

Norfolk Noir

B S Tivadar

Smashwords Edition
Copyright © 2014 B. S. Tivadar

License Notes: This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this ebook with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each person you share it with. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then you should return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Ebook formatting by www.ebooklaunch.com

Table of Contents

[Winterton Beach](#)

[Blunt](#)

[Saeed](#)

[Strumps haw](#)

[The Body](#)

[The Patels](#)

[Flint](#)

[Blunt Starts Work](#)

[A Team Of Misfits](#)

[Interviewing The Team](#)

[Visiting The Brothel](#)

[Screwing Up](#)

[The Russians Return](#)

[Reality Strikes](#)

[Flint And Leibnitz](#)

[The Whole Team](#)

[Shaking Up The Lawyer](#)

[Saeed And Flint Settle Their Differences](#)

[Information And The Russians](#)

[Interviewing The Russians](#)

[Gladstone Street Revisited](#)

[A Surprise Meeting In London](#)

[The Fire](#)

[A Little Thought](#)

[The Meeting](#)

[Leibnitz](#)

[Blunt And Anjii](#)

[After The Meeting](#)

[The Takeaways And Restaurants](#)

[Blunt And The Russians](#)

[Gathering Statements](#)

[Who Killed Whom?](#)

[Cushion And Leibnitz Return To The Meeting](#)

[The Media](#)

[If You Go Down To The Woods Today](#)

[The Team Get Closer](#)

[A Stroll In The Woods](#)

[The Search Warrant](#)

[Deal Or No Deal](#)

[A Twisting Of Arms](#)

[Shalom](#)

[The Plot Thickens](#)

[A Case Of Russian Dolls?](#)

[The Raids](#)

[Spoilt For Choice](#)

[Punishing The Paedos](#)

[A Northern Surgery](#)

[The World Trade Centre](#)

[The End](#)

WINTERTON BEACH

It was one of those glorious summer mornings that make Winterton beach one of the most entrancing places in the world at sunrise. As the sun gently creeps up from where the horizon and the sea conjoin it slowly bathes an increasing amount of water with a reddish yellowish tinge. This then merges with the wide expanse of golden-yellow sand at low tide creating a beautiful riot of reds, yellows and ochres.

Michael Bates stood looking at the sun rise, basking in the warmth of its rays, whilst shielding his eyes with both hands. Meanwhile his golden Labrador, Poppy, frolicked in the softly overlapping wavelets. The sky was clear and the only sounds were those of the incoming tide splashing gently on the sand, garrulous gulls and warbling terns: apart from Poppy's playful barking.

Bates turned away and looked at the undulating dunes sprouting gorse bushes and a healthy array of sea wort and other coastal grasses.

His mind switched to thoughts of returning home later that day. Returning home to deal with the incessant ravages that this interminable recession was inflicting on his businesses. He had a meeting scheduled for that evening with his accountant. They were going to thrash out tactics for dealing with HMRC. An organisation that seemed to be populated by staff with no understanding of either business or basic economics. The ex-Chancellor Gerald Black had turned the department into a vicious organisation: a reflection of his own twisted personality. Its modus operandi revolved around hoovering money in with scant regard for the human cost in terms of unemployment and the long-term health of the economy. Of course it was alright for Black who had stepped down to spend more time with his family. He was cushioned by his MP's salary, expenses and the generous pension that would no doubt come his way when he left Parliament in the near future.

Bates was jolted out of his reverie by the abrupt change in poppy's barking. The playfulness had given away to an agitated and distressed yelping and whining. The dog was about sixty yards ahead of Bates. It circled and then stepped closer to, and then anxiously barked whilst backing away from, what appeared to be a large piece of light coloured flotsam at the high tide mark. The dog repeated this process whilst its anxiety level grew.

Bates hurried across to the dog whilst simultaneously ordering,

'Here girl, here girl'

The distressed dog ignored its owner and continued with its distressed behaviour.

When he reached Poppy, Bates stopped abruptly. His eyes bulged and his heartbeat accelerated with shock. He felt his breakfast rising up through his body. He turned and violently retched. He wiped his mouth with his handkerchief and struggled to spit out the remaining goblets of bile in his mouth.

