

The Vagaries of Human Destiny
A Sad and Sweet Story

Paro was not yet eight, she was tall, bubbling with energy oozing out from every pore of her white creamy skin. With dark, liquid, dancing big eyes, set perfectly on her moon-face made her look like a little goddess producing noble and tender emotions. She was very beautiful but also very intelligent beyond her years. She liked everyone and everything she came across. If she did not like anything, it was sitting at one place with her soft, rose-petal lips sealed. She hated to remain silent. She loved to be a chattering and blabbering baby. She acted as a dumb doll only when she was in school. Being a sensitive girl she was afraid of being found out on the wrong side of school discipline.

She liked nothing better than carrying tales from one place to another. Every evening she would like to have rounds of a few houses in the neighbourhood. As she owned not only sweet voice but sweet manners just as well, she smiled from ear to ear displaying her fascinating alignment of glittering teeth. The people frequently visited could not fail to notice a mischievous smile when she had to say something or the other, for or against her victims. She was innocent. It was her harmless pastime. She was helpful to all her numberless aunties for whom she ran errands and carried messages from one aunty to another. Occasionally she would create hilarious situations by twisting right messages to wrong aunties. Once, Kunal's mother asked her to go and ascertain from her friend Revati if she had time and inclination to accompany her to the beautician. When Paro reached Revati's house, she learnt from her husband that she was not home and had gone to see 'Idle Idiots'. Within the shortest possible time, what Veena-Kunal's mother and the whole locality learnt was that Revati aunty accompanied by Veena's beautician had gone to meet 'Ideal Idiots'.

Paro's parents were a working couple. Both were extremely busy in their respective professions. Her father was a general practitioner in medicine whereas her mother was in Insurance business. They were as much devoted to their work as they were to each other. They were blessed with son named Hitesh soon after their marriage. Paro was born to them six years later.

Hitesh was a young lad of fourteen. He was endowed with a mathematical mind. He excelled in science and maths unlike her junior sister, Paras who liked nothing better than talking and twittering. But, she was quite good at learning social sciences and languages. She was interested to know the ins and outs of her neighbours' and so kept her eyes and ears open. She knew who was doing what and where and why, and adding a little bit of her own childish imagination made an enjoyable gossip. She found history and geography to her liking. She considered them as a manifestation of stories regarding kings, queens and people. She felt astonished at the events happening in different periods of history. The causes and results interested her. She found them more fascinating and worth talking about to her willing listeners. Paro didn't like to keep secrets. It was so in the morning of her life. But the things did change as the sun of her life rose.

Paro was welcome to all homes. Her sweet tongue and suave manners pleased all. The aunties would know from her what other women did or did not do. They knew their joys and sorrows through her. She kept the whole neighbourhood well informed about one another regarding their passions and depressions, small and big incidents with no ill-will or malice, thus creating emotional bondage among them. As she grew older and went from one class to another, she began to report the things learnt and listened in school, in clear perspective.

With Hitesh her older brother engrossed in mathematical and scientific solutions and her parents excessively engaged in their professional pursuits, Paro had

ample time to indulge in her favourite pastime. She would mostly visit Veena aunty and Revati aunty. Veena and Revati were friends and had heaps of messages to transmit to each other. They used Paro for the purpose to save pressure on inconvenient phones. Paro had another very good reason also to call on them. Veena's son Kunal and Revati's son Rajan were her classmates.

They shared the same bench in the class and were diligent students. Though none of them were ten yet, they knew what they wanted to be. They were friends and enjoyed each other's company. They went from one class to the other till they passed the SSC exam, all with distinctions in most subjects. Kunal passed with flying colours in maths and science, Rajan in maths and Paras in social studies.

They joined different colleges for higher classes. They had different academic interests. So Kunal joined prominent science college, Rajan chose the best commerce college and Paras preferred arts college because of her interest in history, geography and civics. They had even defined their aims being career conscious unlike most young people who entertain little or no care what they would like to be. They are fatalists. They think things would happen to them as planned by divine force. They are mere playthings to be tossed about as per supreme force. When told about the self-effort and will power, they shrug their shoulders surrendering, as it were, before destiny, unseen powers or the force of circumstances. Having no faith in themselves, they have succumbed to nasty attitude which, at its best, is to accept defeat before actual defeat.

