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The Plato Papers

A Novel

Peter Ackroyd



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THE
PLATO
PAPERS

a prophesy

Peter Ackroyd



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For Elizabeth Wyndham

I often envisage, in this new age of universal and instantaneous communication, how our planet might appear to distant observers. It must seem to shimmer in a state of continual excited activity, rather like a round diamond in the sky.

Ronald Corvo, A New Theory of the Earth, 2030.

All fallen dark and quiet, all gone down. Collapsophe.

Joseph P., Diaries, 2299.

We who survive, we scoured ones, in depths of dark dismay, call out of the night of our world, gone as we knew it, as we know it.

London hymn, c. 2302.

Slivers of light. Silvers. Little horn-shaped lights, riding the waves of darkness.

Joseph P., Diaries, 2304.

Myander, a Londoner, wrote the history of a changing world, beginning at the moment of transition, believing that it would mark a great epoch, one more worthy of relation than any that had come before. This belief was not without its grounds. The world of science had collapsed, but the divine consciousness of humanity had not yet asserted itself. All the labours of Myander lay in recording the manifest signs of dismay and wonder. Since the events of distant antiquity, even those immediately preceding the great change, cannot clearly be understood she believed it her duty to enquire carefully into immediate circumstances.

Myander, History, 2310.

The holy city, restored. Ourselves, revived.

Proclamation, 2350.

The components of the light have been carefully studied. In addition to manifold influences on the human plane, such as will and desire, there are tokens of power from the earth itself. The smallest territory can exert its influence, moving those who come within its boundaries. This city, for example, is not indifferent to the joys or sufferings of its inhabitants.

The London Intelligencer, 2998.

I cannot pretend to have been present during the glorious restoration of human light, the greatest and perhaps most significant scene in the narrative of humankind. Yet I believe that I am blessed in another sense, living on the verge of a new age. All around me I am beginning to see greatness and munificence erected, while our citizens with wonderful zeal have tried to revive and emulate the labours of distant antiquity. When asked why they are engaged in this pursuit, they reply 'Why not? What else is there to do?' This is our new spirit!

Letter from Popcorn to Mellitus, 3399.

The city bears us. The city loves its burden. Nurture it in return. Do not leave its bounds.

Proclamation, 3506.

In returning to the origin of all things, we meet our destiny. Do you see our doubles, passing by us weeping? This is the nature of our world.

Proverbs of Restituta, guardian of London, 3640.

It is sometimes considered wayward or importunate to paint a portrait of one man, yet we know from the pictures of parishioners lit upon the Wall of our great and glorious city that a single feature or glance may embody a fateful moment or an eventful transaction. So I intend to conjure up a likeness of Plato, the great orator of London, in a similar fashion. I will practise the art of selection; like the displays of our actors continually before us, some events will be presented on a grand scale and others diminished. The conventions of spherical drama will be preserved from the beginning to the end; the revelations and lamentations, for example, will be in strict keeping with each other. By these means we may see his unhappily brief life as a continual search after truth. But it will also be my duty faithfully to record Plato's final days in the city and to ascertain how a cruel superstition exercised boundless dominion over the most elevated and benevolent mind.

Anon., The Plato Papers, 3705.

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—*The Times (London)*

c. 3500 BC–*c.* 300 BC: The Age of Orpheus
c. 300 BC–*c.* AD 1500: The Age of the Apostles
c. AD 1500–*c.* AD 2300: The Age of Mouldwarp
c. AD 2300–*c.* AD 3400: The Age of Witspell
c. AD 3700: The Present

*The Lectures and Remarks of Plato on the Condition of Past
Ages*



1

Sparkler: Wait, Sidonia, wait!

Sidonia: Gladly.

Sparkler: I just saw you in the market. You were standing beneath the city wall, and so I assumed that you were listening to Plato's oration.

Sidonia: Correct in every respect, Sparkler. But I expected to see you there, since you always celebrate the feast of Gog.

Sparkler: I was about to cross the Fleet, and join you, when Madrigal stopped me.

Sidonia: What did he want?

