

*What if there was a secret agency comprised of taxi drivers trained to combat rampant cases of corruption, terrorism, and tyranny, coupled with an impending dragon apocalypse? Embark on a new journey with Caleb Porter as he becomes a star EJFS agent.*

## **EJFS: Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth**

By Michael J. Beasley

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ELITE JUSTICE FORCE SQUAD SERIES



ELITE JUSTICE FORCE SQUAD

# EJFS EPISODE 1: VRITRA'S REBIRTH

MICHAEL J. BEASLEY

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## **Table of Contents**

Acknowledgments.....	9
Preface.....	11
Prologue .....	13
1: Enter Caleb Thomas Porter, Aged 22 .....	17
2: Job Offer Accepted.....	24
3: The Transition and Training Begin .....	37
4: Corrupt City Councilman Arrested.....	54
5: Agent Singh’s Assignment .....	64
6: Abhu Meets His Unit Residents, Memory Recall of Zanesky’s Corruption.....	77
6.1: Six Months Before.....	93
6.1.1: Return to Present Time .....	99
7: Zanesky’s Interrogation, Moles Discovered .....	103
8: A New Day Begins and New Challenges Await .....	118
9: Abhu Accosted by A Hostile Duo.....	130
10: Abhu’s Advanced Training Continues .....	144
11: Situational Response Training .....	160
12: Rookie Abhu’s Training Completed.....	184
13: The Briefing.....	196
14: A Sinister Plan Is Hatched, Mole Identities Exposed.....	208
15: An Emotional Family Reunion and Separation.....	218
16: The Departure, Caleb Meets Durga .....	226
17: First Day of Work .....	235
18: Arrival at the Safe House Site 17 Complex .....	244
19: Operation: Stormfall Switchpoint Goes Live.....	250

*EJFS: ELITE JUSTICE FORCE SQUAD SERIES*

20: The Fundraiser.....	262
21: Ila Goes Rogue.....	269
22: System Compromised.....	281
23: Ila Flees The USA, Singh Held Captive.....	287
24: Trouble in Paradise.....	297
25: Governor Jackson Interrogated.....	301
26: “Talwar” Makes an Unceremonious Escape, Geoffries Takes Secrecy Oath.....	312
27: EJFS Leaked.....	317
28: Final Wave Hacking Team Apprehended.....	326
29: EJFS Departs to Dubai, Chaos in Berlin.....	338
30: Difficult Decisions, Durga Learns of Singh’s Plight.....	349
31: Abhu’s Sleep Study.....	359
32: Abhu’s Vision.....	367
33: Stronghold Defense.....	377
34: Joint Operations Prep.....	383
35: Operation Ivory Tower: Singh’s Rescue Mission.....	390
36: Precious Borrowed Time, Caleb’s Family in Danger.....	403
37: Race Against Time.....	415
38: Abhu and Singh Reunite, Stronghold Assault Operation Begins.....	427
39: Final Wave Mining Facility Invaded.....	436
40: EJFS Departs to Siberia, Lochan Makes a Costly Error.....	446
41: Final Mission Briefing.....	461
42: Lockdown.....	472
43: Ravan and Ila Reach the Base, Ila and Hari Reunite.....	478
44: Worm Virus Eradicated, Agent Lochan Vindicated.....	485
45: The Beginning of the End.....	494

*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

46: EJFS Armada Arrives in Siberia, Final Wave Base Invasion Begins.....	502
47: EJFS Storms the Final Wave Base; The Rebirth of Vritra Commences .....	512
48: The Eleventh Hour .....	519
49: The Final Battle, Vritra Returns to Life .....	531
50: The End of the World .....	542
50.1: Nine Hours Later .....	550
Epilogue .....	555
After-Story .....	562
1: Abhu's first date with Durga, Singh's debriefing with Gangi, Part One.....	562
2: Abhu's first date with Durga. Singh's debriefing with Gangi, Part Two.....	569
3: Post-date Admonishment, Abhu's Detox.....	580
4: Abhu's Debriefing, Abhu/Durga and Singh/Gangi's Double Date .....	591

## **Preface**

I never would have thought that the first rough draft of this manuscript five years ago would make it to print from the moment of inception. There are many reasons why I felt the need and desire to write this book. For one thing, I was so abhorred by the rampant corruption that was taking place in my state and country. I felt the need to find my voice in the literary world.

The concept formed in my mind (and a spark in my gut). It came to me in late summer and early fall of 2015. I thought to myself: what if there was a secret agency of taxi drivers burdened with the responsibility to rout out much of the evil in the world? The concept further evolved as I brainstormed ideas and characters. I soon started forming characters on a whim and applied fingers to the screen (the first fifteen chapters were initially written on a word processing app on an old smartphone as I did not own a laptop back then).

As the story gained traction, the ideas began to flow more fluidly and seamlessly on to the page. Before I knew it, I had written the first fifteen chapters before the new year of 2016. This was when I shelved my writing project for more than a year due to creative difficulties that I was unable to reconcile within myself, coupled with a challenging living environment and a high-stress career in retail. To summarize: I was experiencing a phase of burnout. I was in an ongoing battle with depression, anxiety, and angst from problems within or beyond my control.

However, after recovering my creative inspiration (along with an outdated version of my first manuscript), I resumed my writing project after a year hiatus. It was also beneficial to my writing goal after quitting my retail job during the same year. I acquired a temp job with a local non-profit organization that assists individuals with employment barriers to obtain volunteer and paid work.

Ironically, I was a client for this non-profit before being offered an eventual permanent position with the non-profit, which has been a dream for me thus far.

Moreover, it was not until I moved to a better adult family home in the early fall of 2018 when I honed my focus on improving my writing ventures' final product.

Thus, here we are at the end of my musings. I pray that this novel's underlying theme will enlighten you and inspire you as it has done the same for me.



## **1: Enter Caleb Thomas Porter, Aged 22**



Caleb Porter

**Sheffield Clinic – Old Fourth Ward**

**Atlanta, Georgia USA**

**September 8, 2023**

**3:31 PM EDT, Friday Afternoon**

On one day in the not too distant future, during the year 2023, on a cloudy, wet, and stormy September day in downtown Atlanta, Georgia: a young man in his early 20s named Caleb Porter prepared to leave his appointment at the doctor. He was looking for a treatment plan to increase his human growth hormone to build muscle mass like a professional athlete.

Caleb did not get much help from the doctor to help him find what he was looking for, but received a referral to an endocrinologist; however, it was located a long drive east of the city.

