

# **Detoxxed**

By Hannah Viviers

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*A Gorgeous Guide  
to Healing,  
Love and Restoration*

*For my fellow Travellers  
believing for a miracle*

# Detoxxed

Hannah Viviers

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# Healing

*“When Jesus saw him lying there, and knew that he had already been a long time in that condition, He said to him, “Do you wish to get well?”*

- John 5:6 (New American Standard Bible)

# The Beginning

It begun when I decided I wouldn't be sick anymore.  
At the time I didn't know how or when my battle with  
illness would end.

But I hoped.

I wrote this for You, My fellow Traveller. You who is  
seeking something that seems impossible. Or at the  
very least, hard to attain.

One woman, whose name I never got to know, taught  
me of the power of faith and believing the unseen.  
Through her writings I was given the weapons I  
needed to fight. And win. I will forever be grateful for  
the gifts she gave me. It is in tribute to her that I too  
share some of my journey. My hope is that, as I once  
was, You would be armed with the tools to healing that  
were once imparted to me.

*“Faith is the substance of things hoped for.  
The evidence of things not seen.”*

- Hebrews 11:1

## What do You want?

One of my favourite testimonies comes from a young woman I've come to greatly admire. I am grateful to have won my battle and in so doing had the confidence to share with this young woman what had once been shared with me. She'd been told that she would never have children.

She shared this with me, along with that she'd "made peace" with this. I asked her: "But what do you want?" She looked at me as though to ask me if I hadn't fully understood the condition she had. She reminded me what she'd been told ever since she was a young girl about her condition (which caused her severe hormonal problems). I let her speak- then asked her again:

*"But. What. Do. You. Want?"*

We spent some more time together and I shared with her my own story: How I'd been told I might never heal- or have children. But. I'd decided that I would heal. And I would be a mom.

One day this young woman finally answered my question and said: "I'd like to have a family; I'd like to have kids." I answered her: "Then that's what you'll get. Believe it. And believe nothing else but that." Shortly after, she went to see her doctor who gave her a full check-up. He asked her what she'd done because according to him: "Everything was perfect!" There were no signs of the disease that had plagued her since she was just a little girl.

I don't have all the answers. I never claim to. But I have seen the combination of Belief, Renewed Mind and Physical Body Detox achieve such tremendous

results for people it's my mission to share these tools to healing. What I shared with that young woman had been shared with me once upon a time, when I was in a very similar place to where she'd been.

Someone taught me the language of faith. And the power of belief. They taught me the meaning of that Scripture in Hebrews 11- and that what I saw didn't matter nearly as much as what I believed; For what I believed had the power to change what I saw.

I have a friend who tells people I'm the woman who pulled her children from Heaven into my womb. Yep, that's me. The chic who was crazy enough to look God square in the face and say: "You made me. You fix me."

I wasn't always that woman.

I became her when God took me on a journey that ripped off the lies that'd clung to me as long as I could remember. A journey that taught me that until we unbelieve the lies and believe the truth, our wandering is all for naught- and truly we are lost.

## **A little coffee**

For years I'd begged. And pleaded. And done all I knew how to. Nothing had worked.

The night I stumbled on the answer remains as clear as though it just happened.

Even though I didn't fully understand it yet, I yelled to my husband: "That's it! That's what I need!"

And it was. Far more than I'd possibly imagined it would be.

It was a vital piece of arsenal in the fight for my health.

Just as I'd hoped, my body did heal.

Today I'm medication free. And best of all, I'm mom to three beautiful children.

I know what it's like to want something so bad You ache in the very depths of your being.

I lived with that ache for years. So I get it.

I also know it's no way to live.

While I don't have all the answers I do have one. And  
for someone out there, this answer I found might just  
be enough.

It all begun with hope.

A burning desire.

A re-definition of God.

A breaking down of lies.

And, a little coffee.

