



THE
MIDAS
KING
CHRONICLES

An
Interview
With
GOD

A Spiritual Action Adventure Novel

Inspired By **GOD** Written By

ALTON ONE JENKINS

“The Universe has given to me - So I Give to the World”

Vol.I

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BOOK ONE: HERO'S

Chapter I

“Who are you?”

“I AM God” was the question and answer that began the dialogue between me and the stranger that appeared in my bedroom that crisp December night. He sat poised, comfortable and calm in the Victorian side chair situated in the corner of the room. “How did you get in here, and what do you want?” “You called out for me, and you let me in. What I want is to offer you salvation...Life”. I sat up a bit with the pillows to my back and the blankets pulled nearly to my chest as if to protect myself, and also that I may have a better view of the intruder. With my body half-hidden beneath the covers, my head and shoulders were the only parts of me exposed; revealing the shaken countenance of my face along with my birthmark, a black mole on my left shoulder that was the size of a nickel. I reached for the cell-phone resting on my night stand to dial 911, the city is so full of lunatics and crazies. I don't believe in firearms but for a moment I wished I had one tucked beneath my pillow. But somehow, for some odd reason I didn't feel threatened...no not really, not at all. It was then that I noticed the strange glow that illuminated the room; a soft, gentle, but brilliant glow. I know my description sounds contradictory, but there is no other way to describe it. The ceiling light was not turned on, nor was the lamp on top of my night stand. But the glow lit up the entire room, now I kinda began freakin' out a little bit more.

The stranger said to me in a strong, commanding, but very soothing and assuring voice “Relax and be still before the presence of God.” Me, being a religious person (I consider myself a devout Christian, but by no means a *perfect* man), found this statement to be terribly offensive. I opened my mouth to utter out obscenities at this blasphemous individual, but none of *those* words came forward. My tongue, lips and vocal cords all followed proper procedure to form words, but no sounds issued forth. When each curse word attempted to leave my mouth, it was like the editing or bleeping out of certain words that is done to a recording in a studio.

Now the glow in the room became more intense. Then the word “*SILENCE*” appeared to issue forth from the stranger, but not in audible sound. The actual visible word stood before me in tangible, suspended animation. It gave off energy so intense I could hear it with my eyes, for it produced no sound waves. The word slowly moved in closer to me, floating in mid air. The letters in the word started off very small, then they became larger until they were directly in front of me. The size of each letter was now about one foot in height. And the letters themselves seemed to be ablaze with a fiery light as well. Now I was scared. I began to tremble, I trembled out of control and then I stopped trembling. My heart seemed to have stopped beating, even my lungs seemed to have stopped breathing. My limbs stiffened, I couldn't move...I was petrified - frozen *still*. I passively acquiesced. I was obedient.

I woke up the next morning feeling disoriented and exhausted as opposed to clear and

rested. I didn't know if what I experienced during the night before was an apparition, a nightmare or a dream. I don't believe in ghosts. Yet, I've never experienced a dream so real, so vivid, so lucid before. But it just doesn't seem right to include God in the scenario of a possible nightmare either. Was it real (I questioned myself)? Was it an angel? But why would God send an angel to me? In this world, all alone, I feel about as significant to God as a cup of water is to the ocean. Well, enough time has been wasted on vagary. I decided to spring out of bed before I digressed and got too deep into delusion. I accepted the experience as a chimera; a mere figment of my imagination, and moved on.

It was already 9:40 a.m. and I had to be downtown for a job interview by 11:00 o'clock. So I hurried to the bathroom for my toilet, shower and shave – all the while hoping that my twenty year old, half broken down hoopty would start up just fine and not give me any trouble today. It would take about twenty five minutes to get downtown and by that time the heat should be just starting to warm up and circulate in my car. I hoped that the fresh snowfall wouldn't be a major hindrance today. With bald tires and windshield wipers that worked only on good days, my old Chevy was indeed my favorite fair weather friend. "At least it's paid for" was the usual consolation.