Sparkler: Only something about a parish meeting. But, as a result, I missed Plato's opening remarks. I heard only his ending, when he spoke of his sorrow at the darkness of past ages.

Sidonia: It was all very interesting. There was a period when our ancestors believed that the earth inhabited a world which revolved around a sun.

Sparkler: Can it be true?

Sidonia: Oh yes. They had been told that they lived upon a spherical planet, moving through some kind of infinite space.

Sparkler: No!

Sidonia: That was their delusion. But it was the Age of Mouldwarp. According to Plato, the whole earth seemed to have been reduced and rolled into a ball until it was small enough to fit their theories.

Sparkler: But surely they must have known—or felt?

Sidonia: They could not have known. For them the sun was a very powerful god. Of course we were all silent for a moment, after Plato had told us this, and then he laughed.

Sparkler: He laughed?

Sidonia: Even when he had taken off the orator's mask, he was still smiling. Then he began

question us. 'Do you consider me to be small? I know that you do. Could you imagine the people Mouldwarp to be much, much smaller? Their heads were tiny, and their eyes like pinpoints. Do you know,' he said, 'that in the end they believed themselves to be covered by a great net or web?'

Sparkler: Impossible. I never know when Plato is telling the truth.

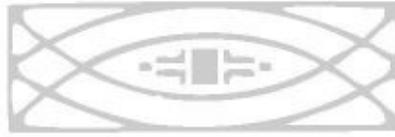
Sidonia: That is what he enjoys. The game. That is why he is an orator.

Sparkler: We who have known him since childhood—

Sidonia: —never cease to wonder.

Sparkler: But who could be convinced by such wild speculations?

Sidonia: Come and decide for yourself. Walk with me to the white chapel, where he is about to begin his second oration.



2

I will speak of a novelist, Charles Dickens, who flourished in a period somewhere between the seventeenth and twentieth centuries of our earth. The titles of his works have been retrieved but only one text survives, alas in an incomplete form. Seven pages have been removed, and the author's name is partially defaced, for reasons which are unknown to me. Most of the narrative remains, however, and it provides a unique opportunity to examine the nature of Mouldwarp imagination. The novel is entitled *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*, by Charles D—. The rest of the name has been gouged out by some crude tool, and the phrase 'Vile stuff!' written in a dye-based substance. Clearly the reader did not approve of the fiction! Perhaps it was too melodramatic, or romantic, for her refined taste! Despite this erasure, we have no cause to doubt that this novel was composed by the author of *Great Expectations* and *Hard Times*.

It opens with a statement by the hero of the narrative—'When on board HMS *Beagle*, as a naturalist, I was much struck with certain facts . . . '— who then proceeds to tell his remarkable story. By observing bees, and pigeons, and various other creatures around him, he manages to create within his own mind an entire world of such complexity that eventually he believes it to be real. This is reminiscent of another fiction we have recovered, *Don Quixote*, in which the protagonist is similarly deluded. The quixotic hero of *The Origin*, however, is portrayed as being obsessed by 'struggle for competition', and 'death by natural selection', in a manner both morbid and ludicrous. He pretends to be exact in his calculations but then declares that 'I have collected a long list of such cases but here, before, I lie under a great disadvantage in not being able to give them'. This wonderfully comic remark is succeeded by one no less rich in inadvertent humour. 'It is hopeless', he states, 'to attempt to convince anyone of the truth of this proposition without giving the long array of facts I have collected, and which cannot possibly be here introduced.' Here is a character who, if real, would not have been believed!

The subtlety of Charles Dickens's fiction now becomes apparent. In the act of inventing this absurd fellow, this 'naturalist' travelling upon the extraordinarily named *Beagle*, he has managed indirectly to parody his own society. The subtitle of the novel itself suggests one of the objects of his satire—'The Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life' refers to the Mouldwarp delusion that all human beings could be classified in terms of 'race', 'gender' or 'class'. We find interesting evidence of this in the anecdotes of a comedian, Brother Marx, of whom I will speak at a later date. Yet Dickens is able to mock this eccentric hypothesis through the words of his hapless narrator, who suggests that 'widely ranging species which have already triumphed over many competitors . . . will have the best chance of seizing on new places when they spread into new countries'. It should be recalled that in the middle period of Mouldwarp the separate nations fought and colonised each other, as our hero puts it in his usual bland fashion, 'the northern forms were enabled to beat the le

powerful southern forms' with the purpose 'of being victorious in distant lands in the struggle for life with foreign associates'. It is the final masterstroke of irony by Charles Dickens that his character solemnly maintains the pretence of discussing only birds and insects, while at the same time providing a wonderfully succinct if brutal summary of the society from which he came!

