

The
Unread
Book
Of
Words

By
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The
Stories

-Pendle Hill.
-Blade Dancer.
-The Story Of Karl.
- Norman.
- Genuine Leather.
- The Cottage.
- The Roof.
- The Last Man.
- Experi-mental.
- One Minute To Midnight.
- The Dark

Pendle Hill

Chapter One

Being dead is not all that it is cracked up to be. It isn't in the least bit relaxing, nor as straightforward as you might like to believe. So it was according to Billy a time of stress and confusion. Then there was Sylvia, how he did so want to help her.

Billy wasn't sure of course, he wasn't certain of anything any more except for maybe his feelings for Sylvia and his fear and hatred of Nurse Jones. That went without saying she was after all the vilest most unpopular member of staff in the whole of Pendle Hill asylum.

"Sylv', Sylv', we have to cross over, me and you together, we can do it tonight, I know where it is, where all the others went, I saw them go Sylv' honest I did." Billy moved closer to the slumped figure of Sylvia; she twisted her head away from him and covered her ears in an infantile attempt at blocking out the bad words of Billy Morton.

"Slyv' listen, it happened just like I said, I couldn't go then but...." The unmistakable harsh sound of heavy footsteps echoed vindictively down the corridor. They expressively uptight, unpleasant almost to the point of vicious and to Billy they heralded in the arrival of that loathsome creature. Billy quickly stepped out into the corridor trying to distance himself from Sylvia. The footsteps abruptly halted as if some hideous legion had called it to a halt.

"Billy! Billy Morton!" The footsteps started up again, only now they seemed to have found a purpose and somehow had more venom to them, they had locked in on him like a cruise missile and he had nowhere to run too, nowhere to hide.

"Stop right-there Billy Morton!" A shrill cutting voice, a voice, that was designed to be obeyed, seemed to freeze Billy to the spot. Billy didn't tear his eyes away from the door in front of him. He didn't want her piercing eyes to

look into his. Eyes that could bore into your very soul and read your thoughts as easily as if they were reading a newspaper. Nurse Jones leaned her head in towards Billy's ear, her staccato voice dripping with bile.

"Don't even think about filling that girl's head with your puerile nonsense Billy. Do you hear me?"

Billy meekly nodded. Nurse Jones leaned in even closer her voice changed to a hoarse, gruff whisper.

"We wouldn't want to have to recommend a course of shock therapy for you, now would we?"

Billy opened his room door and stepped in, closing the door behind him. Once inside he began to shake with a quiet rage.

Billy laid down on his bunk, it was, he thought, mid-morning, but it was so hard to know any more, time was a difficult thing to keep a track of when you are dead he thought. He closed his eyes for a moment trying to focus on the task that was inexorably ahead of him.

Suddenly, he was back to the night of the first fire. A persistent gentle voice called to him through the grey mist that is semi-consciousness.

"Wake up Billy," the voice disturbed him. "Wake up," it refused to let him rest. "You must get up and go." His dead sister's voice was compelling him to obey and already the dense cloud that held him captive was subsiding. Then a mocking malevolent voice intruded into his head.

"Oh Billy, why did you play with those matches, you know that you're not supposed to?"

The ghastly figure of Nurse Jones stood in front of them admonishing Billy's perceived transgressions. Billy coughed as his young lungs objected to the intake of so much smoke. With the aid of his sister he managed to pull himself up into a sitting position and with some continuous tugging he was persuaded up onto his feet. Billy gathered all his faltering strength and followed his sylph like younger sister through the dense smoke and past the grotesque figure of Nurse Jones and her malevolent stare.

Once they had reached the top of the landing a blast of heat and thick swirling smoke almost knocked Billy off his feet, the Wight that was his sister somehow gave him the will and the strength to carry on and they began their descent down the narrow stairs. It was then that Billy remembered his parents and he looked back through the acrid smoke toward their bedroom, to his relief he saw them stood together dressed in their Sunday best and smiling down at him. They both gave a gentle wave and

through the roar of the burning building Billy thought he heard them saying goodbye. An intensely bright swirling light streaked with a golden glow and so dazzling that it forced Billy to momentarily glance away swathed his parents in a cocoon, for a brief moment, Billy was able to share in their joy of release as they passed from this world to the next. Then all too soon they were gone and he was left alone in this world. His wraith like sister guided him down through the dense choking smoke, away from his lost parents. They reached the bottom of the stairs and Billy felt his weight double his heart was heavy as he realised that he would not be seeing his parents again. Then all too soon his sister was gone and in his grief he lay down in the entrance hall and waited for the compelling beautiful lights to take him to join his sister and parents, to be with them forever.

