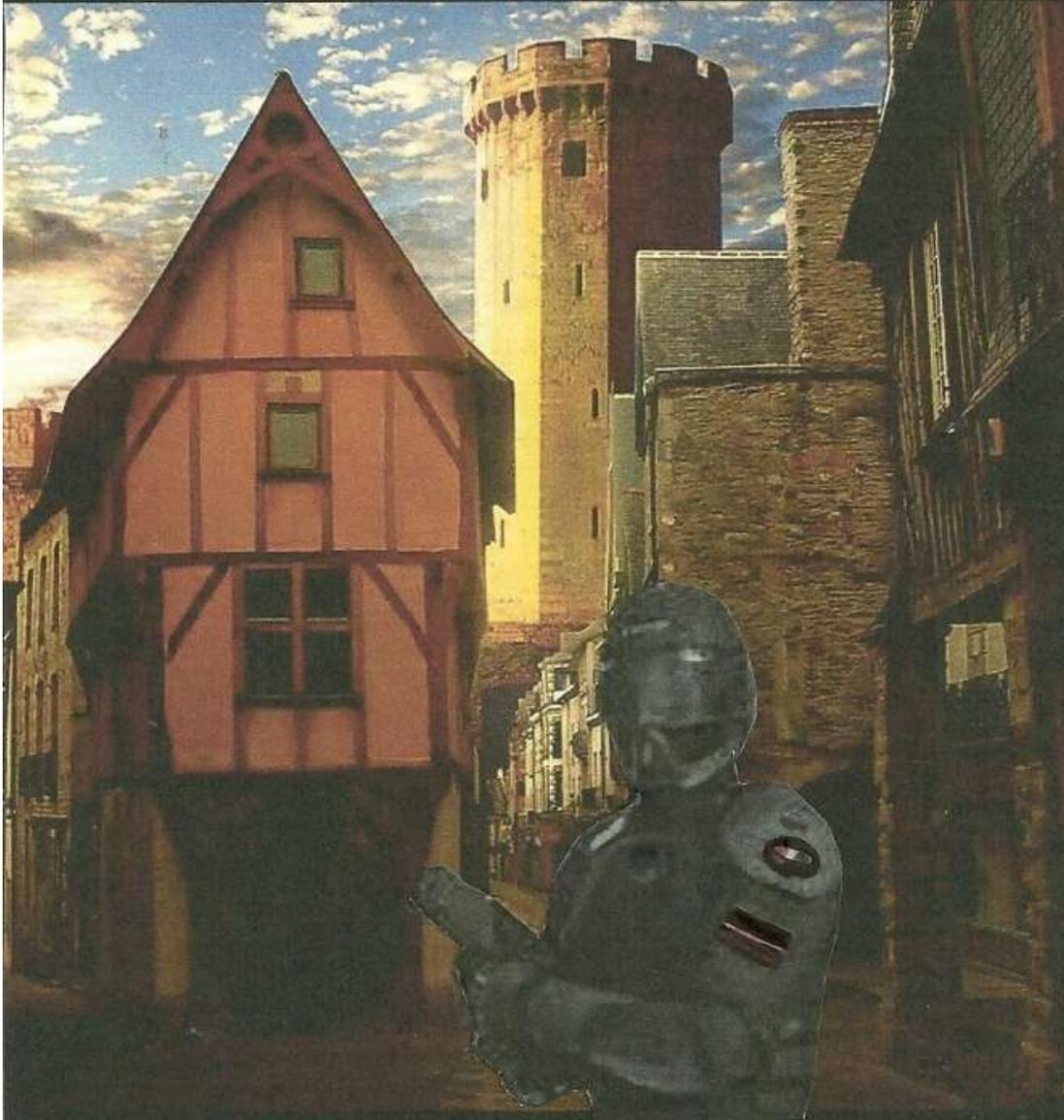


SPACE-TIME ODYSSEY



science-fiction novel
by
Michel Poulin

SPACE-TIME ODYSSEY

A science-fiction novel

By Michel Poulin

© 2015

Adapted and translated from the original novel in French

ODYSSÉE TEMPORELLE

© 1997

WARNING TO POTENTIAL READERS

THIS FICTION NOVEL CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF WAR AND VIOLENCE, AS WELL AS COARSE LANGUAGE AND CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS THAT ARE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN. WHILE THIS NOVEL DEPICTS MANY HISTORICAL PERSONS AND EVENTS FROM THE PAST, THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION AND WORDS OR DEEDS ATTRIBUTED IN IT TO PERSONS WHO EXISTED DO NOT REFLECT HISTORICAL REALITY.

