



**THE TIME RIPPERS BOOK 3
FOOD FOR THE GODS
BY
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DEDICATION: FOR BERT I GORDON AND HIS AWESOME MOVIES

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As Butch Cargill screamed out the last words of his prayer, Halley White Feather tasted the scream and the blood from Butch. Halley sat up from his sleep quickly for an old man nearing 80. His frail body shook, as cold sweat dripped from him and the death screams echoed in his skull.

He looked out through his window on the night time sky remembering when he had last woken like this. A quarter century ago it had been, and the sky had been filled with green lightning and whipping winds turning the world into a sand storm. That night wasn't long after the massacre at the Pecos river, and he had hardly slept much since. The earth had shaken so hard he thought the Sky God himself had actually come down from above to crack open the land in a rage.

He tried to ride his horse but the lightening had frightened it badly Halley instead walked to where the green bolts had struck. He wasn't sure why he had to go there at the time, but it was his gift, his second sight that drew him towards there. He didn't what he was going to find, certainly not a machine that called itself Bob.

It walked with out taking steps, he looked down and saw it was rolling on wheels and held up some kind of object that made very little sense to him. Its face was a picture on a dark window. And without speaking it showed him things, horrible things that would come to pass. The one called Bob held out the object with a pair hands that looked like pincers on insect but were made of metal and looked as greasy as the wheels on a bicycle chain.

Bob told him years would pass, and they did. And that death would come, and it had. In his dream he saw the two men being eaten. It was the same place the green bolts had struck 25 years earlier, right where the silver mine was located. The dream he had awoken from was leaving a sour taste in his mouth, his stomach churned at the taste of blood and fear.

It had begun with random men dying from unknown causes, then his nephew Red Feather who had been working there since it opened had disappeared one night during his shift. Halley had spoken briefly to Sheriff McCarty about the situation, though he had nothing to offer the lawman about Red. He had been missing for many days now and was believed to have died.

For the last few nights Halley had been having dreams about Red Feather and knew he was still alive. Red Feather's children, Daniel and Dawn may or may not have given up on him, when his

wife died he began to drink. Halley had given up years before that because of the massacre and because of Rachael, Red's wife.

Red Feather had met her in town at church, where Rachael, who was the niece of the minister, taught Sunday school to the children. They had fallen in love and wedded after a year of courting, he had even changed his name to Rex Winder and took up work as an every man in Sumner, a town which had its own variety of people didn't care that he was a red. When Halley was that age though, that kind of relationship outside of a whore house would have been unheard of. Much had changed since Halley's boyhood years, not a lot of it had been good.

Once upon a time near the silver mine in the mountain at its base, there had been just a small pile of rocks for young boys such as he and his brothers used to build a fort acting as heroes in one of grand mothers tales. The small pile had grown to a wall wide enough for a man to walk on and and high enough to see the lights back in town and extended a quarter mile. It had been built from the rocks dug out of the mountain where the silver laid below.

He would never forget when there was only that mountain, dirt and brush and a blue sky clear and unmarred by the black stink of machines, spewing their sickness on everything. Digging the marrow out of mother earth. The pain of that thought though paled to the fright he felt now, as he quickly dressed.

Halley stepped outside of his tiny four wall domicile into the chilly desert air that sent goose bumps across his flesh in waves. He looked towards the dusky red light of a camp fire a mile or so in the distance where the mine laid. His horse was stubborn at first for being woken up, but got Halley there swiftly.

He dismounted at the edge of the rock wall and entered the fire light slowly on foot then stopped when he saw the bloody entrails of the man whose eyes he had been seeing through just a short while ago. At the mines entrance was a set of ribs still filled with meat, a hip bone and part of a leg was laying bent in a pool of purplish red blood, flies had already began to buzz at the ripped apart body despite the chilly night.

Halley stared at the gruesome puddle, but it was seeing the fire light reflecting in the pool of fluid that caused him to bend over and vomit. That reflection in the blood was the first image Bob had shown him long ago, it had warned him what would come next. Halley wiped his mouth with a shaky and wrinkled forearm and walked closer into the light, he felt the darkness of the desert closing in on him.