His is a dark world indeed, dominated by the necessity of labour and the appetite for power. Even the bees are 'anxious . . . to save time', and the protagonist extols 'the more efficient workshops of the north'; nature itself is described as frugal or even miserly, with a continual desire 'to economise'. Yet, in a transitional chapter of this novel, the hero ceases to be merely comic and reveals more malign or sinister characteristics. He suggests the need for 'heavy destruction' and announces, with no irony at all, 'let the strongest live and the weakest die'. In one remarkable passage he celebrates the spectacle of violent death—'we ought to admire', he informs us, 'the savage instinctive hatred of the queen bee, which instantly urges her to destroy the young queens, her daughters'. We have come across fragments of writing—'the death of queens', 'queens have died young and fair'—which suggest that he is here alluding to a dramatic tradition now lost to us. But nothing can disguise his own interest in carnage.

Combat and slaughter, in fact, become the principal components of the unreal world which he has created. He imagines all life on earth to be derived from one 'common parent' or 'primordial form'. The offspring of this 'prototype' then develop into various species of animal or plant, which in turn fight among themselves in order to 'progress towards perfection'. He calls it 'evolution'. No laughter please. He is only the protagonist of a novel! Well, laugh if you must. But remember that Charles Dickens himself is satirising the blind pretensions of his era. Remember, too, that no one from the dark past could have known that all aspects of the world change suddenly and that new organic life appears when the earth demands it. Only in the Age of Witspell, for example, was it realised that the petrified shapes found in rock or ice were created to mock or mimic their organic counterparts. In the same period it was also recognised that each portion of the earth produces its own creatures spontaneously.

I will conclude this oration with a theme introduced by the novel itself. Even as the protagonist concludes his false and rambling description of the natural world, he reflects upon his own experience in lugubrious terms. 'How fleeting are the wishes and efforts of man,' he complains, 'how short his time!' These are typical Mouldwarp sentiments but, on this occasion, they come from a deluded scholar who claimed to understand the motive power behind such general 'wishes and efforts'! May I recommend *The Origin of Species* to you, then, as a comic masterpiece?



3

Madrigal: Did you enjoy the oration?

Ornatus: Immensely. Even the angels seemed interested, especially when Plato mentioned the theory— that thing—what was it?

Madrigal: Convolution?

Ornatus: Precisely. Convolutions. I had to laugh.

Madrigal: We all did. But why are the beliefs of our ancestors so ridiculous? I am sure that the were sincerely held.

Ornatus: No doubt.

Madrigal: Perhaps, in the future, someone might laugh at—well—you and me.

Ornatus: There is nothing funny about us.

Madrigal: As far as we know.

Ornatus: A good point. We must ask Plato about this as soon as possible. To think that in our school-days we were all in the same parish—you, me, Plato.

Madrigal: And Sparkler. How could you forget Sparkler? With his long robe and white hair.

Ornatus: And Sidonia, too, with her red hair and the blue light shining from her.

Madrigal: I have known them so long that sometimes they seem very close, and sometimes in the far distance.

Ornatus: All human perception is a dream. Or so Plato tells us. And there he is by the clerk's well. He seems to be talking to himself.

Madrigal: Impossible. He must be practising his next oration.



4

Plato: How do I know that you are my soul?

Soul: How do you know that I am not?

Plato: I have been taught that our souls exist, of course, but this is the first time you have decided to appear.

Soul: It is unusual, I admit, but not wholly unprecedented. I can prove that I am your soul, by this way. Look at this.

Plato: Is it truly? Oh, my mother. Can I touch—?

