



Angels & Demons

Dan Brown

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An ancient secret brotherhood.

A devastating new weapon of destruction.

An unthinkable target...

When world-renowned Harvard symbologist Robert Langdon is summoned to a Swiss research facility to analyze a mysterious symbol -- seared into the chest of a murdered physicist -- he discovers evidence of the unimaginable: the resurgence of an ancient secret brotherhood known as the Illuminati... the most powerful underground organization ever to walk the earth. The Illuminati has surfaced from the shadows to carry out the final phase of its legendary vendetta against its most hated enemy... the Catholic Church.

Langdon's worst fears are confirmed on the eve of the Vatican's holy conclave, when a messenger of the Illuminati announces he has hidden an unstoppable time bomb at the very heart of Vatican City. With the countdown under way, Langdon jets to Rome to join forces with Vittoria Vetra, a beautiful and mysterious Italian scientist, to assist the Vatican in a desperate bid for survival.

Embarking on a frantic hunt through sealed crypts, dangerous catacombs, deserted cathedrals, and even to the heart of the most secretive vault on earth, Langdon and Vetra follow a 400-year old trail of ancient symbols that snakes across Rome toward the long-forgotten Illuminati lair... a secret location that contains the only hope for Vatican salvation.

An explosive international thriller, *Angels & Demons* careens from enlightening epiphanies to dark truths as the battle between science and religion turns to war.

Angels & Demons Details

Date : Published April 1st 2006 by Pocket Books (first published May 2000)

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can he stop someone from using the antimatter as a weapon, even with hot physicist Vittoria Vetra in tow?

After all the hype, I managed to dodge this bullet for over a decade but when my girlfriend caught me in a vulnerable moment between books, I knew the time had come.

Overall, it was a fun read. It reminded me of a high tech Indiana Jones a lot of the time. However, at the end of the day, it was pretty much a by the numbers thriller, complete with forced sexual tension.

Like I said, it's pretty Indiana Jones-ish, except instead of an archaeologist who has crazy globe-trotting adventures, Langdon is a symbologist who has crazy globe-trotting adventures.

As much as I want to hate on this book, it's a page turner; Short chapters, nearly all of them ending on a cliffhanger. However, even for a thriller of this type, the plot seems a little overly complicated. A centuries old secret society is going to use some stolen antimatter to blow up the Vatican? Wouldn't it be easier to get a surplus nuke from the former Soviet Union?

The writing is so cheesy and over-dramatic I can't help but be amused. It's really pulpy but not in the good Raymond Chandler way. More like an early Doc Savage. Seriously, Langdon could have said "I'll be super-amalgamated" and it wouldn't have felt that out of place. It almost feels like Brown was trying to do a Black Dynamite-style commentary/spoof on conspiracy thrillers.

One thing I didn't enjoy is that the book suffers from "I did a bit of research so I'm going to cram it all in the dialogue" syndrome. There are infodumps galore and lots of redundant information, mostly about symbology. I'm not going to touch on the things that weren't researched and are erroneous since most movies have equally shitty fact checking.

I guess I'll rate it 3 stars. It's not well written or to any degree believable but it's a fun and exciting read, like a pack of Skittles for your brain. Not good but definitely entertaining. Not only that, Dan Brown's milkshake brings all the boys to the yard. Any book that gets so many non-readers reading gets a little slack from me.

Jayson says

(B-) 70% | Satisfactory

Notes: The apotheosis of laugh out loud, so-bad-it's-good writing, it's at first enthralling but descends into garish absurdity.

Jessika says

Wow.

Before I begin my review, I want to preface it by saying a few things.

I know a lot of people think Dan Brown is a crappy writer who writes crappy books about crappy stories with crappy characters and crappy, unbelievable plots.

I know a lot of people think Dan Brown is one of the best at the "cheese factor" and roll their eyes at his

stories.

I know a lot of people out there know more about European history, etc. etc. than I do, and therefore, I might not be the appropriate judge of this story.

And I'm also aware that this is not the next literary classic.

HOWEVER.

I loved this book.