So, Caleb reluctantly took the referral papers and logged a request for a cab to take him home. He checked his phone 20 minutes after he called and wondered what was taking so long.

Suddenly, he heard the intense rumbling sound that sounded like a deep booming thunder resonating around him. A rather tall, athletically built, and muscular Indian man was riding on the motorbike while his satchel strapped on his torso.

Caleb could have sworn the motorcycle shook the earth as he approached him.

The motorcycle driver parked by the drop-off zone next to the doctor's office, and he turned off his massive, yet sleek, and technologically advanced, thundering motorcycle.

The driver turned off the ignition and dismounted his motorcycle. He introduced himself to Caleb.

"Caleb, you called for a taxi, sir?" The motorcycle driver asked in a deep, gruff voice with a heavy Indian accent.

"Yes, and you are?" Caleb asked. He was distracted and staggered by the man's swollen muscular physique.

"Oh, I apologize for not introducing myself. My name is Singh. You see, I am a representative of a cab company from the east side of the city. I am here to tell you your cab is stuck in traffic, and there is a tree down blocking the road. So, I'm offering you an alternative way."

"What is it?" Caleb asked with hesitation.

"I have dispatched an independent-for-hire cab from a freelance cab company. The cab is currently due north of here.

*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

The driver should be here in a couple of minutes to take you where you need to go. Oh, and you'll need this for it too."

Singh handed over an envelope made of royal purple and gold stitching to Caleb. Caleb took it with a sense of confusion. He wondered why on earth he would need this envelope for a cab ride home.

"I suggest you read that, and I'll let the driver know you're ready for pickup. See you later, Sir!" Singh started up his motorcycle. He turned the keys in the ignition, the motorbike turned on its engine with a sound like a giant thunderclap.

Singh revved the engine a couple of times and sped away down the street, leaving Caleb alone under the awning of the doctor's office building with the envelope he received.

Caleb examined the envelope anxiously, wondering what he had gotten himself into. *For Your Eyes Only*, it read on the front label.

He opened the envelope. The inside was bright golden soft material and contained a booklet with a strange-looking latex balloon-like capsule with bumps all over it.

Caleb looked at the booklet's cover, which seemed very ornate and showed an illustration of a very athletically built, tall, and muscular Indian bodybuilder with long white hair wrapped in a turban. It was so long that it overflowed out of his turban. He was driving a purple and gold taxi that was more like a big van than a standard cab.

"*Is this a joke?*" Caleb muttered to himself as he studied the cover. He opened the booklet and felt an instant wave of energy enter him from the pamphlet.

Caleb began reading the booklet text silently:

*You have been granted a rare opportunity for a career that a select group of people has been chosen. Please do not take this opportunity lightly. If you have been longing to increase your muscle mass and physique incredibly and want to maximize your real potential, please continue reading.*

Caleb was somewhat intrigued by this offer, so his curiosity led him to look further down the page.

*To proceed with this fantastic opportunity to achieve immeasurable physical greatness and increased strength, and a high-value career, please ingest this capsule, then all will be explained to you shortly. If you decide to pass up this rare opportunity and miss out in a once in a lifetime job, merely squish the capsule in your hand, and you will be taken home with no memory of what happened today. If you swallow this capsule, the adventure will begin for you. The decision is yours. Your cab is waiting..."*

The last part of the text sent a chill down Caleb's spine.

Caleb was extremely cautious about this offer; part of him was tired and weary and wanted to go home.

He took out the capsule and held it in his hand. He looked at it for a minute as if it were beckoning him to ingest it. But fear started to set in, and he was scared of the possibilities.

He thought to himself, "Is this a trap? Am I about to be victimized? What did that guy mean by 'see you later'?"

Caleb loosely enfolded the capsule in his hand like he was thinking of bailing out and just leaving.

*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

Caleb remembered his goal to become the most prominent and most muscular bodybuilder ever, as he imagined throughout his life. Caleb was also looking for an opportunity to find his purpose in his life after receiving a recent rejection letter from the U.S. military for not being physically strong enough for the advanced combat training standards.

So, he unclasped his hand and swallowed the capsule. It was surprisingly easy to take. Caleb felt somewhat relieved that he made the decision and now waited for what was to happen next.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, Singh was en route to his next destination when he received a notification vibration and sound from his gold-covered smartphone device. It showed a digital interface of Caleb and zoomed in on the capsule that transmitted a signal to his phone.

Singh opened the visor on his helmet and turned on his Bluejaw headset. He called his boss to let him know that Caleb had taken the capsule.

“Hello,” said a profound, low-pitched, and thundering voice in a heavy Indian accent on the phone.

“Master Khali, it's Singh. The contact has accepted the offer; he has consumed the device, which is now fully operational. He is ready to be transported. I am heading back to the rendezvous point now. See you soon.”

“Magnificent, you've done well, my apprentice,” Khali's booming thundering voice sounded like an Indian version of a low-bass, baritone love singer.

Khali thundered. “I’ll summon the storm now to start the growth process for him. I am heading to his location to pick him up and transport him to the palace. I will meet you there. Excellent work yet again; you will be rewarded greatly for this.”

“Yes, master. See you in 20 minutes,” Singh ended the call. He put his phone away, lowered his visor, revved his engine, sped away, and vanished in the incoming rain from the storm.

Meanwhile, Khali disconnected the call and loaded a Doppler radar holographic image showing a blob of rain advancing toward Caleb’s location in the city’s business district. Khali used his finger, made a swirling motion, and then started blowing air slowly out of his mouth, causing a fierce gusty wind to blow outside. Then he started flexing his gigantic bicep, causing thunder to rumble and lightning to flash. Khali blew progressively harder until you could hear whistling sounds like the wind exiting his lips with his cheeks burgeoning and swollen. At the same time, his long beard and mustache twitched as he blew boisterously, and the thunder grew louder and more profound.

\*\*\*

People outside scrambled for shelter. The storm cell on the holographic display in his vehicle grew ten times more massive and more robust than before and started advancing faster in Caleb’s direction.

Meanwhile, Caleb noticed the skies were ominously darker than before. Thunder rumbled, the wind started blowing violently, and rain started pouring down in a torrent. The wind blew so strong that his envelope containing the booklet and his referral papers blew away from his grip and mysteriously vanished.

*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

Caleb became afraid and tried to take cover from the storm. Doors to the buildings were mysteriously sealed shut and could not be opened from inside or the outside.

