

American Bhogee by Tai Eagle Oak

AMERICAN BHOGEE



A HIP ODDYSSY

BY

TAI EAGLE OAK

American Bhogee by Tai Eagle Oak

DEDICATED TO:



**MY TRUE LOVE KELLY
AND TO
ALL OF YOU OTHERS
WHO CHOOSE TO LIVE LIVES
FOLLOWING YOUR INNER BLISS
AND BY DWELLING ON
THE FRINGES OF SOCIETY
FINDING TRUE JOY IN LIVING
A LIFE LESS ORDINARY**

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Definition of a Boghi: One who seeks to transform Bhoga into Yoga.

A Taoist Proverb:

In order to walk the middle one must first know the extremes.

**“When the going gets weird,
the weird turn pro.”**

Raul Duke

“It beats workin’.”

Dope Rider



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(This work was originally published with the title "THE MERRY-WANNEE TRAIL BACK TO YOSEMITE." However, to many folks found that title confusing thinking it was a book about Yosemite National Park when in reality the title was a euphemism for The Make Yourself Happy Path Back to Paradise. Therefore I have changed the title to make it less obtuse. T.E.Oak)

Forward

All these stories are true in the sense that they actually happened. All of them either I, or someone that I knew, experienced, none of them are secondhand. However, on some of them I have compressed the time line to make them more immediate. On others I have two or more separate events which were not related in time but were related in spirit and have placed them in the same tale simply because they fit together. Needless to say, I have changed all of the names and some of the localities with other left deliberately vague to protect those who may not want their pasts to become public knowledge. Also, all these tales take place as I remember them, and we all know how faulty a memory can be. Especially since a lot of these tales happened a long time ago and when I was not in full possession of all my senses. So, if you see yourself in any of these tales and say to yourself, "Hey! That ain't the way it happened." Then write it down the way you remember it and send it to me. I'll be happy to read your version.

I wrote these tales as a true chronicle of the hip life style and in reaction to the anti-sex, anti-drug hysteria that has pervaded the west for the last half of this century and which has only gotten worse in the last 20 years. To show that a life which is sexually provocative and lived on drugs is not only **not** wasted, but can be meaningful as well as a hell of a lot of fun. Also, I wrote these stories because I am tired of our celebrity oriented society that worships their very existence while ignoring the rest of us. Unless, of course, there's something negative about us to report. These tales are all about the poor and obscure living, enjoying and celebrating their lives. Lives that have just as much worth and are just as important as any of those of the rich and famous.

I can only hope that the average person reading this work can understand this was simply a life choice and is as valid as the one they've chosen for themselves. To delight in reading about it and not judge it, appreciating it only for what it is: A life less ordinary.

With the exception of "My First Time" all of these tales take place between 1965 and 1995. I would like to thank all of you who were involved, who enriched and who touched my life. Thank-You So Much!

I Wish You All Peace And Happiness.

OM KIJAI!

