

ZILBWIT
THE FIST OF INFERNO

**A REVOLUTIONARY IDEA AND A BAG OF URINE THAT SPARKED A
REVOLUTION**

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FOREWARD

Constance, Constance, this story began as a dream. This very strange dream began with a woman named Constance, somebody that I used to know, but I barely knew. I was trapped in isolation. In the dream Constance walked past me at an angle looking warm and kind. Her skin glowed like white neon. Her white alabaster skin was radiant and in deep contrast to the darkness that surrounded her. She was a beautiful and euphoric presence in the dark abyss. She glowed and was a halo of warmth and radiance. She had cut her beautiful thick black straight hair too slightly past her shoulders in a China girl hairstyle. She was wearing a double-breasted leather vest, leather miniskirt and knee-high leather fetish lace up Spike heel boots. As she walked past me, she turned her beautiful face towards me, smiled warmly and continued walking into the darkness.

Her smile was soft, sensual, seductive, and sexual, the beautiful four S's. Constance also radiated her presence as erotic, exotic, enticing, and exciting, the beautiful four E's. When she smiled at me a sense of warmth, well-being and desire consumed me. She appeared to me as the heart of desire. I sensed she wanted me to follow her, so I followed her into the abyss and Constance drew me deeper and deeper to the other side of darkness. Constance was a beautiful neon light in this abyss of darkness.

When Constance disappeared the dream morphed into a fast-forward view of a protagonist's life leading up to his arrest. There were childhood visions of a water fight. A strange and bizarre flash back viewing the diverse beauty of women the protagonist knew. The lockup during the property inventory and use of the urine bag and finally the rebellion of the Inferno or flame revolution as the protagonist termed it.

In the dream I was not the protagonist but instead I was invading his soul. It was an uncomfortable sharing of his body, a kind of feeling that felt like an overcrowded trespass of his being. I've tried to reconcile this strange feeling and where it all came from. I had the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps I was a voyeur into a person's existence from another dimension.

It began as an intense lucid dream or nightmare with intense feelings of déjà vu attached to the dream. It was so intense it felt as if I was sharing the protagonist, De La Paloma's body and his thoughts. I could feel what he was feeling, hear what he was hearing, see what he was seeing, taste what he was tasting, think what he was thinking and smell what he was smelling.

I've never had a dream as lucid as this. The constant feeling of déjà vu was an added troubling component. It was an uncomfortable feeling, being unable to escape the body of protagonist De La Paloma. Even his words stayed with me until I was able to transcribe the interrogation. It was not a comfortable night's sleep. The dream haunts me to this day. Perhaps it is not the dream I find so disturbing but the utopian tyranny and the enslavement of the people for the "betterment of humankind" that I witnessed through De La Paloma.

It may sound far-fetched but the dream was far too vivid to be merely a dream. It felt too real. I kept coming back to the possibilities that it was somehow connected to string theory, and that it was an experience in another dimension that may exist around us, beside us or ahead of us. Perhaps the protagonist wanted me to see this and Constance was my beautiful sensual erotic guide down the rabbit hole.

This is in reality the story of the beauty of the diversity of women in our lives and of a plastic bag filled with urine that ignited a revolution and gave unarmed protesters the power to fight back against armed police.

CHAPTER 1

THE ARREST

The walking man sensed the person behind him long before he heard the other man's footsteps. In the night, it was another of those ghostly, cold, fog drenched evenings in the great city on the Moors. The walking man sped up his pace to see if his follower would speed up equally as well. The follower quickened his pace to match his prey.

The dense cold, damp fog gave the walking man's journey forward a dreamlike quality. The fog surrounded him and it appeared as a thick mass of cotton balls. As he continued forward through the fog, it was like traveling through a tunnel. Everything in front of him appeared in a circular exposure. Everything beside him was opaque and out of focus. As he continued forward things in front of him would come into focus, then it would blur as he passed it and finally disappear as it passed beside him.

The walking man had lived in this fog shrouded country his entire life. He was born and had grown old, existing in the nation and city on the moors. The walking man sensed what was about to happen even before he was confronted by the mysterious following man. The walking man had patiently waited for this conclusion to come. He looked forward to it, he wanted it, he was proud of what he had done to free the oppressed masses. His desires for freedom had finally recently been realized because of a change in his health.