All three friends who were teenagers and lived in the same close neighbourhood had already calculated the quality, quantity and number of chickens before they were on their way to be hatched. Kunal desired to study sciences and teach in foreign or Indian university. Rajan wanted to concentrate his energies to gain mastery over commerce and economics to seek admission in IIM and join his father's ever-expanding manufacturing business. Paras wished

nothing short of acquiring a Ph.D. degree in History to teach in some reputed college.

So far, she had been curious to know the stories of each house in her locality. Now, she had set her heart to know the vast story of the world she lived in. It would be marvellous to carry world's tales to her willing audience. How satisfying it would be! When her neighbours enjoyed their own tales, however, a little exaggerated to make them funnier, the audience would lap it up when she would narrate the political, economic, social and cultural conditions prevalent in each country without exaggeration.

Now, they were no longer in their teens. They were in full bloom of raw youth. Both Kunal and Rajan looked handsome and charming. They had broad shoulders and chest with strong arms reflecting confidence. They walked with leonine gait and behaved nicely with everyone around them. They were known in their own circles as polite, kind and sincere boys solely devoted to their pursuits. They came forward to lend their hand whenever and wherever it was needed. They continued to be good friends and had mutual love and respect for each other. They often met and shared each other's leanings and interests.

2

When the winter arrives, the spring cannot be far behind. When one passes through adolescence and arrives at the door of youth, the natural attractions for the opposite can't be far behind. Nature takes over and moulds the youth directing them to rush headlong in the dreamy

world. Both Kunal and Rajan felt drawn towards their childhood friend Parasmani, famously addressed as Paras, and Paro to the neighbourly elders.

Even when she was sixteen, they had crush on her. Now, Paras had grown fascinatingly fetching, bewitchingly beautiful, blossoming into a fragrant flower. It is rarely observed that beauty and brain should live in the same person but Paras carried them effortlessly. Even in early twenties, she maintained girlish looks. It was very difficult to find any blemish in her spotless character. Her musical voice charmed everyone. She was dear darling to all women and elderly persons. She was admired for her learning and pleasing looks. She also excited envy and jealousy in some women with growing and grown-up daughters for not being like Paras. How they wished they had one like her!

It is undeniably true that opposites attract each other. We find this phenomenon in our daily dealings. The wise say that one laughs most only to cry on later or cries too much only to find release in laughter. One can't be only joyful or sorrowful in life. If we are joyful, we should expect lurking sorrow somewhere. We must be prepared for all eventualities to avert the onslaught of depression. It is foolish and futile to expect sunlight throughout in our lives. As night chases day and day chases night, so the sunlight and moonlight follow each other. One can't exist without the other. The light is significantly meaningful only because of the existence of darkness. These natural things happen without our approval. If both the boys felt attracted to Paras, the latter was not to blame any more than the piece of magnet be faulted for drawing bits of iron.

It is not that Paras didn't feel any emotion of love towards either of them. She was, after all, human, had a heart and felt attracted towards opposite sex. But she was also a woman with a tender heart. She did not wear her feelings on her sleeve for all to see. She had changed a lot with growing years. She believed more in concealing than

revealing her innermost thoughts. Moreover, she pursued her objective tenaciously. She wanted to be what her childhood dream was. It was to get doctorate in history and be a university teacher. She wanted none and nothing to divert her attention from her predetermined goal. But when left alone and in unburdened moments, she, occasionally, fondly remembered Kunal rather than Rajan. She had her own reasons, difficult to be fathomed but easy to be guessed. Unlike the boys who felt infatuated and desired to own her, she rather mentally claimed Kunal to be her would-be life partner as he was of scholarly bent and sincere in studies like her. He was serious, silent and of reserved nature. He was social, friendly but didn't expose himself holding his heart in his hands. He largely kept his studies going on at the required pace.

Rajan, on the other hand, was more extrovert and flamboyant. He was drawn to Paras more for her flawless looks than her shining brains. He was no less intelligent or industrious than Kunal. But Paras found, to her delight, Kunal worming his way slowly but steadily to her heart. She felt strange warmth of love towards him. But at the moment, she had neither time nor inclination for such mundane things though considered necessary. She was largely indifferent to such tender feelings which render the life lively and lovely. "Let us wait", she thought and went about her immediate work at hand.