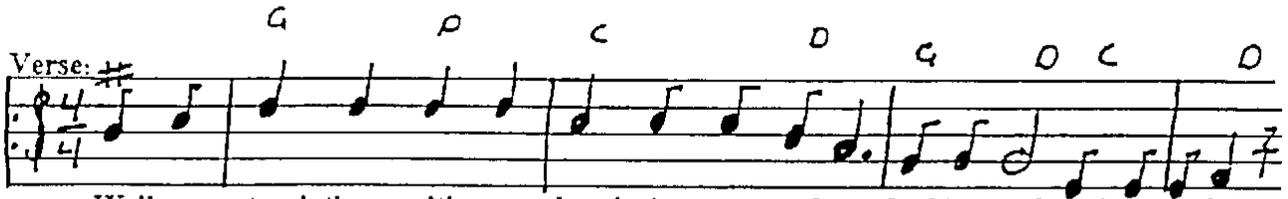
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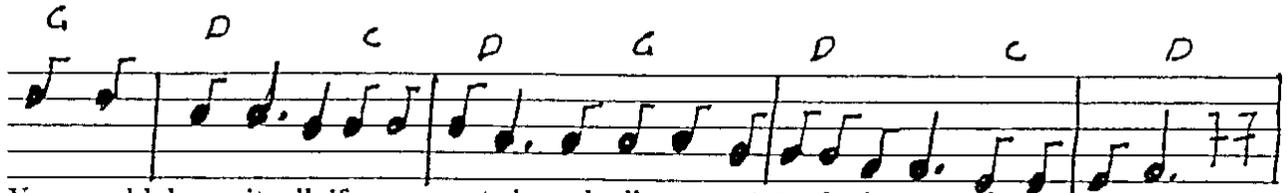
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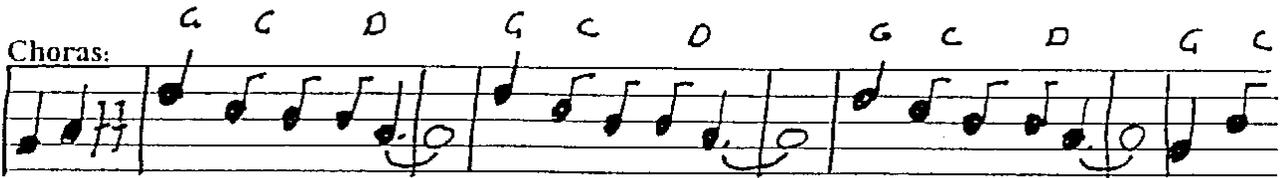
T.A. Oche

Verse: 

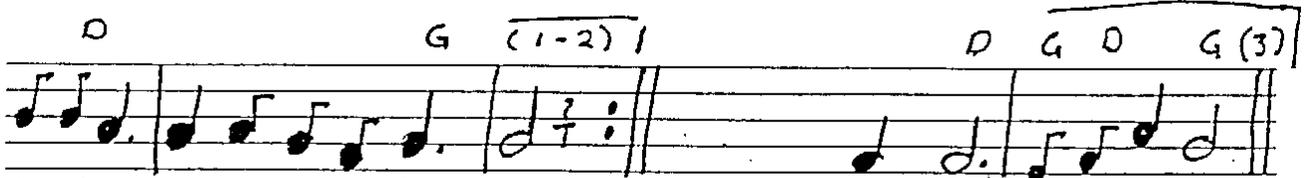
Well you stand there with your hands in your pockets, looking sad ain't it a shame,



You could have it all if you wanted, and all you got to do is stop playing your games.

Chorus: 

Cuz it's yours for the taking, Yours for the breaking, Yours for the asking, Yours for



the taking, but take it with Love.

sweet Love, take it with Love.

Verse 2: Know that you can change the world, just put a smile upon your face,
See the Light shinning all around you, and enter into a state of Grace.

Chores: Repeat

Verse 3: It's all here now people, so grab a hold with both your hands,
Use the power to Love each other, make yourself happy and understand.

Chores: Repeat to end.

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**Verse 4: Now there is just one commandant, And that one is to follow your bliss
Pick your path make your own choices, Open yourself up to this holy kiss**

Chores: Repeat

**Verse 5: We're all on this beautiful planet, To laugh and play to dance and sing
Enter the moment without your ego, When you awaken you'll see everything**

Chores: Repeat

**Verse 6: It not the love of mother and child, Nor the love of a man and his wife
It's the all consuming love, From the eyes of Buddha through the heart of Christ**

Chores: Repeat To End



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**The stories contained herein are all written in a non linear mode.
You can read the tales in order if you wish but it is not necessary.
Since each story is a complete entity standing on its own you can
read the tales in any order you like.**