## Before truth came

I lay on my back looking up at the off-white hospital ceiling. Before we came here I'd been having a somewhat normal day. And then the pain hit-

Before I knew it I was on the floor-

tears streaming down my face, scared to move because any movement compounded my agony. It felt as though my insides were being shredded. My husband had lifted me off our bedroom floor and helped me to his car. This stint in the hospital ER would make it twice I was landing here. I didn't want to hear what the doctor was saying. One of the things he'd said so far was: "Look, we're going to have to give you something you can use every day..."

*Twice.*

Twice I'd landed in the hospital's ER- I know- I already said that. But you know what made that entire situation so stupid? The reason all this drama was happening was simply because I was struggling to go... Yeah... that kind of "go".

After five years of not being able to on my own, my digestive system felt wrecked. This time the doctor told me I would need chronic medication to help manage "my condition".

I didn't want this to be "my condition".

I was in constant pain- sometimes unbearable cramping- at the time I didn't know it was all related but part of "my condition" included very painful periods (the once or twice a year I had them), constant fatigue, anxiety, regular infections (in some of the

worst places!), difficulty sleeping, endless bloating, stubborn weight, skin break outs- plus other...um... uncomfortable things, too personal to share here...

Disease can be undignifying. I kept asking why my body refused to work like every other normal person's did. As Oh in the film Home so perfectly described, I was sad-mad. I wanted to cry but felt that tears would mean accepting defeat. I was 27. But felt decades older. My health was falling apart. I cried myself to sleep most nights. Did I mention I was struggling to conceive? That's what the night tears were about.

The bowel movement thing was bad but it didn't bother me as much as not being able to have children. Little did I know that the two were rotten fruit from the same tree.

Anyway.

As my husband drove me home from the hospital that day, I looked out the window- watching/admiring the people we went past. They seemed to have normal lives. And functioning bowels. And wombs that worked.

I looked at moms walking with their children- some skipping across streets with their little ones- others carrying them- some just leisurely walking: either holding their kids' hands or watching them run ahead-

"Why can't that be me?" I asked grudgingly. Why had I been denied the joy of being a mom? My body ached. My husband rubbed my knee- I didn't know what he was thinking but I knew he felt bad for me. I couldn't look at him- I felt that if I did, I'd fall apart and not be able to hold back the tears building up in my

throat. So this was what it meant for life to be unfair. In that moment I wished I was someone else; living a different life- in another body- that worked.

I remember that day so clearly.

Because that was the day I decided that this couldn't possibly be my "lot" in life. I refused to be on chronic medication. I had to find a way to heal. Even if it meant finding that way by myself.

## Unaccepting the unacceptable

Have you ever wanted something so bad, you felt you couldn't live a full life without it? And you wonder, how could a loving God deny you this? At times though you think: But maybe God does want me to have what my heart desires.

You swing from faith.

To utter doubt.

At times You wonder: What if it is God denying me this? You try to "make peace" with not having what you so badly want- but somehow the peace doesn't come. Because an enormous part of you keeps yelling: "This is not right!" You're told you have to "accept" things as they are. But. That seems unacceptable to you. Because deep down you know there's something far better...

Have you ever felt that way?

I did.

More than the physical reality of not being able to conceive a child in my body- it was the emotional roller coaster that was torturous.

That. And the shame.

After five years of being married with no children- people began to ask questions. I didn't want to answer. Battling with this every, single, day was hard enough- I didn't want pity. But more than that I didn't want doubt sown in my heart. I believed I was meant to be a mom. Because of all the evidence stacked against this possibility, I felt that if people

knew of my struggle, even if they didn't say a word, I would see in their eyes the futility of what I was hoping for.

I couldn't risk that.

I couldn't risk the opinion of others diluting my conviction that one day, little people I'd carried in my body, would call me mom. I didn't want to be bombarded with accepting what I felt was unacceptable. I was told accepting would help me.

That made no sense to me.

I was told that maybe I was one of those people who just "wasn't meant to" have children. That made no sense either. Because what of this conviction I carried in every part of my body? Being hopeful was hard. There was tremendous heartache and disappointment that came with hoping. But somehow the wounds from fighting for my conviction seemed a pain I could better bear than accepting what seemed utterly unacceptable to me.