Now, they were responsible citizens. They knew their duties as well as responsibilities. As they say, they had arrived. They were respected wherever they went attending social functions and obligations. On such occasions, they met affably. They brought one another up-to-date regarding their professional progress. No one could miss close affinity between them. It seemed as though they were seeing each other after a long time. More and more people were eager to greet them, be known to them and shake their hands. Kunal and Rajan were tall, attractive, and well-bodily balanced. But it was Paras who claimed more

eyes. The people talked, whispered and gestured about her. It seemed young people found her irresistible, couldn't take their eyes off her. She was decently dressed and looked graceful, petite and pretty with ruddy health. One could guess what being vivacious means. She instinctively knew that she looked desirable and sought after and was the centre of attraction in that gathering. It gave her confidence. She felt that Kunal excited, tempted and interested her more.

Whenever she looked at Kunal she felt pleasant sensations in various points in her well-proportioned body. When their eyes met a light smile played on her lovely lips with fluttering heart skipping a beat or two. It was not so with Rajan who sensed being superceded in favour of Kunal. He accepted the fait accompli. He was mature and wise enough to know that he had lost the race. He knew what is what. But they were friends since very long and they continued to be amiable to one another and fondly recollected their childhood passions, dreams and pleasant incidents. They retrieved memorable incidents from the inexhaustible store of memories buried in their long past and happily chewed on them. The past of one's life is the source of various sensations of delight and blight.

3

If something is certain in our life, it is death. It is invincible but also unpredictable. But when it is sudden and untimely, it rends the heart. It crept silently into Rajan's home and claimed his father in his sleep. He was hardly fifty. His wife Revati was bewildered beyond belief. She was shocked and fell senseless on learning he was no more.

When she came to, she cried and cried loudly without any restraint. She cried her heart out that just only previous night he was so lively and talked so earnestly planning to take his already flourishing business to new heights and now he departs unannounced leaving me to lead a lonely life. In this vein, she kept on mourning and consoling her grief-stricken children though herself being inconsolable.

On such tragic occasions, no words of condolences or consolation can lessen pain. No words of sympathy are of any use. One can empathize just sitting silently and letting the lamentations go on to their logical end. Such sudden and premature deaths are indescribably painful, particularly for the members directly affected. Kunal and Paras were prominently present. They sat on either side of Rajan conveying their tearful condolences.

Rajan had, so far, led a care-free life, was an easy-going fellow and flamboyantly demonstrative which people define as being jolly-good fellow without a care in the world. He had just then acquired a post-graduate degree in business administration and was thinking of going abroad to prosecute further studies when the tragedy struck him in his ever-helpful father's death. He had to carry on his father's thriving business further in the interests of everyone concerned including the workforce.

As he was well-qualified in business management and administration, he took to his job as duck takes to water. Having been educated well, he showed missionary zeal in his work enriching his family as well as doing good to the workers. He turned into a sort of mini-philanthropist. He supported deserving social causes, helped needy students who were unfortunately on the verge of giving up their studies owing to poverty. He didn't like any one to suffer from the dearth of funds unless one was the cause of his own undoing. The natural calamities find unwilling, blameless people as victims who don't know how and why the bolt from the blue hit them. They cover the road from riches to rags for no fault of theirs.

Money is power. Money makes the mare go merrily. If and when it is generated through honest means, it has immense power to produce desirable virtues like balanced view of the world, mercy, generosity and above all the feeling of love towards all. He prays for the self-interest and for the benefit of all mankind. Rajan was happy with the world. He gave away whatever he could without letting his right hand know what his left hand was doing.

But, he couldn't forget his father. How could he? He was his mentor and philosopher. He learnt a lot from his father who guided his steps right from childhood to manhood. Somewhere in his heart he felt emptiness. His mother though heartbroken herself was worldly-wise. She understood her duty as the head of the family. She quickly set about her work. Revati was intelligent. She knew time is a great healer. Nothing works against death. It has been consuming people since time immemorial with one redeeming feature that it comes when it should, not a moment too soon or too late and moreover, without discrimination. It is a great leveller. A woman in her used her persuasive powers and succeeded in making Rajan think of his marriage, in near future.

