



**DETECTIVE  
VIKRAM**

**AND THE  
PHANTOM**

**RAM K. KAMARAJU**

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# **Part 1**

## Case One

# The Bubble

Parvati sat in a wooden reclining chair in the verandah of that single independent house. The house was a little away from the bustle of the city. It was normally calm in that quarter of the city except for an occasional whirring of a two-wheeler. Cars were not frequent in that area as the houses around belonged to middle class families of mostly retired government employees. The roads were narrow but moderately clean.

It was around four in the afternoon. It was a humid day. Parvati could feel the mild sweating around her neck and lower limbs as she sat in the shade of a large tree within the compound wall of the house. She must be a little past sixty with all grey hair on her head. The parting of the hair was now a little wider than before, perhaps due to the thinning of the hair on her head. For her age she could not be taken for a fat woman. But of late she had started thinning at the elbows and on her cheeks. She was clad in a white unpresed cotton sari which suited her age and simple nature. She was wearing a thin gold-coloured bangle on her right wrist. An old-fashioned watch was strapped around her left wrist. The black strap of the watch wore a big contrast to her skin which was golden yellow. Though she bore three children, who were now well settled and enjoying fairly high station in their lives, she did not add on fat around her waist. All along she was very conscious of her figure, visiting the gym regularly during the prime of her life. She was the happy wife of Rama Rao, a government employee.

Rama Rao was a middle-order government employee. Though he had a modest official income, he accumulated fortune by unfair means in the form of “complimentaries and gifts” in return for favours he did for applicants. The extra money he earned in this way he lent for exorbitant interest rates to friends and acquaintances. Money has the habit of growing when saved. He was a shrewd investor too. In a modest way he invested in shares and stocks and purchased pieces of land in the remote suburbs of the city at very low prices. Sometimes people in urgent need of cash sold off real estate land sites at lower rates than normal. Rama Rao never let such opportunities slip from his hands. He had his information links in real estate circles. And he had the ready cash too for grabbing any opportunity. There were always ways to hoodwink the law of the land.

He built an independent house with loans from an insurance company, purchased two flats with bank loans. But to all appearances he was living a

modest life with his wife, two sons and a daughter. The three children were going to good schools in the city. Parvati added her own moderate income to her husband's by working as a teacher in a private school and giving tuitions at home to children from the neighbourhood. Happy family, so to say!

Everything went off well till the elder son joined engineering course. The younger son and the daughter were still in high school.

One day Rama Rao was in his office. It was around eleven in the morning. A man came in and inquired.

May I see Mr. Rama Rao?

I am Rama Rao. How can I help you?

Sir, my name is Gopi. Prasad sent me to you. If you allow me to speak to you here in the office, well.....

No problem, but how do you know Prasad?

He knows my uncle very well. They referred me to you.

What is it about?

Well, I am planning to set up my own business. I want government clearance.

What can I do for that?

Sorry for bothering you sir, but they said you are the best person to contact. Perhaps you can directly help me.

Have they told you anything else about me?

That's why, sir, I have asked if we could talk here in the office?

Have you brought your papers with you now?

Yes, sir.

The man opened a shabby file and placed some documents before Rama Rao.

Well, you are a graduate and a first generation technocrat, so to say. Things must be easy for you. In any case, you need some sureties and guarantees.

That's exactly where I need your help. Perhaps to make the terms milder and sanctions easy and flexible!

Whatever! Procedures are procedures. Leave these papers with me. You can see me again the day after tomorrow, same time, okay!

These were normal and routine events in the government office where Rama Rao was employed. The office checked and verified the eligibility of entrepreneurs who wanted to set up small production units. There was enough

room for manipulation. After all it was a 'lineup' from the top to the bottom.

After Gopi had left, Rama Rao skimmed through the papers once again. He looked at the old office clock which hung on the wall. It was past eleven thirty. The chief must now be free for giving 'advice'. He collected the papers, rose from his seat and went towards the boss's closed chamber. After a while he came out. The deal was fixed. Now he could spell his terms to Gopi when he came next.