The walking man knew that it was a man following him and not a woman. Although it was unusual for an unattended woman to be out in the nighttime in the great city on the Moor, it had become more common now since the beginning of the People's rebellion. Now people were violating the infinite mass of laws that the OPR had used to control all aspects of the proletariat's lives for generations.

The footsteps behind the walking man were male, had a long stride and were being made with a serious purposeful intent. The footsteps behind were not those of the casual stroller in the nighttime, they were the footsteps of someone very official.

Back before the OPR had banned all but a few G A B's (government authorized books), the walking man had loved reading detective novels. The walking man had not read one of these novels in over 75 years but he remembered them well. He missed them dearly. He remembered that if you are being followed and continued to turn right at each intersection you come to, that after about six of these right turns it becomes statistically impossible for it to be that you are not being intentionally followed. After he turned right for the sixth time, the walking man knew he was being followed, of this there was no doubt.

The man following quickened his pace and he closed in on the walking man. The walking man now fully sensed what was coming next. Normally his heart would tense up and beat faster given what he knew was going to happen next but he had no fear. He had no anxiety. What the following man was about to bring, the walking man welcomed. Everyone wants the credit for the good that they have done and the walking man's mythical invention of the great revolutionary freer of the oppressed masses, ZILBW I T, fully deserved to be credited to its creator and nurturer.

The walking man had created ZILBWIT and now at this point of the great liberation that he had started he wanted the truth to be known. ZILBWIT is not a man but an idea, a revolutionary idea, something that in the time before the OPR came to power, was called intellectual property. The walking man wanted the masses to know that ZILBWIT was the intellectual property of them all.

Then an icy cold hand extended out from behind and placed a sharp, penetrating grip on the walking man's left shoulder. The walking man stopped. He did not turn around or say anything. To the walking man it felt like an hour before he finally heard the stern and angry voice of the man who had been following him.

Freiheit De La Paloma the man asked? Yes, I am Freiheit De La Paloma the walking man answered. I am OPR Storm Agent Schlachten der Krieg, I arrest you in the name of the OPR.

You are arrested for the offenses of inciting the people to riot, terrorism, inciting unlawful and inappropriate speech, sedition, high treason, inciting rebellion, arson of OPR property, mayhem by arson, mayhem of members of the storm agent's protection service, murder by arson of members of the OPR storm agent's protective service. De La Paloma welcomed his arrest for

these offenses and had no fear for his own fate for such serious offenses that were punishable by death.

Storm Agent Kreig then placed handcuffs on de la Paloma. Kreig pulled a smart phone from his pocket and talked into the phone. I have the terrorist Zilbwit in custody said Kreig. I need a transport wagon to move the prisoner to the fortress for interrogation.

De la Paloma watched intently as Kreig spoke on the phone. De la Paloma was not interested in Kreig's conversation but was transfixed on Kreig's smart phone. De la Paloma admired the beauty of the small hand held pocket sized device. He had not touched one in many years. De la Paloma looked on in envy at the colored screen, the icons and the magical abilities of the now publically banned smart phone.

Kreig saw De La Paloma starring intently at the smart phone. It's just an OPR communicator he told De La Paloma. You must have seen one before he asked De La Paloma? Oh yes replied De La Paloma, I had one 75 years ago before the Cultural Revolution. It was the most amazing thing that I ever owned. It could almost answer any question that you could ask of it, all in the palm of your hand. It was tragic when the OPR took them away, De La Paloma added. Yes responded Kreig, they were taken away to preserve the health and welfare of the people. The OPR banned them to protect the masses. Remember that there were too many health problems caused by the phones, people used them for pornography and they were bankrupting the OPR treasury.

Yes replied De La Paloma, I know all the reasons given by the OPR. It was causing idiocy among the masses. Adolescents were not reading the OPR testaments. They were becoming illiterate and were using harmful acronyms like omg and lol. The integrity of our language almost disappeared. Society almost failed. Yes I am familiar with all of the OPR dogma about the sky is falling storm agent Kreig, replied De La Paloma.

Then a Storm Agent arrived in the transport wagon. De la Paloma was placed inside and the wagon made its way to the fortress. De la Paloma showed no sign of fear or anxiety. No apprehension as to what was to happen next. He appeared a man fully at peace and not a man who was under arrest and facing the death penalty.