He turned around. The 'flotsam' was the body of a naked and shapely formed young blonde woman lying face down. The dark roots showed that her hair colour was not natural. A few pieces of seaweed had wreathed themselves around the corpse.

Bates pulled himself together. He had to get to the phone. He grabbed Poppy and snapped the leash on her collar.

He gazed around the beach, thankfully noting that it was still empty, and hurried off in the direction of his holiday cottage.

On the way he met another dog walker with an Alsatian that circled and barked aggressively at Poppy.

'Get the thing on a leash' he snapped at the burly, elderly female owner.

'What the...' she started to say.

Before she had time to finish Bates breathlessly interrupted

'There is a dead body down there' he pointed towards the corpse. The woman emitted a high pitched sound and put her hand to her mouth.

'Are you local?'

She nodded in assent whilst leashing her dog.

'Get home and ring the police and tell them there's a dead body on the beach. I'll go back and stand guard until they arrive'

The woman scuttled off.

Within half an hour the beach around the corpse had been cordoned off. The police were attempting to keep the gawkers at bay. As a precaution they had also cordoned off the beach car park near the café.

Within a short while a crime scene officer arrived at the site soon followed by an irritable young pathologist: he had got lucky on a date the previous evening! The former took numerous photographs whilst the latter determined that the body exhibited no external signs of violence in the original position. He turned the woman onto her back noting the shaved pubic area. Again he could see no discernible signs of violence to the body. He indicated that the body should be bagged and taken to the mortuary so as to determine the cause of death.

Simultaneously to all this happening three police officers were conducting a linear search of the beach around the corpse.

In normal conditions the details of a crime scene must be carefully recorded and preserved. However, three things mitigated against that in this instance. Firstly, the tide was coming in. Secondly, the lack of any signs of violence to the body indicated that it may have been a drowning. Thirdly it was a Sunday morning and the police were mindful of their budgets

Within an hour and a half the beach was clear of everything to do with the young woman's corpse. Few of the many dog walkers were aware of the earlier drama that had unfolded on the beach. The local media had quickly interviewed Bates and the woman.

Their interest had quickly evaporated when it appeared that it may just be a drowning and not a murder.

BLUNT

It had been a pleasant August late afternoon. Blunt had taken advantage of the weather to go on a two hour exploratory walk of the Stalham countryside. It left him mentally relaxed and in need of a little liquid refreshment. That need had been sated at Huggies café in the High Street. There was one empty bench left outside. The rest were occupied by chattering holidaymakers taking advantage of one of the few sunny days so far that summer. The owner was a stocky and talkative little man who gave him the lowdown on some of the aspects of the small market town.

He pointed out the unit next door 'Uncle Bill's'. It looked like a second hand type of shop. He learned that if anything went missing in the town and surrounding areas the first place anyone looked was next door. Huggie jokingly stated that he hoped Blunt had nothing to do with the law. The policeman thought it wise not to comment. The little man pointed out another two characters walking up the street. One with shorts and long grey hair kind of lolloped along. The other individual about six two in height and several stone overweight, judging by his chins, wore an overcoat and a trilby. Their nicknames were dumb and dumber although some called them the Blues Brothers. The Café owner pointed out a dowdily dressed woman walking by clutching a cloth shopping bag. On closer inspection Blunt suspected that she could be a he. Huggie confirmed it. The person Michael Loveday had decided to be a woman several years ago. He had walked out on his wife and two children and rented a flat above the Chemist shop a little further up the High Street.

He had enquired as to what Blunt was doing in the town and Blunt had been very circumspect with what he revealed.

John Blunt's journey to living in Stalham, Norfolk had been circuitous in more ways than one. Nine months ago Internal Affairs had grilled him to see whether he had any knowledge of the events that led up to the suspected murder of the former Chief Executive of Aktion fur Arbeit and the disappearance of the businessman Marker. The latter was suspected of killing the former. The matter had been dropped due to lack of evidence of any wrong doing on Blunt's part. However, the investigating officers had informed Blunt that they believed him to be as guilty as hell.