Table Of Contents

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS | Page: 13 |
| BLUE JAY WAY | 16 |
| A RIDE WITH AN ANGEL | 20 |
| LINGUM YOGA | 22 |
| MY FIRST TIME | 23 |
| WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, BOYS? | 38 |
| SEX AND THE SINGLE GEORGE | 40 |
| WHY DO YA THINK THEY CALL IT DOPE? | 50 |
| HOW TO LIVE A SIMPLER LIFE | 52 |
| NATURE LOVER | 54 |
| THE FUNNY COMPANY | 56 |
| LITTLE GTO | 72 |
| STREAKERS | 76 |
| BATTLE FOR THE BEACH | 78 |
| THE SUMMER OF '65' | 82 |
| COUNTRY LIVING | 90 |
| A SOCIAL DISEASE | 98 |
| THE GAMBLER | 100 |
| KELLY | 103 |
| MR. TONY'S WILD RIDE | 109 |

| | |
|---|------------|
| BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU WISH FOR | 114 |
| REVENGE IS SWEET | 116 |
| HOWDY NEIGHBOR | 117 |
| HOW DARE YOU | 119 |
| CHAIN OF FOOLS | 121 |
| THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE | 123 |
| BIG "E" | 135 |
| A LETTER TO LIZ | 138 |
| | |
| EATING AT THE BLUE FOX | 139 |
| EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE | 142 |
| EXCUSE ME OFFICER | 146 |
| WHITE BOY KARMA | 147 |
| POWER PLAY | 149 |
| BAD DOG | 153 |
| HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS | 155 |
| SOCIAL SERVICES | 160 |
| I'M NOT DOING THIS ANYMORE! | 162 |
| AND JUSTICE FOR ALL | 166 |
| WHERE' S THE BEEF? | 170 |
| EUROPEAN VACATION | 171 |
| CAN'T GET NO NOOKIE | 178 |
| THERE'S NOTHING GOOD ON TV ANYMORE | 179 |
| THE BIG LIE! | 181 |
| TROUBLE IN PARADISE | 183 |
| A DEATH IN THE FAMILY | 189 |
| NUEVO RICHE | 190 |
| A SEXUAL AWAKENING | 191 |
| BUSTED! | 193 |
| JESUS CHRIST'S I HAVE KNOWN | 197 |
| BEWARE OF THE DOG | 202 |
| KISS OFF OF THE SPIDER WOMAN | 203 |
| NAZI'S IN GOLETA | 205 |
| CAMP TAILS | 208 |
| SEIZURES | 213 |
| HEY ROOMIE | 216 |
| RIDE'UM COWGIRL! | 220 |
| A LOVE STORY | 223 |

| | |
|--|------------|
| NOT FOR EXPORT | 226 |
| PLEASED TO MEET YOU | 229 |
| KHAJURAH | 232 |
| FIN DE SIECLE | 235 |
| A SOLDIERS STORY | 240 |
| DICK TEASER | 248 |
| SEX ON THE BEACH | 251 |
| OH GOD! | 254 |
| PUPPY CHOW | 259 |
| MOTORCYCLE MAMA'S | 260 |
| A NEED A PIECE OF ASS | 261 |
| CHEESE IT, THE COPS | 262 |
| A NATURAL HIGH | 265 |
| 3 MEXICANS AND A DOOBIE | 267 |
| THEM HORNEY TEENS | 269 |
| THE LAND OF AUZ | 270 |
| WHITE COTTON PANTIES | 272 |
| THE GOOD SAMARITAN | 275 |
| JESUS CHRIST AND HIS 3 WIVES | 278 |
| YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN! | 287 |
| MY CIVIC DUTY | 295 |
| PUSSY FOR POT | 296 |
| SNAKEMAN | 304 |
| DREAMS | 307 |
| I'M SO PRETTY | 314 |
| TRAVELS WITH CHARLIE | 319 |
| ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE | 325 |
| THE JOY OF SEX | 330 |
| A BIBLE STORY | 335 |
| FUCKING BRITS | 336 |
| WOOLLY BULLY | 339 |
| A LEZBO'S REVENGE | 344 |
| KA-BOOM! | 345 |
| THE KISS | 348 |
| SHALL WE LET THE BABY OUT OF HIS COFFIN | 349 |
| THE ROAD TO SIRINAGAR | 353 |
| JOHN HOLM'S DICK | 358 |
| JUST LIKE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC | 360 |