De la Paloma appeared to be at peace with the world. Was his indifference and aloof behavior the result of arrogance or was he simply at peace because of what he had done, giving a gift of intellectual property that allowed the masses to rise up against their oppressors.

The prisoner wagon pulled up to the gate of the imposing dark fortress. After a few minutes the gates swung open and the wagon entered the Sallie port. Kreig exited the wagon with his prisoner, De La Paloma.

The fortress was ancient and imposing. Its tall spires seemed as though they reached up into the black sky and had a strangle hold on the full moon which had positioned itself just above the spires.

The tops of the spires in the light of the full moon made the fortress look as though it was wearing a halo. The remainder of what was visible through the fog, of the building was as black as Satan's belly. The darkness of the fortress projected the sense that it was as cold and remorseless as the devil himself.

CHAPTER 2

THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Kreig took De La Paloma down a long dark corridor to the only lighted room which emanated into the corridor. Krieg seated De La Paloma behind a table that had a single light on it. The light shone on De La Palomas face.

De La Paloma began to laugh. This is no laughing matter said Krieg, using his fist to strike DeLa Paloma on the left side of his face knocking him to the floor. De La Paloma felt a sharp burning pain on left side of his face and blood began to exit his mouth.

Kreig then violently grabbed him around the throat, jerked him to his feet and squeezed his throat tightly. Krieg angrily said look you useless bastard, you killed and injured many of my fellow storm agents, this is no laughing matter. I hold the power under the authority of the OPR for summary execution but wanted you to explain why and how you did this before you die! To this De La Paloma giggled which angered Krieg even further. De La Paloma then murmured through Kreigs strangulation, "yes before I die".

Kreig recognized beating De la Paloma further at this point would not expedite his confession. Krieg removed one hand from De La Paloma's throat, reached down and picked up the chair, setting it back behind the table. He sat De La Paloma down again. Let us begin again said Krieg. I was not laughing at you storm agent Krieg, I was remembering things called movies which I would watch before the OPR cultural revolution 75 years ago. In these movies and hard-boiled detective like you interrogate suspects in a room exactly like this with the lamp in the suspects face just as this one here. It just struck me that this is like the old movies I watched 75 years ago. That's why laughed, stated De La Paloma.

Kreig responded by saying you're not a suspect. You have already been tried and found guilty. The OPR has issued your death warrant.

Kreig went on to say, I know nothing of movies. I was never exposed to any cultural pollution such as that, movies that existed before the OPR Cultural Revolution are blasphemy and cannot be spoken of. If you mention it again I will charge you with cultural pollution blasphemy and it will be added to your charges. But I will be executed for my crimes, responded De la Paloma, what do I care about cultural pollution blasphemy charges when I am to be murdered by the OPR.

Kreig ignored De la Paloma's comment and continued: the date is 17 January, 2057. I am at the OPR fortress in interrogation room 777, the time is 10:07 PM. Present for interrogation is prisoner 016361, Freiheit De La Paloma.

Kreig began the interrogation. What is your date of birth? 15 March 1957, the Ides of March, responded De la Paloma. What is your age? I turned 99 years old last March. What is your societal assignment in the masses? Oh yes my job, responded De la Paloma, I am the logistics accountant for storm agent supplies. What does this societal assignment entail asked Krieg? I control the accounting for the issue of the storm agents supplies that allows you to keep killing, no pardon me, murdering the innocent masses.

That kind of comment will only result in more pain for you, Krieg advised. Krieg then continued, I must inform you under the laws of our nation of your rights in this matter for the benefit of the OPR, enhanced interrogation techniques may be used against you. The use of torture during interrogation is strictly forbidden. Enhanced interrogation techniques are allowed and include but are not limited to: water board simulated drowning. This enhanced interrogation technique by law can only be used no more than 100 times. Carbonated soda drink sinus nose injection enhanced interrogation technique. By law this technique can be performed no more than 500 times. Electric shock therapy is an authorized enhanced interrogation technique. This technique is limited to use on the following body parts: ears, nipples, penis, rectum and testicles with attached scrotum. This enhanced interrogation technique can only be performed up to 500 times each per body part that I just noted. Krieg then continued, if a storm agent exceeds 500 times, you may file an appeal with the OPR Ministry of humanity.