He saw the firelight again and felt his stomach heave and fought from having to spew up any more bile, as he had very little in his stomach to start with. A sudden nefarious laughter filled the night in his mind and in his ears.

“You didn’t get sick when your sons died, did you, uncle?” said his nephew Rex from the darkness.

Halley looked behind him but saw nothing, not even starlight. It was deathly quiet before Rex spoke again, startling Halley.

“Are you afraid, uncle?” he asked in his native language.

“I have no fear of a coward.” Halley said standing up straight.

There was no response at first, then a pair of green malevolent beastly eyes shined in the darkness behind the rock wall where he stood just a moment ago. A low throaty growl came from the grotesque animal as another pair of emerald eyes appeared next to it, Halley walked just a few feet to the other side when another deep growl rang out. On the other side of him were two more of the freakish beasts, standing just out of the darkness.

“You should choose your words more carefully, uncle.” said Rex coming into the light.

Halley noticed the similarity between his eyes and those of the beasts. It was another sight Bob showed him that wanted to turn his stomach. He had called his nephew a coward, simply because he believed that Rex had been. Many had left the tribe in fear of the blue coats, going farther west instead or south into Old Mexico.

Halley, one of the high chiefs, gathered all the men and boys old enough to fight. They rode to a ranch home Rex had built for his white wife, and they came armed to the teeth with pistols, rifles, blades, bows, and arrows. They had been within shouting distance when they saw his wife Rachael standing on the porch. He had refused to even speak with them or show his face, only Rachael was there and spoke for him. Although she was white, she was darker skinned than most whites, and was not fair haired but had chestnut colored hair and eyes that showed a deep and unshaken love for Rex.

Rex had a vision identical to Halley's own the night before. He would be killed, most likely all of them would be killed. Halley though had witnessed many of the genocidal brutalities the Federals unleashed on his own tribe since before the states war. He would have preferred death than to see the rape of his home.

"He is a coward! He has a war to fight!"

"No!" she shouted curtly. "A coward doesn't walk away from his family to fight a losing battle, it's pointless. He doesn't wish to die! Anymore than to see those he loves murdered. He doesn't want blood on his hands" she said.

"They have defiled of our women with their rifles!" Halley countered with finger pointed at her. "They have cut open bellies of our children with their bayonets! More will die still! Whats to keep the blue coats from coming and raping you as they did my wife. What will they do to your half mongrel child?! His hands are already stained with the blood of his ancestors!"

Halley knew that she was with child then and there and that Red Feather had made his choice, he took his reins and gigged his horse away in the direction of Pecos river where the blue coats were. Halley looked up to the sky that was going cobalt from the coming night, slowly the light from stars began to show.

"What my daughter-in-law says, do you believe it to be pointless?" Rex's father Sand Feather asked.

"It does not matter." Halley said with out looking away from the young night time sky.

Despite everything who ever didn't get killed by the blue coats, would be pushed out by Dolan eventually. Halley saw Dolan in the vision as a man covered in silver dust coughing black mucus into the sky while digging the bare earth with his own hands. Large gushers of water began to erupt and drown all the life, no not drown, but deform, all the life in its path.

Halley saw this vision clearly the vents would not change despite Red Feathers actions or lack there of, what was coming wouldn't be stopped. Halley's sons were all dead when the moon was still at its highest, he mourned their deaths by scalping a blue coated officer. The night sky was awash in conflagration and the echoes of rifle fire.

He and three men were climbing a short hill where on top a half dozen blue coats were working a twelve pound Napoleon cannon. He wanted to be the first on top but the men he led were younger and quicker so he was the last one up which probably saved his life.

The only thing he saw when he reached the crest was a Federal on a horse that was screaming and bucking from all the excitement, then there was a terrific boom followed flash of yellow light and heat, then darkness. A cannon had misfired as they charged and killed everyone except him. He awoke under the face down carcass of the blue coat that had been on the bucking horse. The back half of the soldiers body was charred black and had shielded Halley, though his arm and shoulder were scalded some.

Halley cursed himself for not dying in battle. He a blade or a bayonet to fall upon, but instead he decided he did not want to give the white man the satisfaction. He thought of Rex, feeling a great rush of anger that because of Rex he had to live in a world with out his sons.

