

FROM THE BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *I AM ZLATAN IBRAHIMOVIĆ*

**Zlatan on life,
the Premier
League and *that*
bicycle kick –
plus so much
more**

**'He is skilful.
He is outspoken.
He is Zlatan'**

**THE NEW
YORK TIMES**

ZLATAN IBRAHIMOVIĆ

ADRENALINE

MY UNTOLD STORIES



Adrenaline

In the decade since his mega-selling and award-winning *I am Zlatan Ibrahimović*, Zlatan has played at:

PARIS SAINT-GERMAIN (2012–2016)

MANCHESTER UNITED (2016–2018)

LA GALAXY (2018–2019)

AND AC MILAN (2020–)

This is his outrageous and hilarious second half. It's bursting with personal confessions and revealing anecdotes about the world's best players and managers.

In *Adrenaline* we hear for the first time what Zlatan really thinks about his time in the Premier League, why his bulldog is his favourite Englishman and what it was like to score that glorious bicycle kick for Sweden against England. We hear about the club he very nearly signed for and witness his run-ins with the French media – and the French in general, really. Plus so much more.

Filled with revelations – including Zlatan's life lessons on happiness, friendship and love – you'll be talking about this book a long time after finishing it.

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ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Zlatan Ibrahimović is a professional footballer and one of the world's most prolific strikers. He has played for many of the world's top teams, including Ajax, Juventus, Inter, Barcelona, AC Milan, Paris Saint-Germain, Manchester United, LA Galaxy – and then AC Milan, again. He is the Swedish national team's top scorer and has won over thirty national and international trophies, including the FIFA Puskás Award for the most beautiful goal of the year, when he scored a glorious thirty-five-yard bicycle kick against England in 2012.

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Adrenaline
My Untold Stories

ZLATAN IBRAHIMOVIĆ

with Luigi Garlando

Translated by Antony Shugaar



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I love bicycle kicks. I love kicking the ball high in the air, using my feet, even though they're the lowest part of my body.

Before dropping back to earth, there's that moment when I see everything upside down, and that's when everybody else – my teammates, the referee, the fans – is suddenly turned on their heads. It's an exclusive, privileged view of the world. Mine and mine alone.

So let me dedicate this book to everyone who likes to overturn the usual rules and expectations. Because it's only by following your instincts, with tenacity and determination, dedication and grit, that your own vision of the world can be unique like mine.

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Pre-game

(Adrenaline and Balance)

Milan, Monday 4 October 2021

Okay, I give up.

I'm forty years old.

I'm a god, but I'm also a god who's getting old.

I'm finally coming to terms with it, just like I'm coming to terms with the fact that my body isn't what it used to be. For years I've ignored the signals my body's been trying to send me, but at last I've decided to pay attention. I can't dart back and forth and sprint the way I did when I was young; if I get tired or I get cluttered, it takes me longer to recover. I've modified my style of play to match this new body of mine. I no longer spend the whole match in the penalty area where shots fly in all directions. I don't necessarily shout for the ball any more; instead I create play for the team. These days I'm more likely to be assisting other players' goals than trying to score them myself. I'm no longer looking for the spotlight – I've won everything I needed to win. Now it's more about inspiring my young teammates and helping them to grow and mature.

I'm forty and I have two sons who are no longer boys; they're already young men. Generally speaking, at this age you draw a line under everything you've done and you

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start working on a reckoning – a first rough review of what your life has been and meant.

That's what this book is about.

For days and days I've been trying to pretend nothing is happening, ignoring the fact that my birthday is drawing closer. I've tried to keep from seeing the number forty, but then last night there it was, enormous and bright red, covering the entire façade of a hotel. They'd created it by lighting up some rooms and leaving others dark.

In that Milan hotel, my wife Helena threw a surprise party that touched me deeply. My nearest and dearest were there, friends from all over the globe, the most important people in my life. There were legends of the football world, trainers and coaches, even players I've treated badly on the pitch. I didn't expect to see all those people in one place, on that terrace.

Gennaro 'Rino' Gattuso, who had been head coach at Napoli, explained it to me this way: 'You've always been your authentic self, even when you were beating them up. That's why they showed up.'

Helena did a great job. She organized the whole thing while managing to keep it a secret. She gave me a wonderful gift. Usually it's me who presents gifts to others.

I've already told many times the story of how I left my neighbourhood to become a world football champion. I grew up with a battered Select soccer ball glued to my foot, dribbling my way around anyone who put themselves in my path in the Rose Garden – Rosengård, the name of my childhood neighbourhood – which was home to immigrants of all kinds. The slightest spark was enough

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to start us banging heads. But that tiny patch of hard-packed dirt was the workshop where I built my game, the school where I learned the tricks that made me Ibra.