Every time the action picked up in this book, I had a serious adrenaline rush. My heart raced, my eyes frantically read line after line, and my hands automatically went to my mouth. I was totally engrossed in the story Dan Brown told, even though I had already seen the movie. Watching the movie before the book is very uncharacteristic of me, but I'm glad that it happened that way in this case. Reading the book cleared up a lot of unanswered questions for me, and the book was different enough from the movie to keep me gasping out loud at plot twists. For me, I was hooked along for the ride, and even though some might find his twists unbelievable or even predictable, I was just in it for the story and found myself completely absorbed. I appreciated the facts (or "facts") throughout the story that were presented to the reader about the Illuminati, Vatican City, etc. and I loved the feeling of being on the inside of solving a puzzle while racing against time. I appreciated Robert Langdon's character, and I'm so glad they cast Tom Hanks to play his character because even when I read *The DaVinci Code* years ago, Tom Hanks is always how I pictured Robert Langdon. Pretty damn intelligent, resourceful, and witty. Dan Brown can be pretty witty, too, and I found myself chuckling from time to time. I even enjoyed the general mechanics of this book--I liked the short chapters that kept me coming back for more. They made it easy to fly through the pages. I would look down maybe after a half hour or so into reading and be 150 pages further in the book. The "dun-dun-dunnn" moments at the end of pretty much each chapter had me flipping, too, even though I could understand how some might find that worthy of an eye-roll or two. My favorite part of the book, besides the adrenaline rushes, was how he bounced from one point of view to another without leaving the reader feeling disoriented. Rather, it had the opposite effect for me, clarifying everything by being able to watch the story unfold from all angles.

After reading *The DaVinci Code* a few years ago, I was a little hesitant to pick this one up...would I love Dan Brown as much (or more)? Or was *The DaVinci Code* a one-time deal? Well, I'm here to say that I can officially consider myself a fan of Dan Brown, however crappy others might want to declare him.

Danielle says

Angels and Demons by Dan Brown was one of the best page-turners I have ever read. From the very beginning I couldn't put it down. I did not know where Dan Brown would take the story next. Following the main character Robert Langdon, a Harvard symbologist on his first great adventure was breathtaking. I wanted to learn more, to know the secrets of the Illuminati and the only way to do it was to let the story naturally unfold as I read. I can usually guess what is going to happen in thrillers, but Dan Brown did a wonderful job keeping everything a mystery until absolutely necessary to reveal the secrets.

I first read the book on a flight from Seattle to Rome, with a few places in between. Never having read the *Da Vinci Code* before hand I didn't have as high of expectations as most people do when going to read *Angels and Demons*. I have often heard that the *Da Vinci Code* is much better than *Angels and Demons* but I disagree. *Angels and Demons* is Dan Brown at his best. I love how he took historical events, places, art and turned them upside down into a thriller that left me wanting more.

Dan Brown not only wrote a good novel but he also brought up the old argument of Science vs. Religion.

Both sides of the argument are thoughtfully brought up in Angels and Demons and in the end it is up to the reader to decide which side they believe is the right path for them. I love that he didn't try and persuade the reader of his view on the subject but instead put the evidence and arguments out there for us to make up our own minds.

Having traveled to Rome and seeing the places talked about in the novel Dan Brown did a wonderful job putting the readers in the places talked about. As I walked the path of Robert Langdon it seemed even more real to me that events as radical as the illuminati pulled off in the book could have actually happened, giving more power to the fast paced adventure.

James says

Review

4+ out of 5 stars to Dan Brown's Angels & Demons, the first book in his "Robert Langdon" thriller series. When I saw the movie trailer for The Da Vinci Code, I was hooked and immediately bought the book so I could read it first. When I got home, I realized it was not the first in the series...

I refused to read it... and then I went to the store and got the first one, Angels & Demons, so I could read them in order. And while it's not really necessary, I always follow the order (unless I have an ARC with a due date on a newer book and no time to get to the whole series). So I started Angels & Demons, and I was simply blown away.

Not everyone loves Dan Brown, and people aren't always kind, but man... I LOVE HIS BOOKS! And I'm not afraid to say it... so if you don't like them... don't be hating on this review because I will

On a more serious note, the climax with each of the murders, the deep connections to so many Catholic rituals and ceremonies, the brilliance of the chase... it just left me unable to stop reading it. It's exactly the kind of book I like to read:

1. Has some connection to me -- I'm Catholic and knew most of the stuff they were talking about
2. I love reading about murder -- since I won't do it in real life, I have to get my thrills somehow
3. Secrets are the best thing in the world -- I have so many about others, but I never let anyone have one about me
4. Classic battle of good versus evil -- This is my life. Should I be good or bad today? Ugh... Sophie's catch #22...
5. It's non-stop thought-provoking messages and themes -- How much control and time do we really have right now?