“What has become of you?” Halley asked trying to forget that morning after at the Pecos massacre.

“The water that has taken lives of the whites, has given me life.” he said pointing at a long pipe with a pump handle. “Much like the god the whites know as Jesus, I drank, now I am everlasting. As will be my power.”

Rex smiled and held up the rifle used by one of the men the coyotes had eaten. He turned the firearm to one of the beasts and pulled the trigger. The side of the animals pelt rippled and a tiny trickle of blood flowed as the malformed animal snarled in anger but didn't take its emerald eyes from Halley. The smile on Rex's face vanished when he spoke again.

“You said I was a coward. I will soon show you and the white man I am no coward, I will skin them alive. These beasts will lick the blood of the white man off my boots when I am finished.” he said with eyes glowing dimly as he receded into darkness.

“Red Feather...”

“I am no longer Red Feather, nor am I the savage with the white mans name...” he said from the darkness, only his eyes were visible which shone a ghastly bright luminescent green.

“I am Atahsaia.” He said before his eyes went dark.

He tried to tell himself Bob hadn't been real but the green lightening was real and the things he saw were happening at a frighteningly accurate pace. He could feel his nephews hatred flying out of the darkness with green sparks.

Halley's rage had been quick to build that day during his confrontation with the now departed Rachael. That rage had still been hot when he saw the one called Bob, after the visions and the slow pass of years his rage became despair. The opposite had happened to Red Feather, he knew he had caused Halley to survive by his own absence, and though he had done it to live a long life with Rachael she had died on him anyway. The despair Red felt slowly became rage as the years passed and this unnatural transformation was the head of that rage.

“We can rule over them. We can take it back, or you can stay out of my way.”

As suddenly as the deformed animals appeared they retreated back into the shadows and darkness of the desert. The second to last vision Bob had shown him was like a nightmare made real in his mind, in the vision was his grandmother telling the story of Atahsaia, the cannibal demon.

But Red Feather was sitting there with him too, only as a little boy like him though they were many years apart in age. They sat there as children listening to the story, Halley growing more frightened, while Red Feather began to laugh and smile as grandmother told them about how the demon fed. Halley shouted at his grandmother to stop telling the story, but she continued as if she couldn't hear him.

In the vision Rex began to grow a tail, while his skin the color of deep red, changed to a gray fuzz and with lizard like scales as he laughed through teeth slowly growing into points like an animals mouth. Before the vision ended the little boy slowly turned his head with eyes that were glowing a repugnant green and leered at him with a long serpents tongue. Halley shook the memory away as a chill raced down his back.

After a moment Halley re-climbed the rock wall and looked towards the direction of the train station, thinking of the last vision from Bob, it had shown a pair of tracks upon which two whites would arrive. One a scholar, the other a warrior. Halley felt this land had too many white saviors already and was loath to help one.

The idea of a white scholar made more sense than a white warrior. Halley tried to scoff at the idea of any white man facing such foul ugly beasts. But Halley knew something was coming, he would not have needed Bob to see that. He could not be totally sure if it was good or bad as the aura that approached was the color of a storm cloud.

What warrior could fight with such dark clouds swirling around his soul. He had seen the same clouds around Rex long ago. Now Rex had a different aura, one that mirrored the ugly shine of green light from his eyes. The same fate could befall this white warrior.

“Warrior.” he said still unbelieving.

The soldiers he had fought against hadn't needed courage, just a lot of cannon balls. Halley remounted his horse and went back to his home, along the way he began harvesting a cluster of bulbous green plants adorned with a flower on its top like a crown jewel for the spirit battle that was to come, he feared he was to old for The Ordeal.

He found his mind wondering back to a ritual his grandfather had given called The Ordeal. There was blood every where. Blood of his own kind, shed by another of his own kind. He thought of the bloody hands of the men in the ritual and saw in a vision he would have bloody hands, one day.

He remembered wanting to run out to his grand father, shouting to him. Telling him that this was not the way, he didn't want to see his hands covered in blood. But he would never have done such a thing, he had only enough courage to ask him why afterwards. Why did it have to be this way?

“Sometimes blood must fall.”