Each of these enhanced interrogation techniques that I'm authorized by the OPR to perform can be modified and increased with authorization from the OPR, with OPR verbal or written approval. Do you understand asked Krieg? Yes replied De La Paloma.

Let's begin started Kreig. Are you not the terrorist and murderer known and called ZILBWIT? Yes I am but I would like to qualify the statement to be honest in this matter. Very well replied Kreig, you may qualify your statement.

ZILBWIT is an idea and not a person. If anything, it is the peoples combined desire for freedom and diversity and not any one single person. It is not just an idea but it is an act of resistance from tyranny, an expression of freedom from oppression, an expression of resistance from murders committed against the people by the OPR and its minions. Minions like you.

Very well interrupted Kreig, there may be other followers and your coconspirators among the criminal terrorist element of the masses but you are in fact one and the same ZILBWIT. You are the central figure, originator, chief conspirator and for lack of a better term the brains behind the terrorist revolutionary movement named ZILBWIT. Yes, I take full credit for what has been termed by the OPR as the ZILBWIT terrorist malignancy, replied De La Paloma.

So now you admit that you are in fact ZILBWIT, now I need from you a list of your co-conspirators, you will give me their names immediately or I shall begin enhanced interrogation techniques and you shall provide all names of the members of your organization stated Kreig.

How on earth did you catch me asked De La Paloma? There is no organization, I have no members, I have no terrorist cell, I thought you knew everything there is to know about ZILBWIT and my freeing of the people. How did you catch me then if you know nothing, asked De La Paloma? Kreig backhanded De la Paloma striking hard enough to reignite the pain of the first beating but not so hard as to knock him down again this time. Very well, murmured De La Paloma.

You claim that you acted alone in your criminal malignancy, stated Kreig. This is impossible; do you take me for an idiot? No, I'm sure you're an intelligent human being who just happens to do terrible things working for an idiotic regime said De la Paloma. Kreig postured to strike De La

Paloma but saw that it was useless and getting him nowhere. He decided on taking a new direction in the interrogation.

So supply accountant De La Paloma, you seem to be suffering from some form of psychosis against the welfare of the masses and you are clearly unable to recognize the benefaction of the OPR. Why do you undermine and hate such a benevolent government that provides the people everything that they need to exist?

You're right storm agent Kreig, the OPR does provide the masses what they need to exist and even to exist longer. Yes Kreig replied, life expectancy is now 152 to 175 years and will be 200 within the next 20 years. You, supply accountant De la Paloma, are proof of this benefit. Life expectancy when you were born was only about 68 years. Imagine De la Paloma through the generosity of the OPR now you have double the lifespan. You are 99 years old but through the OPR gene therapy program you have the physical strength, health, vitality and appearance of a 40-year-old man. Yes, replied De La Paloma, I'm aware of my numerical and gene therapy age.

So, supply accountant De La Paloma, how can you be so ungrateful so as to bite the hand that feeds you. How can you try and destroy the very entity, the OPR, which has given you a utopia, and a utopian perfect life. De La Paloma paused and pondered Kreigs statement. Kreig patiently awaited De La Paloma's answer. De La Paloma's pause seemed like an hour to Kreig. Finally De La Paloma said: May I ask your age storm agent Kreig? Kreig hesitated then told De la Paloma, that he was 25 years old. Then De La Paloma replied, well storm agent, Kreig, you know no other world than the OPR's so called utopia. Your views of society and the masses have been shaped solely by your 25 years of existence within the bounds of the OPR. You were born 50 years after the Cultural Revolution. It was a far different world before the Cultural Revolution and I can argue point for point on why it was a better world then. A better world with all of its flaws and imperfections, added De La Paloma.

Storm agent Kreig went on and gave De La Paloma his views on the OPR's gene therapy program. Kreig lectured De La Paloma that through gene therapy the OPR was able to harness the power of genetics and DNA and eliminate the problems associated with diversity. Racial envy is no more, Kreig noted. Competition and jealousy no longer exist because now, among the masses everyone is on an even playing field.