Suddenly, a strange wind vacuum, like a tornado, appeared out of nowhere, and now Caleb was hanging on to the door handles for dear life as he screamed in terror, but the tornado's power overwhelmed him, and he was sucked up into it.

As Caleb flew around inside the vortex, he experienced a strange sensation in his body. His muscles started growing and became a little more defined in muscle tone.

Then he saw a giant purple and gold van flying inside the thunderstorm cloud, it sucked him up inside, and he lost consciousness.

Afterward, the tornado dissipated, and the flying taxi van disappeared.

## **2: Job Offer Accepted**



Master Khali

**10,000 Feet above Sea Level**

**Atlanta, Georgia USA**

**September 8, 2023**

**4:05 PM EDT, Friday afternoon**

About 10 minutes later: Caleb woke up with the snap of Khali's big fingers coated in a salt chemical rubbed with Khali's fingertips under Caleb's nostrils, which made Caleb cough twice before he regained consciousness.

Caleb's vision came into focus inside the large taxi van. It was on autopilot, flying in the enormous storm clouds high above the ground, heading to an unknown location. He looked outside and saw the magnificent view of the Thunderheads coming into focus as he regained consciousness.



*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

Caleb looked up and saw Khali in all his enormousness. Khali was over eight feet tall and had muscles more massive than his head.

Caleb examined Khali all over to get an idea of how unbelievably strong and massive he was.

Khali had enormous pectoral muscles and massive traps. His long hair was mostly wrapped in a beautiful gold and purple turban. Khali's handsome young face seemed old for what it was.

Khali's hips and thighs were incredibly massive and filled with power. His abdominal muscles were very thick and well-defined. His biceps were gigantic like wrecking balls, and his shoulders were broad and extensive and five times the size of Caleb's head.

Caleb looked back up at Khali's face.

"Where am I?" Caleb asked.

"All will be revealed in due time, Caleb Porter," Khali said in a firm, thunderously booming voice.

Caleb gasped. He was stunned that the powerful and majestic individual standing before him knew his full name without ever being told.

Khali crouched down in front of Caleb, who was sitting in his seat, buckled in for the ride.

"That's your name, is it not, sir?" Khali said in a deep, low-pitched voice with an Indian accent.

Caleb looked at Khali's big sky-blue eyes filled with power as he had a welcoming grin on his face.

Khali held Caleb's hand in his much heftier and more robust palm. He comforted Caleb as he sensed his fear while massaging the back of Caleb's hands to soothe him.

"Yes...but how did you know?" Caleb stuttered nervously.

"Do not be afraid. You are in a safe place, and soon you will be transformed into the powerful man you have always dreamed of being. Let me introduce myself to you. My name is Khali. I have enlisted you in my agency to bring down corrupt elite organizations and bestow great power and justice upon your nation to overcome evil governments and regimes. You will be assigned to a position that I have created to enlist other operatives waiting to be recruited with advancement opportunities. After the next 24 hours, you will be bestowed with great powers given to very few in this world, but you must learn how to wield them responsibly, for these gifts of powers are not to be taken lightly. All else will be explained to you soon. Now, if you will excuse me, I have to land this vehicle at the palace base."

Khali leaned in and kissed Caleb on the top of his forehead while gently placing his enormous palm on Caleb's left cheek, which helped Caleb feel more at ease and relaxed as Khali stood up and walked to his pilot seat.

Khali prepared to begin the landing sequence but not without Caleb sneaking a peek at his enormously swollen and muscular torso and rear end that pushed against the back of his purple and gold silk pants like two massive globes jutting outward.

The flying van that had been in stealth mode and unseen to the world below switched to default mode. The transformative

vehicle shot out chopper wings like a helicopter and prepared to land on the top of the highest towering Thunderhead in the sky. The van slowly descended as Caleb looked down outside from the passenger side window and could see the enormous palace that looked like a gold-covered yet high-tech Taj Mahal.

“Welcome to the Elite Justice Force Squad palace complex Atlanta Branch Eastern U.S. Division in the sky. Now, if you please, Sir, allow me to put a thermal robe over you. It’s rather chilly at this great height,” Khali explained.

The vehicle gently landed on the largest of many helipads connected to the palace.

The seat restraints unlocked automatically in Caleb’s passenger seat, and he was able to stand up and walk around.

“Let me retrieve your robe. I’ve prepared one for your exact size,” Khali fitted Caleb into a comfortable garment.

The robe was a blue and gold color that shone under the sun beginning to set on the horizon. It felt wonderfully comfortable and adjusted to his body temperature automatically.

“Very well, let’s disembark,” Khali insisted.

The hatch door opened, and Caleb was escorted out of the van with Khali’s massive arm around Caleb’s shoulders as he led him into the front courtyard of the vast palace.

Along the way, Caleb was greeted by several other enormously muscular men with turbans and robes, as they welcomed him to his new home in the sky.

As Caleb and Khali approached the incredibly tall double doors leading into the palace, they heard a thunderously loud engine

fly over the complex. It was Singh who had met Caleb earlier down at the surface.

Singh's motorcycle was somehow transformed into a high-tech winged jet built for a driver and a passenger-side behind the pilot's seat.

Singh lowered the landing gear and prepared to descend on one of the smaller helipads constructed on either side of the bigger helipad for Khali's transport vehicle.

"Ah, there is my top apprentice Singh. You've met him on the surface earlier," Khali thundered as he pointed his humongous hand toward Singh's general direction.

Singh took off his helmet and let his long flowing black hair free as he dismounted the technologically advanced jet. Singh then used the remote on his keyrings to transform it back into a motorcycle. It mysteriously drove itself into the automatic parking garage built inside the Thunderhead as he approached Caleb and Khali.

Caleb was awestruck by this as the two behemoths greeted each other with an embrace and a kiss from Khali on Singh's head.

Khali stealthily handed Caleb's smartphone, which Khali confiscated from Caleb to Singh away from Caleb's view after Khali modified its operating system. At the same time, he took his motorcycle helmet from Singh to place it into storage.

"Welcome back," Khali spoke in a sincere tone.

"Well met, Master Khali," Singh greeted as he let go and turned to meet his new apprentice.

“Singh, I see you have met Caleb,” Khali introduced them to each other as apprentice and sage.

“Welcome home,” Singh said as he wrapped his massive strong arms around Caleb for a hug. It felt somewhat stiff but gentle and oddly soothing at the same time.