Blunt's investigation had led to the successful prosecution and imprisonment of numerous establishment figures. Judges, QC's, cabinet ministers, MPS, senior police offices, senior civil servants and many others. As a result he had created many enemies not least the former Chancellor Gerald Black. However, the new Commissioner of the Met, Moyles, had stood up for him and facilitated his move to Norfolk. It probably helped that Blunt knew a great deal that Moyles would prefer to remain out of the public domain. Moyles, ever the consummate political operator had made sure that the powers that be knew the threat posed by Blunt. However, Blunt remained convinced that Moyles had let him swing in the wind. A tactic that had resulted in his nervous breakdown. He would never forgive the man for the distress that he had caused him. A further bone of contention involved Moyles' treatment of Debbie Flint who had worked alongside on the

Aktion case. He had threatened, and carried out his threat, to bust her to traffic and other similar duties.

Blunt's task in Norfolk was to set up a new experimental anti-people trafficking unit. Norfolk had been chosen for three reasons. It seemed to be a major centre for the dissemination of illegal immigrants to other parts of the country. The case concerning the German multinational Aktion fur Arbeit had served to reinforce that view. The second was that the Chief Constable Bill Strumpshaw had been to university with the current Home Secretary and to school with the senior civil servant in the department. Finally, Moyles, the new Metropolitan Police Commissioner had also thrown his hat into the ring in support. The new unit had presented him with the ideal opportunity to be rid of Blunt. The further he was away from London the better.

After leaving Huggies the policeman took a gentle stroll up the High Street and window shopped in a distracted fashion.

On getting home he settled down to watch the early evening news with a glass of McAllan.

The plunging pound on world currency markets featured highly together with the predictions that it would take another tumble when the markets opened the next morning. That lead onto a look at how the recession seemed to be tightening its grip on the economy with no end in sight.

The next item caused Blunt's heartbeat to quicken and his upper lip to involuntarily curl.

'Rafique Khan the MP for Wath and Dearne Valley has been invited by the Prime Minister to join a new security committee. Mr Khan was recommended by the leader of the opposition who stated that because of his links to the world's flashpoints he could bring a unique perspective to Britain's security.', intoned the news reader whilst the screen cut to pictures of Khan doing a walk about in an area that had witnessed rioting by Muslim youths. Khan was one of the rising stars of the labour movement. He was being tipped as a highly probable first non-white leader of a major political party'.

That gave the news team the chance to make a link with what commentators called, 'a simmering situation' in those towns and cities with large Asian populations. The Asian youth were amongst the worst affected by the recession. They lacked education and job opportunities and felt alienated from society in general. What they perceived as the West's lack of interest in the fate of the Bosnian and other Muslims fuelled that alienation. As a result they were turning towards their religion. Unfortunately many of them, influenced by firebrand clerics, were turning to an extreme form of Islam. The commentators considered that this would result in outbreaks of violence in many of the country's towns and cities.

The world news followed. This presented an altogether different picture. Bill Clinton the Democratic challenger had built a big lead in the opinion polls ahead of the Republican Party Convention. It did seem as if the American voters were ready to dump George Bush the man who had saved Kuwait from Saddam Hussein.

Another item featured the worsening situation in the old Yugoslavia where as one commentator put it, the Serbs were redrawing the boundaries in blood and ink'. The news cut to pictures of Muslims in makeshift camps and went on to describe the Serbian and

Croatian atrocities against their erstwhile Bosnian neighbours. It went on to describe how volunteers from across the Muslim world were volunteering to fight on the side of their Muslim brothers. They stated that a fair number were arriving from the UK.

The last item concerned the inflation rate in Russia and how it had risen to three thousand per cent. The commentator standing in Red Square said that resentment was building in the country as people believed that a number of the old nomenklatura and KGB had colluded with criminal elements to take control of many of the country's assets. Furthermore, their ready access to cash had allowed them to take advantage of Yeltsin's liberalisation programme.

Blunt turned away to pour himself another whisky. He needed it! Mention of Khan brought back memories. Memories that only recently had partly caused his depression.

He just caught part of the local news that mentioned that a body had been found on Winterton beach. The police stated that there were no suspicious circumstances. They would be releasing a picture of the deceased shortly for identification purposes.

Blunt switched off the news and turned his attention to his meeting on Tuesday morning with the Chief Constable. Strumpshaw had kept his word....but told Blunt that he must keep his nose clean and to keep him aware of everything that was happening.