CHAPTER 3

PROPOGANDA

De La Paloma explained his propaganda grievance to Kreig. Your world is shaped, contoured, formed, and manipulated by the OPR propaganda machine. The so-called OPR people's Bureau of propaganda. Do you know the true definition of propaganda, asked De La Paloma? Before Kreig could even answer, De La Paloma broke into a verbal dissertation that was worthy of the most impassioned courtroom argument ever made and seemed more a zealous religious sermon from the churches that existed before the Cultural Revolution than a mere impassioned speech.

De La Paloma continued his lecture. Before the Cultural Revolution the term propaganda meant using information and media to convince people of a specific point of view even though that point of view was a harmful one. It was the same as commercial advertising that was used to sell products to consumers, like candy, clothing and candles, anything that could be sold.

Propaganda was the government's sales tool of ideas and viewpoints to convince the masses to follow. Unfortunately the ideas sold were never the truth and propaganda became synonymous with lies. The government manipulated its propaganda to make the people believe what the OPR wanted them to believe, whether it is true or not and again, it never is true. Now the OPR uses the term propaganda as though it is a benevolent informing of the public. Transparency is what they claim is what propaganda produces but it is not transparent, it is a malignant manipulation of the public so that the OPR can rule as kings. The OPR ministry of propaganda and the television and newspaper media tell the masses what they should believe, what is right, what they should think, what our country should stand for, and every other form of programmed and controlled thought for the masses to follow.

Kreig defensively responded to De La Paloma's comments. The OPR Ministry of Propaganda in the storm agent's Bureau are highly ethical information services keeping the masses informed under the highest standards of government transparency.

CHAPTER 4

THE UCI

De La Paloma responded to Kreigs bias. Are the people's UCIs for the betterment of the masses as well storm agent Kreig, asked De La Paloma? Yes terrorist De La Paloma, responded Kreig curtly. I'm proud to wear the people's UCI. It is functional and equalizes all the people. Now there is no more envy in clothing since the proclamation was made by the OPR that all the masses shall wear the UCI to benefit the public harmony.

Yes, all the masses responded said De La Paloma. The Masses must wear this dull, boring, listless garb while the OPR dress themselves in splendid attire behind the walls of the Forbidden City. Their wardrobe is many colors and made of fine materials such as silk and linen.

That is terrorist propaganda yelled Kreig. You see responded De La Paloma, you are now using the word propaganda in its literal term. You have used the term to describe its use, or abuse if you will, to convince others of something which you believe is untrue.

There are lies consistently spread by terrorist revolutionaries that the members of the OPR live lavishly behind the walls of the Forbidden City, they do not. Have you been inside the Forbidden City asked De La Paloma? No replied a noticeably shaken Kreig. The members of the OPR imprison themselves behind the walls of the Forbidden City so they may focus on work that benefits the public masses. They must live in a prison of sorts, sacrificing themselves for the health and welfare of the people, yelled Kreig.

Well storm agent Kreig, I have personal knowledge of what really goes on behind the walls of the Forbidden City replied De La Paloma. Remember that I am that logistics accountant for the storm agent's. In this capacity I work closely and sometimes assist the other logistics accountants, including those assigned to the supplies for the members of the OPR within the Forbidden City. I've personally seen the excesses that the members of the OPR enjoy. These are the excesses that the masses have purchased for them. They live not like monks but as kings.

CHAPTER 5

FAT PEOPLE

Enough of this, an exhausted Kreig yelled. Your lies will not be noted in this interrogation and will be deleted from the transcript for the benefit and welfare of the people. Very well, replied De La Paloma. However you need not delete from a transcript which will never be seen, De La Paloma added.

Let's move on said Kreig. Kreig continued, you claim that people's lives are not better now under the compassionate care of the OPR. Yet, besides a doubling of lifespan and the equalization and the fairness of the people's uniform clothing issue, you deny these benefits. Consider the OPR's campaign against obesity. This has been an incredible success and all the masses now live within the OPR's optimal mass bodyweight index.

I so miss fat people replied De La Paloma.

Don't be stupid terrorist De La Paloma, you're being sarcastic and facetious. You know lives are better now and all citizens have equanimity of fitness, stated Kreig. But Storm Agent Kreig, replied De La Paloma, you don't understand, I miss all of the aspects of diversity, including different body shapes and sizes. You only know the fifteen that we allow to exist today.