Billy sat bolt up right in his bunk sweating and panting, swimming into focus before his eyes stood the menacing figure of Nurse Jones, and her expression turned to glee as she brutally tormented him. She thrust her hand out towards Billy and shook the contents of a box of matches at him. "Want to play with these again Billy?"

Billy shrank away as Nurse Jones burst into bestial maniacal laughter, he looked up into her eyes and what he saw was not human, but the eyes of a demon, blood red with vertical slit like pupils which seemed as black as the eternal pit.

"You killed your parents Billy, you will never join them, they don't want you Billy. You're doomed to walk the eternal walk!"

"Nooo!" Yelled Billy as he awoke with a start.

That Nurse Jones could read his thoughts gave Billy no doubt, he knew that so long as he didn't look into those evil eyes, those demon eyes, his intention would be safe. Then so it was that Billy hid his gaze from the astute Nurse Jones all day long. He had a mission and that mission involved the theft of a bottle of surgical spirits. Billy pulled the draw of his dressing table out, and searched about underneath where three matches should have been taped. He had already stolen and hidden them away in preparation for this day. He searched with his hand to reassure himself that they were still there, to his relief they were. The only other thing that he had to worry about was the walk-in linen cupboard door. The last time, the last anniversary of the great fire of Pendle Hill, he had intended for himself and Sylvia to cross over then. He had prepared himself then also, just as he had now, but she found out, somehow, Nurse Jones, of course he had not know about the thought gazing then. She had

locked the cupboard door and was waiting for them that night, Nurse Jones and the other nurses sprang their trap on Sylvia and himself. It had cost him dear that attempt, a two month long treatment program of electric shock therapy and all the time Nurse Jones watched on and gloated, revelling in her triumph. The next time she had informed him, he wouldn't get off so lightly, that they had a way of dealing with miscreants, especially persistent ones. Nurse Jones was altogether at her misanthropic best back then, she seemed to feed off his redoubtable suffering, gaining in strength as he lost his. He knew better now, he had lulled her into thinking that they had won, whilst all the time he grew in strength and except for the slight altercation that morning things had gone well.

Billy left the sanctuary of his room and headed down the corridor to the bathroom. He wanted to wash away the earlier nightmare, as in life he thought, so it was in death, one long struggle. It was then that he glanced into the mirror and caught the reflection of something. It was just a whisper of a figure that all at once suggested its presence and then was gone. He wasn't even sure that he had seen anything at first, but then a faint lingering odour of a familiar perfume told him that he had a visitor. Was it encouragement or a warning? He could not tell, but he knew that its owner, his mother was still watching over him and he took solace from this. Outside in the corridor Billy watched as a nurse pushed along a large laden trolley. He could clearly see the two bottles of surgical spirits. One was on the top and half full; the other was on the second shelf down and unopened. That was the one he wanted the one not being in use he reasoned would not readily be missed. Ordinary he wasn't a thief he abhorred such things but his need was great, a matter of grave importance to both himself and Sylvia.

Nurse Jones loathsome frame emerged from Sylvia's room with a confident swagger that only comes with personal triumph. She walked with an unusually light step down the corridor towards the spot where Billy was standing, despite himself and his own warnings he stared at her trying to see into her, to see what she was up to. He glanced back and forth between her and Sylvia's room realising there must be some kind of connection. Alarm bells began to ring inside Billy's head but he was unable to tear his eyes away from the approaching figure of Nurse Jones. By the time she had pulled level with Billy he had dropped his head and backed up against the wall. Nurse Jones suddenly stopped and turned her head towards him all signs of the joyous mood gone. "What are you up to Billy?" Billy looked at her for a moment feeling foolish at his slip of self-control; he immediately averted his head. She moved like a hypnotic snake trying to capture his gaze but failed.