Soul: No. It is not allowed. Now look what you have done. She has faded.

Plato: How is it possible? How did you summon her?

Soul: Her own soul was a close companion of mine. We used to talk and sing, when you and your mother were sitting together.

Plato: She was always wreathed in white.

Soul: That was the colour of the city in those days.

Plato: We had an old house, built of light and not of stone.

Soul: I remember it well. That was where it all began, I suppose.

Plato: Began?

Soul: Do you always ask questions? It may become irritating. She used to tell you stories. Fables and legends of the old time.

Plato: So I became aware of the city and its history.

Soul: So you did.

Plato: And so I studied.

Soul: So-so. You were chosen as orator, at least.

Plato: No other citizen desired the office. It is not considered quite proper to dwell upon the past, I do. It is not appropriate. Yet they attend the orations, and listen politely.

Soul: Or laugh.

Plato: I enjoy their laughter. I am their clown. I protect them from doubt about themselves. Even when I speak the truth, I am so small that they do not consider my words of much importance.

Soul: You always speak the truth, as far as you understand it.

Plato: And, presumably, that is not very far.

Soul: I am not permitted to dwell upon such things. You are becoming. I am being. There is difference. I wish that I could help you with your glossary of ancient terms, for instance, but it is forbidden. I cannot intervene.

Plato: How did you know about—?

Soul: You must have realised by now that we have a very intimate relationship. Well, if you will excuse me, I think I ought to rest for a while. May I just slip away quietly?

Plato: Do you think anyone has noticed you?

Soul: Of course not. You have been staring into space, and talking to yourself. That is all.



5

antibiotic: a death ray of the Mouldwarp era.

biographer: from bio-graphy, the reading of a life by means of lines. A fortune-teller or palmist.

brainstorm: on certain occasions the amount of anger or anxiety in the brain was believed to cause violent change in the weather.

CD: an abbreviation of 'cold dirge', a form of music designed to calm or deaden human faculties.

common sense: a theory that all human beings might be able to share one another's thoughts, so that there would in reality be only one person upon the earth.

cost of living: a phrase used to denote signs of weariness or debility; thus 'Can you calculate the cost of living?'

daylight saving: a technique by which light was stored in great containers and then taken through underground pipes to the residences of Mouldwarp.

dead end: a place where corpses were taken. One such site has been located at Shadow-well Shade-well in the east of the old city. Another has been found at Mortlake. Those who chose to inhabit these areas apparently suffered from a 'death wish'.

decadence: a belief in the recurrence of the decades so that, for example, the 2090s resembled the 1990s, which in turn recalled the 1890s. It is a theory that has never been wholly disproved and retained certain adherents even in the Age of Witspell.

echology: the practice of listening to the sound of one's own voice, as if it then became of great importance.

economics: an ancient science, devoted to reducing all phenomena to their smallest and most niggardly point. Hence 'to practise economy' was synonymous with 'miserliness'.

electricity: a doubtful term but one generally thought to represent the element of fire or heat, distinguished from moisture and cold. It was, therefore, a debased version of astral magic. In the earlier Age of Orpheus it was supposed that celestial bodies emanated a 'spiritual and divine light' which took 'a gracious passage through all things' with 'a reception by each, according to each one's capacity'. The nature of electricity suggests that this belief was somehow inherited by the people

Mouldwarp in a less holy and reverent form.

fibre optic: a coarse material woven out of eyes, worn by the high priests of the mechanical age order to instil terror among the populace.

firewater: an unknown compound, perhaps related to the primitive superstition that there was a fire at the centre of all things. See 'electricity'.

flying saucers: a game for children. See also 'fast food'.

free will: a term of some significance in the Age of Mouldwarp, connected with the belief that individual choice or 'will' was of no value in a commercial market; it was therefore supplied free of charge.

globe: for many centuries the earth was perceived as a flattened disc at the centre of the universe; at a later date it was considered to be a spherical or rounded object circulating through space. A globe was a model designed to represent this last concept, although its proportions were evidently taken from the laws of geometrical harmony. Thus it resembled the magical orbis of the astrologer.