CHAPTER 6

BEAUTY OF A WOMAN'S DIVERSITY/THE ONENESS

De La Paloma explained to Kreig about what made women so beautiful prior to gene therapy.

I so miss the wonderful diversity of women. Our current choices 15 varieties of women is an aberration of nature you should have seen and experienced the beautiful diversity of women before the implementation of gene therapy. Women all had complex and beautiful varied differences then. It was a true miracle and the genius of nature. Women had such beauty you could never tire of their abundant variety. There were skinny women, medium between fat and skinny women, women fat in certain places and skinny in others, women with big butts, women with small butts. There were women with small boobs but absolutely perfect nipples and in contrast women with big large beautiful boobs but only fair to good nipples. It was a trade-off of what your desires and preferences were, perfect nipples on small breasts or mediocre nipples on beautiful huge jugs. Both were equally wonderful and pleasurable to a man.

No storm agent Kreig you don't have any idea what you missed with the complex diversity of female beauty. Actually, I must qualify this, there is no such thing as fair, good or mediocre nipples, all nipples are perfect in their own seductive powers. All are delicious.

De La Paloma continued to explain to Kreig his love for the beauty of women and their diversity.

My love for the diversity women came later in life. In my youth, I subscribed to a horrible perfectionism, of what my mind saw as the perfect female. I didn't understand the theory of sensuality or the seductive powers of women of all body shapes and sizes. Even during my perfectionist phase I still knew about the beauty of women of all races and cultures. Beauty is beauty regardless of what DNA traits are inherited.

It is a living nightmare for a society to look alike. It is a smothering of nature and humanity when people make decisions based not in reality, biology and fact but instead turn to statistical analysis, mathematics, and personal emotions to value how a person should look. It is a nightmare and a dangerous one to not accept diversity and the reality of nature including violent conflict that can result from diversity and differences. Just look at this methodology, what this has now led to and will lead to in the future. If the oneness continues indefinitely we shall suffer

and fail for it. Ignoring biology's control over all life and nature's dictation of our existence is both stupidity and foolish arrogance.

Yes, the OPR has made every effort to make us all the same now. We dress alike; we're all becoming the same physical shape. The OPR is even making us racially harmonized with its gene therapy programs. The oneness as they call it. I was not sarcastic when I said I miss fat people. The pre-Cultural Revolution world you did not know, I did. It was a time of great diversity in our world. It was a beautiful time of differences that eliminated boredom from our mundane lives.

Yes, diversity, angrily responded Kreig. Diversity that constantly blighted the people with jealousy, envy, competition against each other and violence was the result. Diversity was the root of all problems in society. Diversity was responsible for more deaths than cancer or automobile accidents back before the Cultural Revolution. Diversity was the cause of most suicides back then, just think of the millions of lives saved by the simple elimination of diversity from the masses. There are no suicides now; the masses no longer suffer from racial, body image, religious, clothing and property differences or any other form of harmful divisions. We are all thanks to the foresight of the OPR, equal and the same. There is no reason for social disharmony anymore because of the oneness.

CHAPTER 7

DIVERSITY OF CLOTHING THE SAMENESS

Well storm agent Kreig let me tell you about the diversity that I knew before the Cultural Revolution. Very well responded Kreig, but this will be used against you. But, I am to be executed, am I not, what can be held against a dead man, asked De La Paloma. Yes, yes, very well replied Kreig.

Well storm agent Kreig, before the Cultural Revolution the masses, the people as we called them then, wore all manner of clothing. There were all colors and patterns and styles. Some clothes were more stylish than others but most people found comfort in their clothes chosen for their own personal styles. Often there was no jealousy towards another's clothing. People would complement others on their wardrobe. Different colors, patterns and styles of clothing were expressions of personal freedom.

But, it was a personal freedom that was harmful to the masses, it led to competition, it led to dissatisfaction, it led to abuses towards each other and bullying of people who could not afford better clothes. Now all things are equal with the UCI, responded Kreig.

Yes, storm agent Kreig, I am aware of the stated reasons for the requirements of the UCI, and the OPR perpetuated dogma, responded De La Paloma. You would have had to have seen the world before the Cultural Revolution. What a beautiful and colorful world it was. It was the color of personal freedom. It was the colors of the rainbow. Thank goodness that the OPR has not been able to ban the rainbow because it is more than one color, added De La Paloma.

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