself back against the wall trying to make himself invisible in the dark, was all that planning and energy wasted? He was dripping with sweat now, cold and wet, he could smell the fear coming off his clothes. Suddenly next to him, with a barely noticeable squeak, a door swung quietly to and fro in the night's breeze. Could this be the haven he'd prayed for? Slowly he slid toward the door, pressing himself more and more into the wall, into the dark, away from his enemy. Would this door save his hide?

1.2. Heading Level 2

1.2.1. Heading Level 3

He heard quiet steps behind him. That didn't bode well. Who could be following him this late at night and in this deadbeat part of town? And at this particular moment, just after he pulled off the big time and was making off with the greenbacks. Was there another crook who'd had the same idea, and was now watching him and waiting for a chance to grab the fruit of his labor? Or did the steps behind him mean that one of many law officers in town was on to him and just waiting to pounce and snap those cuffs on his wrists? He nervously looked all around. Suddenly he saw the alley. Like lightning he darted off to the left and disappeared between the two warehouses almost falling over the trash can lying in the middle of the sidewalk. He tried to nervously tap his way along in the inky darkness and suddenly stiffened: it was a dead-end, he would have to go back the way he had come. The steps got louder and louder, he saw the black outline of a figure coming around the corner. Is this the end of the line? he thought pressing himself back against the wall trying to make himself invisible in the dark, was all that planning and energy wasted? He was dripping with sweat now, cold and wet, he could smell the fear coming off his clothes. Suddenly next to him, with a barely noticeable squeak, a door swung quietly to and fro in the night's breeze. Could this be the haven he'd prayed for? Slowly he slid toward the door, pressing himself more and more into the wall, into the dark, away from his enemy. Would this door save his hide?

1.2.2. Heading Level 3

He heard quiet steps behind him. That didn't bode well. Who could be following him this late at night and in this deadbeat part of town? And at this particular moment, just after he pulled off the big time and was making off with the greenbacks. Was there another crook who'd had the same idea, and was now watching him and waiting for a chance to grab the fruit of his labor? Or did the steps behind him mean that one of many law officers in town was on to him and just waiting to pounce and snap those cuffs on his wrists? He nervously looked all around. Suddenly he saw the alley. Like lightning he darted off to the left and disappeared between the two warehouses almost falling over the trash can lying in the middle of the sidewalk. He tried to nervously tap his way along in the inky darkness and suddenly stiffened: it was a dead-end, he would have to go back the way he had come. The steps got louder and louder, he saw the black outline of a figure coming around the corner. Is this the end of the line? he thought pressing himself back against the wall trying to make himself invisible in the dark, was all that planning and energy wasted? He was dripping with sweat now, cold and wet, he could smell the fear coming off his clothes. Suddenly next to him, with a barely noticeable squeak, a door swung quietly to and fro in the night's breeze. Could this be the haven he'd prayed for? Slowly he slid toward the door, pressing himself more and more into the wall, into the dark, away from his enemy. Would this door save his hide?

2. Numbering Pages by Chapter

2.1. Prerequisite

You need to create a **page style** per chapter to have each total count page field point to the relevant bookmark.

2.2. Dummy Heading 2

He heard quiet steps behind him. That didn't bode well. Who could be following him this late at night and in this deadbeat part of town? And at this particular moment, just after he pulled off the big time and was making off with the greenbacks. Was there another crook who'd had the same idea, and was now watching him and waiting for a chance to grab the fruit of his labor? Or did the steps behind him mean that one of many law officers in town was on to him and just waiting to pounce and snap those cuffs on his wrists? He nervously looked all around. Suddenly he saw the alley. Like lightning he darted off to the left and disappeared between the two warehouses almost falling over the trash can lying in the middle of the sidewalk. He tried to nervously tap his way along in the inky darkness and suddenly stiffened: it was a dead-end, he would have to go back the way he had come. The steps got louder and louder, he saw the black outline of a figure coming around the corner. Is this the end of the line? he thought pressing himself back against the wall trying to make himself invisible in the dark, was all that planning and energy wasted? He was dripping with sweat now, cold and wet, he could smell the fear coming off his clothes. Suddenly next to him, with a barely noticeable squeak, a door swung quietly to and fro in the night's breeze. Could this be the haven he'd prayed for? Slowly he slid toward the door, pressing himself more and more into the wall, into the dark, away from his enemy. Would this door save his hide?