I've been looking forward to this interview all week. God knows that I really need the job. I'm behind on all my bills, my utilities are on shut off status and my rent is over due. Indigent; I live on the third floor of a squalid, cock-roach infested six unit apartment house. I'm the only single man living in the building. In fact, I'm the *only* man living in the building. Oh, but believe me there are plenty of men coming in and out of the flat at all times of the day and night. Besides the one vacant unit across the hall from mine, the other apartments are occupied by all women. On the second floor lived the haggard Velma Jones; she's an old drunk, well actually she's only about 42 years old, she just looks a lot older than she really is. That's what a hard, self destructive lifestyle will do for you. Across the hall from Ms. Jones abided Tammy; the jaded young drunk. Tammy shared the apartment with her eleven year old son Ronald, whom she affectionately called Lil' Ronnie. I feel sorry for Ron. He's a sweet and intelligent kid. But unfortunately, with a mom like Tammy, I fear he'll never reach his full potential. He's very thin and malnourished because his mom never cooks. She usually drinks up all of her welfare check hangin' out with Velma. Then there's Tonya Renee Lewis. She has to be no more than twenty three years old. She has four kids and four baby-daddies (all of whom were behind on their child support payments).

The first floor tenant was an aloof elderly lady named Ms. Reynolds. No one ever sees much of her though; she usually stays locked inside her apartment all the time. Sometimes she would crack open her door to see who was going in and out of Kelly-Faye's apartment. All of us neighbors wondered how and when Ms. Reynolds got food or took care of any of her business. She never left, never ventured out, she apparently had no loved ones, no children, no one to see after her and no one ever visited her at all. Sometimes while I was either coming or going she would crack open her door and peek out at me over the security chain latched to the door. Any time I happened to catch a glimpse of her, I'd ask if she needed anything from the store or anything while I was out. Her response was always the same...SLAMM! the door shut. Kelly-Faye was a woman of about thirty one years old and physically very attractive, that is if you were inclined to be attracted to a prostitute. I hate it here, but it's all I can afford...the best I can do for now.

I finished getting dressed and reached in the fridge for some cold stale pizza for breakfast on the go again. I put on my overcoat, grabbed my briefcase and keys. I wondered if, and hoped that I had enough gas in my tank to actually make it downtown...seems like I'm always riding on fumes. I opened up the front door and snatched off the eviction notice that the landlord had taped to it earlier that morning, I didn't even bother to read it, I barely even glanced at it. I was already too familiar with the often repeated procedure. I just crumpled up the pink colored paper and tossed it over my left shoulder. Today would be a good day I thought to myself as I trotted down the dirty stairway.

Chapter II

I went to bed that night fairly tired and disappointed. The job interview didn't go as well as I hoped it would. My hoopty barely made it back home on fumes and prayer. My stomach growled like a hungry animal as I walked into a cold, dark, apartment (the power company had apparently shut off my electricity while I was out). "Well, there's always tomorrow," was the usual consolation as I blew out the candle on my nightstand. I laid back and pulled the blanket over my head to keep warm. I recited The Lord's Prayer in a whispered tone inside my flannel cocoon. I spoke softly as to not allow much heat to escape my body through the mouth. I began to shiver as the cold air quickly overtook the remaining amount of warmth in the room, like light that overtakes darkness. I blew into my hands and rubbed them together to generate heat from the friction. My fingers glided over a visible stigma - the healed wounds on my wrist. Aahhh yes... my wrist, my scars, my constant reminder of my life's ennui (as I began to recollect my sorrows).

It was almost two years ago to the date. Right before Christmas when I decided that life was no longer worth living...that the afterlife MUST be better than the present. And now, two years later I recall the words of the therapist/minister in my counseling group. I can still picture the scene as if it took place only moments ago. Reverend Hendrix was a six foot tall, clean shaven late middle aged slightly athletic-built fellow with taupe colored skin and dark hair that was peppered grey. He always spoke of how the sheep recognizes the voice of their Shepard and how when the Lord comes we would hear his voice. At his side, he was holding in his left hand a black leather-bound bible with gold script lettering. A book that was as simple, yet as distinguished as himself. A book that was given to him as a gift from his adoptive mother when he graduated from college with a degree in psychology. A book that inspired him to study theology and become an ordained minister. He stretched out his right arm and placed that hand on my left shoulder and looked me square in the eyes, "Son, you have been brought forth by God for a reason. Do not feel that God has failed you, or that you have failed God...stay faithful". That was the last thing he said to me at the end of the five week program. Then I lowered my head, turned away and walked out of the building that served as a shelter and makeshift clinic.