| | |
|---|------------|
| WON'T YOU LET ME TAKE YOU ON A SEA CRUISE? | 365 |
| JILL ANN'S DEAMON | 367 |
| A MOMENT OF CLARITY | 373 |
| FIGHT THE POWER | 378 |
| MAUI NO KA OI | 380 |
| SPECIALTE' DE LA MAISON | 385 |
| ONE HUNDRED HITS | 386 |
| MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG | 388 |
| CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF A VIOLENT KIND | 390 |
| A HORSE TALE | 393 |
| A PREVIOUS INCARNATION | 396 |
| AN ISLAND ROMANCE | 397 |
| SANTA CLAUSE AND ONE EAR | 399 |
| A SIMPLE WISH | 401 |
| PUSSY WHIPPED | 404 |
| RAVEN-OUS | 408 |
| A NEW AGE BOB, CAROL, TED, & ALICE | 410 |
| POKER ANYONE? | 414 |
| MICKY MOUSE ACID | 416 |
| I SWEAR | 418 |
| OH FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS | 419 |
| SHIT HAPPENS | 425 |
| SIZE DON'T MATTER | 428 |
| PARTY HARDY! | 430 |
| I SMELL POT | 433 |
| PATTI P ON THE LOOSE | 434 |
| MY ANIMA | 435 |
| A GIRL CAN CHANGE HER MIND, CAN'T SHE? | 440 |
| MISS POPULARITY | 446 |
| MY LAST STRAIGHT CHANCE | 448 |
| GRAND CANYON SWEET | 452 |
| NIGHT OVER WATER | 455 |
| WHEN PETER MET PATTY | 457 |
| FRINGE BENEFITS | 462 |
| PIGS IN GOA | 464 |
| WATCH THE BIRDIES | 465 |
| DEADBEAT DADS | 466 |
| THE HEART OF ALL MATTER | 477 |

| | |
|--|------------|
| X RATED | 486 |
| LA CUMBRE | 488 |
| HOMELESS IN AMERICA | 490 |
| YOU NEED A BUS LOAD OF FAITH TO GET BY | 495 |
| PYRAMID POWER | 503 |
| QUEEN OF THE COUNTY FAIRE | 509 |
| MOM AND DAD ARE ALL RIGHT | 512 |
| 0 IN THE TRIANGLE | 517 |
| MIAMI NICE | 520 |
| JESUS, THE CHRISTIAN AND THE COP | 526 |
| POPPING THE CORK | 529 |
| THE TWO THINGS | 533 |
| WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET MY SISTER? | 538 |
| FOLLOWING MY FATE | 541 |
| THE NERD, THE CRIP, THE M.R. AND HER MOTHER | 544 |
| THE BENEFITS OF YOGA | 546 |
| BUNGLE IN THE JUNGLE | 547 |
| THE LAST TIME I SAW LINDSEY | 550 |
| HAPPY NEW YEAR! | 555 |
| THE PERFECT FOOT | 563 |
| LOOK AT ME | 564 |
| DOS PENDEJO'S | 569 |
| KILL YOU TV! | 570 |
| SCORING | 572 |
| IT'S ONLY ROCK AND ROLL | 579 |
| A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME | 581 |
| TO PROTECT AND SERVE | 582 |
| A WEDDING | 587 |
| FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST | 593 |
| THE GOLDEN LIGHT | 595 |
| SIX FAGS ACROSS AMERICA | 599 |
| WARNING: FLASH FLOODS | 606 |
| BEACH BOY | 610 |
| STUMPED | 615 |
| BUDDY CAN YA SPARE A DIME? | 617 |
| FRANKENHOUND | 619 |
| I'M OK, YOU'RE OK | 621 |