Khali proclaimed. “Caleb, as of now, that is no longer your name. I, at this moment, grant you the name Abhu Dhuval Sandeep. You are now an apprentice under Singh’s guidance. He will be your sage and protector throughout this process. I will go and prepare a room for you. This palace is your new home from now on. I know this comes as a shock to you, but it’s for your own good.”

“What about my family and friends on the surface?” Caleb asked.

“Do not worry, young man. We will watch over them with our agents up here and on earth. As you progress, you will be able to switch identities and travel to and from here to the world below. But in the meantime, you must acquire great power, knowledge, and skills. We will begin the transformation process in three phases. First, you must be infused with the power of our people, then you will learn to use those powers and strengths responsibly, and finally, you will be trained for your new career. I will let Singh walk you through it. Escort him to the Citadel Plaza Intake Center and start his training,” Khali commanded Singh.

“Certainly, Master Khali.”

“Abhu, please come with me. I will get you started,” Singh beckoned to newly-named Abhu, his new apprentice.

Master Khali entered the palace as Singh and Abhu walked along the perimeter to the outside plaza. A towering structure was surrounded by two other towering buildings built like citadels.

The edifices had symbols marked on them that represented three elements: rain, wind, and thunder.

Before they started the initiation, Singh gave Abhu a brief rundown of the training process to begin his new job.

“Before we begin, I need you to go through the Physical Appearance and Voice Accent Transition System module walkthrough or 'PAVATS' for short that every agent in our enterprise must complete before they transition into our agency. As you are working for us, you will have the ability to transform back into your worldly self on earth. Although your physique will be retained during each phase, it will increase in mass as time goes on,” Singh explained to his new apprentice Abhu.

“I see. What else is there to know?” Abhu asked Singh.

“You will be given shared control over three elements of weather on earth: rain, wind, and thunder. As you progress through your career, you will be allowed to enhance and upgrade your skills. You will manipulate storms and strengthen them into major storm fronts, hurricanes, tornadoes, windstorms, sandstorms, and blizzards. Once you have completed all your training, you will be assigned as one of our undercover operatives working for a select few taxicab companies in the area. You will be given a vehicle that will be used on earth and up in the sky, but you must not transform your car in plain sight of public view. You must do it in times where no one is present or while your vehicle is in stealth mode,” Singh explained.

“That capsule you swallowed is a device that is controlled in our system to monitor all agency personnel, and Master Khali regulates all of them in the central database mainframe computer and control center deep in the center of the Thunderheads. Only agency personnel with top ranking have access to that location. You cannot enter it without a high-level security clearance. Also, be aware that your position may be forfeited if you break any rules or break cover and expose the agency. At Master Khali’s discretion, the device inside you will be purged from your body, and your memory will be reset with no recollection of this place or anything that happened from the time we first met. Do you understand, Sir?” Singh asked.

“That’s a lot of information to absorb. But I think I understand,” Abhu said.

“Good. Here we are at the Intake Center, where you will begin the transitional phase. Let us get you prepared to start. Follow me.”

Singh and Abhu approached the tall and thick titanium-alloy double doors to begin the identification process to pass into the facility.

The system asked for Singh’s access card, so he tapped it in and then scanned his whole body to verify his identity. It read the device inside him as it did for every new EJFS agent when they first get recruited.

When the system interface confirmed his identity, a hyper-masculine computerized voice with an Indian accent said:

***"AGENT IDENTITY CONFIRMED, WELCOME AGENT SINGH PUNEET SHERPA."***

Singh continued the initiation. “Since the system is monitoring you, you must scan in to gain entry. Here is how you will do it: I have updated your smartphone interface to scan thumbprints, which you will use to synchronize your phone to the system interface we use. Rookie agents are required to do so. After that, you’ll be given a single-use-only access card to start the transition program.”

“Wait, how did you get my phone?” Abhu asked.

“While you were asleep in Khali’s taxi van, he synchronized your phone remotely to the device inside you. I sent him the activation code to download a secure update from our data servers in the palace to integrate your phone into our state-of-the-art system interface. Khali gave me your phone to return to you following the system upgrade. If your phone had been less than capable of downloading a new interface, we would have supplemented you with one of our own standard-issue smartphone devices. Now, if you are finished with your inquiries, we will start. Please scan your thumbprint now,” Singh continued his explanation.

Abhu was hesitant to trust the process, so he paused for a minute.

“Abhu, every agency on earth, has a method to prepare each rookie with the means to do the job. We know what we are doing. You need to trust the process. You have already been properly vetted for this position. You have natural gifts that you are not even aware of. Now, scan your thumbprint, please, not just for us but for all humankind.”

Singh beckoned Abhu as he tried to persuade him to remain committed to become recruited to the EJFS.



*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

Abhu understood what Singh articulated. Abhu nodded and scanned his thumbprint on his phone, and the system started to examine him and the device inside his body.

The phone screen showed his scan was completed, and his recruitment status had been successfully activated. Then a single-use access card was created and popped out of the slot next to the gate. Abhu grabbed the card and tapped it, and the door beeped, and the system voice said:

*"WELCOME TRAINEE ABHU DHUVAL SANDEEP. PLEASE PROCEED TO THE TRANSITION CHAMBER TO BEGIN YOUR INTAKE PROCESS,"* The sound whirred on the system speaker.

Then the door buzzed, and the gates disengaged its heavy locks then slowly slid wide open.

Abhu was awestruck as he slowly walked into the massive building with a giant machine inside built for average-sized humans to enter and then big Indian brutes to emerge.

The contraption buzzed and activated itself as the surveillance system verified both Abhu and Singh's presence entering the facility.

A hovering disc to stand on, from within the contraption, slid up into view, and the machine's system voice beckoned him to come:

*"ABHU, PLEASE TAKE YOUR POSITION STANDING ON THE DISC TO PROCEED,"* The hyper-masculine computerized voice instructed.

Abhu turned his head and looked at Singh nervously. Singh nodded his head and motioned to him to enter the machine.

Abhu gulped as he sauntered to the machine and entered the brightly lit chamber.

Singh entered a computer terminal room on the other side of the wall, protected by military-grade enforced Flexiglass.

As soon as Abhu stepped onto the disc, a reinforced Flexiglass hatch door closed shut behind him, and from Singh's vantage point, he customized Abhu's new physical image and likeness. Singh made his selections on the touchscreen tablet and tapped the start button on the screen.

Then the machine activated, and the disc whizzed down the tunnel, carrying Abhu with it. The process was observed from Singh's vantage point so he could finalize the transformation.