Even though I made the promise at each therapy session, I never did visit his church to fellowship and worship. And I did feel let down by God. I remember as a child my Aunt Debbie would always sing to me the song 'Jesus Loves Me'. But as a man I felt irrelevant, overlooked and forgotten. I never experienced the love of an earthly father, and I questioned the love of a heavenly father. God's love for me was about as distinct as a shadow in the dark, and my soul ached.

I walked back into the world that crisp December night, ARMED...or *damned*, with a broken heart, a half cup of faith and a full measure of shattered dreams. Now, tonight, all alone, I bore an intense feeling of misery and angst. Tears began to well up in my eyes. I took a deep sigh, then a gasp of air. I began to cry as I spoke to a God that wasn't there. "It's not fair Lord...it's not fair (I sobbed). I've been faithful and I've been true. Why do I suffer always? Please intervene, correct me if necessary, and have Your way! Rescue me

Father, save me, guide me, direct me, show me the way. Take control of my life. *Let Your will be done!* I need You and I need You NOW! Where are You? Please come to me, come to me, come to me!”

“I AM with you always” said the voice. The shivering and sobbing ceased immediately as I pulled the blanket down slightly from over my face. Peeking out of my cocoon, I tilted my head up just enough to look out into the dark room. I saw no one, but I know I heard a voice present and this time I couldn’t possibly be dreaming. There *was* an intruder in my home. “Who is it, who’s here with me?” I demanded. In the corner of my bedroom was a nebulous figure: “I AM GOD” the voice replied. Gradually the room began to become brightly illuminated and comfortably warm. At that moment I was able to make out His silhouette, someone (He) was sitting in the chair. At first I could see right through him. The figure became more and more discernible as his transparent presence materialized into a solid form. The light and warmth were somehow being generated from him. I sat up fully erect now. I took note of the stranger, the intruder, this man who invaded my home claiming to be God.

Other than his radiance and commanding presence, there was nothing remarkable about his appearance, not physically at least. He looked about as ordinary as any other average man in the city. The one feature that did seem to stand out was his eyes. They were benign. They expressed a gentleness, a purity, a sincerity beholding a loving kindness in them that I never saw in any person. These were eyes you could trust, eyes you could believe in, eyes that imbued life and dignity. Is He God? (I considered for a moment), or is this some demon I’ve summoned from the desperate depths of my misery, despair and desires. Of course not, he’s just a man - but who? “Who are you?” again, I asked. “I AM GOD” again was his response. “Okay then God (I played along), what took you so long. My life is a mess, heck, the whole world is a mess (I complained)...what are You gonna do about it?” “The question is, *what are you going to do about it?* (was his response) My Father, The Omnipotent One gave you dominion, authority and power. You chose lack and limitation. You perceived and believed in those things, and those thoughts manifested themselves in your life. They are effects, not causes, and My Father is not to be blamed or held responsible.”

“*Your* Father? (I retorted quickly with a look of confusion, skepticism and disgust). So, are you claiming to be Jesus the Son of God?” (as detestation and anger began to rise in me). “I AM The Illumination and The Light, I AM The Light that shines as bright as The Sun (Son). My name is David; The Divine Child of God. Brother Jesus...Jesus of what is today known as Nazareth, Jesus The Christ was and *is* a very close and dear friend of mine. We, as well as you are perfect Sons of God,” He stated, and at that very moment hundreds of melodic voices rang out in a beautiful soft chorus of “Hal-le-lu-jah!” accompanied by the sweetest sounding music I had ever heard. But no one else was in the room with us. I looked around in every direction...no visible choir, no symphony...no orchestra, no one...just me and David.