That was as all his grand father had said about the ritual, he was an tall broad shouldered man who had fought in the French and Indian war before heading west. He was the bravest man in the tribe and wore feathers with many notches from battle. He put more plants in his satchel and looked to the sky above him remembering that Bob had told him that as well. Sometimes blood must fall.

Doug 'Dig' Robins stood on the corner of Cedar street just a few hundred feet from Jeter's Garage in one direction, and nearly a mile from his former home he had shared with a woman named Cammie. It had felt like a hundred years had passed since the night his car died and was drinking his sorrows away. Abraham Mordecai 'AM' Lincoln, sixth cousin to the late 16th President of the United States, sat in his car a few feet from Dig. It was hot and muggy, as the sounds of clunking tools and Jeter's good natured laugh echoed from the garage.

"I'll contact you with the Qpad. OK?" AM asked.

"Yeah, no worries." He said lifting the back pack that hung on his good shoulder which held his Qpad and cube.

His other shoulder was slowly healing and was free of infection but still sore. He knew he had gotten away light after running through a hail of rifle fire coming in all directions. He thought about the soldier he killed again and held his breath.

"You sure, you're OK?" AM asked.

Did he mean his shoulder, the dead soldier, Marisa? Did it matter?

"Fine," he said trying to give a firm nod. "go see your folks."

Dig said sounding more upbeat than a moment ago.

"If you need me..."

"Seriously no worries, AM."

Dig walked towards Jeter's Garage giving AM a thumbs up before leaving his view. AM started his car and drove towards Capital Row, where the houses were priced in the six figure range and up. AM's childhood home, that his parents still resided in was among these. He pulled up the driveway to the mailbox with the name Lincoln printed on both sides with brass letters that had a mirror shine.

Although his parents wouldn't have minded him living there during his college years, AM felt compelled to jump into adulthood with both feet and moved out before he was nineteen years old. AM stopped at the mail box and took out three pieces of junk mail, two addressed to his father, Russell Theodore Lincoln, and another addressed to his mother Gwendolyn Marie Lincoln.

The two car garage held one car at the moment, a cobalt colored BMW his mother sometimes drove. His father normally drove the Lexus to the office. His mom didn't usually drive, and spent her time during the day either volunteering for the garden club, grass rooting for her alma mater, or a number of other civic duties. He was at the front door when it opened suddenly by his mother, who looked tired and anxious, but also relieved to see him.

"Are you OK?" AM asked worried.

"Come in, its your father. He is sick." his mother said simply as she held the door open for him.

AM quickly walked in, his mother wore a sweater from the air conditioner running, why she didn't just turn it off instead of wearing a sweater was a mystery to him. His mother was the most calm headed of the family, so it irritated AM not being told right away what was going.

"Come into the kitchen I made coffee."

"God damn it, what's going on?"

His mother stopped walking and turned to face her son and said sternly:

"Abraham, we need to discuss something before you go see him. I just got back from the hospital, I was meeting him for lunch and he started sweating badly in the lobby of his building before we went. He looked so pale I made him go to the hospital, but thank God it's nothing serious." she said then continued her way to the kitchen.

"I'm sorry I got angry, mom." AM said.

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His mom was silent while pouring coffee but she gave him a half humorous look with a raised eyebrow that Dig would have recognized.

“Your stubbornness you get from your father, the temper from my side of the family. If you swear in front of me again, I don’t care how old you are, I’ll put my foot in your ass.”

“I’m sorry.” He said again and giving her a kiss on the cheek.

He spent more than an hour with his mother, telling her much as he could tell her with out all the time travel and alien hardware details, he didn’t elaborate too much on Angie. Just that it hadn’t worked out because that was life sometimes.

She tried to prod more out of him, he was able to sway the conversation in his own way like any good debate club veteran. But his mother who was not a lawyer but married to one of the best, knew how to stay on subject.

‘Damn, she’s better than Dad.’ He thought to himself.

“Why are you smiling?” his mother asked smiling herself.

“Was I?”

“Abe, come on. Have you thought about some kind of career.” she asked.

The dinner he had with them a few weeks ago she had only glossed over the subject, and he had no real plausible answer that could satisfy them with out lying. However much had happened since then. He had thought back to teaching the children under Sister Eva’s care back in the 2nd universe, since then he had been seriously considering becoming a teacher if he ever finished his search.