I was born to a couple who divorced early. I shuttled back and forth between a mother who worked herself to death to put food on our table and a father whose refrigerator was often empty. What I lacked, I went and got for myself. I would steal bikes and clothing because I was sick of being made fun of at school. I always wore football socks instead of normal ones, and Malmö team tracksuits that I stole from the dressing room.

Then football yanked me out of the ghetto and guided me towards a very different way of life. I landed in Amsterdam, where I bought my first Porsche and met Mino Raiola, my agent. He and my wife Helena are, and always will be, the two most important people in my life.

Mino is much more than an agent and businessman to me. He's a friend, a brother, a father – everything, really. He charted the route my career would follow, mapped my triumphs, helped me get out of my toughest moments and solved thousands of problems for me. The more pain and suffering I was going through after some injury, the closer to him I felt. From the Netherlands, Mino took me to Italy, then Spain, France, England and America, then back to Italy.

Helena has always been more mature and responsible than I am. She's helped me to stop and think, she's taught me common sense and good taste. She knows how to recognize and create beautiful things – she has a distinct gift for elegance. That was her vocation, and it will continue

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to be even after I stop playing. Over the years she's plucked the sharper thorns out of my somewhat wild personality and, most important of all, has given me the gift that's precious above anything else: my sons.

But if everyone is familiar with Ibra the football player, they still don't know Ibra the man.

I'm now going to try to tell you about me, at this mid-way point, as my story as a football player is coming to an end and a very different future approaches – a future that, for now, waits to be clearly defined.

Each chapter of this book starts out with stories from the pitch and concludes with reflections on everyday life: from goals to happiness, from referees to justice, from assists to friendship, from injuries to death . . .

I don't hang back, I don't play-act, I don't pretend – it's just like Gattuso told me. I'll admit, for instance, that the thought of quitting makes me deeply anxious. The closer I come to the day I leave football, the greater my fear for the future: where will I find the adrenaline that in my present life I get from facing defenders like Giorgio Chiellini?

'Adrenaline', the title of this book, is a key word in my life.

In everything I do I need to perceive a challenge and then devote to it all the passionate defiance that I possess. I need to give it my heart. That's how it's always been, and that's how it always will be for me. I need to feel the adrenaline pumping in my veins.

Now, at the age of forty, with two grown sons, that adrenaline pumps differently, because these days I have different needs. Whereas I used to be aggressive with

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referees, now I help them. I used to love throwing down a challenge and carrying the banner of just one side, but now I'll go to Sanremo and feel deeply moved at the outpouring of love and respect I feel from my Italian fans. It's also true, though, that when I feel too many people pressing in on me, I have trouble breathing. That's when I go down to my garage, rev up one of my prize possessions, pull onto the motorway, jam my foot down on the accelerator – and *vroom*, I'm gone. Or I'll go for a walk in the woods in search of freedom. I seek out other people, but I also flee from them.

It's not the only contradiction in my personality, and I'm well aware of that. I've always been a bundle of contradictions – they're simply part of me. The new thing is that I'm doing my best to keep them under control, just as I've learned to master my more impulsive reactions. It's rare for defenders to succeed in getting me to rise to the bait, the way they so often did at the start of my career. I no longer give in to instinct. I think I've become more balanced. Credit for that goes to the passage of time and to Helena and Mino. I seek out balance in everything I do. And that goes for the way I've raised my boys: I make up for the strong discipline by showering them with plenty of love.

I used to be pure adrenaline, but now I'm *adrenaline* and *balance*.

This book isn't the gospel of a god. It's the diary of a forty-year-old man coming to terms with his past and looking the future right in the eyes, as if it were yet another adversary for me to take on.

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1. The Bicycle Kick

(or About Change)

Beverly Hills, autumn 2019

It's evening and we've just come home from dinner out at a restaurant. My mobile phone rings.

Helena makes a wild guess: 'Mino?'

She's right: it's my agent, Mino Raiola. But it hadn't been a difficult guess. He'd been calling repeatedly for days. After the time I spent with Los Angeles Galaxy, and after our elimination from the MLS Cup Play-offs, I'd decided to hang up my boots, and Mino was doing everything in his power to change my mind.

He was giving it one more try now. 'Zlatan, someone playing at your level and with your history can't simply retire while he's in America. People will say you're a coward, that you've gone soft, that you settled for the easy way out. What's become of the lion of football, the King of the Forest?'

'I'm done, Mino. I'm not playing any more. Face it.'