Chapter III

Days later, in what was the final hours of the year and the fourth visit that I had received from David, we sat on the rooftop of my tenement in heavy coats with our legs dangling over the eaves engaged in deep, scintillating conversation. A conversation that was as much lecture and debate as it was open dialogue. The air was bone-chilling cold and the sky was crisp and clear. City sounds rose up from below our feet and from far off distances as well. People were hurrying about in vehicles and on foot coming and going to parties, churches, and other gatherings. It would be a peculiar sight if we had been seen by anyone. Two grown men sitting on a cold roof top on New Years Eve chatting away the remaining minutes of another bygone year of hardship. A peculiar sight indeed, if not a dangerous one, since it was now about half hour before midnight and the people of my town were already engaged in the long held tradition of shooting off firearms into the air to welcome in baby new year. The tracer rounds looked like shooting stars as they soared through the night sky and disappeared.

At first I didn't think it was a good idea to come up here, but I had nothing else to do and no one else to do it with. David appeared in my home again only hours earlier and said "follow me. Let us build a temple... a place where God may dwell". Those were his exact words. Curious and without hesitation, I came along easily. During our third and prior communion I learned to lower my guard a bit as he gained my trust. I still wasn't totally convinced of his Divinity, nor was I quite sure even if he were actually claiming *that*. But instead, I thought of this mysterious stranger as merely an interesting philosopher; knowledgeable, and non-threatening to say the least. He was someone in whom I could engage in stimulating, thought provoking conversation; conversation that was turning out to be more of an interview than just mere, casual chatter. So yes, I followed. Maybe because he never reciprocated to me with any *real* questions of his own. He never had any (questions, that is), only answers, answers and commentary. On the rare occasion that he did ask a question, he wasn't really looking for an answer from me. He occasionally formatted a statement to me in the form of a question just to make a point or make me consider something more in-depth. His interest, wisdom, and understanding seemed as expansive as the universe that we were now looking out into. His every word held value and meaning. I felt an eagerness to always grill him when he was present. I never knew when he might leave and/or pop-up again later.

So, I asked questions about life, God, man, and other subjects. I remember asking him whether he thought that man was inherently good or evil. I myself always thought the obvious - that man was absolutely born with an inclination toward evil and mischief...that we *were* born in sin and shaped in iniquity. But David gave me something to ponder when he asked me, "Why would God create man as being inherently evil....especially if man was made in His (God's) own image and likeness? Of all God's creations, we are His Chosen Ones. We rank even higher than His Majesty's Angels. In fact, Lucifer who was God's most beautiful angel of all was told to bow down to man. Not in worship of him, but in acknowledgement and acceptance of his higher place in The Lord's kingdom". He always seemed to have the perfect answer that made perfect sense to me. And so he

walked, and so I followed...eager, hungry, thirsty for more.

Not knowing what or where he had in mind, we left my apartment via the rear fire escape to access the rooftop. I joined David in climbing the rusted steel-frame staircase knowing not whether I was in company with a god, a devil, or a magician. I remember my aunt Debbie once advising me 'to beware of strangers...that I may actually be entertaining angels -unaware'. I also remember her telling me that "the Lord works in mysterious ways". "And so does the devil" I always retorted sarcastically under my breath. So now here we sat three stories above the city looking out at the end of one year and into the beginning of another. I looked up in the sky, it seemed special tonight, somehow majestic even. I doubt that I had ever really paid such sharp attention to the heavens before as I did this night. The north star danced and dazzled high in the sky, above and brighter than all the other stars. Twinkling, teasing, and seducing the imagination of man like she has done since the beginning of time. Our dialogue (David and I) stalled for a while so I took the opportunity for self-reflection. I closed my eyes to meditate - to make a wish - to say a prayer - to commune with the Father who I hoped was there... After more than a moment of silence went between us, David spoke, "You wished for wisdom and understanding?" It was more of a statement of acknowledgment that was merely brought to my attention and reflected back to me in the form of a question. He knew what I was thinking. I felt like he had read my mind, and my hopes.