"She's going Billy, transferring to another place where you can't disturb her with your nonsense" Billy was briefly visited by anger but remained outwardly submissive, passive, he was not going to give the game away this time. Nurse Jones had finished her gloating and turned to join the other nurse who was still idly pushing the trolley along. It was then that a loud clatter echoed through the silence and tension sending Nurse Jones and her companion scurrying off into one of the rooms. Billy quickly took advantage of the opportunity and as slick as a professional thief lifted the bottle of surgical spirits. He turned and swiftly headed back towards his room but failing to make the sanctuary before nurse Jones returned to the corridor.

"Billy, Billy Morton!"* Billy froze; sweat poured from him he caught his breath and felt sure he had come unstuck and he started plunging into sheer panic.

"You behave your self, you here me no more of your silly stories".

He sighed in relief and nodded his acceptance continuing on his way without further protestations.

He stood with his back against the closed door, panting with the exhilaration and buzzing because of the sudden rush of adrenaline. Once he had regained his composure he went and hid the bottle of spirits in the cistern in his bathroom where he knew his fire accelerant would be safe. Billy pondered on what fate may have in store for Sylvia, what horrendous place awaited her poor tormented soul and he resolved to save them both. He just knew he had to save them.

Chapter Two

Billy knew Nurse Jones well enough to realise that she had become suspicious, that she was alert to something but so far he thought that things had gone well. He was au fait with the inhuman abilities that nurse Jones possessed and was guarding against them. Would Nurse Jones be nervous enough to lock the linen cupboard door and lay a trap as she did before? He hoped not but he knew he had to act as normally as he could.

Opening his bedroom door enough only to look up and down the corridor he observed the abomination that disguised itself as nurse Jones, she was conversing with one of her cohorts. Billy had assumed her to be on hand in her heightened state of alert, for he postulated she would expect him to attempt to make contact with Sylvia before they moved her to who knows where? He reasoned that to not attempt to contact Sylvia, far from allaying Nurse Jones's suspicions they would in fact increase her vigilance. Her anxiety would he guess be ruinous to his plans. He crept out through the partially open door and slowly began to edge his way towards Sylvia's room, which fortunately was situated away from his adversary. He reached the door but no sooner had he placed his hand upon the handle. The beast as if picking up the scent of her prey spotted him. A voice akin to finger nails scraping over a blackboard burst like shrapnel from a shell and tore the silence asunder

"Billy Morton, hold it right where you are." The uptight footsteps traversed the space between them in double time.

"Well?" asked Nurse Jones who seemed to be sampling the air as a large cat would try to pick up the scent of fear "What are you doing here? What possible business could you have here I wonder?"

"I....I was....just..."

"What did I tell you Billy? Are you disobeying me?"

"Well what are you doing here then? She stepped in closer "I told you didn't I Billy stay away from Sylvia, that's what I said didn't I?" She was toying with him now much as a cat would when it catches a mouse.

"Yes but..."

"..And what do you do Billy. The first chance you get?"

"I.. .I.. Just wanted to say good-bye?"

"You're lying Billy what are you up to?"

"N.nothing.."

"What are we going to do with you Billy? What do you think we should do?" Nurse Jones leaned in closer she looked him up and down with such distaste etched across her face." Such a difficult patient."

"I only wanted to say good-bye".

"Teh maybe we should lock you in your room, give you time to settle down to become less agitated, eh?"

Billy bereft reacted instinctively to this suggestion momentarily making eye contact with Nurse Jones. He immediately regretted his reaction and knew that if he over played his hand he would be lost and so would Sylvia. He lowered his head and caught an oily smirk squirm over her vile features. He played his hand now by nodding his agreement to the

suggestion of being locked in. He watched confusion and consternation cross nurse Jones's face.

"We shall see, back to your room, this one" she motioned across at Sylvia's room "is out of bounds to you."

He turned and with heavy footsteps walked back to his room in triumph.

"I think" added nurse Jones as Billy reached his room "that we shall have to lock the linen cupboard tonight just in case.. .don't you Billy?"