Rajan, too, found no other way than to submit to what his mother Revati suggested. How long he could count on unrequited love? He was full of tender feelings for his first love Paras who didn't reciprocate. The source of love was still replete. It had not dried up a little bit. To his dismay, he perceived Paras was drawing closer to Kunal. He consoled himself that Kunal was also, after all, his intimate friend, and so no use having hard feelings. On the contrary, he felt heavily anguished to know that double tragedy had struck her, in the mean time.

4

Meanwhile, everything was not well in Paras' house. Paro who had delighted her neighbours through her innocent and pleasing manners was herself in serious trouble. To their great sorrow, the neighbours came to know that Paro, a cherubic, chubby, chatter box who had endeared herself to one and all through her transparent innocence, was in serious predicament. They couldn't do anything except to show sympathy.

Even Paras was unaware that a terrible incident lay in store for her. Her life had been quite smooth. Everything was happening and taking shape as planned. She considered herself fortunate that she acquired all that what she had wished for. After post graduation, she wrote thesis for Ph. D. The topic was "The political, social, economic and cultural conditions during the Mughal Empire." It was duly approved for the award. One of the valuers was the Oxford university professor. Consequently, she was appointed as a senior lecturer with two advanced increments in a reputed college. Her joy knew no bounds on learning that Kunal, her object of love, didn't lag behind. He was also appointed a senior lecturer in Physics in a famous science college in the same city. Thus, three childhood friends Kunal, Rajan and Paras went on progressing on the path of their chosen sphere of activity.

It seems God's ways are really inscrutable. Things happen when they are least expected and do not happen when ardently desired. It is much easier to gauge the depth of ocean than to predict how the human affairs will turn. These are the vagaries which have mystified humans. It is the unpredictable fate which renders the rulers to beg and the beggars to rule. Everything was smoothly going on for Paras who was an apple of her parents' eyes. She had taken

her beloved parents into confidence about her fascination for Kunal. She told them to accept the proposal when it comes from his parents. She had learnt from Kunal that they would call on them soon.

She was alone in her house. She heard a strange knock on the door. It sounded ominous. Her mother being an insurance agent had to visit her clients in the evening and her physician father came a little later after seeing patients. She opened the door. She saw the police standing with grave faces. Her heart was sinking. It did not bode well. She felt numb and tongue-tied. She raised her eye brows to ask the purpose. They told her to go along with them to identify the body of a woman found on the road, in the outer area. She collected a few neighbours of hers and accompanied by a couple of constables, reached the hospital where the accident victim's body had been brought by the people. To her horror, it was her mother but she realized that she was not dead as thought by the police. She was breathing though imperceptibly. She cried out for help.

She was immediately rushed into the operation theatre. The doctors later explained to Dr. Dodeja who meanwhile, had arrived there on learning from close neighbours about his wife's accident. The team of doctors told the father-daughter duo that the patient had met with an accident. The left side of her skull perhaps was hit by a boulder causing grave damage to her internal nervous system; they are trying their very best to prevent the patient from going into coma but they left it there and turned back.

The air hung heavy in the room. They rang Hitesh who was working in Mumbai and acquainted him with his mother's horrible accident. The picture was hazy. They didn't know how all this happened. Who informed the police? Who brought the victim to the hospital? And where was her scooter? What the police told them was puzzling, creating more questions than answers. But something became clear from the police version. To their great misfortune, they learnt that Shanti was returning from an

outer suburban area after insurance work; it was late winter evening; she perhaps, hit the boulder in the gathering darkness due to poor visibility and fell down unconscious. The police received a call that the blood-splattered body was lying on the road and that they were on the way to civil hospital. Some of the people acting as samaritans told the doctors what is what and slipped away one by one. A doctor in his turn did his duty, felt the pulse for a second not making sure whether it beat or not, concluded after looking at her blood-smearred broken skull that she was, maybe, in the other world. When they were thinking to send the body to the morgue, one of them thought that he recognized her face, perhaps she was Dr. Dodeja's wife. They knew what was there to know from the police and the doctors. But they failed to know what happened to her automobile or mobile. Maybe, good helpers helped themselves knowing no one was there any more to use them any longer. Paras and her doctor father felt grateful that, at least, they were good enough to bring their dear one in the hospital.