Gopi came to the office two days later about the same time. Rama Rao greeted him with a smile and asked him to take a seat. He bent forward and said to Gopi.

"It will be thirteen thousand five hundred. You will fill in the application form and enclose the required documents. I will tell you how to do that. No doubt, it will be through. You can collect the approval letter two weeks after the date of application and .....

Gopi interrupted him. "I understand, but it is a bit too much, no!"

Rama Rao looked around and said in a low voice, "Not at all. It is not for me alone. Our annual salary increments and promotions depend on these collections, you know. Just a matter of existence! No way out, for me and for you too. Try to understand."

Gopi thought for a while and asked, "When shall I, then?"

"Your choice, but the sooner, it is the better. If you can come to my house today at seven in the evening with the 'packet', I shall give you the application form and do the necessary explanation. Then you can submit the application with all enclosures in this office at the earliest. The job will be done, my word! We have our principles."

Rama Rao scribbled his home address on a piece of paper and gave it to Gopi.

Gopi rose from his seat and said, "Okay sir, I am at your house at this address about seven in the evening."

It was a Wednesday. Rama Rao returned from office at five thirty in the evening, had a cup of tea and sat in the living room reading a local newspaper. He brought all the blank forms Gopi would have to fill in and a check list of the documents which would go as supporting enclosures to the application. He was near perfect in his job. And he never failed on his word to the clients.

His younger son Naresh and daughter Rani went out for playing in a nearby park. His elder son, Somesh, was in his room preparing for his mid-term exams. His wife, Parvati, was taking part in a bhajan in the colony temple and would come back only after seven thirty.

A couple of minutes past seven there was a knock on the open door. Rama Rao looked over the edge of the newspaper through the open door. Gopi was standing on the door step. Rama Rao beckoned him to come in. Gopi came in to the living room and sat on one of the wicker sofas opposite Rama Rao. He raised his right thigh a little and took out the white envelope from his trousers pocket.

Rama Rao put out his hand to take it from Gopi's hand. Gopi said.

Sir, it is better to count.

Rama Rao nodded and waited for Gopi to take out the wad of notes from the envelope. Then he put his hand forward and hardly touched the bundle of notes. There was a flash of light and two men barged in to the living room through the open door. Totally perplexed, Rama Rao looked up at Gopi and the two strangers who were well dressed and appeared to be well-educated.

They had grim faces as though they tore through the screen from a crime film and Gopi was wearing a vicious smile on his face. Rama Rao's throat was parched and he could not believe for a few moments what was happening. Then he realized that it was a trap. He had been set up!

The two men were looking at him and the bundle of currency notes which had dropped on the centre table. One of them said sternly to Rama Rao.

Pick it, sir, and count. Check if the amount is okay, thirteen thousand five hundred!

Rama Rao mustered enough courage to bring out the following words.

Who are you?

The other man said with lot of satire in his voice.

You are a seasoned government officer, you must know. We are from the ACB (anti-corruption bureau). And Gopi is our man. Everything is recorded. Come on, get ready, we have to go.

It is generally said that law takes its own course. But people in general do not agree that the course of divine law is round and it comes back, one full circle. The time may be too short for some and perhaps too long for others for the round trip.

Eventually the day came for Rama Rao.

Parvati, sitting in the veranda of that house was reminiscing. She came home from the temple. The elder boy, Somesh, was waiting outside the house with a weary face and tears in his eyes.

'Mummy, I couldn't leave the house. I was alone after they have taken dad



away. They are from the ACB. They wouldn't even wait for you. He is now in their custody. Mummy I am scared, shady.

Parvati dropped the basket with flowers and the prasadam on the ground. She choked, went running in to the house and sank on the sofa. Then she fainted.

Corruption charges were leveled against Rama Rao. Basing on the evidence of photographs and the taped conversation, he was suspended from service. That was a rude shock for him. Quite a few people indulged in such shady transactions. Why he was singled out? Perhaps to deter others! Maybe for career enhancement of the anti-corruption officials!