| | |
|---|------------|
| THUMBS UP | 622 |
| PETA | 625 |
| ON THE BEACH | 630 |
| GEORGE VERSES THE LESBIANS | 604 |
| SUPPERTIME | 636 |
| DODGING THE DRAFT | 638 |
| DEAR OLD DAD | 642 |
| WHY CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG | 649 |
| THE WORLD IS ROUND | 652 |
| A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY | 660 |
| ONLY IN SAN FRANCISCO | 661 |
| THE DEATH OF TAI OAK | 665 |
| JUDGE NOT | 667 |
| THE VISION QUEST | 672 |
| THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT | 675 |
| HOLI HEY! | 679 |
| YOU GOTTA FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO PARTY! | 682 |
| TAHITIAN INTERLUDE | 685 |
| A FABLE: THE SHORTEST MAN IN THE WORLD | 687 |
| I WANT MY MOMMY | 690 |
| FRIENDS I HAVE LOST | 695 |
| A MANTRA | 698 |
| MAJOR EVENTS | 699 |
| THE MAJICK FISH | 701 |
| THE LAST TALE | 707 |
| GEORGE'S "OH MY GOD" PINTO BEANS | 708 |
| OM HARI OM | 710 |
| ABOUT THE AUTHOR | |
| EPILOGUE | |

ENJOY!

PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS

I've been hiking in the Sierras up above Yosemite all by myself for the last three days following my fate and it's been great. The weather's been perfect, sunny days with a gentle breeze and crystal clear nights with a million stars in the sky. I've seen a few deer, some squirrels and a lot of other small creatures along with thousands of birds all the way from little sparrows and finches to some big hawks and plenty of vultures. But thankfully, I haven't seen one other human being. It's both thrilling and a bit scary hiking alone because if something untold should happen, like breaking a leg or being attacked by a bear, well, there's not a whole lot that you can do except pray. And there are bears in the woods. If you don't hang your food high up in a tree at night then you're just liable to wake up with one in your sleeping bag with you looking for food. I have seen a couple black bears up here but they're shy creatures who always run when they see me. One night I was sort of attacked by something about the size of a raccoon but it was too dark to see what it was. It screeched, barked and hissed at me until I got up and moved my sleeping bag about a hundred feet away. I figured that I must have been too near its den.

Anyway, like I say, I've been in the woods for three days when I see a beautiful little meadow with what looks to be a rusty hand pump sticking up out of the grass. As I get closer I see an old dilapidated board shack that's sort of collapsed in on itself and is now just a pile of splintery gray lumber. This is a real pretty place. There's yarrow, foxglove, nettle and milkweed growing. Scrub oak and manzanita surround the meadow with a few cottonwoods growing here and there. Even some blackberry bushes but no blackberries yet, it's too early. It feels good here so I think I'll spend the night, but first I'll relax a little, sit against the pump and smoke a joint. I tried working the pump but it's frozen up with rust. I did uncover the well by taking some old boards off the top of it. I dropped a pebble down it and heard a splash so I know there's still water down there. Ahhh, there's nothing like a little grass to take the kinks out of a hard day of hiking. Yup, this is a very pretty place.

After smoking about half of the doobie I started getting some really good rushes up my back. I think this a bit strange because I've been smoking the same weed all week and it hasn't happened before. In fact, the rushes are getting stronger and a little scary. WOW! The last one almost took the top of my head off and here comes another one feeling even stronger...

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I don't know if I lost consciousness or not but I am no longer in the meadow by the pump. I am on some kind of flat weird plane and it's pretty ugly too. I can see all the way to the horizon. It's completely flat with small and medium sized black boulders scattered around it. There's no mountains or hills and the ground is a kind of brown-yellow color. The sky is all blackish-gray and cloudy looking with no sun, moon or stars showing however it's light enough to see the horizon. On the horizon there seems to be some kind of flashing so I think that maybe it's lightning. I hear some clattering so I think that maybe it's thunder.