Billy felt crushed as his whole world collapsed around him, he wanted to scream and rage but drawing on some inner strength he just shrugged and walked on into his room. Tears of frustration welled up into his eyes and spilled over his cheeks. With all hope gone he slumped down into his chair and lowered his head in his hands. He felt the sharp teeth of failure that had become so familiar to him bite down with cruel abandon, crushing the sinew and bone that had once been his plan. It wasn't for his self that he felt the hurt but for Sylvia. He had let her down. What was to become of her poor tormented soul he dreaded to think? The vagaries of war had turned sweet victory into sour defeat. For war is what this was and yet there was still hope, still a chance. That in some way was worse for hope followed him and haunted him to distraction because hope meant he had not yet succeeded. Hope was his cruel bedfellow, always there; always pressing him on to something that seemed just out of reach. A whisper on a breeze, a flickering candles in a draughty house of darkness.

Night began to fall as the sun slipped away behind Pendle hill. Billy arose to his feet, he collected the three matches from under the drawer and recovered the bottle of surgical spirits, which he crammed with some difficulty into his jacket pocket and then eased his way into the silent corridor, Pendle hill slept apart from Nurse Jones or one of her minions that is, they would appeared every two hours to walk the corridors like sentinels of hell. That

though would give him just enough time. Billy reached Sylvia's bedroom; he opened the door carefully not to make any noise and darted like a shadow into the darkness of the room. Something suddenly grabbed a hold of him, at first Billy feared that he had walked into a trap again but the small frame that clung to him in the darkness was obvious not that of nurse Jones. He knew the frame was a smaller more delicate one that trembled slightly. Billy was so unaccustomed to such contact that he stood frozen for a while

"I knew you would come Billy, I knew it, you have to help me Billy please" Sylvia's forced little mouse-like voice sounded piteous. It was a moment before Billy realised what he was about; he had been thrown off by this sudden unexpected change in Sylvia.

He guessed that it had been forced on her by the meeting with Nurse Jones earlier. Billy scrabbled in the dark for her hand; he found it and led her towards the door,

"Don't worry" his voice reassuring "I'm here to help, this way." There seemed to be only a momentary resistance before Sylvia followed Billy out into the all too lengthy brightly lit corridor. Billy carefully checked that the coast was clear before leading Sylvia down the corridor and towards the linen cupboard. It was then that Sylvia stopped firm in her tracks. Billy looked to Sylvia in alarm he hoped she wasn't going to lose the plot now not now please don't lose it now he said to himself. When he looked into her face he could see a change in her, a resolution, a defiance he had never witness before. Sylvia must have read his puzzlement, the question that appeared on Billy's expressive face

"We can't leave the Nobles, please Billy they are my friends."

Billy hesitated he hadn't expected this it was not a part of his plan he knew the old couple had been good to her but he had never considered taking anyone else through. Sylvia taking advantages of Billy's indecision acted quickly.

"I won't go with out them," she said petulantly Billy realised it would be folly to stand and argue he reversed his direction and headed towards the Nobles room.

Reaching the room Billy knock quietly on the Nobles door, he wasn't sure just what to expect as he tried the door it opened easily. Billy heard a cackling noise and a light blast of heat; he wasn't sure whether it was this or some sixth sense that told him there was something horribly wrong. He turned to look at Sylvia and what he saw in her eyes he did not like. With one mighty push that belied Sylvia's statue he was flung into the room landing at the feet of Nurse Jones.

In the corner of the darkened room at the end of a blazing path a column of golden lights danced in a dazzling display. Billy watched as Mr and Mrs Noble stepped into the lights, they cast a piteous glance at Billy and crossed over. Sylvia stepped over Billy's prone body but was stopped by Nurse Jones. She allowed Billy one last look at Sylvia. Billy looked up into the face of betrayal. Nurse Jones allowed Sylvia to step down the blazing path and into the golden light. Sylvia spun around and told Billy she was sorry and then she too was gone. Billy looked up into the demons hideous triumphant face, a face that no longer wore its human mask. Quickly Billy scrambled to his feet with such speed that it took the demon and its two minions by surprise. The two nurses armed with fire extinguishers had already started to extinguish the path of the fire. Billy made one last dash for the golden lights, towards the out stretched arms of his sister who now stood in the golden light. He could see it fading with the fire and he made one final last-ditch effort diving headlong towards his release to the over tones of demonic laughter. Then something struck him and the black mist descended upon him.

Billy opened his eyes and blinked hard against the light. He glanced around him and saw the trimmings of a medical hospital ward. Two distant voices, seemingly talking about him echoed inside Billy's aching head.