Rama Rao felt like a criminal in the midst of his family. He could not talk to his wife and children with eye contact. One morning a couple of days after he was suspended and sent home, he was found dead in a pool of blood in the bath room. In a state of extreme depression, he cut his wrist.

Fortunately nobody questioned the family about the ill-gotten wealth of the family. They had enough and to spare. Parvati recovered from the shock after a few months and continued with her teaching job and private tuitions.

Thirty long years have now passed by, after that gruesome incident. God gave her the courage and confidence for bringing up her children even without father's care. Somesh settled in the USA with his wife and two kids. Naresh became a high-ranking bank official in Mumbai. Her daughter, the youngest in the family, settled in Australia with her husband who was medical doctor. What a rise for a middle class family! It was due to the perseverance and personal attention of a tenacious mother in the midst of gross calamity. She achieved what even rich parents could not do to their children. She had that satisfaction.

Somesh studied well, prodded more by his mother than his own inner urge and diligence. He got a distinction in the engineering degree course. Nowadays you know, Vikram, young people tend to go to the United States and do their MS, get a job and then settle there. So did Somesh. The initial financial support for his studies in the US was provided by Parvati. Her income was through her meagre salary as a school teacher, house rents and her private tuitions. Her second son studied commerce instead and joined a scheduled bank. He had to wade through several department tests, again with the great encouragement his mother provided him after the untimely demise of the father. He made his grade in the bank and rose to the rank of a deputy general manager in a prestigious bank in Mumbai. The daughter, Rani, too studied well under the mother's tutelage and completed her post-graduation in the English language and literature. Parvati succeeded in getting a good match for her daughter in Mohan, a medical doctor doing a job in an Australian

hospital in Sydney.

Everything went off well. The children cared for their mother who brought them up to places of honour and high social status. Parvati felt very proud as a mother though she was very unfortunate as a wife. She lived in turns with her two sons, every time for a couple of months abroad and sometimes in Mumbai. She even visited her daughter and son-in-law twice in Sydney. She played with her grand children and almost forgot the woes of the past.

While in India she lived in her own house with a full-time servant maid. The maid did all the cooking, cleaning and gave company to the lady of the house.

Vikram, now you must be wondering where you would come in to the picture in such a simple case, isn't? No, the story takes an interesting turn now.

Over the years Parvati's trips abroad became less frequent due to old age and infirmity. After fifty seven she once fell down due to dizziness and was admitted to a hospital for a general checkup. The doctors could not establish the case but advised constant attention by a maid and even a nurse if she had to be bed-ridden. Frequent medical examination was also counselled. The maid who was already working in the household agreed to provide the personal support to the elderly lady. A physician was also commissioned to visit her once in fifteen days for a checkup. She was put on medication for slight breathlessness and symptoms of fatigue.

Her two sons flew down to India after hearing the bad news.

Sitting in the verandah, Parvati went back in her memory to those few days her sons spent with her.

"Mom, it is not safe for you to live here like this. You are getting older."

"It is not good for you to be lonely. A lonely maid, what can she do in an emergency?"

Did they mean that she should move in to their households?

She was feeling sleepy after a slight meal at ten thirty in the night. She was in her bed room.

Her two sons were talking to each other in the living room.

Her Mumbai son was saying.

"How do you expect me to take mom with me? My wife can not look after her in Mumbai. She leaves for her job at six thirty in the morning and returns at seven thirty in the evening. You know that. And as for me, I come home not earlier than nine. Who will look after mom throughout the day? A servant maid! The question does not arise. Things are dangerous you know, leaving

the full house at the mercy of a maid! I can not even come to think of it.”

Somesh, who was very eager to react, lost no time in retorting.

“Then you want me take her all the way to America. As a banker you must know the cost of living there. Particularly, medical treatment without insurance cover! Old age ailments, God forbid! No one can afford.”

Then what is the solution? We can't leave her like this?

Parvati broke in to tears. When her husband ended his life, she was about forty. Three growing children were not a burden to her in her solitary life. But now she is a big burden to her three children who are all well off. Who brought them up to these positions?

She could not hear any more. She fell asleep as warm tears rolled down her aging cheeks.