ABOUT THIS NOVEL

This science-fiction novel is a translated, improved and updated version of the original novel in French, ODYSSÉE TEMPORELLE, first written in 1997 and then revised in 2013. It is meant to entertain both the amateurs of time travel stories and those with an interest in the history of the early Middle Ages.

OTHER BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

(All available for free online at Free-Ebooks.net, Foboko.com and Goodreads.com)

Nancy Laplante Series

CODENAME: ATHENA

ADVENTURES THROUGH TIME

CHILDREN OF TIME

TIMELINES

DESTINIES

TIMELINE TWIN

FROM THE FIELDS OF CRIMEA TO THE SANDS OF MARS

Kostroma Series

JOVIAN UPRISING – 2315

THE ERIS PROTOCOL

LOST AMONG THE STARS (upcoming in 2017)

CIA Covert Ops Series

FRIENDS AND FOES

KOREAN GAMBIT (upcoming in 2017)

Sinner Series

ETERNAL SINNER

AMERICAN SINNER (upcoming in 2016)

Stand alone books

THE LOST CLIPPER

ODYSSÉE TEMPORELLE

THE LONE WOLF (upcoming in 2016)

FACING THE DRAGON (upcoming in 2016)

TABLE OF CONTENT

INTRODUCTION.....	5
CHAPTER 1 – A CORNER OF PARADISE.....	7
CHAPTER 2 – A RUDE WELCOMING.....	18
CHAPTER 3 – THE CRUSHING WEIGHT OF POWER.....	24
CHAPTER 4 – BATTLE PLAN.....	35
CHAPTER 5 – CONTACT	38
CHAPTER 6 – DEATH BLOW.....	51
CHAPTER 7 – ALIVE!.....	58
CHAPTER 8 – SAFE HAVEN.....	65
CHAPTER 9 – LOST IN TIME	71
CHAPTER 10 – INTERACTION.....	75
CHAPTER 11 – NEW LANDS	98
CHAPTER 12 – NEW NEIGHBORS.....	122
CHAPTER 13 – SHOCKWAVES.....	142
CHAPTER 14 – A NEW ALLIANCE.....	181
CHAPTER 15 – IN QUEST OF FOOD.....	187
CHAPTER 16 – SENDING A MESSAGE	216
CHAPTER 17 – A CHANCE AT A NEW LIFE.....	225
CHAPTER 18 – NIGHT WATCH.....	234
CHAPTER 19 – A GOOD DEAL.....	240
CHAPTER 20 – A VISIT TO THE POPE	287
CHAPTER 21 – A NEW YEAR.....	300
BIBLIOGRAPHY.....	310

INTRODUCTION

The Human race is now entering the fifth millennium of the Common Era, a chronology based on the old Christian calendar. In the year 4021, Humanity has been free of the scourges of internal quarrels and war for centuries and enjoys the rule of a stable, centralized democratic government dedicated to the well being of all. Most of the hard physical work is now done by a multitude of specialized robots, thus allowing Humans to express their imagination in the domains of the arts, sciences and technologies. All basic needs and essential services are free to all, thus eliminating starvation, homelessness and poverty, while salaries from an employment or profits from a commerce are used to pay for luxury products and services, as well as for entertainment. Humans are in consequence free to work on improving their physique, perfect their intellect or dedicate oneself to his/her children or grandchildren.

Crime has nearly disappeared in the society of the Human Expansion, the name of the human civilization throughout the stars. This is due partly to the general welfare level and partly to the use of mental introspection techniques able to verify rapidly and without risk of error the guilt or innocence of an individual. However, the use of these mental introspection techniques are severely regulated and controlled at multiple levels, in order to avoid abuses in their use. The death penalty, while still existing, is now very rarely given, and only in the case of the most horrendous, cruel and violent crimes.