But he persists. 'No. You need to come back to Europe and prove to everyone that you can still compete against the best, in spite of your injury in Manchester. Even if only for six months, from January to June. Face up to this challenge and then you can do whatever you want. You're

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Ibra. So you need to leave the stage as Ibra. I can get you another contract whenever I like.’

‘Listen, Mino, there’s only one way you can convince me: with adrenaline. I don’t need any old contract – I need a challenge that’ll pump adrenaline into my veins. Do you have that?’

At the age of thirty-eight I could still give it my all in gruelling training, put up with the pain and keep going, but in the morning when I got out of bed I needed to be able to answer that question: why are you doing it, Zlatan?

And the answer had to be: because all this pain and suffering will ultimately come back to me in the form of adrenaline and make me feel great.

A few evenings later I was at home watching the HBO documentary about Diego Armando Maradona. At one point it shows footage of an old Napoli match and focuses on the crowd at the San Paolo stadium. The place is full. The director concentrates on the kop, young men packed tight, singing, shouting, pounding drums. There’s an incredible crackling electricity.

I sit up on the couch and pay close attention, and I start to feel the adrenaline pumping in my veins – right there in the veins on my neck. *Thump, thump, thump* . . . I phone Mino right away: ‘Call Napoli. I’m going to SSC Napoli.’

‘Napoli?’

‘Yes, I’m going to play for Napoli.’

‘Wait, are you sure about this?’

‘You want me to go on playing? My adrenaline will come

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from Napoli's fans. I'll fill the stadium with eighty thousand people every match I play, and I'll make that team win the Scudetto,* just the same as it did back in Diego's day. Winning the Italian championship will drive the whole town crazy. That's where my adrenaline will come from.'

So we reach out to SSC Napoli, we talk terms and we come to an agreement. It's all settled. I'm a Napoli player.

The coach is Carlo Ancelotti and I know him well; we worked together in Paris. He's overjoyed to work with me again, and we talk practically every day. He explains how he intends to play me.

I haven't talked to the club president, Aurelio De Laurentiis, but I already know him. I met him a few years earlier when I was on holiday in Los Angeles with my family. De Laurentiis had heard I was staying in the same hotel as him, and he left a note for us at the reception desk: 'This evening you're invited to this restaurant.' There was a card with the address. It seemed more like an order than an invitation. 'Let's go,' I said to Helena immediately. We spent a very enjoyable evening together.

I identify a house in Posillipo – an affluent part of Naples – that might be good for me, seeing as I'd only have to stay for six months. Everyone tells me that the city's pretty chaotic. I'm even considering if I might want to live on a boat.

The day I'm supposed to sign, 11 December 2019, De

* The decorative shield in the colours of the Italian flag, which is displayed on the shirts of the Italian sports clubs that won the championship of their respective sport in the previous season.

Laurentiis fires Ancelotti. Right in the middle of the season . . . I get a bad feeling inside when I hear about it. Damn, that's not a good sign. Maybe I can't trust this club president. A guy like that can't guarantee stability for me and my teammates. Plus, I know that, even if Rino Gattuso – the new manager – is a friend, he needs another kind of centre forward for his 4-3-3 formation. In fact he never even got in touch.

Everything's off.

A few days later I call up Mino and I ask him, 'Who needs me most? Which team is in the deepest shit?' I'm not looking for a contract. I am looking for a challenge.

'AC Milan just lost to Bergamo, 5-0.'

Theoretically the last thing I'd want to do is go back to a team I'd previously played for, because of the risk I might do worse the second time around. But this time is different. Milan had lost 5-0.

I tell Mino, 'Call Milan. Let's go to Milan.'

My challenge would be to take one of the most prestigious clubs on Earth back to the top. If I'm able to do that, it'll be worth more than anything I've done with all the other teams.

That's my adrenaline.

At first we talked to Paolo Maldini, the technical director, and – truth be told – it didn't go well.

Sure, I admit I'm the one who chose to come to Milan, I offered myself; but if you want me on your team, you need to give me determination and excitement, you need to show me trust: you have to convince me. You can't just

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keep telling me that I'm thirty-eight. I know how to keep track of my own birthdays.

Paolo wasn't reassuring me, any more than the president of Napoli had. Then Zvonimir Boban – at that time Milan's chief football officer – became part of the conversation and we started talking turkey. Zvone was far more confident and he told me, 'Zlatan, ask for whatever you want and I'll give it to you.'

There, that's the way you talk to Ibra.

So Ibra comes back to AC Milan.

I didn't know Stefano Pioli well, but that was not a problem. For me the relationship with coaches has never been that important; I've always had a very professional relationship with them. The only problems I ever had were with Pep Guardiola, but they were *his* problems with *me*, not mine with him, and I never even knew exactly what those problems were. They were his problems.