Dr. Dodeja, being a physician himself, knew rather too well how cautious, conscientious and careful doctors are about their numerous patients! Altruistic motive is a foreign word to most professionals. You would have to be extremely lucky to get a doctor guided by a feeling of doing good to others. He thought of his wife. Thank God, she was alive but how long! He shuddered at the thought. Being accompanied by Paras, he made enquiries time and again of the latest condition of the patient and whether they could see her. The doctor concerned was considerate to them. "Her condition is quite critical but stable. She is slowly sinking but responds to a sharp sound." Only he knew what he meant but let them see the patient, nevertheless.

They entered the room with a sinking feeling of apprehension and foreboding. They did not recognize at first that the helpless and hapless patient lying lonely on the cot was their most dear one. Her face was ashen and her

head, plastered and bandaged, didn't inspire confidence. Paras and her doctor father didn't like what they saw. She was lying unconscious, just a slight movement round her abdomen gave a hint she was breathing. Then and there, they decided to shift her to a better nursing home. Dr. Dodeja felt her pulse and forehead and tried to convey their presence but all in vain.

She was under constant observation. Dr. Dodeja and his daughter were greatly disappointed to see her worsening. Meanwhile, Hitesh arrived at hospital directly from Mumbai where he was working as a research scientist at BARC. He tried to draw her attention but there was no response. She lay there paler, thinner and weaker. She was fed intravenously. She was in comatose condition. The doctor concerned had a close look at her pupils, examined her breathing and came to a conclusion that she was in deep sleep, in other words she had slipped into coma. When she would come out, he couldn't say but he assured that everything possible was being done at their end.

The news stunned them all. It made confusion worse confounded. They couldn't make up their mind what to do although all agreed to seek second opinion forthwith. Dr. Dodeja was grief-stricken. He felt confused. Everything looked blurred to him as though the cover of darkness spread before him. He couldn't stand erect. He was wobbling and would have stumbled down had Hitesh not caught hold of him in time. He was, too, admitted in the same room along with his dearest wife.

Next day, Hitesh called Dr. Ahluwalia, Dr. Dodeja's colleague and intimate friend. He visited the hospital accompanied by his close doctor friends. They opined that Mrs. Dodeja was serious but stable. She needed a critical care and a close watch 24 hours a day. She was as good here as she could be in any other nursing home. She might as well be tended at home. It will make no difference. Time factor is involved. It may take a day or a year for her to be aware of her surroundings. Meanwhile, she should be

under the intelligent, sympathetic and watchful care by a trained nurse to ensure she is fed, nursed and kept clean.

Dr. Dodeja's physical condition was causing a lot of anxiety and concern to Hitesh and Paras. He was lately showing that his mental state too was none too satisfactory. He frequently forgot to perform daily chores. He didn't attend to his duties. He was more and more depending on Paras. Rajan Gupta and Kunal Awasthi were frequent visitors. Beyond being empathetic and supportive they could do little. Now, Kunal stayed long hours at Paras' house to lend his helping hand, since Dr. Dodeja had fallen sick. He came almost daily, even twice thrice a day and Paras greatly appreciated this loving concern. Dr. Dodeja's condition was deteriorating day by day. He forgot soon after he was told a particular word or action. Was he suffering from a loss of memory? Has he fallen a victim to amnesia, a dreadful disease called alzheimer?

It is said that misfortune never comes singly; it brings with itself its relatives to keep it company and aggravate the already worsening condition. Her brother Hitesh left for Mumbai leaving Paras to tend two serious patients. He said that he couldn't extend his leave as his job at BARC was too critical and crucial at the moment. She was under real pressure and consequently, she gratefully accepted Kunal's help. She had to make the most of time available to her to balance her professional duties with domestic obligations. It was certainly not easy. Little did she ever realize that her most affectionate and special parents would undergo such physical torture in their lives.

Now, Dr. Dodeja had almost left doing practice. He failed to prescribe correct medicines for his patients. He didn't remember easily what medicines to suggest for which diseases. Very regretfully, his loyal patients couldn't trust his diagnosis any longer. It was a sad parting for them. He mostly remained at home looking longingly at his dear wife. Lost in his lonely thoughts, he would wonder what and why providence was playing a cruel

joke with them. He loved his wife excessively. He was uxorious who couldn't bear to part from his wife for long. The love was reciprocal. They worked a few hours in the mornings and evenings and enjoyed rest of the time in each other's company without disturbance. Everyone was patiently and passionately praying to Almighty to restore them to normal health, at the earliest.