The disc slowed down and stopped at the transformation station, and a robotic device popped out of the ceiling and shot out a trio of lasers onto Abhu's body. His image and likeness began to change and made him look more of Indian descent with medium length hair and smoky hazel eyes, and his whole skin pigmentation changed over to dark brown.

After the first phase was complete, the laser device retracted, and a large tube appeared over Abhu.

Meanwhile, Singh was in the terminal, and a hose emerged from the floor in the next terminal. He casually walked in and grabbed the tube, then took a significant inhalation of oxygen, which caused his already massive pectoral muscles to swell. He blew strongly into the machine, producing an intense, lengthy period of wind to blow ferociously down on Abhu.

But this was no ordinary downburst.

Strangely enough, Caleb's muscles began to grow and expand with power as he saw himself grew more prominent and taller. His robe stretched with the growth smoothly as if it were designed for that purpose.

At this rate, Abhu looked like an amateur bodybuilder, growing from 5'11" to about 6'3," but he was not done yet.

Singh ceased blowing into the tube, and the wind died down.

The disc slid out to the end of the machine, and the sliding Flexiglass gate opened wide, as a taller and considerably more muscular Abhu exited the contraption. He examined himself in the big full mirror on the wall by the exit of the building.

Abhu was pleased with what he saw. He could not believe he looked like a big brute Indian bodybuilder as he barely recognized himself with his new likeness. But he was not satisfied yet; he wanted to become even more powerful, and he soon would.

Suddenly, a flash of light emitted from a wall where Singh was operating a wall-mounted camera. He snapped Abhu's new photo I.D. card and printed his permanent reprogrammable access card to gain entry to the palace complex's essential areas.

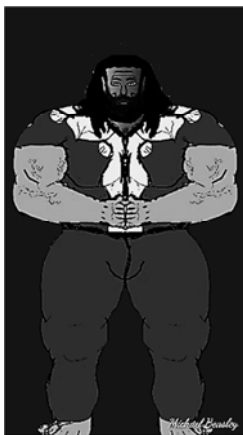
Singh opened the steel door and reunited with Abhu. Singh was impressed by Abhu's transition from Caucasian to Indian with added muscle mass and height.

"That is an impressive start, but your new body has not yet fully developed. It will come soon enough. Now it is time to begin your training. We must head to the Wind Sanctuary, where you will gain tremendous power to blow ferociously strong storm force winds to repel enemies and blow them

away. This first phase will also increase your physique exponentially. Oh, and before I forget, here is your new I.D. and access card to get to the palace's essential areas. I have set you on a level two clearance. You can currently enter the elemental training sanctuaries at your discretion and primary areas of the palace, such as your living space. But before then, let us complete your training, and then we will get you something to eat. You must be starving.”

Singh and Abhu exited the area and headed back outside in the lofty Thunderhead base complex.

### **3: The Transition and Training Begin**



Abhu Dhuval Sandeep (Caleb Porter's alternate identity)

**EJFS Palace Citadel Plaza – Training Center**

**EJFS Palace Headquarters – Atlanta Branch Eastern  
U.S. Division**

**September 8, 2023**

**4:17 PM EDT, Friday afternoon**

Singh tapped his card to exit the facility, and Abhu did the same. They headed up the steps that led them to the first training citadel: The Wind Sanctuary.

Once they arrived at the top of the steps by the door, Singh instructed Abhu to remove his shoes, strip down his robe, and change into his training uniform, which was a blue and gold Indian style top tunic and bottoms with sandals and wrapped his hair into a man-bun.

Singh explained his first training exercise and the objective.

“It’s time for you to learn the first power of the elements: Wind: Level One Introductory Training. This will be a quick session in which you will be blessed with the ability to blow strong gusts of wind out of your mouth. When you enter the citadel and step inside the center seal, the capsule device inside you will activate a signal, sending a transmission of energy into the top of the spire, which will open the top. You will receive the extraordinary power contained inside the spire. Your lungs will begin to expand and fill with the wind that you’ll eventually start to blow gusts of wind until you are fully enhanced with this power, which will allow you to control it at will. After you get your breathing under control, you will begin the testing phase, using your new power to blow away targets at varying degrees and distances,” Singh explained in detail.

Abhu continued to listen and absorb the information Singh gave him.

Singh continued. “Once you have completed this exercise, you will experience more muscle growth, and then we’ll move onto the Thunder Sanctuary. We cannot proceed until you have completed your first training course. To help you adjust, you will be put in harnesses to keep you from injuring yourself. I will watch from the observation deck upstairs. If you need help at any time, yell out the word ‘Assist,’ and I will show you the correct step, then you will start again. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Abhu replied while he nodded.

“Good. I will head upstairs and watch from the deck. Remember, the magic word is ‘assist,’ and I will leap down and demonstrate what you are supposed to do. Please tap and scan, and then we will begin,” Singh directed.

Singh headed upstairs to watch the action as Abhu tapped his access card and scanned his handprint, which caused the

surrounding gate to examine him through the device inside him.

"*ACCESS GRANTED*," The mechanical voice out of the system speaker announced Abhu's entry.

The door buzzed and opened, and Abhu walked inside, and the door slid shut behind him by itself.

"Go stand in the center seal; I'll start the harnessing program up here on my terminal," Singh instructed.

Abhu walked over to the center seal of the chamber. A sharp beep sounded, and two tall steel frames with harnesses attached to the posts emerged from the floor.

Abhu clipped the harnesses into his belt clips. They were secure and felt comfortable.

"Are you ready to proceed?" Singh asked as he prepared to activate the terminal's transmission to allow Abhu to receive the gift of wind.

"Yes, let's do this," Abhu replied.

"Very well, I'm starting the sequence now. Get ready to hold on to the posts for your protection," Singh informed.

Singh started the sequence on his terminal, then a transmission from Abhu's capsule device was sent to the spire hatch above as Abhu held on firmly affixed to the harnessing posts.

The signal was received and began processing.

An electronic bell rang once loudly, and the citadel shook as the hatch slid open, and a beam of bright golden light flooded into the chamber. The energy from that bright light started to enter Abhu's body quicker and quicker until all the power was absorbed into Abhu.

Then the spire hatch closed shut, and the lung expansion process started.