## Permission to Want

One evening a friend of mine called me about a guy she liked. I asked her what she wanted from a relationship with him. “Nothing,” she answered- “I just want friendship.” I didn’t believe that. My friend was single at the time. We’d had conversations before about her desire to get married one day- so I knew the “I only want friendship” answer wasn’t the whole truth- and I told her so.

For a while she tried to defend her position- I wasn’t convinced. Prior to this conversation she’d shared with me what she really wanted: a life-long companion. As her friend I felt I’d be dishonouring our love and relationship if I didn’t help her remember what she really wanted. So I shared with her one of my big dreams.

I told her that initially I’d painted a very small picture of my dream- because, for where I was, that’s what I’d believed I had the right to want. But then, when I decided to be honest about what I really wanted - I gave myself the permission (and right) to want more- so much more- (despite where I actually was). When I did that I painted a far bigger picture than what I’d initially allowed myself to. The big picture was a more accurate depiction of what I really wanted.

When I was finished sharing my story my friend said: “That’s it! I was afraid of wanting more than just friendship...” She then admitted (especially to herself) that: “I kept thinking my life is such a mess- who would want me in this mess?” As we spoke my friend identified what had caused her to limit her desire and why she was afraid to want more than what she was settling for. I asked her to consider giving herself permission to want what she really wanted.

*It's a dangerous thing to place  
limitations on our true desires.*

Unleashing our true desires is one of the most powerful tools we possess. When we allow ourselves to want something we put into motion a very potent force that cannot be accurately described nor contained.

It is unseen.

Yet it fuels our faith and brings those things that seem beyond our reach right here where we want them: in our lives. Before I had children- as much heartache as I went through in my journey to having them, I never set limitations on my desire to have them. Despite what came against me I kept wanting children- No matter what, I refused for that desire to be taken from me.

If you want to be healed, I encourage you, as I did my friend, to remove every limitation you've placed on what you really (really) want.

Give yourself permission. To want. What you really want.

## **“Somewhat normal” is not normal**

I couldn't accept the possibility of never having children. Or that I would need chronic meds to have a “somewhat normal” life. Through my journey to healing I've learned that we don't have to accept things in our lives just because we've lived them for a long time. We don't have to accept reports that say we'll limp through this life... or that “somewhat normal” is the best there is for us.

Somewhat normal is not normal.

I know what it's like to panic through the dread of not knowing what lies ahead for your health. I know what it's like to want to believe everything's going to work out fine- yet always having that niggling voice asking: “What if it won't be OK? What if things only get worse from here?” That's why writing this book has been important to me.

I can't stand that people are hurting when the answer they're seeking could be far easier than they imagine. As I said earlier, what I share could be part of your own path to healing- it might not be. Whatever the outcome, my heart is that you would know that someone cared enough for you to write this.

If nothing else, may what I share give you hope to fight for what you want to experience. This is my story. My pain. How I healed myself. And how You can too.

# The Voice

*My healing journey truly began in 2010.*

Most remember it as the Year of the Soccer World Cup in South Africa. And vuvuzelas. While the whole country seemed consumed in the World Cup frenzy, for most of us, life chugged on as it had always done. We had life-changing events and mundane daily routines—

People were:

Going to work.

Falling in love. Falling out of love.

Getting married.

Getting dumped.

Being the dumpers.

Changing careers.

Moving house.

Filing for divorce.

Falling pregnant.

Getting promoted.

Graduating from school.

Sending kids off to college...

Our first day on the job.

Getting retrenched.

Buying our first car.

Starting yet another business...

Life was happening.

All of us were living it in our own little worlds- navigating each day the way we knew best.

Well, on one of those 2010 mornings I stood at my medicine cabinet about to take one of the supplements I'd been prescribed as part of my fertility treatment. I reached for the supplements- then pulled back. Something rose inside me and I knew in my heart I was done with this.

I was done with being broken and dysfunctional.

Instead of taking my medication for the day, I closed the medicine cabinet- turned my back on it, envisioned looking God square in the Face and said: "If You don't help me get pregnant, I'm screwed! If You don't fix me I'll never have children. You made me. You fix me!"