Paras saw no end of her ordeal. On returning from college, she would take care of her parents; she would keep herself well-informed about their latest progress from the nurse; read the reports of doctors who regularly visited and prescribed medication. They seemed to be hopeful. Mrs. Dodeja was still in some sort of coma but showed signs of progress. Her eyelids fluttered as though trying to open. There was also twitching of muscles. The doctors told her she could regain her consciousness any time but they were not sure of her normal body movements. In short, they hinted her mind may survive her body the vital nerves of which are much damaged. They were more than satisfied regarding Dr. Dodeja. He, more often than not, showed signs of brilliance. He could talk and walk and do necessary duties on his own. He occasionally did help Paras and the nurse. He was not allowed to stir out of the house alone for fear of being lost or injured. He remembered the events of long past but forgot to register recent happenings. He would often forget whether he shut the door or closed the box and many such things and would check out again. He would ask the same questions time and again. It seemed likely that his mind might not survive his body contrary to his wife's condition.

All these painful possibilities were ominously hovering over Paras. But, she didn't lose heart. She was patient and courageous. She was alone but fighting many odds. She looked after her father as mother would do to her child. Both of her parents needed constant care as if they were children. What she needed now was a balanced head on her shoulders. Kunal was always there at hand. He did

everything to mitigate her sufferings. Even her neighbours came to ask if they could be of some help. They could not forget how they were regaled by their dear, lovely child Paro. They fondly remembered her childlike lisping and chattering, reporting neighbourly tid-bits and keeping them informed of what was cooking and brewing in their backyard, without ill-will or malice. She was for all, against none. Now, her kind neighbours came and shared her pain and also the vital news and events of their close neighbours. She was a professor now. She neither prattled nor babbled any more. She was a completely changed woman.

The news from her brother Hitesh was not reassuring. It made her disheartened, dejected, disoriented. What he told her on the phone was that he was very sorry that he was not of any help to her as he didn't get leave to visit his disabled parents; that she was alone to shoulder all the responsibilities though he very much liked to share some of them; even he would not send her some money as the cost of living was too high in Mumbai; that after paying the rent of the shared flat, he was left with hardly enough for himself. What added to her agony and nearly broke her heart was that he had already married the girl and would bring her at the earliest opportunity to seek their blessings. He was again very sorry that he didn't consult the parents but assured her that his wife would meet with their and her approval. What could Paras do except to hold her head in desperation! What a cruel destiny! The troubles poured on her unasked.

She thought over the past events. They passed as though in a procession of her life. What she was and what has become of her! Once the most endearing child of her parents, an apple of their eyes and now alone tending, nursing and mothering them. Her own brother, so good, so promising, so educated and cultured has turned out to be so selfish, seemed incredible but true all the same. It is good that he has married but is it not unwise of him not to have hinted, informed, let alone seeking approval. She reflected over the fickleness of human mind. She laughed and cried

over the vagaries of nature. Now, she was left with her helpless parents who were yet to be within their full senses. But, thank God! She has a considerate, compassionate and beloved Kunal, besides her kind neighbourly elders who were only too ready to be at her beck and call.

5

Revati Gupta was very happy to see her son Rajan doing well in the business established by his late father. She knew business means constant struggle. One has to be on one's toes constantly. A slight slackness in efforts, here or there or anywhere else could be too hazardous. One ought to be on one's guard with eyes and ears open, keeping oneself abreast of marketing currents, winds and trends of supply and demand. Everyone does not succeed in business. You can never be too secure or too complacent in business. It needs utmost care or it causes sleepless nights. It is like holding sand in your fist so tight that it remains there or it will slip away within no time. Either hold it or lose unlike government job which if, once you get it, you are secure and safe. It provides you security in your life whether you work for it or not. If there are no rewards, pecuniary or otherwise, there is no punishment either. It at least, needs no struggle to survive. It is not so in business which, in other words, means 'work hard to survive or sink.'

Rajan was in manufacturing business. He had a factory in an industrial area. He had men and machinery to depend upon. He used his managerial skills to deal with men to keep machinery running day and night in order to supply

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