The domain that has however most influenced the society of the 41st Century is that of space exploration. The invention in the 32nd Century of the molecular propulsion system, which allowed for speeds well above that of light, had finally opened new horizons for the Human Race and gave the planet Earth a salutary reprieve by allowing the emigration to the stars of its surplus population. The planetary systems settled by Humans now form a confederation named 'Human Expansion', which counts 26 inhabited solar systems. The best talents, as well as the resources still available after all the essential needs of the population have been satisfied, are now directed towards space exploration and colonization.

The only major deception of Humanity to date is the apparent rarity of intelligent life forms presently coexisting with Humanity in the Universe. While ancient traces of many alien civilizations have been found on a number of solar systems, some of them millions of years old, only three intelligent alien races have been encountered directly to date by Humans. Two of those races were too early in their technological and social developments to risk the unpredictable consequences of a mutual contact. The third race, originating from Epsilon Eridani, proved to be of an extremely aggressive nature and was thus ostracized after a particularly bloody incident between Eridanis and Human merchants. However, the search is continuing through the stars for a race Humans could call a friend.

CHAPTER 1 – A CORNER OF PARADISE

09:18 (Local Time)

Wednesday, February 3, 4021

Planet Mirphak III, Mirphak System

Perseus Constellation, 637 light-years from Earth

Ann Shelton turned herself on her back on her beach long chair, exposing her firm and generous chest to the ultraviolet rays from Mirphak, a F5 spectral type yellow star. The third planet of Mirphak had been sheltering for seven months the most recent colony of the Human Expansion and things looked very promising up to now. Also lying on a long chair beside her, Vyn Drelan, Ann's friend and colleague, raised her head and looked around the communal pool, which was surrounded by the prefabricated habitat modules of the colony. It was another beautiful day today, which was itself a common way to describe the weather and temperature along the equatorial belt of Mirphak III. The planet, first explored by a cruiser of the exploration fleet of the Human Expansion three years ago, benefited in fact from ideal climatic conditions and was also rich in mineral resources. Its vast oceans, which covered most of the planet's surface, were teeming with life, although none of which could be described as intelligent. Preliminary studies had shown that most of the marine species were actually edible by Humans and were rich in proteins and minerals, thus reinforcing the case for colonizing the planet. The only drawback of Mirphak III was its distance from Earth: a whopping 637 light-years, a factor that would normally have condemned the project for a new colony to a veto by the Supreme Council of the Human Expansion, in view of the close to one year travel time needed for a simple one way trip between Earth and Mirphak III. However, the near heavenly conditions on Mirphak III had convinced the Supreme Council to authorize the establishment of a colony that would shelter at first 50,000 persons. The volunteers that had shown up to go live on Mirphak III had then been transported on the brand new exploration cruiser MARCO POLO, along with a complete set of prefabricated buildings, installations, equipment and materials sufficient to make the colony nearly self-sufficient from the start. The MARCO POLO, which had been built expressly for the purpose of establishing new colonies on distant worlds and which had

been on its first ever interstellar trip, now rested on its landing legs on the small spaceport of the colony, its gigantic mass blocking a good part of the northern horizon.

Vvyn Drelan, a tall, svelte and beautiful woman of 34 years of age, whose Asian facial features mixed with blond hair and blue eyes betrayed the ethnic mixture of the first Humans to colonize her native world of Alpha Centauri A-IV, extended her left arm to lightly shake Ann's shoulder. The historian and sociologist turned her head towards her colleague, with the Centaurian woman smiling to Ann.

"I'm sorry, Ann, but I'm afraid that it is time for us to pack and leave, unless you want to stay here for another three years."

The native of London, England, let out a long sigh that told Vvyn that she didn't find that idea so unpleasant.