2.2.1. Dummy Heading 3

He heard quiet steps behind him. That didn't bode well. Who could be following him this late at night and in this deadbeat part of town? And at this particular moment, just after he pulled off the big time and was making off with the greenbacks. Was there another crook who'd had the same idea, and was now watching him and waiting for a chance to grab the fruit of his labor? Or did the steps behind him mean that one of many law officers in town was on to him and just waiting to pounce and snap those cuffs on his wrists? He nervously looked all around. Suddenly he saw the alley. Like lightning he darted off to the left and disappeared between the two warehouses almost falling over the trash can lying in the middle of the sidewalk. He tried to nervously tap his way along in the

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2.2.2. Instructions

This chapter contains 3 pages, see footer.

The section containing the bookmark is below this paragraph. The characters have been hidden to “hide” the section. To view it again, display the Non-printing Characters (View menu). Note: you need to have checked the entries in the menu Tools>Options>OO Writer>Formatting Aids). The section of the following chapter is identical and has not been hidden.

3. Numbering Pages by Chapter

3.1. Dummy Heading 2

He heard quiet steps behind him. That didn't bode well. Who could be following him this late at night and in this deadbeat part of town? And at this particular moment, just after he pulled off the big time and was making off with the greenbacks. Was there another crook who'd had the same idea, and was now watching him and waiting for a chance to grab the fruit of his labor? Or did the steps behind him mean that one of many law officers in town was on to him and just waiting to pounce and snap those cuffs on his wrists? He nervously looked all around. Suddenly he saw the alley. Like lightning he darted off to the left and disappeared between the two warehouses almost falling over the trash can lying in the middle of the sidewalk. He tried to nervously tap his way along in the inky darkness and suddenly stiffened: it was a dead-end, he would have to go back the way he had come. The steps got louder and louder, he saw the black outline of a figure coming around the corner. Is this the end of the line? he thought pressing himself back against the wall trying to make himself invisible in the dark, was all that planning and energy wasted? He was dripping with sweat now, cold and wet, he could smell the fear coming off his clothes. Suddenly next to him, with a barely noticeable squeak, a door swung quietly to and fro in the night's breeze. Could this be the haven he'd prayed for? Slowly he slid toward the door, pressing himself more and more into the wall, into the dark, away from his enemy. Would this door save his hide?

3.2. Dummy Heading 2

3.2.1. Dummy Heading 3

He heard quiet steps behind him. That didn't bode well. Who could be following him this late at night and in this deadbeat part of town? And at this particular moment, just after he pulled off the big time and was making off with the greenbacks. Was there another crook who'd had the same idea, and was now watching him and waiting for a chance to grab the fruit of his labor? Or did the steps behind him mean that one of many law officers in town was on to him and just waiting to pounce and snap those cuffs on his wrists? He nervously looked all around. Suddenly he saw the alley. Like lightning he darted off to the left and disappeared between the two warehouses almost falling over the trash can lying in the middle of the sidewalk. He tried to nervously tap his way along in the inky darkness and suddenly stiffened: it was a dead-end, he would have to go back the way he had come. The steps got louder and louder, he saw the black

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3.2.2. Instructions

Same as previous chapter, but the section is displayed (gray background). This chapter contains only 2 pages, see footer.

Section containing the bookmark. End Chapter 3

Note that the paragraph after the section has been hidden with Format > Character, Font effects > Hidden. To view it, display the Non-printing Characters (View menu).

Note: you need to have checked the entries in the menu Tools>Options>OO Writer>Formatting Aids).