GMT: a hieroglyph discovered on several artefacts. It is believed to encode the ritualised worship of the god of mathematics and technology. See below.

god: in the Age of the Apostles, considered to be the supreme ruler of the universe. In the Age of Mouldwarp, a mechanical and scientific genius. In the Age of Witspell, the principle of life reaching beyond its own limits.

half time: the circumstance or condition in which events seem to unfold very slowly, believed to represent a concerted effort of the Mouldwarp world to stop before it was too late.

ideology: the process of making ideas. The work was generally performed in silence and solitude since great care was needed in their manufacture. Certain artisans were chosen for this occupation from an early age and were trained in mental workhouses or asylums. They were known as idealists, and were expected to provide a fixed number of ideas to be exhibited or dramatised for the benefit of the public.

ill wind: a wind that was sick, having been created by human perception.

information:



6

Sidonia: I believe that you were about to describe ‘information’. May I sit with you, Plato, and discuss the subject?

Plato: By all means. Here in the cool and even light I feel sure that we will reach interesting conclusions. We sat here when we were children, debating the existence of light and the eternity of triangles.

Sidonia: You knew all the answers.

Plato: No. I knew the questions. I always wanted to catch your attention.

Sidonia: That was long ago.

Plato: Or a long way forward. Have you noticed how before and after have become strangely mingled? But this is idle chatter. You were asking me, were you not, about ‘information’? By ancient accounts it was a very ancient deity. It conferred power upon those who worshipped it and was thought to have an invisible presence everywhere.

Sidonia: But what was the purpose of this god or spirit?

Plato: Apparently it had none. Even its devotees did not believe that they could become wiser, or happier, through its ministrations. In many respects it resembled the cults of Witspell which were performed only for the sake of the ceremonies themselves. Information simply granted its practitioners words and images.

Sidonia: Of what?

Plato: In that period it was believed that people should know of events far away, whether real or imagined.

Sidonia: Presumably this afforded them great benefits.

Plato: On the contrary. None at all. In fact it led to anxiety and bewilderment. But they persisted in the belief that it was necessary for them to suffer in these ways. They had been taught that they were the ‘consumers’ of the world.

Sidonia: But surely a consumer is one who eats?

Plato: Who devours. Consumers, as we know, are those who see this earth merely in relation to themselves; it only exists in the act of being ingested or enjoyed. Of course we have one or two consumers in the city, and they are kept apart from us, but can you imagine a whole society composed of these ravening creatures who thought of nothing but self-gratification?

Sidonia: A consumer society? It is impossible to imagine.

Plato: Yet they were never content, never fulfilled. Even as they were engaged in their ceaseless activity, they knew that it was futile.

Sidonia: But what was the nature of the events related to them?

Plato: It will be hard for you to accept what I am about to say.

Sidonia: In talking of ancient days, Plato, I have already learned to believe the impossible.

Plato: It appears likely, from all the available evidence, that the people of Mouldwarp loved chaos and disaster.

Sidonia: No!

Plato: It seems that they wished to learn of wars and murders; every kind of violation and despoilation delighted them. Information taught them to dissemble their pleasure, however, and in its service to retain an enquiring or sober countenance. Nevertheless they dwelled lovingly upon death and suffering. We believe that there were also 'papers' which chronicled all the worst incidents of the period and were distributed without charge to the populace.

Sidonia: Did everybody read this thing called papers?

Plato: It is hard to be sure. Of course no one derived any knowledge or wisdom from the activities. Difficult as it is for us to understand, they simply seemed to amuse themselves by reading about the misfortunes of others. This was the essential principle of information.

Sidonia: Would you suppose, then, that its worship was one of the reasons for the demise of the Age of Mouldwarp?

Plato: There can be little doubt of that. The dimming of the stars and the burning of instruments had many complex causes, but there is every reason to believe that the sacred cult of information was at least one of the symptoms of decline. Dark ceremonies and slavish pieties are characteristic of a decaying or diseased civilisation, and this religion of death may have rehearsed a more general dissolution. Now, if you will excuse me, Sidonia, I must return to my glossary.

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