I blurted out those words just like that.

As had happened many times before when I'd cried out this prayer, I heard nothing. I was not taking this silence anymore. I went to my room and knelt at my bedside. I began to pray as I had many times. Let me just say that my prayers sounded like a roller coaster.

At times calm and collected. Other times mad and angry.

If prayers could be seen mine looked like Jackson Pollock paintings- but made in rage-with a lot less talent. I prayed respectfully. Sometimes. Other times I spat out my prayers. Some prayers were beautiful and poetic. Others mucousy and tantrumy.

I begged.

I yelled.

You name it.

My prayers had exhibited every side to me there was.

So that 2010 morning I started to tell you about- I'd already done the angry, rebellious tantrumy prayer when I was in the kitchen- I was sorry. As I always was when I'd yelled at God. So I thought I'd turn the anger/frustration down a little- and began my whine...

"Dear God I know I'm broken-" I meant to complete that sentence as I'd always done with: "...please fix me..." But this time I didn't get to finish that prayer.

This time, I heard an answer.

There wasn't an audible Voice but I heard it.

The Voice asked: "Who told you, you were broken?"

I knew it was Him.

I can't tell you how I knew but I knew.

His words filled every cell of my body.

The question shocked me. I didn't know how to respond. I froze.

Right there on my knees- not knowing what to say- not knowing what to do with what I'd heard- I tried to respond... I wanted to say: "But I can't have children!"

But the words wouldn't come.

His words reverberated through my entire body-

In that moment I felt as though nothing else existed outside of what I was experiencing.

There was silence. And loudness. At the same time.

But it wasn't confusing.

Instead there was clarity.

I can't explain how I felt. Or what that moment was like. Only that it was profound.

Then, as real as the moment had been, it was gone. While the intensity of that question lifted it seemed to linger on.

It clung to the paint on the walls.

It sunk into the warmth of our carpet.

I looked out our bedroom window and saw that question in the colour of the leaves. And in the shape of our trees. And in how the wind blew through them. I could see the question in the vastness of the sky and the warm sun that sang through the glass.

I got up from my knees and sat on my bed.

I placed my hand over my mouth- overwhelmed. My lips didn't move yet I could hear the sound of my own excited questions escaping through the pores of my skin.

I mean, surely God had seen all I'd been through over the years- Had He not been paying attention? Had He not seen how b.r.o.k.e.n. my body was? How could He have missed this! But what if... What if He hadn't missed it? If He was God, as I'd been taught Him, then nothing went past Him.

What if... it was me who had "missed it"?

My mind raced with a million questions I didn't know how to ask. OK, maybe "a million" is bit of an

exaggeration- but the questions were plenty! I looked back on my painful journey and wondered if all that time had been wasted... if...

He said I wasn't broken.

What else could His question have possibly meant?

What if the question wasn't a question but a statement?

What if the question had been asked so that I could question what I'd believed all this time?

The room seemed to stare at me.

It seemed to ask: "So what are you going to do with what You've just discovered?" I told the room to be quiet. I needed to think.

The room smiled.

In that loud-quiet that still lingered I was reminded that I was alone in our home- Yet for the first time, in so long, I didn't feel alone. I felt A Presence fill every space there was to fill- The question I'd just heard continued to pulsate throughout my body. It was like an endless echo sent from a place that existed beyond time and space.

With all my heart, I knew the Voice I'd heard was God.

That day, I didn't hear from Him again. It could be that He'd said more to me but, if I'm honest, I must tell you I missed anything else He might have said. I was too excited! I can't explain it! I didn't fully understand what had just happened-

God Himself had told me I wasn't broken...?

Did that mean I was whole?

Did it mean I could have children?

I? Could? Have? Children?

I was beside myself!

I didn't know who to call- who to tell- This. Was.  
Huge!

## The Backstory

I've got to tell you a little about what happened before this breakthrough moment. It includes the look I'd seen on the face of one of the doctors I'd consulted. She'd examined me- looked at my history- spoken to me at length- I could see in her face the words she didn't want to say to me.