"Just when I was really becoming attached to this world. Well, let's go then!" Getting up slowly from her long chair and picking up her beach towel, Ann followed Vvyn towards their assigned habitat module. Both women were wearing only G-strings covering their genitals, like all the other bathers around the pool, and were topless, a state of dress that was both common and legal around the Human Expansion, that is of course where the climatic conditions permitted it. Ann and Vvyn soon got to the entrance of their habitat module, a cube of steel and tinted armor glass fifty meters to the side similar to the other habitat modules surrounding it. Each habitat module could house over 500 persons in complete comfort and had been simply dropped in place on its foundations by one of the giant flying cranes of the MARCO POLO, which in turn had transported over 400 million tons worth of prefabricated modules and other cargo to Mirphak III. With only the foundations and paved surfaces to prepare, establishing the colony's core had actually taken less than six days of work, with the following weeks and months used mostly to start growing food in the hydroponic gardens and to embellish the grounds around the modules. That had in turn been helped by the standard custom of the Human Expansion to leave intact as much as possible any original vegetation around construction sites. The colony was already self-sufficient in terms of food production, with an industrial base in place that mostly used minerals mined from the dense asteroid belt surrounding Mirphak. With the first phase of colonization now completed on Mirphak III, the MARCO POLO was now free to return to its port of origin of Kyoto Alpha, in the Alpha Centauri A system.

After a short trip by lift to the third level of the module, Ann and Vyyn arrived at the door of their apartment, which slid open after Ann had put her hand on the control panel fixed to the left of the door. While Vyyn went to the bathroom to take a quick shower, Ann packed away her last few things not already in suitcases, something that took her only a few minutes. With a set of fresh clothes ready on her bed, she took off her G-string and went to briefly look at herself in the full length wall mirror of the bedroom. The sun of Mirphak III had beautifully tanned her 185 centimeter long body and the daily swimming sessions in the colony's pool had helped her keep fully fit. Her long, silky black hair and large green eyes added to her sexiness, something that she had certainly exploited in the past few weeks. Being still single and with no present steady companion in her life at the age of 32, Ann had been free to entertain herself as she pleased in her free time, when not busy studying the social parameters of the new colony with Vyyn. They were due to return to Mirphak III in three years, when the MARCO POLO would return with the colonists, equipment and modules of Phase Two of the colonization plan. Then, Ann and Vyyn would be able to see how the first colonists were adapting to their new lives, with any relevant findings and lessons to be reported back to the Supreme Council of the Human Expansion. Vyyn's voice then came out of the bathroom.

"Ann, I'm finished with my shower. The bathroom is now free. I just called a taxi, asking it to show up on the roof in 45 minutes. Will that do with you?"

"No problems! I will be ready by then."

Ann then walked into the bathroom to take a last quick shower before leaving.

Both women, now wearing regulation sky blue two-piece Exploration Fleet shipboard uniforms, walked out of their room 25 minutes later, each pulling a large suitcase on wheels and carrying a travel bag and a computer bag. They had already informed the central lodging office of the colony of their departure, so that their apartment could be reassigned to other colonists as needed. Some past historians and ideologues would have qualified this system of centralized distribution of goods and services as being plain communism, but it was in fact simply based on practicality and economy of resources. That system had developed out of simple necessity through the past centuries and had nothing to do with any particular ideology. In fact, Ann would have refuted that argument about a centralized system of distribution being communism by a simple fact: there were no political parties of any kind in existence in the Human

Expansion. Public servants, as politicians were now described as opposed to civil servants, who administered the day-to-day machinery of government, were elected democratically at every level, from the district and municipal to that of the Supreme Council, following strict rules of egalitarianism limiting the amounts of public time and money used by candidates for campaigning for public office. The times when spending millions would help you win an election were long gone. With individual candidates forced to prove their worth in public debates and being unable to rely on the support of some big political machine geared towards a specific political ideology, all public servants in the Human Expansion gained and kept their posts through simple merit, competence and dedication to the public cause.

Once on the roof landing pad of their habitat module, the two women admired for a last time the scenery of Mirphak III, with its lush vegetation and with the nearby expanse of blue water of the sea surrounding the wide island on which the colony had been built.

“I will definitely regret this corner of paradise.” Said Ann with a sigh, making Vyyn smile in comprehension.

“If it can help, remember that we will be back here in three years, when the MARCO POLO will return for the second phase of colonization.”

“If I listened to myself, I would then stay here for good.”

“No you wouldn't! You love too much studying old things to stay here for the rest of your life.”

“Then, I will make it my retirement place when the time comes, in a few decades.”

“Now, that makes sense! You will probably find me already here by then.”