Parvati looked at her old watch on her wrinkled wrist. It was four thirty. In a matter of half an hour she went back so many years in to the past! A real wonder of human imagination, isn't it, Vikram?

She looked back at the main door of the house. The other inmates were also astir after the siesta on that warm day.

Parvati was living with five others in that old age home for the past one year. This was what her sons decided with heated arguments after Parvati fell asleep on that fateful night. Here in this old age home, she would have company, constant attention by the caretaker and the servant maids and a weekly checkup and advice by a qualified doctor. Such was the argument put forth to her as justification and she had to finally concede.

“They decided to dole out some money and with money any problem would be solved! After all, how long would she be ticking? The responsibility of the sons ended there, what else? Can you expect more than that?” The phantom asked Vikram. And it was a real difficult question to answer. Vikram was left staring in his dream in to the sinister vacant space.

The phantom laughed aloud and asked, “You don't have to answer that question. They thought they were pragmatic. In a way, they were cruel. Why, there are sons in this mortal world who are much more cruel than this. One such fellow brought his ailing mother aged seventy five under cover of darkness to the cemetery gate and left her there to croak off in the cold. He kept her property and gold.”

Vikram clearly understood the derisive remarks. The phantom continued.

Our case now is a similar one. Rama Rao bought all property in his wife's name. Well there are shares and stocks, fixed deposits, one independent house

and two flats which are rented. Add to that some cash and her personal gold in bank lockers! If at all a will had to be written, Parvati should do that giving away all the property to her two sons and her daughter. She has not yet done that. And moreover to the utter chagrin of the children, she was not talking about it.

Somesh and Rakesh hesitated to raise the issue with her.

“We will do one thing. We will talk to our lawyer, Gupta. We will put her in an old home. Make her feel very comfortable. We then leave. A couple of months later, Gupta will talk to mummy and convince her that she should soon write out her will. He will get it done as per the present property law. That will have settled the matters favourably for all the concerned parties.”

And so they did and left the place. Somesh flew back to the United States and Naresh returned to the bustle of Mumbai.

A couple of weeks passed. Parvati’s daughter and son-in-law flew down from Sydney. The real story was that they were facing some personal problems in Australia and they were thinking of packing up and returning to India.

“Mom”, Rani said, “I am very sorry to see you in this condition. Somesh and Naresh told me everything. It is really so bad that I can not take care of you. Life in those countries is so busy and tough. Mohan and I go out everyday at seven in the morning and return from work late in the evening, sometimes around nine.”

Parvati mumbled to herself. When you can’t do something, you don’t have to feel sorry.

Rani continued.

“We are thinking of coming back to India. We have to just wait for the school semester to close. Children’s education, you know! May be three to four months from now! We will come back to this place, the place I loved. The place where I played with you and dad and all those sweet memories, how can I forget all that!”

Parvati could guess what Rani was getting at. And Rani made it as plain as water.

“Mom, I don’t like flats and apartments. An independent house is always good for growing children to play around. An independent house is very convenient for opening a small consultancy chamber for my husband. You understand what I say? Mom, sweet mom, you can stay with us! You like it, no?”

A few days later Rani left for Sydney.

A few months later, Gupta, the lawyer, met Parvati in the old age home, talked to her in utter confidence about the division of the property. He did not tell her that he was meeting her and making the proposal at the instance of her sons. He said he was the well-wisher of the family. There should not be any confusion 'later' in the matter. He told her that she would be comfortable as long as she lived with all the care and attention in the old age home. They had a long conversation and arguments on the matter. Finally both of them came to an agreement and the will was prepared and signed in utter confidence. In another document she declared that the will would be in her own custody till she breathed her last. The lawyer was not supposed to reveal the contents of the will to anyone, whosoever it might be, before her demise.

It is true that time does not have any other job than to roll on and wrap up anything that comes in its course. Parvati's physical condition went from bad to worse. The routine checkup and medication did not appear to work on her. She was having painful bouts of cough and she suffered frequently from throat infection. She became more and more secluded from the outside world. She started living within herself. She turned pale and lost considerably in her body weight. Her children appeared to have lost interest in her. For a few months they even defaulted on the payments to the old age home for her sustenance. She had to pay from her own petty reserves of cash. The misery was clearly written on her shriveled face.