I studied my new teammates and immediately decided: these guys have no idea what it means to play for Milan.

The AC Milan I used to know was made up of players like Gattuso, Andrea Pirlo, Massimo Ambrosini, Alessandro Nesta, Cafu and Thiago Silva . . . The old guard. If you were doing less than your best in training, you'd get a shoulder to the face. They didn't talk much, but they'd still make it clear you were out of line.

Now, however, I could see that nearly everyone was moving slowly at training sessions. I couldn't just stand by and watch. I'd come to Milan to change things, to start a revolution.

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I'm not going to name names, but I asked one player, 'Hey, excuse me, why aren't you running?'

And he replied, 'You're wrong, I *am* running.'

I wouldn't take that for an answer. 'No, that isn't running. Are you waiting around and hoping someone else will run for you? You know when I'll be willing to run for you? When you help me win something. But in your whole life you've never won a fucking thing. Now start playing and *start running*.'

And he started running.

My teammates listened to me with a mixture of respect and fear. I carefully studied their reactions: if someone collapses after you criticize them, they aren't going to make it; if they get back on their feet and make changes, then they are. Those were the players I needed.

What we all had to learn was how to suffer, how to fight every second of the match, fight for every centimetre of pitch. We had to become a strong, tight group, like one single entity, because that was the only way we could hope to win.

We were no longer the AC Milan that I'd known ten years ago. If all we had was quality, we weren't going to win anything, because there were other teams much stronger than we were. We couldn't hang around dribbling and twiddling our thumbs; we couldn't bide our time, waiting for the perfect moment to let one player make a solo move. We had to win each match by fighting for ninety minutes straight. But that's an attitude you can only learn through practice, by giving your all every single day.

If I saw someone wasn't pulling their weight, I'd tell

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them so, loud and clear and to their face, even before Pioli got a chance to do so. And I wouldn't do it off to one side, where no one else could hear. I'd do it in front of the team, because what I had to say to one member of the team went for all the others who were standing around listening.

In training I'm always the tough guy – I bust everybody's balls.

But after working like that, day after day, there was a growing team spirit, a greater willingness to make sacrifices, as well as a stronger bond between me and the rest of the players, and a deeper sense of my responsibility towards my teammates. Every time I walked into the dressing room I could sense that my fellow players were watching me, as if to ask, 'So, Ibra, what are we doing today?' It was a sensation that pumped me up. It was the challenge I'd been looking for.

As a result, we did better and better on the field.

But then, after Boban left, things span out of control and you couldn't tell what was happening. It was impossible to decipher the present, far less the future for AC Milan. We players, Pioli and his staff – we all felt like a single body, united and determined, but it was the body of a 'dead man walking', a Death Row convict heading for the electric chair.

If a new coach was coming, we'd all be sacked, and rumour had it that Ralf Rangnick was on his way; it would not only be Pioli who was sacked, but me too, as well as Maldini and Frederic Massara, the technical director and the sporting director respectively. All of us. We agreed:

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the only way to respond to this situation was to produce results every day. Talking back or grumbling among ourselves wouldn't do any good. We had to work hard, sweat and suffer, and make progress: that was the only answer. We believed in what we were doing. And that's how we'd become even stronger.

But then one day I decided there was too much gossiping, too many rumours swirling around, and it was time to get some clarity.

It was June 2020. Maybe not the ideal moment for it, because the next day we were going to have to play the match of our lives, the Coppa Italia semi-final against Juventus, but Chief Executive Officer Ivan Gazidis was in Milanello – the Milan training centre – and I decided to take advantage of the opportunity.

In front of the whole team I told him, 'Ivan, no disrespect, but we need to make a few things clear. In just one month, lots of contracts are going to expire. What are we all supposed to do? Extend the leases on our apartments? No one knows. What about the team for next year? No one knows. There's no sense of security. What are we fighting on behalf of? The team deserves respect and clear answers.'

He told us that Rangnick wasn't coming, he reiterated his commitment to Pioli and we talked about lots of things.

Gazidis wasn't used to serving as CEO the way it's done in Italy, where it means working in close contact with the team. Personally it was breaking my heart, because I remembered the AC Milan I'd known ten years

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earlier – a club with a strong identity. Now things were completely different.

I didn't want everything to go back to the way it had once been. I knew that was impossible. I'm a professional and I adjust to the situation as I find it, but I did expect a minimum level of dialogue in any case.

Sure enough, after that day things improved, because when there's something eating at you deep inside, it's always best to get it out into the open.