Their air taxi arrived twelve minutes later, landing silently on the roof thanks to its directed gravity propulsion system. That system basically manipulated the atomic force that created gravity and directed and amplified it in the specific direction wanted by the pilot of the system. Molecular propulsion, which was used by spaceships to accelerate beyond the speed of light, went even further, manipulating all atomic forces and isolating the molecules affected by it from the constraints of normal space-time. Like all standard air taxis, the vehicle had no human pilot, being controlled by a computer linked to a

central air traffic control system. Taking place with Vvyn on one of the bench seats of the taxi, Ann spoke towards the control panel of the vehicle.

“Destination: passenger arrival airlock of the cruiser MARCO POLO. Depart now!”

The air taxi then rose at once from the roof of the building and picked up speed while heading north. The exploration cruiser, which already dominated by its mass the northern horizon, grew even further in the field of view of the two women, until it completely filled the windshield of the taxi. While used to the cruiser’s sight by now, Ann still stared at it with admiration. Having basically the shape of a sphere 2,000 meters in diameter, which was surrounded in turn by a thick, 3,000 meter-wide equatorial belt shaped like a fat saucer, the MARCO POLO represented the edge of present human technology in the 41st Century. It had been designed specifically for two main missions: deep space exploration and the establishment of new human colonies. The gigantic mass and volume of the vessel had been dictated mainly by the need to include an industrial complex able to produce nearly any manufactured object, using as raw material the minerals found in asteroids and on lifeless moons. An important portion of its internal volume was also occupied by hydroponic farms, fish ponds and fruit tree plantations that basically made the cruiser self-sufficient in terms of food supplies. To top all that, the MARCO POLO also had a thermonuclear isotopic fuel production plant able to extract heavy helium and hydrogen isotopes from the atmosphere of giant gas planets. If it wanted to, the cruiser would thus be able to travel through space for decades without any external support.

The taxi was now heading directly towards a large opening visible at the surface of the cruiser’s equatorial belt. Entering it, the taxi flew down a long steel tunnel and covered a good 300 meters before turning right inside another tunnel that ringed the core section of the ship. That tunnel’s vertical surfaces were covered with the armored doors of hundreds of hangars for crafts of various sizes. The taxi finally landed smoothly in the middle of a fifty meter-wide hangar that opened on one side, near the mouth of the access tunnel and transit airlock. A beefy man approached the taxi as soon as it landed and quickly helped its two passengers to take out their bags.

“Doctors Drelan and Shelton? I am Corporal Hussein Faysal, from the ship’s security unit, and I was directed to guide you to your new quarters.”

"We are not going to our old apartment, the 31-10-D?" Asked Vvyn, a bit surprised. The corporal consulted briefly his electronic memo pad before answering her with an apologetic smile.

"No, Doctor! Since the colonists now on Mirphak III have vacated the majority of the apartments in the Main Habitat, a pair of luxury suites have been allotted to you. You are getting the 57-14-A and B, to be more precise. If you may follow me, please."

"Wow! Luxury suites! We are being pampered." Exclaimed Vvyn, attracting a grin from Ann.

"I can live with that."

Having loaded their bags on an anti-gravity platform, Faysal then sat at the commands, letting Ann and Vvyn take place on the rear bench seat. The trio then left the hangar, hovering silently and smoothly over the metallic deck, and entered a large security airlock. The thick external doors slid close behind them, with the internal doors opening after a few seconds, time for the occupants of the platform to be positively identified and their baggage scanned by remote sensors, while other sensors analyzed the air filling the security airlock. Ann didn't comment on that procedure, understanding its importance. Past experience had taught Humans to be cautious at all times when in space or on an alien world. Dangerous micro-organisms could infiltrate a ship or lodge themselves inside a crewmember's body, then infect gradually a whole ship. Humanoid aliens, like the Eridanis, could also disguise themselves to try entering a ship, to then attack it from the inside. While the Human Expansion was on the whole a pacifist society, it also had not forgotten its bloody past and had learned the lessons from it, one being that, while not looking for a fight, you had to be ready for one if the need arose. It was no time to rebuild from scratch your defensive forces when a new foe appeared and surprised you. A soft female voice spoke out of a speaker as the internal doors of the airlock opened.