Abhu started to feel his lungs expand. With each breath he took, his chest grew more prominent and fuller until no more wind could fit inside his swelling lungs, then his cheeks started to fill up as he felt his first gust of wind was about to be expelled from his mouth. He strained to control it as he prepared himself to do so. But then, he violently exhaled, and a brief gust of wind came out of his mouth. It clocked in on the interior wind measurement equipment at 28 mph.

"Abhu, those gusts are only going to get stronger and longer in duration, so try to relax your lungs as you work on getting your breathing under control," Singh suggested.

Abhu acknowledged what Singh said and nodded. His lungs and chest started to fill up again, even bigger, and more swollen than before. His cheeks then became much more swelled up as he involuntarily blew his second gust of wind out of his mouth. The wind speed clocked in at 39 mph, which is enough to rattle some trees on earth. This gust lasted about 47 seconds and knocked over a few loose items in the chamber.

Abhu's lungs continued to expand as more and more wind filled his body, which caused his chest to swell like two massive beach balls. He blew a third gust that registered as a 56-mph burst, lasting over a minute. The sheer force knocked him backward and caused the harnesses to catch him and return him to the neutral position.



*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

Abhu blew sustained winds from his mouth at about 30 to 45 mph and produced a strong wind to fill the chamber, and flapped around some flags hung from the sanctuary's four sidewalls.

Abhu's burgeoning cheeks were filled with air as he began to blow continuously. His enlarged lungs started to fill up and expand even further, which caused his chest to balloon out even more at a faster rate until he could not see his abdomen.

Another even stronger gust of wind burst out of his mouth, and it registered as a 73-mph wind gust, which is near the equivalent of a Category One hurricane.

"Abhu, you have reached your maximum speed. Try to control your breathing technique by slowly relaxing your lungs to calm the wind inside you. Then you will stop blowing uncontrollably," Singh suggested.

Abhu struggled somewhat at first. But he eventually started to relax his chest muscles, which allowed him to gain control of his breath slowly. His chest began to decrease in size a little bit, allowing him to see the top of his toes on his sandals.

The gusts started to fall in intensity as he blew a weaker breath of 31 mph but still strong enough to make the flags flap loudly in the wind.

"Good job! Continue to repeat that process, and your breath will soon normalize," Singh instructed Abhu encouragingly.

Another gust of wind came from his mouth as he slowly relaxed his lungs. It clocked in at about 23 mph. An even weaker blast gradually followed this at 16 mph on the measurement equipment.

“Keep up the good work, rookie. You’re almost done now,” Singh encouraged.

Progressively weaker winds blew out of Abhu's mouth, clocking in at 10 mph, then at the speed of a gentle breeze until the swelling in his chest and face altogether diminished, and his blowing completely subsided.

Abhu returned to normal calm breathing, which came as a surprise to his trainer Singh who was amazed at how quickly Abhu mastered his new power almost perfectly as though he had done it before.

Suddenly, a whirring sound activated inside the room, and a voice on the system overhead resounded.

A computerized male voice announced overhead, “*ABSORPTION PHASE COMPLETED, TESTING PHASE NOW COMMENCING.*”

Abruptly, a loud rumbling started coming from a sizeable, tall stone door in the back of the sanctuary, then opened and revealed three trees: a small one, a medium-sized one, and a big, tall one. Each of them was rooted at various distances and had the power to regenerate and grow a new one within five minutes, using a mystical soil and fertilizer.

“Abhu, you must master your newly acquired skill. You must inhale all the wind energy in this room and use it to blow all three trees down. After that, we will complete the first training session, and you will receive your next phase of physical growth. Start on the first tree closest to you, which is the small one. Blow on it until it crashes down. Don’t worry, these trees are special, and they’ll grow back,” Singh explained.

## *Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

Abhu acknowledged his trainer's words and began to inhale all the air in the chamber. Abhu's chest began to fill out and swell up as he sucked up a significant amount of air to blow long and hard enough to knock down the tree. Once he felt sure he had an adequate amount of wind in his chest, he exhaled, and a strong gust of wind blew out of his mouth as his cheeks inflated under the pressure of air exerting from his lips.

The wind quickly reached the tree, and it started bending under the weight of Abhu's breath, which was currently at gale force. The tree began to creak under the power of the wind as the leaves shook violently, and the whole tree swayed in the gale. Eventually, the tree succumbed to the power of his breath and snapped in half, then crashed in the grassy knoll.

Abhu stopped blowing and repeated the process with the second medium-sized tree. He took a prolonged inhalation of air, and his chest slowly ballooned to the shape of a busty woman's bosom, and his cheeks were filled with pressure as he prepared to blow stronger winds. He expelled the wind from his mouth that was the equivalent of a full-gale.

The wind from Abhu's mouth reached the second tree, and it violently rattled. It began to bend and sway hard in Abhu's wind breath. The tree started to creak, and cracks in the wood appeared. The tree snapped under the weight of the wind and fell on the grassy knoll parallel to the smaller tree Abhu had already blown over.

Abhu had one last tree to blow down, which was the most significant and tallest of the three.

Abhu inhaled much more oxygen to finish the course. His chest slowly swelled up and filled out to the size of over-inflated beach balls, obscuring the view of his stomach, and his cheeks

were massive like oranges. He expelled the wind hard, causing the wind to whistle loudly from his swollen and puckered lips.

The wind he blew out of his mouth was the equivalent of high-end storm-force wind criteria and caused the large tree to sway and rattle violently as Abhu blew near his maximum strength. The tree creaked loudly, and formed cracks in its trunk, then gave in to the sheer power of Abhu's new wind power crashing it to the ground.

Abhu stopped blowing and looked on in amazement and excitement as he mastered his first skill in training.

The masculine Indian computer voice on the system speaker whirred. "*LEVEL ONE WIND TRAINING COMPLETE.*"

Abhu smiled as Singh watched. Singh was rather impressed with Abhu's display of supernatural powers.

Singh interacted with the terminal screen and finalized the training session, which prompted the harnesses to release themselves.

The room's center rose like a platform lifted to the spire hatch that turned golden yellow colored. The hatch reopened; the rising platform reached the top of the citadel outside, and a large group of 50 enormous Indian men with big muscles surrounding the citadel appeared. They were wearing suits, turbans, and man-buns and carried flutes.

The 50 men started to perform a mysterious song, and after the song was finished, they all took a massive inhalation of air in their enormously massive pectoral muscles, which caused their chests and cheeks to swell up and fill out.

*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

The group of 50 Indian men surrounded Abhu and blew a golden mystical wind on the fledgling agent. His body started to swell up and grow in muscle mass as the circle of gargantuan men blew strong winds in his general direction.