Blunt had experienced a nervous breakdown. He had managed to conceal that fact by taking extended leave. By God he needed it! The ordeal at the hands of Internal Affairs and the security services had left his confidence and psyche shattered. On top of that had been the letter from Anjji.

He had reached the stage where he did not want to get out of bed in the morning. He awoke in the middle of the night in cold sweats. The remainder of the night he occupied himself by envisaging how sweet it would be to plunge a particularly sharp and thin knife from his kitchen drawer into his heart. He also looked up what plants in his garden could also help him to bring his life to an end. The oleander in his living room appeared to be the most effective. He found the battle raging in his head sometimes almost impossible to deal with. At such moments the knife and the oleander had an increasing attraction.

In the end he had dragged himself to the doctor. He had been prescribed citalopram and a simultaneous course of cognitive psychotherapy. He had found it hard to forgo his passion for malt whisky and fine wine whilst undergoing the course of treatment. The psychiatry stuff he had found to be a load of old codswallop. He had finally weaned himself off the tablets the previous evening and by god he was enjoying the whisky.

He poured himself another glass of McAllan and started to make a shopping list of what he needed for the unit.

Communication lines to be established with EU police forces, communication lines to be established with the police forces, close liaison with the 'border folk'. The latest in computer technology, software and hardware. He needed to be able to sift, cross reference and combine data quickly and efficiently. Determining patterns at an early stage could give the unit an advantage. He also wanted people to be trained as undercover agents, so that they could infiltrate the gangs. Again it was about trying to be one step ahead. About being proactive as opposed to reactive.

It took him half the night to map out his wish list. He determined to have an early morning walk the next day and then to finish his recommendations ready for his Tuesday meeting.

SAEED

Ahmed Saeed was one hacked off individual. Here he was on a Sunday evening in the Maids Head Hotel in the centre of 'god forsaken' Norwich. His 'bust' rate was one of the highest in the Met yet he was being pushed off to Norfolk. The arse-end of beyond as far as he was concerned. The place had lots of grass and trees and people with weird accents that he could barely understand.

Ahmed was a city boy. He'd been born to Pakistani parents in the wrong end of Walsall: as far as one could say that there was a wrong end. He had been brought up a Muslim, faithfully going to the mosque and by and large living according to the precepts of the religion. In the schools he attended most of the pupils came from a similar background to himself. Therefore the only views that he really came across were those of the community and its religious adherence

He had worked hard at school and obtained some reasonable exam results. He was one of only two in his class that gained a university place. He went to Brunel University to study law. He had chosen that university because it was sited in the midst of a large Asian community: a fact that also pleased his parents. There he discovered and experienced a whole new world. His eyes and mind were opened by the diversity of cultures that co-existed on the campus.

Unfortunately the strident views of some of his fellow students in the Asian Society convinced him that Islamism had to come to terms with the Twentieth Century. It had to evolve like other religions and embrace toleration. He had discovered that education has the power not only to liberate minds but also to shackle them and slam them shut! A group of hotheads dominated the society and they treated Ahmed like a pariah. They constantly ridiculed his views and branded him a traitor to his religion at every opportunity. The other members fell into step behind his persecutors and willingly supported his expulsion from the society.

Their behaviour and attitude had a profound effect on the young student and he gradually grew away from a strict observance of his religion and the Asian community. This even led to arguments at home with his father in particular.

After graduating he decided that he wanted to be a trailblazer. He wanted to be a law enforcement officer: a coloured law enforcement officer. He was clever and he let people know it. Unfortunately, the Met still had significant pockets of misguided amateur ethnic experts. They tried, unsuccessfully to frame Ahmed for all manner of misdemeanours. His response was to throw their failure back into their faces and to rub their noses into his successes. It meant that he continually lived on a high wire

So what the hell was he doing here? Thought a disgruntled Ahmed. A place bearing little in common with his usual hunting ground! Hell, they even seemed to walk slower! He had been informed by his senior officer that on assuming the Commissioner role Moyles had been requested from on high to recommend that Saeed be moved to Norfolk with a promotion. Bill Strumpshaw the Chief Constable of Norfolk had not disagreed once he had read Saeed's file. Moyles knew that the Met had some racial problems, and as ever

his political and survival antennae were in overdrive. He had clambered to the top of the police force's greasy pole and was determined to cling on for as long as he could. Saeed's departure was a trade-off for two senior officers' support. To cover his rear Moyles planned to promote a whole raft of officers from Asian and West Indian backgrounds once Saeed had gone.