"They found him ranting and raving in the old Pendle hill place."

"The place that burned down in the 1930's when some kid set it on fire."

"Yes, out of his tree this one."

"Dangerous."

"No, apparently Nurse Smith knows him, she said that she would keep a special eye on him."

Billy looked up into the face of a middle age nurse that seemed vaguely familiar. Then her green eyes blinked and Billy looked up into eyes that were blood red with vertical pupils as black as the eternal pit and he began to scream and scream and could not stop.

Blade Dancer

"They call me Blade Dancer, the others, when we meet up, which isn't as often as we used to. Don't get me wrong, it isn't that we don't want to its just that there are so few of us left now; the rest, well what can I say; they have gone now, dead, shot or savaged either way....

I live in the country mainly, some of my kind has been forced to move away to live on the edges of the big cities they have to hide all day, only coming out at night time, but that's not for me, no I like my green fields and woodlands. I mean who wants to drink from a filthy gutter when you can have a nice cool clear stream to drink from? Okay, it's more dangerous here and getting more so all the time, when once there was safety in numbers now there's loneliness. That's why they call me Blade Dancer, I live on the edge of a knife, so they say, danger is my friend; Uh I think not.

Long ago we all lived in harmony, there were forests and woodlands, valleys of grass that rolled out like a carpet right down to the rivers edge, the air was as clean and crisp as the water and on a clear night you could see so many bright twinkling stars that you couldn't count them all and has I have said the water was cool and clear and tasted sweet. Not now though, not for a long time, not even my mother can claim to have seen it like that. Their just stories handed down; a distant dream, if you want to believe them that is. Well, that's up to you isn't it? All I know or have ever known is that which we have now bad air, bad water, little food and so very few of us left.

It's all because of them you know; all this, don't misunderstand me now, I'm not saying that it was perfect before, but it was a lot closer to it then it is now. I don't know where they came from or why they started building their huge monstrous towns and cities?

Why they chop down all the trees and build machines that choke the air and pour filth into the water and air, and why they kill; kill, kill everything; even; so I've heard, each other. Not for food neither, like you or I would have to so that we can feed our families, oh no they, them, they kill for pleasure, for fun. Sometimes I've heard tell that they like to call this blood lusts sport, bah! And the noise they make...! The world is never silent any more, never just

quiet Still, no point in complaining is there? What is just....is. All this talk makes me hungry, we will have to wait until it gets dark though tonight, I heard tell that the spotters were out again and they always come just before the murderous dogs and the rest of them blood hungry beasts, mostly. Sometimes they just shoot what they find, other times...well. ..may as well get some sleep, settle yourself down there and after; Blade Dancer will show you where to find a nice tasty meal."

"Ah, there you go, thought that you were gonna sleep right through the night. You must be hungry and all, here drink this, it will help; there you go. Listen, we have to go out to gather food right, so you not being from around here, won't know the layout, so stick with me, move low and quiet like and don't touch anything unless I say to okay? Good now once you're ready we will move."

"Come on let's go... keep low, move swift and silent; now, can you see that first clump of bushes to the right there, well, leave that alone, there is some very nice pickings in there, but it's trapped now, can't move for `em, so we pass that and see there just beyond that stone, that's where we are heading. Keep quiet, nice and low and fast, now come-on."

"There, that was good for a first timer; those bags not holding you back are they? We need to fill them with goodies; first we have to get away from our hide, foraging for food too close to home is give away. They look for that sort of thing them ugly spotters, you have to admire their skill though they are good at what they do, I'll give *em that, let's go, follow me."

"Well, that's what I call a good nights gathering, there is plenty to keep us fed for a while, tomorrow we can have a little fun with them, I like to let em know that some of us won't give up without a... What have got there? No, no, I told you.. .Christ what have you done?"

"Why the hell did you touch that, it was so obviously a trap, oh god you're bleeding badly let me tie it off. No, it's no good you struggling you will never get it open again, a few hours and they will come for you, if this damn thing doesn't cut you in half first. I can't believe you were so stupid, oh I'm sorry, so sorry but there is nothing to be done. I should have kept a sharper eye out for you, blast I was such a fool. Look the full moon is coming out; I have to go.. .What can I do? We have tried so many times in these situations and everything we do makes it worse and even if I did get you out what then? You are sure to die from the wounds. I'm sorry please don't cry. I know it hurts, but you'll bring the dogs down on you and they

will.... What? You want me too.... Before they do, but, a
rock over the head, it maybe quick and.. I can't.. I... can
I?"