"Yes" I confessed, "but how did you know...?" I interrupted my own speaking, realizing the futility of it. "Yes" I repeated sincerely. "More than anything in the world I feel that if I had greater wisdom...not just smarts or intelligence, but *wisdom*, greater wisdom and greater understanding...I could have it all." "Yes, you could indeed have it all MK...yes you could," David agreed with me in a manner that left me wondering exactly what the true meaning behind his response was. As I said before, he expressed diverse interest and knowledge but often seemed to express himself in vague, ambiguous parables – or at least holding back on complete meanings, being suggestive of hidden secrets. This lent to him a certain air of mystery. "But what would you do with it? Greater wisdom, greater understanding, and all you could have, if you had it? " he asked. And in a sudden but casually executed gesture, David took my hand into his, which I admit made me feel uncomfortable at first. My culture and background did not permit me to be accustomed to the gentle, friendly touch of another man; a man clasping his hands with mine. Growing up in 'the hood,' I can only recall guys showing any type of affection towards one another was in mourning the loss of a loved one. Other than that, there was always the 'macho man hug,' the embrace given upon greeting.

David asked me 'if I would journey with him?' I hesitated not; "I'll follow" I said. He told me to close my eyes. So I did. He repeated what he said to me downstairs in the apartment; "let us build a temple...a place where God may dwell". And at that moment, the North Star danced before me again. Even as my eyelids were shut closed, I could still see her...twinkling. I could see all the stars of the universe come alive in a ballet of harmony. I was welcomed by the stars, they were like living jewels sparkling in a rolling blanket of rich black velvet. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. My body seemed to take on a quality of lightness that I had never known before, almost like what I have heard being described as something akin to an out-of-body experience. My mind floated away from this place, away from this rooftop. Sounds of the city began to fade

further and further away into quiet silence as a mist of heaven gradually crept in from behind my draped eyes like a rolling fog did it appear. I was transported to the center of being. Then I danced with the stars myself, we waltzed to the rhythm of the universe.

Chapter IV

Upon opening my eyes I was surprised to find myself in a place unfamiliar to me, a totally foreign place and time. I was no longer sitting over the edge of my rooftop in the cold night sky of the city. It was now daylight, it was warm and I was in a long ago land of palm groves, dates and fig trees. Even my attire, both of us...our clothes were different. Our coats were gone as well as our sweatshirts, jeans and boots. We were appareled in what looked to me like skirts or dresses...made from heavy wool sheets or fabric and simple leather sandals. We looked like movie extras for a documentary on ancient times.

David and I sat on a nearby hill in observation of a structure that was obviously conceived, designed and built purely of obscene and grotesque amounts of ego and arrogance. And now, standing on top of the edifice; King Nimrod who was a descendant of Noah and a lover of pomp, pageantry and spectacle was there. Looking out from on top of this man made world; he looked east, he looked west as he surveyed his entire kingdom. He was at an altitude higher than any man had been before, nearly at shoulders length with the Lord's great mountains. He was also high with pride and cockiness as he raised his hands ceremoniously unto the sky and proclaimed, "We shall continue to build. We shall build us a tower, and I shall ascend into heaven, and place my throne as high as the stars of God". As the subjects of his kingdom found renewed motivation in his words, they celebrated. They cheered him on in hysterical drunkenness and revelry. Stone cutters, carpenters, craftsmen, merchants, herders and soldiers, they engaged in lewd and illicit acts with one another, stealing pleasures with their neighbor's wives and daughters, beating their slaves for sheer amusement. They fought their fellow brethren and traded sisters for favors. They passed around vessels of strong wine and liquids of fermented grains. They enjoyed sharing pipes filled with the herb of lost inhibitions.

Within moments the sun became intensely bright. Gradually, it appeared as if it were becoming larger – lower - closer. It seemed as if GOD's very own heart broke and sank down to His stomach. The ensuing heat caused some people to cover their faces and bodies with their robes, others tried to cool off by tossing away their garments entirely and exposing themselves. Many gazed into the anomaly, using their hands as visors, attempting to eyewitness the Lord's wrath. Those were the ones who were blinded. The temperature rose by at least sixty degrees in a matter of seconds. Tanning, scorching and burning the unprepared citizenry as many ran about, seeking shelter. Then, ghastly dark elements began to appear in the sky like locusts. They came together and swirled about in huge, fantastic whirlwinds until the entire sky was cloaked in darkness, forming a single enormous cloud over the land. The sun turned its back on the people and hid its face.