Oh, that's the spot baby!

[image error]

And with that said... if you want a real review with details about the story, go find someone else's! Today was all about just being excited to think about the book again. Now that said, I thought Da Vinci Code was a slight bit better, hence the 4 here.

Ciao! I've got some branding to do...

About Me

For those new to me or my reviews... here's the scoop: I read A LOT. I write A LOT. And now I blog A LOT. First the book review goes on Goodreads, and then I send it on over to my WordPress blog at <https://thisismytruthnow.com>, where you'll also find TV & Film reviews, the revealing and introspective 365 Daily Challenge and lots of blogging about places I've visited all over the world. And you can find all my social media profiles to get the details on the who/what/when/where and my pictures. Leave a comment and let me know what you think. Vote in the poll and ratings. Thanks for stopping by. *Note:* All written content is my original creation and copyrighted to me, but the graphics and images were linked from other sites and belong to them. Many thanks to their original creators.

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Bookdragon Sean says

Dan Brown writes trash, but sometimes trash can have a certain allure. Sometimes trash sucks you in as you feel forced to reach the bottom of the rubbish pile and see what secrets it may be hiding.

And that's the strongest aspect of his writing, the pull. Say what you want about the crazily outlandish plot that's built upon a nest of poor research and flat characters. Say what you want about the anti-Catholic undertones and the semi-racist portrayal of the antagonist, there's no denying the intensity of the writing.

This is a real page turner, the kind that keeps you reading until three in the morning and makes you want to skip to the end of the book just to see what's happening. And it's so entertaining like all good trash should be. Critically speaking, there is so much wrong with this book but I can't deny how successful it is at keeping the reader involved. It creates so many ridiculous questions that just need to be answered. I stormed through this book at lightning speed.

Looking back though, it is very easy to see the faults. Dan Brown hooks his reader, using mystery and suspense as bait, and it is so very easy to bite on the line. Though as every fish knows, once you've been netted life only gets worse. This is a book of very cheap thrills, which can be addictive but will only ever be cheap.

Rosey says

Religion always was, is, has been, and always will be a very sensitive subject for me. However this book was

a "battle" of religion and science. The storyline was engaging. I have to admit that the beginning was a bit slow, but as the book progressed, the pace really picked up to a point I pruned myself out in the bathtub finishing it. There was a page I found to be very thought-provoking.

"Religion is like language or dress. We gravitate toward the practices with which we were raised. In the end, though, we are all proclaiming the same thing."

Langdon was intrigued. "So you're saying that whether you are a Christian or a Muslim simply depends on where you were born?"

"Isn't it obvious? Look at the diffusion of religion around the globe."

"So faith is random?"

"Hardly. Faith is universal. Our specific methods for understanding it are arbitrary. Some of us pray to Jesus, some of us go to Mecca, some of us study subatomic particles. In the end, we all are just searching for truth, that which is greater for ourselves." - page 110

This does explain a lot of things for me... *pondering*

Russell says

This was Brown's book before the infamous "The Da Vinci Code." In many ways, this book was like a rough draft for "The Da Vinci Code", same character Langdon, same other characters, same basic start, same concepts, same bad research passed off as fact, same trick of having nearly every chapter end in cliffhanger, the same in so many ways.

Sadly, I think he did a better job the first time around.

I recommend you have a computer handy so you look up what Brown is talking about, and that way you can have a better idea of what it really looks like. Added bonus too, you can have a laugh over how Brown had to force it into his world to make the plot somewhat cohesive.

Look, if you want to write fiction, do so but please own up to it being fiction! Trying to pass off the Ecstasy of St. Theresa as being so pornographic in nature that the Vatican had it exiled to a small church, is, well, wrong as wrong as gets.

Brown throws out a number of stunningly stupid statements, like asserting that since Christianity is syncretic, God-eating (the Holy Communion) was taken from the Aztecs. How, Brown never explains, since the practice was established by Christ himself during the Last Supper around 33 A.D. and the Aztecs didn't show up until 1248 A.D. I figure Brown left it open so he could write some sort of time travel book, involving a long lost secret that the Aztecs built their pyramids as sort of a dry run, traveled back in time and were actually behind the pyramids in Egypt. And, of course, were the sect that created the Christ-myth due to a poorly thought out plot.