"Welcome back aboard, Doctors Drelan and Shelton."

"Thank you, Guardian!" Replied Ann, answering the artificial intelligence central computer that helped control the ship. Faysal then started again his platform, gliding out of the airlock and inside a long, wide corridor. After a trip 400 meters up in a cargo elevator from the level of the access airlocks, they followed a wide tunnel for over 600 meters. The trio then emerged into what appeared to be open air, with the sky of Mirphak III visible all around an island covering 38 hectares and on which numerous buildings stood. Ann and Vvyn however knew that this was simply an illusion, as they

were now in one of the core sections of the ship: the Main Habitat. The habitat was actually modeled like a tropical island and was covered by a huge holographic dome that could project images picturing different types of skies and a variety of weather patterns. The artificial island supporting the buildings of the habitat was in turn surrounded by a 150 meter-wide band of water that reached a maximum depth of twenty meters. There were fish in that artificial lake and Ann had visited a couple of times an underwater observation dome that could be reached by a tunnel connected to the island. Even though she knew that all this was artificial, it still impressed her to no end. For one thing, such an environment had a tremendously positive impact on the psyche of crewmembers forced to live for months on end in the void of space during long interstellar trips. Whoever had thought of that definitely deserved kudos.

Faysal finally parked his platform along a long wooden promenade built along a beach of fine sand. Ann could see then that few people were using the beach at the time, something that was not surprising considering the fact that the population of the main habitat had gone from over 13,000 persons to a more typical 3,000 occupants during the last months. As for the auxiliary quarters section, located some 200 meters below, it was now empty after having lodged in still respectable comfort over 40,000 colonists during the year-long trip from Alpha Centauri. Very few colonists had complained about the auxiliary quarters, knowing that the only other alternative would have been to use some of the ten million cryogenic sleep cells contained in another section of the ship. Those cryogenic cells had been included in the design of the MARCO POLO with the goal of providing it with a mass emergency evacuation capability if a planet would ever face an imminent and unavoidable natural catastrophe, like the impact of a giant asteroid. Thankfully for the Human Expansion, that emergency capability had not needed to be used yet.

Corporal Faysal pointed with one hand an elegant, twenty storey building situated near one side of the promenade, fifteen meters to their left.

“Your building, Tower 57. If you will follow that paved trail with me.”

Taking the lead and towing her suitcase on wheels behind her, Ann followed a trail paved with flat stones that went up a gentle slope to their building, which dominated the beach from a position maybe ten meters above it. A large pool surrounded by a patio with a bar, a covered buffet area and a number of tables and chairs, was visible on the

side of the building, opposite the beach. About a hundred persons were relaxing around the pool when Ann and Vvyn arrived at the main entrance, which was situated on the side façade of the building. Some of the bathers waived at the two women as they were about to enter the building, something that prompted a remark from Faysal.

“You seem to be well known on the MARCO POLO, ladies.”

Vvyn smiled at that, like Ann.

“That’s normal, Corporal: we had to interview many people on board in order to do our job.”

Vvyn continued her explanation as they were entering an elevator cabin in the building’s reception lobby.

“As historian-sociologists, me and Ann were studying the behavior of the colonists during their trip to Mirphak and during the first phase of the installation, so that we could build the beginning of a database. We are due to return in three years, at which time we will examine how they will have adapted to their new environment, compared with similar cases in the past. By identifying similarities with past situations, we hope to be able to prevent on Mirphak III the repetition of past mistakes. As an old saying goes, ‘those who ignore history are condemned to repeat it’.”

“So, if I understood well, your job is to compare past and present human societies, in order to draw useful lessons from them, right?”

“Correct, Corporal!” Confirmed Ann. The trio was now in the main hallway of the fourteenth floor and soon stopped in front of a door marked ’57-14-A. The door slid open on Ann’s command, revealing the inside of a suite that, even by the comfortable standards of the 41st Century, bordered on the luxurious. Ann nodded her head, truly impressed.

“Very nice! Is this apartment for me or for Vvyn?”

“It is for you, Doctor Shelton. Doctor Drelan will be occupying the apartment 14-B, next door to yours. I hope that this will do?”