I appreciated her kindness.

Eventually she said: "You're probably going to have a hard time conceiving." My heart broke. In ways I can't explain. I'd known it for a long time. But to hear it confirmed... The doctor was very nice.

I could tell that she didn't want to devastate me, but there was no hope in her voice. Either I was projecting or that look on her face meant that she was gutted for me. I appreciated her honesty but that conviction that I was going to be a mom rose inside me as though to say: "Don't give up."

I left that doctor's office knowing I'd never return.

I'd made up in my mind that I was going to try everything I possibly could to have a baby. At that time I felt fertility treatment was the only option I had. I'd heard it was a hard road. One of my friends who'd seen women she'd known go through it told me: "It's going to take everything you've got." With that kind of fight ahead I didn't want to partner with a doctor who wasn't hopeful.

As good as she'd been to me I needed someone a lot more positive. I couldn't afford to feel defeated before

I'd even had a chance to try. I have to say though that for a while after that consult I did feel defeated. I wasn't keen to see another doctor just yet.

I was in no rush to hear how the odds were stacked...

I tried to put off my persistent desire to get pregnant... but failed. It wasn't long before I was searching for another fertility specialist. My hope was renewed when I saw another doctor who'd come highly recommended. He was a lot more optimistic- "Oh this is nothing!" He'd told me excitedly. "I'll get you pregnant!"

Yeah.

That didn't happen.

## Maybe Baby?

But then, one day came– a day in which I was utterly convinced the fertility rounds had worked. I had done everything my doctor had recommended– Including giving myself shots in the belly–

This time my body felt different– puffy, full and oh so beautiful.

I felt pregnant. I was sure I was.

I'd rub my belly and talk to the baby I thought I was carrying– oh how long I'd waited! I was beyond ecstatic! Before I started telling everyone I was preggies, I thought best to see my doctor first to confirm what I was feeling. I hopped into my car–

The doctor was in another city but the trip felt like nothing that day.

I must've smiled all the way there– I was insanely happy.

I pictured the doctor checking my tummy on the sonar– then him saying: “Oh! There it is!” And he'd show me the little pulsating speck that would be my baby's heartbeat! I was so glad this horrible ordeal was over! And just in time too; Because I was–worn–out! I didn't know how many more of those fertility rounds I could take. The shots. The pills. The daily supplements. The regular check–ups. The prodding...

It was exhausting!

Before I knew it I was at the doctor's office. Jovially I greeted his receptionists. I wanted to blurt out to them: “I'm pregnant!”

But I composed myself. Kind of.

The doctor's waiting room, as usual, had a few other women there- Some with big bellies, here for their prenatal check-ups. Before that day, I had been extremely jealous of pregnant women. Now. I was one of them! Yes me! The chic who'd struggled so long to get to this moment- The moment I was finally a Mommy! Eventually it was my turn to see the doctor- I must've sprung into his office.

"How are you he asked?"

"I'm really good Doctor," I beamed back.

I was thinking: Could we please be over with the greetings and show me my baby!

I wanted to say: "Doctor I'm pregnant. Please confirm."

Because I could feel it with every part of me! He showed me to his examining room, as he'd done plenty times before. He left me to change into that horrid white contraption that covers the front but leaves your butt out in the open. I hated that outfit- but that day I didn't care.

I was virtually doing a jiggedy dance as I pulled the dreadful frock on. Did I mention I was beside myself with excitement? So this was how it felt to finally have another precious soul growing on the inside of you...

I lay on the examining bed- my heart beating faster than I felt I could keep up with. The doctor asked if he could come back in-

"I'm ready!" I answered.

The doctor began with the sonar- I felt the cold gel on my belly- He looked intently at the screen- for a

moment my excitement slowed; everything seemed to move in slow motion-

I was too scared to breathe- I didn't want to miss my little person's heartbeat- I had to be quiet- and very very still. As I turned to look at the screen- too see my little person for the first time- I heard the doctor say: "I'm sorry Hannah. There's nothing. You're not..."

All I heard after that was slamming in my ears.