“Well I had been considering a degree in teaching.”

“That sounds wonderful, Abraham.”

“I had planned on waiting on after the holidays before I enrolled.”

“Why don’t you enroll now so you can start by next year?” she asked.

He explained to her that he had previous engagements he could not cancel. That worried her a little because it was what she called lawyer speak for “I can’t right now or I don’t really want to and you can’t make me in any legal way.”

Having to be sated with her son’s vague reasons, she suggested he go see his father.

“Maybe he can talk you into going back to school sooner.”

“Maybe, but I promise I will do go back soon.” he said sincerely.

He weaved through traffic on the interstate and arrived at Penn hospital in pretty good time despite the late hour, finding an open parking spot was bigger chore however. The hospital was one of the first in America, founded by Ben Franklin, and considered the finest around the world. The original building was now a landmark, it was in one of the many add ons that AM was born in during the age of Reagan and the Rubik’s cube.

The hospital had immensely grown since it’s inception during the revolution, buildings that looked clean and sleek compared to the original hospital which looked like a large school house. It was twenty five minutes of walking down the steps of the multi level parking garage with the broken elevator and forty five minutes searching the building before he found a room with a white marker board with the name Rusty Lincoln written beside patient. His father sat up in bed, his hair was short and neat like AM’s but not as short as he had in pictures of his days with the Marine Corps.

He had a ruddy face below his bristles of gray going on white hair. He wore reading glasses as his eyes quickly scanned a section of the Inquirer. AM was just coming through the doorway when his father noticed him.

“Abe, I’m glad you finally came. You missed Quake and Aunt Patty by a few minutes.” he said sounding upbeat, folding up the paper and removing his glasses.

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“How you doing?” AM asked sitting down in a plastic contoured chair that was very uncomfortable.

“Better than the Phillies.” he said with a smile.

His dad looked well, exhausted but well. He was hooked to a heart monitor that beeped at regular intervals.

“I wish they’d put a friggin mute button on that thing. Giving me a damn headache.” Rusty said

“How else are they going monitor your heart?”

“I’m just sick of that god damn beeping.”

AM felt alarmed and wanted to say something.

“Dad I...”

“Abe, I’m retiring from the firm.”

AM felt his gut twist up into a knot, his father had wanted him to follow in the family tradition. Hence why his father named his only son not after himself but after the greatest lawyer in his family’s history, and one of the greatest in American history.

“I should have done it a few years ago your mother said. And I admit she was right, don’t tell her though.” Rusty said with a smile. “I had hoped for too long you would come around.”

AM lowered his head, he felt a burning sense of anger and shame that he had disappointed his father, though he had good reason to turn his back on the family tradition.

“Abe, don’t look so glum.” Rusty said trying to catch his sons eyes with his own. “A man has to do what makes him happy. Your grandfather, William Lincoln, wasn’t a lawyer. Do you remember him?”

“A little.”

His memory of the man was that he was very tall and lanky, wearing denim coveralls splattered with paint. AM remembered he had a white beard that would have looked perfect on an Amish man.

“He was a farmer. He didn’t go to college, so when ever he talked about what I was doing I didn’t take him seriously. He said something to me not long after you were born and I was working late nights at the firm, that I didn’t appreciate until now.”

“What did he say?”

“He said ‘it ain’t up to us fathers to decide what our sons will do, Russ. A man can’t get happy livin for someone else.’

“Those were your grandfathers exact words. Of course I didn’t listen. It’s in our blood Abe, we do our best in our duty until the day we die or retire in my case. That’s why your names sake was able to reunite this country. It was selfish of me to put all the pressure I did on you, I understand why you used to resent the name.”

“Dad, I never...it was...”

“Angst?” he asked his son.

AM was silent so his father continued.

“In the sixth grade you were learning about the Civil War for the first time. And your teacher thought it would be a wonderful idea if you did a special report for extra credit on the rail splitter. However you, ever the rebel...” his father said with a warm smile. “insisted you do a report on Frederick Douglas. Do you remember?”