One day it was about seven in the evening. That was the time the attendant physician, Dr. Srinivas, paid his weekly visits to the old age home. He talked to all the inmates and Parvati also. At that time Parvati was gasping for breath. He examined her thoroughly, talked to the caretaker, Manga, about her condition. Then he gave her an injection.

"Call me back, if need be, but let her sleep till dinner time!" he said while leaving. After the doctor left, Parvati turned on her side and closed her eyes. She was calm after a few minutes.

Manga finished her chores in the kitchen and came to Parvati with a plate of rice and vegetable curry.

"Mrs. Parvati, please sit up, your food! Eat as much as you can and go to sleep. You will be alright by morning. Come on!"

Getting no response from Parvati, Manga went to her bedside and touched her on the cheek. It felt unusually cold.

Manga placed the plate on a side table, held Parvati's head with both hands and turned it so that the face was upwards. Parvati's eyes were closed. She looked as good as dead.

With a shock, Manga called the other assistants in the old age home for moral support.

All said and done, a doctor would be needed to declare a death. The doctor was called. He came, felt her pulse, examined her chest, pulled the steth from his ears and looking at the inmates of the old age home who had all gathered around her bed, he said.

“I am sorry, she is dead.”

He came to the office table and wrote out a death certificate which was essential for performing the last rites at the cremation ground. Parvati died of cardiac arrest, a routine cause of death without any complications.

But she was a lady came who from a rich family. Therefore, on second thoughts, the doctor requisitioned a post-mortem examination to rule out any possibility of foul play. And it was done. It was a natural death by old age and breathlessness. NAD! No Abnormality Detected!

“An oriental proverb says that flies gather around a pot of sweetmeats. Vikram, you understand what I say?” The phantom remarked and continued the narration.

The two sons and the daughter flew down again more for the booty than for the cremation of her beloved mother. They were surprised why a post-mortem examination had to be conducted. Then they convinced themselves that it was for their own good.

After returning from the cremation ground the first thing they did was to call the lawyer who prepared the will with their instructions but in their absence.

The lawyer came and they were all sitting in the independent house where they spent their childhood and where Parvati was spending her days before she was put up in the old age home. The lawyer opened the will which was recovered from her locked suitcase and read it out. What a shock to them all, including the lawyer himself!

Parvati wrote off all her property, real estate and all her personal jewellery and other belongings to a clearly named charitable trust of the city. The children would not get a single paisa from the property which ran in to about twenty five million rupees.

The lawyer pleaded not guilty. The will which he prepared was entirely different. The property was equally divided among the three children. All the property belonged to Parvati. As it was not the property inherited by Rama Rao from his father, there was no scope for any legal appeal. The matter was closed. All of them went back to their places. The Australian pair left Sydney

and came to the city and set up practice in a rented house.

“Now, Vikram, what do you think of this case?” asked the phantom.

“Have you told me everything or you are hiding anything from me?” Vikram asked.

“That’s all there is to it.” Replied the phantom.

Vikram thought for a while. Then he said.

The case does not appear to be clean. Let me start my investigation from the old age home. Can I?

The phantom said, “Why not? We want the truth. You are free to travel in space. Go now.”

Vikram heard himself saying as though in a trance.

“There are some fine points in your narrative which attracted my attention. Parvati kept the will with herself in her suitcase. The lawyer who prepared it did not have a signed copy with him. There comes in the shrewdness of Parvati. She got frustrated with the arguments of her two sons before they left the city. Her feelings were even more hurt when her daughter was craving for the independent house. She thought about their ungratefulness and their eagerness to see her dead so that they could all swoop on the property like vultures.

Her heart really broke from the day her sons defaulted in the payments to the old age and petty cash for her sustenance. She did not want her money fall in to their hands. They were all well-to-do anyway. Even without this inherited money, they would be happy, she thought.