Thanks to the internet, you too can have fun poking holes in the book. See, for example, CERN's site on the book. And if that doesn't do it for you, here's a good site looking into all the errors.

A sample from the last site:

"While walking around the CERN campus, Langdon notices a marble column incorrectly labeled Ionic. Langdon points the mistake out to Kohler: "That column isn't Ionic. Ionic columns are uniform in width.

That one's tapered. It's a Doric -- the Greek counterpart." (26) The problem is that Ionic columns are themselves Greek. The three orders of classical columns, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, are all Greek in origin, so it's impossible for the Doric order to be the Greek counterpart of the Ionic. It's also much easier to distinguish the Doric from the Ionic based on their capitals; Doric columns have plain capitals, while Ionic columns are topped by volutes or scrolls."

That irked me when I read that passage, because not only is a poor joke, it doesn't make sense!

Let's ignore the bad, the erroneous, and the ugly, and you have decent little thriller zipping around Rome looking at art. Of course, it has to zip along, slow down long enough to think about it, and a host of questions start to swarm up. Like how Langdon has a whole theory on who the bad guy is and how Langdon was involved in these rather preposterous circumstances. Of course, the premise is wrong, so that that whole house of cards fall down. Not bad in of itself, but then Brown doesn't ever provide any reason Langdon was involved after that.

Of course, you aren't supposed to notice while reading it, and preferably not afterwards, either. Doing so reveals how badly Brown writes. He can't provide a single decent reason why his hero is there, aside from a vague "Because" and a shrug.

I'm envious of Brown, he can't write well, has plot holes big enough to drive the Popemobile through, bad research and "facts" that aren't, and yet still is entertaining, popular and, most galling perhaps, published. Caveat lector.

Kiki says

When I was in high school, I was group-travelling across western Europe and in the interest of saving money, we forfeited airfares for rail and coach. This meant aching backs, exploding bladders, and as much sleep as fifteen teenagers can muster while sitting bolt-upright on a coach driving up a clay-soil hillside with no crash barrier and overzealous air conditioning.

Driving up from Rome to Paris, intent on salvaging as much daylight as possible, we took the night train. The night train! Doesn't that sound like fun? Doesn't that sound like a huge adventure?

"Best sleep I ever had," I was told. "You'll love the night train."

I was lied to. The night train was like a bad mood on rails. In fact, just replace the word "train" with "mare" because that's pretty much what it was. We were stacked four to a room the size of a coat closet and forbidden to open our suitcases until we left the train. The bathrooms were like coffins with no toilet roll and seats that kept falling off, and doors that didn't lock, and the queues for the ladies' were like the fucking Danube. It was worse than the hole-in-the-wall showers with the saloon doors in Normandy two years earlier.

When we got on the train in Rome, it was boiling hot. Even in pajamas, I was sweating. There were four duvets in our four-person room, but I was so unbelievably overheated that I donated mine to one of the other girls who complained about being freezing. The train rattled to a start, and I figured I'd get a great sleep. I'd be cool, and comfortable, and this would be the brilliant rest I was promised. Suddenly, the night train didn't seem so bad after all.

I woke up halfway through Switzerland with feet like ice and rug burn from the carpet covering on my bunk. I

sat up to try to grab a sweater from my suitcase but it was stowed where I had no hope of reaching it. The window had been left open, but I didn't know how to close it.

I lay back on the bunk, sure that this was truly the worst sleep I had ever had. It was a non-sleep. It was worse than a non-sleep. It was a non-sleep with goosebumps and rug burn on my elbows, and what's more, afterwards, we spent an entire day zipping around Paris trying to keep our eyes open long enough to appreciate a dozen excruciatingly boring tour guides and this gross constant film of polluted city rain. You know, the kind that makes you feel filthy the second it touches you.

Dan Brown is that person; the one who told me I'd have a great sleep on the night train. Though instead, he told me I'd really enjoy this book and that it was a complex, mysterious thriller.

He lied, like the night train person lied. This book is the literary equivalent of rug burn on your elbows and trying to sleep in Switzerland with no fucking socks on.