AM laughed and thought back to the eulogy Mr Douglas had given at Lincoln’s funeral, he learned for the first time Abe Lincoln was racist too and felt a deep sense of shame and

mortification. AM had felt more than angst when he read that, also hadn't he felt differently towards his father after that?

"I should've realized then, you wanted to be your own person. You felt so guilty about that and I just got a laugh out of it. It hurt your feelings to learn that and I'm sorry, Abe. I didn't even realize it until your mother was driving me up here and had me convinced I was having a heart attack and I'd never see you again."

His father shook his head looking as ashamed as AM felt just a moment ago.

"Abe, I'm sorry I never thought about you're feelings or your dreams. Your mom and I have asked a lot from you. Being there for Quake, keeping on the honor roll regardless of how swamped you got with every other thing school threw at you. Prepping you for a life you had no say in, a man doesn't do that to his son."

"Dad, just worry about getting out of here." he said reaching for his fathers hand.

"No, you should have heard this sooner." he said taking his sons hand. "I was angry when you left college, and I still was until this morning. I know its difficult for you to tell me why you left, I don't understand it, but I accept it. I always asked so much of you. All I worry about is my son resenting me."

"Resent you? Dad, I don't, I just have other things in my life that are important to me, that's why when I do go back to school, I want to get a teaching degree. I just have a lot of..."

"Yes, I know. Prior engagements that can not be avoided. Your mom texted me, while you were on your way over."

AM chuckled: "You two make a good team."

"Whenever you're ready too go back to school. Give your cousin Stradivarius a call, he's still at Temple."

Stradivarius or Steve as what everyone called him instead, was currently earning a second degree in History as well as getting a secondary degree in Sociology, on top of numerous other degrees he'd already earned. In AM's opinion, Stradivarius was probably the smartest one of the current generation in the Lincoln family, though he had an odd sense of humor that some might call eccentric. His grandfather on his mother's side of the family had founded a restaurant chain called 'Cluck You, Chicken' that specialized in southern fried chicken, and had made a fortune selling the franchise.

"Maybe I will, dad."

AM spent the next few days with his father until he was released from the hospital, with a clean bill of health. AM had texted Dig and told him he might take a few days longer than expected but to be ready to go soon.

It was a week later when AM found Dig at Jeter's, they had been sharing a joint sitting in his garage after closing. It was a cool summer night filled with fireflies and the scent of burning wood not far off, the jubilant laughter of children could be heard near by. Dig was drinking a bottle of cherry Pepsi while Jeter had a mason jar beside him filled with a red orange liquid that only he drank from.

"AM, hey hows your pops?" Dig asked when he saw him approach.

"Much better, thanks."

"Mr. Lincoln, how are ya, baby. Have a seat, partake." Jeter said cheerfully.

Despite it being night, he still wore his sunglasses.

'I wear my sunglasses at night' chimed in AM's head.

Despite the oddness of the sight, the worn denim vest and sunglasses worked for Jeter making him look right out of the 1980s.

“Good Mr. Jeter. A pleasure to see you again.” he said shaking his hand and pulling up a seat similar to the one in his fathers hospital room.

Jeter handed AM the still smoldering joint, he thought about refusing but shrugged and took a drag. He coughed as he blew out smoke and passed it to Dig.

“Are we leaving?” Dig asked as he took a drag and passed it to Jeter.

“Tomorrow, if its not too soon for you?” AM asked.

“No.”

“Leavin already? You just got back.” Jeter said.

“I am sorry, Mr Jeter. Hopefully it will be a short rip...uh trip, and we’ll visit again soon.” AM said taking the joint from Jeter.

“Well my friends call me Jeter, baby, any friend of Diggy, is a friend of mine.”

“Then call me AM, my friend.” AM said raising the joint to his lips and dragging.

AM began to cough harshly, although he was not choking it was a dry hacking cough. Dig laughed and held out his Pepsi to him.

“Here, take a drink.” Dig said.

AM reached out with eyes closed from the force of the coughing and had grabbed the mason jar that Jeter was drink from.

Before they could warn him, AM gulped down half of the red orange liquid. It was cold and felt fine and refreshing for a few seconds. Then an immediate rush of the most intense heat filled his mouth and stomach, followed by a sickeningly sweet aftertaste.

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