He threw himself onto the bed in the room and switched on the TV with the remote. He caught the tail end of the local news. The dead body on Winterton beach barely registered with him.

STRUMPSHAW

Ahmed rose early and decided to see what Norwich had to offer. He strode up Elm Hill and took in the picturesque mixture of half-timbered Elizabethan and the quaint Georgian brick buildings. He cursed the cobbled street as his slip-ons were not the ideal footwear for such a surface. 'Easier to walk in Pakistan' he grumbled to himself.

Three quarters of an hour later he found himself back at the Hotel. He sat in the foyer and waited for Strumpshaw's driver to pick him up. He had walked down by the rivers and then back through Cathedral Close to the Maids Head. He admitted to himself that Norwich could possibly be the 'fine city' that the signs on the outskirts boasted. However, he could not see how a Pakistani city boy like himself could fit into such a place. But....then police work was police work. He would probably be the only non-white face in the place. But then that hadn't bothered him before so why should it now? Well back in London he may have been the only coloured face within a district but within five minutes he could be in a more multicultural area. Here, it would take him hours!

'Sergeant Saeed, sir' a constable with a broad Norfolk accent snapped him out of his reverie

'I'm here to take you to see the Chief Constable'

Once in the car he attempted to quiz the driver about Norwich and Norfolk. A difficult task as the chap was quite taciturn.

'So the buggars at the station were right' thought Ahmed as he remembered the ribbing he had got from colleagues when he said he was going to Norwich. Some had wittered on ad nauseam attempting to imitate the Alan Partridge character on the radio programme 'The Day Today'.

'Well at least Partridge was somewhat garrulous and didn't speak in the local dialect' he thought.

However he did manage to tease out of the constable that he had rarely been out of Norfolk and even took his holidays in the county. He had a static caravan on a park in Hemsby. Pride tinged his voice as he spoke about it.

'What the hell are they trying to push me into?' thought Ahmed. 'I can hardly understand the buggars, not just the constable but the folk in the hotel as well'. 'How the hell can I do any detective work here when not only can I not understand the public but probably my colleagues as well?'

Bill Strumpshaw the Chief Constable was totally different. He spoke clearly even though he had a slight Norfolk burr. Ahmed warmed to him. It also helped that his office was functional. His confidence in himself and his abilities was such that he did not need the support of power props. Or then again it could be that this was Norfolk's equivalent of power props!

Strumpshaw even poured the coffee and allowed him to settle into one of the 'armed' wooden chairs before addressing him.

'You are probably wondering why you are here?' the Chief Constable looked at him and waited,

Realising what was expected of him Saaed responded in the affirmative.

The other continued, 'For quite some time I have thought that law enforcement is almost fighting a losing battle against international organised crime. They have the money, the motivation and the ruthlessness. Morality and human dignity are concepts that are alien to organised crime. That has been brought home to us here in Norfolk in the most forceful way possible. For some years we have had gangs operating in the county who have been involved in people trafficking for the agricultural industry. These were fairly low level gangmasters and we found it relatively easy to keep a degree of control over them. Gradually these people began to be superseded by traffickers of a more general and vile nature. Traffickers who represented international organisations. I am sure that you are aware of the recent business up here with Aktion fur Arbeit and the extent of their pernicious web of activities?'

Ahmed nodded. Indeed the fallout from that whole affair had claimed some of the people in his own Newham Operation Command Unit. They were scumbags who he was pleased to see getting their come-uppance. He wondered whatever had happened to the guy Blunt who had been behind the investigation. There had been all sorts of rumours. Blunt had been interviewed, by the Secret Service, Internal Affairs, had been fired, had retired was in a nut house. No-one seemed to know. His sidekick Flint had also been interviewed by all the powers that be. He'd heard that she had been busted to traffic duties.

'All that reinforced my view that we need to have some sort of unit that will allow us to keep abreast of what all these people were doing. A unit that would liaise across the board and allows us to start anticipating what these people were going to do. Maybe it is a pipe dream BUT I sold the idea to the Home Office. They have given me the finances, albeit not much, to set up an experimental unit under my command in Norfolk...'

