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\$ S S O L F D Q W , Q I R U P D W L R Q

ApplicantName (FirstMiddle Initial, Last):

Student Number:

Student Email Address:

Class Year:

Expected Graduation Date:

Tell Us About Yourself (400 words max):

ClassandWork Schedule

Editing Test Part 1: Chicago Manual of Style

You may answer the

Editing Test Part 2: Long Passage Test

Following Chicago style, please complete light copyedits for the below passage.

The Tennessee sweatshirt marked for six dollars was easy enough to dismiss as a coincidence since it stands to reason my ex-wife could not have been the only Volunteer fan in the city of Greenville. Even though it looked to be her size and upon inspection had a grease stain in the center of the chest, I had not noticed it until I saw her @ the store before she left for Macon.

When I saw the earrings, though, my scalp went prickly with dread and what had been an ungrounded suspicion had begun to burgeon into a veritable fact. Two years after our divorce, Lyla had finally come back to Greenville and was seeing someone in the subdivision across the street from the one where we used to live. Moreover, she was now keen on the idea of garage sales.

I knew this because those earrings were purchased from a seaside bazar in Rio De Janeiro during the first morning of a weeklong vacation we took to celebrate six years of marriage. So unless I was willing to subscribe to a theory involving a Brazilian transplant with a penchant for putting on garage sales and a passion for the Vols inexplicably moving to the upstate, I was forced to conclude that whoever was running the sale was also seeing my ex wife. The facts, sunlit and plain, were on my side.

Now, I have never considered myself talented in the art of bluffing. Except for once, in college, when I summoned the courage to stare down a sociology professor and insist on my integrity regarding an essay I had copied word for word from my Sigma Nu brother who had passed the class 2 semesters earlier and then, once more at a leadership conference, when I won the pot of a Texas Hold-em tournament with nothing more than Pocket Fours, my

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up swapping blows with before the day was over.