

1. Kreirati sledeće stilove:

Stil **Osnovni** koji treba da bude paragraf stil, baziran na stilu **Subtitle**, font Verdana **14** plave boje, 1.5 razmak između redova, oivičen debelom crvenom linijom centralnog ivičenja i uvučenog prvog reda. Taj stil primijeniti na prvi i treći pasus zdatog teksta.

Stil **Slova**, koji treba da bude karakter stil baziran na stilu **Subtle Reference**, font **Times new Roman** 21 sav malim slovima, podvučen duplom linijom, i da razmak između slova bude manji od uobičajenog. Na Boldovane riječi u prvom i trećem pasusu treba primijeniti ovaj stil.

Stil **Tabelarni** koji treba da bude tabelarni stil baziran na stilu **Table Colorful 2** podešen da linije tabele budu isprekidane kao i da se sav tekst u ćelijama iviči uz gornju stranicu ćelije. Ovaj stil primijeniti na drugi pasus zdatog teksta

Thinking it all over now and preparing for a fresh conflict, he was suddenly aware that he was trembling—and he felt a rush of indignation at the thought that he was trembling with fear at facing that hateful Porfiry Petrovitch. What he **dreaded** above all was meeting that man again; he hated him with an intense, unmitigated hatred and was afraid his hatred might betray him. His indignation was such that he ceased trembling at once; he made ready to go in with a cold and arrogant bearing and vowed to himself to keep as silent as possible, to watch and listen and for once at least to control his overstrained nerves. At that moment he was **summoned** to Porfiry Petrovitch.

He found Porfiry Petrovitch alone in his study. His study was a room neither large nor small, furnished with a large writing-table, that stood before a sofa, upholstered in checked material, a bureau, a bookcase in the corner and several chairs—all government furniture, of polished yellow wood. In the further wall there was a closed door, beyond it there were no doubt other rooms. On Raskolnikov's entrance Porfiry Petrovitch had at once closed the door by which he had come in and they remained alone. He met his visitor with an apparently genial and good-tempered air, and it was only after a few minutes that Raskolnikov saw signs of a certain awkwardness in him, as though he had been thrown out of his reckoning or caught in something very secret.

“Ah, my dear fellow! Here you are ... in our domain” ... began Porfiry, holding out both hands to him.
“Come, sit down, old man ... or perhaps you don’t like to be called ‘my dear fellow’ and ‘old man’—tout court? Please don’t think it too **familiar**.... Here, on the sofa.”