The will could be changed only with the assistance of a lawyer. She called another lawyer and got it all changed. The new will took the place of the old will in her suit case. There was no point in living without belonging to anybody on the earth. She was waiting for her last breath.

From your story I could understand that the party which needed the money most and soonest was her daughter. She and her husband wanted to have the independent house to be ready for occupation without any competition from the two brothers by the time they came back to India. Before that Parvati should be dead. A plan had to be worked out. Closer investigation only could establish whether the husband and wife were both accomplices in the hatching of the plan. In the modern world people are becoming more and more pragmatic, less and less sentimental. Sentiment insists that mother should live on. But reason questions, live for what purpose? She is sick and anyway suffering a lot. A quick deliverance would be better. It all depends on which

side of the mind wins in the long run.

Another point in your narrative is the clue for this line of thinking. The doctor at the old age home requisitioned a post-mortem examination of the body. Normally in a private old age home, even a death certificate is not required at the cremation. A hospital death would require a certificate by a qualified doctor. Why did this doctor then make it doubly sure to the world that the death did not involve foul play? This he must have done only at the instance of somebody who would benefit by Parvati's death without any eyebrows raised.

Now you put two and two together! The answer is Mohan who had more reason than sentiment for the waning old woman.

There are again two possibilities here. Number one, he must have come personally to India and met the old age home doctor for implementing his plan. Or else he may have talked to him over phone. To me the second possibility does not fit in to the dangerous plan. The talk must be face to face, in flesh and blood. In all probability he came to India with the pretext of a medical conference. We can check on that with the dates. His passport would be the best check for the date.

“Now, the cause of death! There was nothing abnormal in the post-mortem report. No strangling, no cuts, no bruises, no poison! You argue that it could have been manipulated. “But it is always risky. Any fresh evidence by a new witness could lead to nasty incriminations. You should always play safe. Mohan was a doctor, damn it!

“By the way, where is the old age home doc now? Mohan should not leave him free. He would be the only witness to the final **deadly** episode. Either you are hiding this point from me or I should consider Mohan a fool which in any case he is not.”

Vikram, you are great. I did not tell you on purpose that the “old home doc” was killed in a road accident. It was a week or two after Parvati died.”

“But I must say it must be before Mohan immigrated to India with his wife.”

“Mohan took three clean months after Parvati's death for returning to India. Naturally the doc rammed his motor bike in to a stranded truck on the highway well before that.”

Vikram smiled.

“You don't walk in to a place where a blackmailer could be breathing down your neck. What would happen to your reputation in a new city where you are planning to set up your own clinic?”



Phantom queried in surprise.

“You mean the doc blackmailed Mohan?”

“At the least he must have dropped a hint which set him off!”

“Could we check on that?”

“Why, check the phone records. Doctors’ mobile numbers do not change frequently. Call history! Culprits who think they are very intelligent leave a foolish trace or two somewhere or the other. Link the numbers. However we can’t check on payments as they are all in cash.

The phantom asked, “What could have provoked the doctor to blackmail Mohan?”

“Quite simple! Maybe Mohan balked on the agreed payment. Or greed, you know, for easy money! A clever man would stave off danger permanently by snuffing out the root.

“Now, about the accident! It was also arranged, I strongly believe. These things are not difficult. All impersonal! You just pay for it and the job is done. The truck driver absconds. You can’t catch anybody, they are most of the times stolen trucks with changed number plates. Syndicate jobs, you know! But it is sometimes possible to ferret out some suspects from police records.”

Vikram, you have not found out the cause of death.

Vikram smiled.

“Life is a bubble, with one pin prick it bursts. In medicine a pin prick saves (salt sustains life, but too much salt in the blood stream is fatal) life but a bubble can kill. A syringe full of insulin in to the blood stream along the arteries can cause the so-called cardiac arrest. Clean death, NAD, nothing abnormal detected.

The last injection the doctor gave her on that night had this lethal substance, table salt, dissolved in plain water.”

The phantom clapped a loud applause. Vikram, kudos to you! Lying here you could unravel a case like this. You have won. Now let me present another case. Get ready!

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