Abhu's hair grew longer and thicker, and his biceps became as big as volleyballs; his lateral spread widened and strengthened as he continued to fill out nicely. Abhu's clothes started to tear and rip to shreds.

Abhu's muscles resumed growing while the 50 Indian men that encircled him continued to blow on him.

Abhu's hips became broader and more defined, and his rear became more massive, roughly one-third of the size of Khali's well-defined and well-rounded glutes.

After the transformation was finished, the massive muscular Indian men stopped blowing and vanished into thin air.

Suddenly, a much bigger and massive training suit appeared behind Abhu as he examined himself with his bigger physique.

Abhu's weight increased to 445 lbs. His height went from 6'3" to 6'8," and he grew some facial hair and a short beard. He quickly put on his new, more oversized clothes, and the platform lowered back to the ground inside the Wind Sanctuary, where Singh stood waiting.

Singh smiled as he saw Abhu's transformed body and applauded him on his progress.

"You've done well. You show great promise, Sir. I can see you are a fast learner. Come and let us head to the Thunder Sanctuary, which will be more challenging to complete. There you will learn the ability to create and enhance thunderstorms

using your wind power and then complete another training exercise. Afterward, you will experience more growth,” Singh congratulated Abhu.

Both left the citadel and headed to the Thunder Sanctuary from a connecting bridge in the sky.

Once they reached the citadel, Abhu tapped his card and scanned in, and entered the Thunder Sanctuary as Singh went upstairs to observe.

Singh explained to him the training exercise in detail:

“In your second training class, you will do the same thing you’ve done before in the Wind Sanctuary. The first thing you will need to do is to be blessed with the power of thunder to create thunderstorms and enhance them to produce downbursts and tornadoes. You will be integrating your wind power to complete this course. After you have mastered the ability, you will test your skills by creating a thunderstorm capable of producing lightning, a downburst, and a tornado. This test can be easy if you learn the right tricks. Remember, you cannot proceed to the last training citadel, the Rain Sanctuary, until you have completed this one. When you are ready: step into the center, take your spot on the seal to begin. I will send the transmission from the device,” Singh kindly instructed.

Abhu nodded, indicating he was ready, and walked to the center of the chamber.

As Abhu stepped into the center, he was closed off by a protective domed shield over him as he looked around and wondered what had occurred.

*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

Singh assured Abhu, "Don't be alarmed; this shield is a means to protect you in this exercise. We wouldn't want you to get struck by lightning, you know?"

Singh used his card and tapped at the terminal. He scanned his handprint and hit the prompt on his terminal screen to send the transmission to the top of the citadel spire to grant Abhu his next extraordinary power.

The capsule device planted inside Abhu received the command to transmit, and suddenly the center seal lit up purple.

A purple light started shooting up from the seal into the spire hatch to obtain permission from the system to grant the power of thunder. The hatch lit up in an electric bright purple hue, and the light completely went into the hatch as the transmission was processed.

About ten seconds later, the request was approved, and an electronic bell rang twice, then the hatch opened.

Abhu was startled as four wires connected into the chamber's center connected to Abhu's thighs and biceps.

A column of purple energy filled the room and sent a wave of energy into the chamber, and the wires connected to him started to take power from the sanctuary.

The bright purple hues started to infuse into his body, which made his biceps, thighs, hips, and buttocks stronger and filled with power. In turn, it made those muscles more prominent.

Once the powerful energy wholly infused into his body, cumulus clouds filled the top of the room. The wires disconnected from his body and retracted into their places.

Then the hatch closed, obscured by the clouds in the room that hung over Abhu.

Singh, who was protected by Flexiglass plating from the observation deck, looked on as he spoke into the intercom and gave the first set of instructions to the training exercise:

“Okay, Abhu, here’s what I need you to do next; use your wind power to inhale as much air as you can and blow upwards into the clouds while you tilt your head back and create vertical lift to strengthen the cluster of clouds in here into a well-organized thunderstorm. Please proceed.”

“Acknowledged,” Abhu asserted.

Abhu then inhaled the maximum amount of wind power into his lungs and chest, which ballooned up and swelled to the size of massively over-inflated beach balls. Then he tilted his head upwards and blew storm-force winds into the clouds, which caused them to grow and expand in height into a well-organized thunderhead or cumulonimbus cloud.

Abhu kept blowing wind into the base of the cloud. Then the storm cloud formed a wall cloud and became a supercell thunderstorm.

Abhu stopped blowing and admired the stunning immensity of the enormous storm cloud he just created.

“Beautiful, you can stop there, and we’ll start with your next absorption phase. Now, I need you to lift your arm and flex your bicep slowly to start charging the storm and increase in speed progressively until the storm is fully active. Proceed now,” Singh instructed.



*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

Abhu lifted his humongous arm and slowly flexed his bicep. Soon after, he heard distinct low-pitched rumbles of thunder that came out of the cloud as the storm became enhanced.

Abhu flexed his arm slowly again and slightly quicker as lightning started to flash in the cloud, and thunder rumbled louder and more profound. He flexed a bit faster and harder, which caused a lightning bolt to strike the shield. Abhu was startled as he heard the loud crackle of thunder shake the floor as it reverberated around him.

“Keep going; you’re protected under the dome shield. Flex your bicep three more times, and then you’ll need to flex both arms at once five times to charge the storm fully,” Singh instructed Abhu encouragingly.

Abhu shook off his fear and continued to flex his bicep faster and harder, which caused more thunder and lightning to shoot out of the thundercloud above him. But Abhu fearlessly continued; he had faith he would not be struck.

After Abhu completed his bicep curls, he noticed his chest and biceps were noticeably gigantic and fuller while thunder continued to rumble deeply from the cloud.

Abhu started to flex both biceps to charge the storm to maximum strength. A giant, loud thunderclap resounded around the chamber as the storm continued to strengthen.

Abhu flexed both arms again four more times in succession, and soon thunder and lightning flashed and rumbled at a constant rate to the point it was fully maximized in strength and shot out lightning and thunder on its own.

A sound buzzed over the speaker system after he completed the absorption phase.

*"ABSORPTION PHASE COMPLETE, TESTING PHASE NOW COMMENCING."*

Singh buzzed in on the intercom and gave further instructions to Abhu as he advanced to the training phase, "Well done, rookie. Next, I need you to make a swirling motion with your index finger, then focus your energy on the storm as you create a downburst and a tornado. To wrap up this session, you must blow the storm out of the chamber and outside into the world. As you swirl your finger around in a circular motion, I will need you to start blowing out all the wind energy you currently have stored in your chest and blow progressively greater winds until the storm starts rotating and a tornado forms. Please proceed."