The doctor said a few other things- I looked at the screen that showed my empty womb- I couldn't stop staring at it. In the corner of my eye I could see the doctor's lips moving- but I couldn't hear anything. It was as though my ears had been flooded with a deep blackness nothing could permeate. The doctor left me.

"Get up," I told myself.

But I didn't want to move. To leave here with no baby inside me- I didn't want to have to do that. But I had to. The doctor had patients waiting. The world wasn't going to stop because I was hurting. I got myself dressed-

I remember sitting across from the doctor's desk- the ability to hear was returning but I still couldn't hear actual words beyond a fuzz- My body was there. But I felt as though my heart had left and gone to another place. To mourn. I was struggling to breathe.

I felt a scorching heat all over my skin.

I wanted to cry- I wanted to shout and scream the inexplicable pain I was feeling- But- my lips wouldn't move. Nothing made sense.

Nothing.

Why was this happening to me? I asked silently. What had I done that was so bad, so utterly unforgivable, that God would punish me this way? The doctor began to speak about other fertility options we could still “explore”.

I was done exploring.

It was too draining. I felt the walls grow large as terrifying mountains- I felt small; Surrounded by haunted elements of darkness, closing in on me. At some point my heart returned. And plunged to my feet- I can't remember what my response to my doctor was after he'd mentioned trying other fertility treatments.

I'd needed to leave his office as soon as I could. I couldn't bear the bombardment of all I was feeling. If I could've run to the ends of the earth and jumped- I would've done. I sat in my car and stared out the window. I'd never felt that devastatingly defeated.

I didn't know who to call- to help me- to say something that would help me breathe- help me get myself back in my body so I could drive home. I don't know how long I sat in my car. I wish I'd wept. Because I think some of the pain would've been released. But I didn't.

I think I'd cried so much and so long- I felt if I cried now, if I even shed one tear- I would never stop crying. And I'd die of a broken heart. A part of me wanted to pray, “Please God. Please. Help me.” But I didn't see the point.

Because He was allowing this to happen.

Obviously- He- didn't- care.

# The Question

So there I was. Numerous rounds of fertility treatments later I was still just me- no child. It wasn't the doctors' fault- it was mine- or at least I felt it was most of the time. I was the one with a "broken" body that didn't work. If there was anyone to blame it was me- and a God who didn't care. Or so I thought (at the time).

People spoke about a "loving God".

Most days' I'd think: It sure would be nice to see the "loving" part of Him! All I seemed to have experienced of Him so far was His hard, angry, glare at me.

I didn't feel His "love".

What I felt was His determination to "get me" for whatever sin or atrocity I'd committed in His eyes. I didn't even know what I'd done wrong to conjure such anger in Him toward me.

Why was I being punished?

In my mind God looked like Zeus- big flowing beard with a lightning rod in His Hand just waiting (and eager) to strike me dead! I kept telling myself it was His mercy that kept me alive. His "mercy". Whatever that meant.

My condition was a clear message that His mercy only went so far. There was still a price to pay; I was paying it in ill-health and infertility. Then. Came that 2010 morning. When I heard His Voice. The question He'd asked questioned not only my belief that I was broken but all I'd believed of Him till then. I pondered His question:

"Who told You, you were broken?"

Those few words seemed to unravel what I could only describe as the lie that had wrapped itself so tightly around me. I re-played the way that question had sounded. It'd sounded strong. Unshakeable. Resolute. Encompassing. Angry. Sad. Full of Joy. Liberating.

It astounded me how one sentence could have so much emotion. And depth. How it could ask and answer in the same breath. Now, in light of the Question I'd heard the Voice ask, all I'd believed of my body and the God who created it no longer made the slightest bit of sense. Armed and robed with that incredible Question: I marched into my new realm of being. I didn't quite know what to do yet- but one thing I did know for sure was that I. Wasn't. Broken.

I didn't fully understand how that was just yet- but I could feel in the marrow of my bones that the answers would come. If I just believed. For the first time ever I whispered to myself: "I am not broken."

Now all I had to do was find out how that was- despite everything I'd experienced.

*Thank You for reading.  
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