Ahmed's heart rate increased. That's why he was here. No! No they couldn't be wanting him to head up such a unit.

'...I want you to be part of the team that will be led by Chief Inspector Blunt'

Ahmed's heart sank. Blunt was someone that no-one wanted. Someone with whom, he had heard, that it was notoriously difficult to work. Someone, who left his staff demoted and busted back to the beat!

'Thank you sir and thank you for thinking of me BUT it is not something that is for me'

'Ahmed, I urge you to think about it. You come highly recommended for this position that will give you a promotion. Commissioner Moyles has championed you as has a member of the new Security Committee'

'The only thing Moyles champions' thought Saaed 'is his own career. And he had a shrewd idea who the Security Committee member was'.

'What you are saying is that I really have no choice'

The Chief Constable smiled amiably,

'No I am not saying that. I am just pointing out how advantageous it would be for your career to capitalise on this opportunity. Unlike many others I do try and look after the people who do a good job for me'

'Are you saying that you want me to report to you direct?'

'No! I am most certainly not' Strumpshaw was stung by the comment.

'I do not, will not and never have undermined my officers. If I put someone in charge it is because I trust them.' He glared at Saeed.

'I understand sir. Do I get any time to think this move over?'

'Of course, the next ten seconds'

The other knew the situation only too well. Furthermore, he had to admit to himself that it was an exciting prospect although one fraught with a myriad pitfalls.

'Ok, when do I start?'

'My secretary will take you down to personnel, sorry Human Resources as they call themselves now. They will get things sorted. I am seeing Blunt tomorrow. You start then' he got up, waited for Saeed to reciprocate and then extended his hand that the other shook.

THE BODY

Liz Tester the Human Resource Manager was a squat lady about 5 feet tall. She was extremely pleasant and came across as most efficient. Unfortunately, Ahmed could not stop looking at her chin and wondering how many times a day she shaved.

A telephone call for Saeed from Strumpshaw's secretary interrupted their meeting. She informed him that he was to go to the mortuary immediately. A Sergeant Steve Cushion would come and collect him from Human resources. The object of their attention? The body washed up on Winterton beach the day before. He vaguely remembered the news item from last night. So there must be something to link her with trafficking.

When they arrived at the mortuary the chief pathologist, John Snelling, marched Cushion and Saeed into his office. He plonked himself into the large chair behind the equally large desk. The two policemen stood like two errant schoolboys in front of a vengeful headmaster. Cushion introduced the latter as being from the Met, and was not contradicted. He certainly did not feel as if he belonged here. Snelling's disdainful look also spoke volumes for his thoughts regarding the Met. He'd had brushes with them in the past and found them to be arrogant semi-educated morons in the main.

'Ok, I'll skip the detail and give you the overview.' Snelling started in his clipped tone tinged with a Norfolk burr, and continued in the same abrupt manner. 'Caucasian female about twenty two. No signs of violence inflicted on the body. No bruising, no nothing. She has sea water in her lungs that indicates that she died of drowning in the sea. If she had been held down forcefully then there would be signs of slight bruising. There is nothing. The fact that she was found face down naked on the beach also indicates that she died in the sea.'

'How do you explain the fact that she was naked?' interrupted Saeed.

The medical man turned to Cushion and raised his eyebrows before swivelling round to face the Asian detective with a withering look

'I am the forensic investigator. My job is to examine and investigate the body on that slab over there' he pointed out towards the corpse being discussed before following up acerbically 'your job is to investigate and discover how she came to be there!' He paused for effect before continuing 'If we both understand what our respective roles are we will get on fine. Now let me continue'. Cushion could not help smirking at Saeed's discomfort. Here was another wide boy from the smoke getting a touch of come-uppance.

'As I said she died in the sea. What is interesting from your point of view is what we found in her body. She has semen, in her mouth throat, stomach, anus and vagina....'

'From the same person?' interrupted Saeed

'Young man, I do not know what things are like in London. However, here, in what you would call the sticks it takes a little longer for things to happen. Let's face it, it was not regarded as a suspicious death and the body was found on a Sunday! Therefore, not exactly a scenario for which all the stops would be pulled out, not least ruining my Sunday lunch! Are you aware that the stagecoaches only stopped running here last week?'

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