This book wants you to think that it's really adventurous and spiritual and intelligent when in actual fact it's like giving your duvet away, except your duvet is money, and trying to sleep on the bottom bunk on a rickety-sounding train with a bladder full of pee and a quiet certainty that the person on the bunk above you is going to break it, and you're going to be crushed to death with no bra on in a foreign country, except the person above you is Dan Brown.

Picture this: Robert Langdon, Harvard "symbolologist" (let's put a pin in that one) is called to CERN to investigate the murder of a scientist, and then discovers that the murder is connected to an ancient secret society threatening to destroy the sacred Vatican City and murder four cardinals in the name of science.

Then picture this: a bishop falls in love with a nun and they really want to bump uglies but they're supposed to be chaste so instead of having sex they decide to conceive a child (because having a child is supposedly the only alternative to sex in proving one's love for another person) by IVF and then the nun gives birth to a boy who goes on to become the Pope's camerlegno, all the while unaware that he is in fact the illegitimate son of the bloody bishop of Rome.

One of those scenarios sounds like a bestselling novel worthy of praise. The other one sounds like an episode of *Nip/Tuck* pencilled out on the back of a Booster Juice napkin by an intern doing pails. But both of them are true components of this garbage dump of a commercial novel that wants to think it's so clever and edgy but is in actual fact nothing but Europorn Indiana Jones fanfiction with a side of racism and just a sprinkling of good old fashioned bullshit. Because we love when certain authors twirl their mustaches and tell us all about how much *stuff* they know when in actual fact they can barely stumble through a single sentence without using the word "awkward" or describing someone's physical appearance with intensely invasive and sexual terms.

Can we just take a moment to discuss Vittoria? Vittoria is the daughter of the murdered priest/scientist from CERN who was creating the antimatter that went into the bomb that intends to blow up the Vatican...to some end. I'm not 100% sure if there was even a point to all of this but let's roll with that.

Vittoria as a character just kills me because not only does she constitute this *massive* book failing the Bechdel test, but she's this terrible walking trope of a character whose every single action is punctuated with "...the woman." Vittoria has a gun...and she's a woman. Vittoria is mad about something...and she's a woman. Vittoria is a scientist...and she's a woman. There is not a single moment wherein Vittoria's womanness is not commodified, ogled, fetishized or taken advantage of by the plethora of male characters surrounding her and patting her on the head while simultaneously *noticing* her tanned legs and cleavage as subtly as a baboon rubbing its bright red butcrack up against a window at the zoo. Vittoria's only purpose as a character is to make Robert, our sanctimonious, self-righteous and highly overrated protagonist look like a hero. Is nobody

else finding this insulting? Vittoria is sexualized to within an inch of her life and is then punished for it by a racially problematic villain who tries to rape her but doesn't succeed because Langdon, our plucky hero, swoops in and saves her. He is of course ultimately rewarded for this with sex because obviously, fellas, that's what's supposed to happen when you help a girl out. Held the door for her? You earned a blowjob! Helped her push her car in the snow? Expect sex! Chased away a leering predator who's making her uncomfortable? You ought to get your shot! You won, after all! Fair and square!

And if she says no? Bitch! You're in the friendzone now. You'd better cry about it because she's being so ungrateful.

We also have this terrible image of the "Hassassin" - a brown guy who's obviously evil and a sexual predator and totally perverted and twisted because...well, he's brown?

Look, we all knew this character was going to be a terrible rehash of racist Islamophobic stereotypes. At the same time as fetishizing eurocentric women's lib we have Muslim women being scoffed at for their generally more reserved culture. They're literally called "livestock" and don't try to tell me that this is all part of the evil character of the Hassassin because (a) the portrayal of the Hassassin is racist in and of itself because he is one of only two characters of colour and he is pure evil (the other character of colour is a reporter for the BBC who has absolutely no moral compass whatsoever) and he is not invested in the cause in any way, thus his involvement boils down to white Dan Brown figuring "well, he's a rapist and a terrorist, so that must make him Muslim" and (b) the majority of people in the west actually believe that Muslim female culture is like that and that feminism involves charging into their country, ripping their niqabs off while screaming "I'M WHITE AND I'M LIBERATING YOU" which is only perpetuated by this supposedly worldly, well-traveled and suave killer. Bonus points for suggesting, with this huge stereotype of a character, that Muslim men have absolutely no respect for their female counterparts and are inherent abusers. Um, yay?