Abhu started to focus his concentration on the storm as he closed his eyes and spun his finger in a circular motion. He began to blow wind out of his mouth, directed in a spiral motion up into the thunderstorm, causing some rotation and caused the wind to blow out from the supercell down into the sanctuary.

Abhu blew progressively harder and spun his finger around in a broader circle. A funnel cloud formed at the supercell base, and the downburst became stronger as the storm increasingly intensified.

Abhu blew closer to the peak strength level of his wind power, and the funnel cloud grew more extensive and broader as the room became darker with frequent flashes of lightning and loud claps of thunder booming and shaking the citadel from the inside.

"Now, Abhu, turn the funnel cloud into a tornado; lower your finger while still blowing at your peak strength, and the tornado will touch the ground. Then you will be sucked up and

start flying around the room. When that happens, the dome will lift, and you must find a way to grab hold of the ladder connected to the platform ledge up high in the spire. Then once you make it to safety, pull the lever to release the back gate and blow this storm out into the world," Singh instructed.

While Abhu still blew at his full strength, he lowered his finger while he spun it in full circular motion. Abhu continued until dropping his finger to his waist and stopped blowing, which caused the funnel cloud to become an EF4 tornado that picked up Abhu off the ground. He began to fly around the chamber around the enormous cyclone in full orbit as he started to spin upwards.

As soon as Abhu saw the platform ledge in his view, he sized it up, held out his big arms forward, and opened his hands to grab onto the ladder. Abhu quickly approached the ladder and grabbed hold of it as he tried to get up the ladder while he stayed gripped to the rungs.

Abhu saw the tornado rage on behind him as dust and dirt swirled around the room.

Abhu climbed the ladder with a vice grip on the rungs as his long hair blew around in his face.

Abhu carefully climbed atop the platform and pulled the lever built into the wall, which caused the sizeable tall gate in the back of the citadel, as high as the ceiling, to slide open, showing the sky and the earth's surface below.

Abhu felt afraid yet confident, he inhaled all the wind that emanated from the intense storm he created, causing his chest and abdominal muscles swelled up large and massive as his lungs filled up with the wind.

Abhu's cheeks became the size of dodgeballs, and his lips were puckered up and bulged outwards.

Abhu inhaled all the wind; he expelled it from his mouth, causing a potent burst of 85 mph winds to blow out of Abhu's burgeoned, swollen lips. This marvelous performance sent the storm whizzing from the chamber out into the world below.

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Meanwhile, at City Hall in the Lower East Side of the city in Atlanta, near the Capitol building: there were city officials involved in shady deals with corporate interests tied to terrorism worldwide.

One city councilman, Karl Zanesky, engaged as the ringleader in the scandal.

Zanesky was a highly corrupt and power-hungry individual who rigged the local city councilman position in Caleb's district.

Zanesky originally immigrated to the United States from Moscow, Russia. His goal was to infiltrate the local government and work his way up into Congress to hinder Western values and influence the political environment with communist ideals.

Zanesky was also embroiled in multiple alleged scandals involving embezzlement and election fraud that stemmed from his lopsided win in 2020.

The investigation had been stonewalled and slowed down by Governor Ronald Jackson, who had associated himself with the corrupt city councilman.

*Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth*

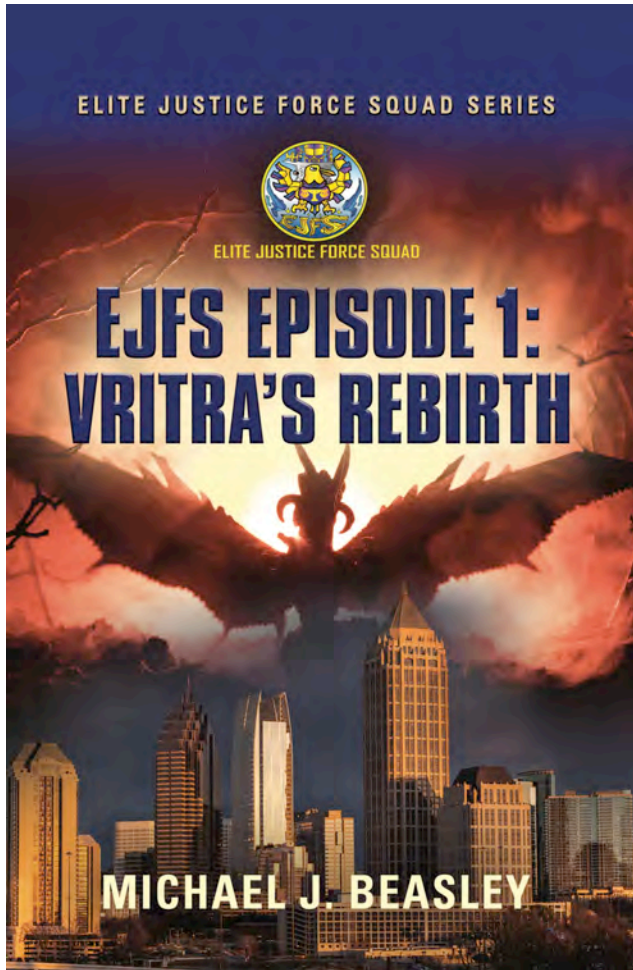
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Around City Hall, people inside and outside the Capitol building saw a massive supercell thunderstorm churning and heading towards them rapidly. The employees and pedestrians panicked, everybody in the vicinity started to take shelter in the basement of the buildings nearby.

Meanwhile, the council chairman Karl Zanesky heard thunder rumbling deeply. Flashes of big bright lightning lit up the room as he was in his office, signing paperwork.

Suddenly, the room grew darker as the storm rapidly approached the building, and the chairman became frightened.

Zanesky looked out his window as he saw an enormous supercell came closer and closer as a giant tornado came into view, which Abhu helped to create up in the Thunder Sanctuary at the EJFS Thunderhead Base complex.



*What if there was a secret agency comprised of taxi drivers trained to combat rampant cases of corruption, terrorism, and tyranny, coupled with an impending dragon apocalypse? Embark on a new journey with Caleb Porter as he becomes a star EJFS agent.*

## **EJFS: Episode 1: Vritra's Rebirth**

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