As it keeps getting closer I can't tell exactly what it is but I do know that it's neither lightning nor thunder. It's really still with the air so clear I can see and hear really well. As it gets closer I can see the glinting of light is coming off of what looks like polished metal, like gold or brass, and the sound is coming off of those metal surfaces as if someone is pounding on them with something hard. It's big, whatever it is, because it fills the whole horizon. I'm getting a bit concerned because it looks like it's coming my way and there's nowhere for me to run to and nowhere to hide. I guess I'll just have to stand here and see exactly what it is because it is definitely getting closer all the time.

Now it's close enough for me to see what it is. It looks like a line of shields like out of some old Roman movie. The glittering and the noise is being made by soldiers pounding their swords and spears on those shields. They're yelling something but I can't make out what. Maybe it's some language that I don't understand, or maybe they're just yelling. They're marching in a line and are coming my way. Finally they're close enough that I can make out their faces. When I do I get so frightened that I hope that I don't pee my pants because they ain't got human faces! They have monkey faces. Or more like chimpanzee faces and they're almost as big as I am.

'HOLY SHIT!' I think ' I'm on the Planet of the fucking Apes!'

They keep getting closer and they do not look friendly either. They stop about a hundred feet in front of me, quit banging on their shields and stop yelling. They just stand there staring at me with their yellow eyes and their mouths hanging open showing me their long pointed canines. I'm too scared to say a word. I just stand there and stare back. We all wait. For what I do not know.

The biggest one detaches himself from the line, comes straight up to me stopping five or six feet in front of me. He looks at me for a few seconds then says, "Go back."

But there's no place for me to go back to so I just stand there and look at him. After a couple minutes more he looks at me as if I was stupid or something then says again this time more forcefully,

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"Go back!"

I'd like to accommodate him but even if I could 'Go back'. I am too scared to move. After all, nothing like this has ever happened to me before. And let me tell you folks, I've taken a lot of strange and powerful drugs in my life but I ain't never had a tripp like this, and this one's pretty much on the natch (You really can't count a couple of tokes.) So I just stand there waiting. After a few more minutes he screams, "GO BACK!"

When he does the whole damned monkey army starts screaming too, "GO BACK! GO BACK! GO BACK!..."

He's pacing back and forth in front of me waving his sword and yelling at me to "GO BACK!"

I figure that if I get any more scared I just might pass out getting out of this hell and wake up someplace else. Somewhere nice. All of a sudden he stops pacing. He raises his sword. The chimps quit their screaming. Everything gets real quiet.

He looks at me and says in a low menacing voice, "FOOL! Don't you understand? Men in heaven are DEAD!" With that all the monkeys start shouting "DEAD!" They draw it out into one loud long scream, "DEAAAD!"

It keeps getting louder and louder and louder. I'm so frightened that I cover my ears and close my eyes. When I do the screaming does a fast fade and everything gets quiet...

When I open my eyes again I'm back in the meadow, sitting with my back against that rusted old pump next to the collapsed house except now it doesn't seem so friendly. A cold wind has come up from the north and the sun is going down. I know if I'm not out of the area by sunset, that vicious monkey army will be coming back after me and this time they won't be so friendly. So I am out of here. I put my pack on and down the trail I go.

I hike a lot so I'm in pretty good shape. I can walk 10 miles with a 40-pound pack over rough terrain, no problem. That is what I do. I walk most of the night before I start to feel safe and don't stop until the sky starts to lighten. Man, what a tripp! It has really shaken me. I have no idea of what to make of it. Little did I know or suspect that this was just a preview of coming attractions. That there would be plenty more times in my future in which I'd have to be out of town by sundown to save my skin.