The Story of Karl

Karl sat on the edge of a small bed containing a little girl of eight years old who no longer had a daddy. He sat and told her the story of his life, he wanted her to know that he loved her still and wanted her to understand what had come to be and why.

The voice of the wind sang off key as it brushed through the night landscape bringing a chill to the bones. Sickly patches of orange bathed small areas of the streets in pools of grotesquely distorted light, killing the colour of the world. Not by accident these lights have been installed, all part of the large plan, all part of the suppression of the masses. Keep the vibrations low and don't allow them to grow, crush out all individuality and grind under the heel all original thought.

As Karl walked along the street, a street that used to be lined with trees but now lined with ever watchful cameras, spying, observing the common people, nothing to do with law and order, nothing to do with imaginary terrorism, no, just a frightened power base waiting for the people to revolt against the Nazi New World Order. Karl could not understand how the people have sat back and allowed their freedoms to be taken away. Could they not see that terrorism is that which the state has used to induce fear and remove peoples freedom. Could not they see that the state is nothing short of a monstrous shame controlled themselves by a malevolent force and willing, without the slightest hint of conscience to commit atrocities, of mass murder with out even the batting of an eye.

Too many people remained asleep cocooned in their own little world of work, sleep and worries about there own rising debt. No time to think, to look and see the bigger picture. Surrounded by the most sophisticated brain washing hardware ever devised, told lies from birth, controlled from birth, all individuality stamped out from birth what else could he expect. Add to that the systematic poisoning using processed food even water with the adding of the highly toxic fluorine. Karl remembered well the words of the professor; drinking fluorinated water for a year is nothing short of a chemical lobotomy. Not to mention the so called sweetener that had its origins in an American Air Force chemical weapons laboratory and now sold to the masses as a safe alternative to sugar.

He remembered back a few hours with a chill, the incredible sunset, spectacular colour bathed the skies in warmth and coated it with beauty. Nobody asks why?

Here in the United Kingdom we did not see such splendid sunsets, but now, now we see them. The truth of it was that it was simply artificially caused by pollution molecules scattering the light. Not industry or the people have caused such pollutants, but a horrid concoction deliberately sprayed in to the air. Chem-trails, something few notices and even fewer know about. Chem-trails looking like trails from ordinary aircraft but lasting more than the 30 seconds that ice crystals always last from ordinary jets, and never do ice trails criss-cross the sky like chem-trails do.

Karl also remember how hard he had worked on his book, the painstaking research, the nights without sleep writing it and the impossibility of finding a publisher. How far and wide the hands of the Illuminati reaches. Even he, a well respected writer and recognized journalist could find no out late for the most important story of the decade, of the era. He was met with odd looks, sniggering behind his back and out and out ridicule. Then the call into the office and the regrets but we no longer require your services. No other newspaper would suddenly touch him. The problems followed, the financial problems leading to his bankruptcy, to losing his family to finding the bottle. One day the idea dropped on him, lecture, take his story to the people, he could, he would, and he did. That of course wasn't easy, venues suddenly becoming unavailable, double booked or closed for renovation. Last minute cancellations without explanation, but he persevered, carried on and built a reputation, largely unreported, but then the kind of publicity he received was always adverse, mostly lies, always derogatory.

Karl crossed the narrow road just has he did every week at this time on his way home from visiting his only friend, an old man who knew more than he ever said, who was never surprised at Karl's latest revelation, latest discovery. A good friend who listened and sympathized, who helped out with a few quid when he was desperate. It came as such a shock when the black van with the blacked out windows and no number plate came out of nowhere.

He sat and told his daughter everything, how after the accident he watched the old man go in and remove the manuscript that had taken Karl three long years to complete and burned it. How he soon realised that he had died in that accident and knew he had to visit his child one last time before he had to go to the good place, to the light. He looked down at his girl, she was sleeping soundly and he wondered with tears in his eyes if she had heard a word. He kissed her forehead and walked into the night, just one more victim of The New World Order.

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