“Perfectly, Corporal! Thank you very much for your assistance.”

Faysal nodded, then came to attention and saluted the two women before turning around and leaving. Letting Vvyn go to her own apartment, Ann entered her new temporary home and dropped her two carry-on bags on top of one of the sofas of the lounge. Exploring quickly her apartment, she found a large bedroom with a huge bed, a private office, a nice, luxurious bathroom and even a small kitchenette and eating area adjacent to the lounge. Going to sit on a sofa facing one of the large patio doors giving

on the external balcony, Ann sighed as she contemplated the fake Mirphak sky depicted on the holographic dome of the main habitat. She was not yet gone from Mirphak III, yet she already wanted to be back.

14:03 (Local Time)

Thursday, February 4, 4021

Command bridge, exploration cruiser MARCO POLO

Surface of Mirphak III

Commodore Henry Ferguson gave a last look around him before sitting in the command chair reserved for the captain of the MARCO POLO. The three superimposed concentric platforms forming the bridge, each higher one smaller in diameter than the next lower platform, were located in the center of a big empty sphere with a diameter of forty meters. The inside surface of that sphere was actually a giant holographic display screen that showed to the operators and officers on the bridge the external world, complete with superimposed sensors symbols and navigation indicators. Right now, only twenty men and women occupied the bridge, the normal crew for a routine takeoff.

“Attention all hands! This is the Captain! Prepare for takeoff! Section heads, report by video link!”

The various senior officers of the ship then reported one by one, appearing in succession on the small display screen attached to the left armrest of Ferguson’s command chair.

“First Officer reporting! All our personnel is aboard and accounted for. All our auxiliary craft are in their hangars.”

“Engineering Officer reporting! The ship is ready for space. All systems function correctly and the generators are powered up.”

“Security Officer reporting! Safeties are on all the ship’s defensive turrets. All the airlocks and access points are closed and locked. No intruder or stowaway detected on board.”

“Quartermaster reporting! All the equipment and supplies in our holds are tied down securely to the decks.”

Henry Ferguson then turned his head towards his communications officer, seated to his left and one level lower.

“Lieutenant Tousla, deploy the external communication display screens on our rear arc. Plug them to the cameras inside the Great Lounge of the Main Habitat.”

On the surface of Mirphak III, the colonists had gathered on the roofs of their buildings to watch the departure of the MARCO POLO. Surprised exclamations went out when three gigantic flat rectangular panels deployed out of the lower surface of the equatorial bulge of the cruiser. The panels then angled themselves to be in direct line of sight of the colony and came alive with color images, revealing themselves to be giant viewing screens. The colonists could now see the inside of a big lounge occupied by over a hundred persons who were waving enthusiastically at them. Hidden loudspeakers also relayed the sounds from inside the lounge, making the air of Mirphak III vibrate. Lyyna Tshin, the chief administrator of the colony, looked with wonder on her face at her assistant, a stoutly-built man in his fifties.

“External visual screens to communicate with non-technological races? This is ingenious! Did you know about these, Yevgeni?”

“No! I must say that those who designed the MARCO POLO seemed to have thought about everything. Commodore Ferguson can be proud of his new ship.”

After about a minute of projection time, the external panels slid back inside the hull of the MARCO POLO and a slight ascending movement of the cruiser became noticeable. Slowly taking altitude at first in total silence thanks to its anti-gravity fields, the cruiser rose to an altitude of 5,000 meters before accelerating its climb, this in order to avoid damages on the ground if it used its main propulsion too low. With all its navigation lights on, the MARCO POLO then flew out of sight of the colonists in seconds.

On the cruiser’s bridge, Ferguson was watching carefully each phase of the departure: you didn’t move carelessly a mass close to 3,700,000,000 metric tons, however powerful your engines were. A major propulsion system failure now and they could well flatten the newly established colony. Once out of Mirphak III’s atmosphere, the cruiser increased its acceleration further while its navigator carefully pointed the ship towards Alpha Centauri. After less than eight hours of constant acceleration, the MARCO POLO was passing the orbit of Mirphak XII, the last planet of the system, at half the speed of light. As the MARCO POLO was approaching the threshold of the speed of

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