(I absolutely love the lack of any research that went into portraying the BBC as the main body of press. We have these two BBC reporters looking for "scoop" and being generally tacky and invasive and this is just such an awful misunderstanding of everything that is characteristic of the BBC. British news networks are not like American news networks; they aren't jokey and cute and funny. They don't mutter about Syria for five minutes and then run a half-hour story about raccoons in Ontario. They're serious and somber and they cram as much world news as possible into about an hour of programming, which almost always includes some stony-faced reporter standing in the middle of a war zone delivering a status report. BBC reporters have been killed out on the field before. The thing about the BBC is that it doesn't need to be gimmicky to attract ratings because it's comfortably funded by TV licensing. The BBC do not look for "scoop" or sensationalize breaking news or act on anonymous tips from assassins or send two clueless idiots to an event as big as a papal conclave. It's so painfully obvious that, disregarding any cultural differences between America and Europe, of which there are hundreds, Brown simply googled "British news networks" and search-replaced the BBC into this laughable, lovable brick of a novel.)

In between Vittoria being a sexy Mediterranean and the Hassassin being a Big Bad Brown Man we have this dreadful hokey plot with more holes than, ironically, Swiss cheese - considering that one of the most prominent Swiss characters' surnames is "Olivetti" and our hero survives a fall from three miles up with nothing but a small tarp as a parachute, and real-life CERN is graciously putting up with this total crusade of slander and misinformation involving the shape of pillars, their teaching facilities, and the purpose of the Large Hadron Collider. Look, people were irrationally mad enough about the LHC without Dan Brown pulling out his copy of National Geographic and fanning the flames.

Robert and Vittoria go on this bullshit quest across Rome to locate the Church of Illumination, for some reason, which leads to all sorts of insane conspiracy claims and both of them jumping to the most ridiculous conclusions in order to find the path that ultimately leads to a painfully obvious location that, after years of preservation, study and reconstruction, someone should have already found inside the Castel Sant'Angelo.

They then kill a person, and nobody follows up on this - doesn't the person who found the Hassassin's body lying crumpled on a pile of *cannonballs* think there's maybe something fishy going on? - and there's a huge twist at the end that is so utterly ridiculous and predictable that it brings up the taste of yesterday's lunch.

Where exactly does Dan Brown get off creating books like this one? Books with no integrity, no soul, and no finesse? There is nothing good about this book, and yet it's constructed in such a way that it's virtually impossible to abandon. The constant cliffhangers give this extremely convoluted and silly novel a crack-like quality that is unmatched by any other. I've read some seriously addictive books, but this one takes the fucking cake.

I'm not sure why I bothered sticking with this book until the bitter end. It amused me, I suppose. That's probably why. By the final few chapters, I was literally shouting at the book. I kept thinking, "this needs to end. This fucking book needs to be gone from my life." And yet...I continued to read? Like a madwoman? Well, then. A book marketed and constructed with that much psychological witchery deserves a pat on the back. Never have I ever been so sucked in by something so filled with pompous, pretentious, mansplained crap. That's right, actually; this book should have just been called 'Mansplaining'. Because that's basically what it is. Jesus fucking Christ.

I have a warm place in my heart for books about special snowflake Americans arriving on their white horses to rescue the rest of the world from themselves. I find them cute. They're certainly entertaining, like a preteen diary, and this one in particular; Brown wants so desperately to be Langdon that it hurts. But where's the harm in all that? Sure, this book is filled with racism and sexism and ethnic stereotyping and pretentious philosophical twaddle but it's not starting any wars. It's no worse than anything on television or anything written for a YA audience of late. I let myself get lost in it for an hour or two, and that was kinda nice. And for all the book's faults, it inspired an absolutely awesome movie. Seriously - the movie was excellent and they cut almost all of the bullshit tumors out for the screenplay which made for two hours of pretty painless entertainment. No mean feat considering the source material.

I guess how much you'll enjoy this book depends on how many cheesy yoga jokes you're willing to put up with. Let that be a lesson to you all: when in doubt, or when licking lightbulbs seems like a worthier pastime, leave it out.

Mohammed Arabey says

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