Now, because of this, the temperature fell as rapidly as it had risen and the people's bones shivered from both cold and fright. The time of day was high noon, and the sky which only moments before had turned from a friendly, beautiful and majestic blue was now hostile, gray and pitch. The people murmured and pointed. They began wailing and cursing, looking all about in confusion; condemning one and another, saying "what have we done? - what have we done?" Some fell dead from fear, others leaped from high places

killing themselves. Pandemonium reigned in every direction. After twenty or so minutes of this, it all ended. Calm was restored and the people settled on the event as a natural phenomenon. The kingdom began to regroup within the hour. They tended to their injured and began to collect their dead. They stepped over and waded through the short-lived catastrophe. They tried to get an understanding. But their nostrils were filled with the stench of their reward. They looked up at their bewildered leader on top of the gleaming limestone tower, and they waited for words of assurance. But only an eerie silence went through the air as all looked to the king.

The masses were quiet and distorted. They waited for his great words. At that moment a high wind blew in like a thief in the night creating a great disturbance with sand and pebbles. At once, they all were tossed about and blown like straw. The sharp gritty sand burned into their skin. Visibility was zero. Oxcarts, chariots, wagons and wheelbarrows were overturned. Horses, camels, oxen, mules and other beast of burden rose on hind legs. With fright and terror they bellowed and kicked, stomped, grunted and neighed; they loosed themselves from their harnesses, trampling their masters and handlers to death. Other domestic animals including chickens and geese, pigs and goats, sheep and cattle took flight by wing or fled on ground making much noise as well. Some dogs cowed down in fear with their tails between their legs, others barked, growled and snarled viciously as they snapped wildly at the air and mauled anyone who stumbled blindly into their vicinity, adding to the mixing bowl of terror and confusion. Building tools and materials flew through the air as missiles, killing and maiming indiscriminately. The heavens burst forth with a fierce dry electrical storm that produced bizarre flashes of lightning; all with the greatest intensity. The clouds released frozen stones of hail; pelting the people like tears of ice that fell from the eyes of The Almighty. Thunders roared at such booming decibels that many eardrums were ruptured causing mass deafness among the people.

The earth jolted and shook violently. Her belly turned and rumbled in anger towards the children of Nimrod, who cursed The Lord in new and various tongues that had never been heard or spoken before. Baffled, the people were no longer familiar with the words of their own kin. Fires spontaneously erupted. Scaffolding and hoists, dwellings and various structures fell into rubble at all locations, except the tower itself. This, The Lord God seemed to be saving for last. Havoc and calamity consumed the great nation, it was everywhere and instant. The hills broke open from beneath their feet and sent parts of itself; along with huge boulders and land masses racing down in furious pursuit of them below, decimating everything in its path. The ground became like a vengeful trampoline. Massive unfinished building stones, with intricate carvings on them detailing embellished glories and conquest of the king, bounced from the ground into the air and back again. The earth quaked, and the people were horrified. They ran about, stricken with terror, nowhere to go, and no safety to find. Chaos was at every turn.

The trembling King fell to one knee; humbled and afraid, he bowed his head. Then once again there was a sudden stillness over the land. All motion, all space, all time stood still in anticipation as a slight space opened up in the dark sky and a lone cloud left the formation so that a single ray of sunlight was allowed to protrude. The light beamed down onto the king like a spotlight, as if he was on stage in a dark theater on Broadway. Survivors gestured and pointed upward in frightened amazement speaking out in unfamiliar sound-bites. It was an awesome, glorious sight as King Nimrod fell to his

second knee, completely kneeling, compelled into submission by the force of an unseen autonomous hand.

I beheld as he morphed from pompous to a pitiful soul, now shoving his face to the dusty ground of the tower's unfinished roof groveling, with both hands covering the back of his head, petitioning for mercy, begging The Lord God to spare his life. He trembled in Holy terror of He who was greater than himself. The Magnificent One made the sky roar like a great and angry beast and all witnesses watched including myself and David (whom by this time were both standing on our feet at a safe distance, watching in awe). Like concert goers at the climax of a spectacular show, a splendid performance... as the tower collapsed and came crashing down.

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