Ivan got closer to the team. Paolo started talking more with me and the other players. At first he was still largely a footballer and, to a much smaller degree, a director. If you change profession, you have to forget what you were before. The team needs to respect you as a director, not for what you did as a footballer. And Paolo had grown, both in terms of attitude and experience.

The Milanello revolution was a success.

In training, I was seeing an incredible hunger. If we lost, the team was furious. By now we all had the right attitude. Everyone was finally figuring out the proper way to be AC Milan footballers. And I didn't let up even a little, being determined to set the proper example.

There were days when my body was a wreck, and Pioli started to notice. During training he'd tell me, 'Zlatan, you don't have to make this run.'

And I'd reply, 'Coach, if I run, every one of them will run, and they'll listen to what I have to say. Otherwise it all just becomes hot air.'

In fact everyone was saying to themselves: 'Hell, if Ibra is willing to run, then we have to run, too, because that's

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how he won everything he's won. So we have to work the way he has.'

The only player I couldn't figure out how to wake up was Rafael Leão. I tried everything I could think of, but I never found the key. I was kind, I was tough, I was indifferent. I managed to make it work with everyone else, but I couldn't do it with him. In the end I came to the conclusion that, if someone doesn't wake up on their own, there's really not much you can do.

But I did manage to wake up Hakan Çalhanoglu. I would say to him, 'Hakan, do you realize what it means to wear the number ten for Milan, with the history that it carries? Do you know who wore that shirt before you? You need to achieve major things, and so far you haven't done a thing.'

I pushed him and pushed him and, in the end, he rose to the occasion. When you're playing with really outstanding teammates like Hakan, it all becomes so much easier.

Plenty of the guys matured and grew – in terms of personality as well. Take Gigio Donnarumma, for instance. When I met him, he practically never opened his mouth. I forced him to shout on the pitch. 'Gigio, don't tell me how young you are. I couldn't care less. You're here because you're strong and you have skills. You need to help the team achieve its mission.'

I couldn't be the only one talking out on the pitch. I wanted to develop other leaders.

When the ultras (somewhere between a fanatical fan and a hooligan, in English) came to Milanello to protest against Donnarumma for dragging his feet on his contract renewal, I told the directors, 'Let me go out and talk

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to them. Here we share collective goals – we’re not in it for ourselves. The fans can have their say at the end of the season, but right now we’re battling to make it into the Champions League. Let me explain it to them. I’ll just ask them, “Do you want to be able to watch the Champions League next year, yes or no? If you do, leave us alone and let us play. You can come round after it’s all over and engage in theatrics and do whatever else you want. But how can you protest against Gigio now? We need Gigio. Without him, what do you think we’re going to achieve?””

But they refused to let me go out and talk to them.

We grew and we matured, and we fought a great season. The fact that Inter Milan had a good shot at winning the Scudetto was something everyone was saying that summer. But the idea that AC Milan would come in second? Nobody was predicting that. What *we* did was far more spectacular and impressive than what Inter did. Of course if we’d gone on to win, that would have been an entirely different matter. But from the very first day of the 2020–21 season I was absolutely positive we were going to win the Scudetto, because this was our time.

Pioli was really good at bringing out the best in the players we had on our team. With his organizational skills and our vibrant new spirit, we spent a long time in first place. When our team began to flag as a collective, the quality of the individual players ought to have made up for the general decline and kept us going, but we didn’t have the raw material that other teams could field, and it hurt us.

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One day in the dressing room I decided to ask, 'Raise your hand if you've ever played a match in the Champions League.'

The only ones who raised their hands were Ciprian Tătărușanu and Çalhanoglu. I was shocked.

When Inter made five substitutions, they'd bring on equal or stronger players, whereas we'd field equal or weaker ones. In fact I suggested to the club, 'We need to fight to limit the number of substitutions to just three, otherwise Inter and Juve will benefit.'

All the same, in spite of the fact that we had a weaker squad, and despite the many injuries, we held up our heads and staved them all off. No one believed in us. We alone were convinced we could do it. And we finished second.

Before the decisive match against Atalanta, the last game of the season, I told the guys, 'Do you remember when I asked how many of you had ever played before in the Champions League? Now you have a match awaiting you that can change the answer you give. Do you want to play in the next Champions League? Let them see it out there, on the pitch.' And then as we left the dressing room, before the match started, I announced to everyone, 'We're going to win today.'

I was sure of it. I didn't have to wait for the match. I'd already seen all I needed to see in the eyes of my teammates, and I'd already realized all I needed to know from the tension in the dressing room.

They played a perfect match, full of team spirit, a sense of sacrifice and a willingness to suffer. They never once gave away the ball, and they didn't surrender an inch of

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