BLUE JAY WAY

Benny is a red freak. Which is kind of funny, because Bennies are also cheap crapo pharmaceutical speed. But Benny is a confirmed red freak who hates speed. He's been coming over to our commune for the last month, which is also kind of funny since we usually don't like red freaks. They're almost always boring and stupid. Being boring and stupid is about the greatest sin you can commit here in San Francisco, other than being violent. And Benny is stupid. So stupid in fact that he's really very funny and he's never boring. Also, he always has a big bag of reds with him that he's very generous with, and taking reds once in a while is kind of fun but you have to be careful with reds. If you take them with any psychedelic, it just negates the effect of the psychedelic so you've wasted that high. If you take them with speed, you wind up with lots of bumps and bruises, and nothing is worse than a lively downer freak. But booze is the worst. There's been more than a few times I've taken a handful of downers washed down with a bottle of wine at a party on a Saturday night only wake up on a Monday morning, usually someplace strange with someone that I've never seen before, thinking it was Sunday. And if you take them downers too often then like I said, you just get boring and stupid. But Benny is always entertaining.

Like the time that we all piled into his old rattletrap VW to go to a party over on Sutter and Van Ness. While sitting at a red light on Market St., Benny says he thinks that from now on he'll stop at green lights and go on the red. Since we've all taken a few reds in preparation of the party, this sounds like a good idea to us. So when the light turns green Benny just sits there. There are horns honking and some shouting behind us but we only sit there giggling. As someone goes around us he flips us off. What a jerk! We sit there until the light turns red then Benny floors the gas, pops the clutch and we proceed through the intersection accompanied by more horn honking. This goes on for about four blocks. We all think it's really funny until we almost get flattened by a MUNI bus. Benny then pulls over and says that it scared him so bad he's not driving any more tonight. We'll have to walk the rest of the way. Luckily it wasn't too far.

Another time we were on our way to a party on the fifth floor of an apartment building and yes, we had taken a couple reds in anticipation of the evening festivities. The way up was via an old self-service elevator. One of those with a folding metal gate.

Benny was the last one into the elevator and just as he's about to close the gate he shouts, "I'm

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gonna fuck this thang!"

He whips out his cock then slams it in the elevator gate. He immediately falls to the floor holding his wang howling in pain. We seeing this, think that it's the funniest thing we've seen in a long long time.

So we're all howling with laughter and saying, "Man, you really fucked that thing good Benny." and, "Did you get off Benny?"

As luck would have it, the elevator stops on 3. The doors open and a young straight couple are standing there. They take one look at this scene; a bunch of freaks laughing like maniacs at a guy holding his crank while rolling around on the floor. They wisely decide to wait. Like I said, Benny was pretty stupid but he was always funny.

Benny didn't live in the City. He lived across the bay in Alamo back when it was a dusty little town full of bikers, rednecks, druggies and cowboy wannabe's instead of yuppies like it is today. They were all on the run looking for cheap rent but still in the bay area. Benny was always trying to get us to go over the Bay Bridge to see his place. He told us that he had a nice little ranch with chickens, goats, lots of dogs and his pride and joy, his two horses. Benny was a cowboy wannabe. He always wore a black cowboy hat, a red bandanna around his neck and the requisite boots and jeans. However, we almost never left the City. There was no reason to. Everything we needed was here: Sex and drugs and rock and roll, plus all of our friends. Sure, we might take a day trip to Sausalito to hang out on the docks on a warm day or even venture over to Berkeley if there was a really good concert or riot going on, but all the way to Alamo to see a bunch of farm animals. No way! Also, none of us had a car and we certainly were not going 30 miles in Benny's old green beat up V Dub.

One day Benny comes in and tells us that he's borrowed a van and after plying us with a red or two, insists that we go over to his place to spend the night. He'll even buy all the food and do the cooking.

So what can we say except, "Okay Benny, lets go play grandpa McCoy."

We grab our sleeping bags, drugs and other essentials needed for a night in the sticks and we're off. Well, here we are, it's hot and dusty. There's a two-bedroom board shack on a couple of acres with a small barn and corral. Yes, Benny, we see the chickens, the goats, the dogs and no, no one really wants to ride the horses. Yup, mighty pretty spread you got here Benny, but what say we just all go inside, smoke some dope, drink some wine and listen to some tunes. Which is just what we do for the next few

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