

**The
Invisible Investor**

W. W. W.
O. K. M.
No. 5

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**"Get your money out of the country, before your
country gets the money out of you"**

Last Words of W. G. Hill

The Invisible Investor

By:

Peter T. Trevellian

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A Brand New Special Report for people too busy read books

THE INVISIBLE INVESTOR

*"Get your money out of the country before your country gets the money out of you."
Peter Trevellian's Latest Bombshell*

Courts and juries have gone mad -- with million dollar plus verdicts for mildly miffed but otherwise undamaged plaintiffs;

Government agencies can confiscate and destroy everything you own, without due process,

Property rights have been eroded beyond all recognition . . .

Selective Prosecution means that successful people with visible assets run a high risk of criminal indictment.

Do you need new defenses, new asset protection options? The INVISIBLE INVESTOR a brilliant, fast moving, easy reading report by the legendary W.G. Hill, (author of 2nd Passport Report and The Perpetual Tourist) and Dr. Peter Trevellian, the world's foremost expert on expatriation of assets will give you **amazing insights into a secret world** you never knew existed, a way of handling your savings and assets so that: You'll never spend another day nor a single dime on lawyers, tax preparers, or accountants. **Lawyers, accountants and bureaucrats will be banished from your life – forever.**

You, the invisible or anonymous investor can be **insulated and buffered** to the point where **you'll never be sued** or waste a moment of your life defending yourself in court. You make yourself **judgment proof** at a stroke and at **no cost**. [Yes, you read that correctly.] The INVISIBLE INVESTOR SHOWS YOU HOW TO MOVE YOUR ASSETS TO ABSOLUTE SAFETY AND (best of all) IT DOESN'T COST ANYTHING. More important, you will **make new contacts and much more money** on your investments than you ever dreamed possible. You'll learn what it means to be a "P.T." or sovereign individual.

Your private papers and **personal records** will be **invisible and undiscoverable**.

Your **assets** are likewise invisible and undiscoverable in the **custody of big safe banks that don't even know your name**. Yet you can **cash out any time**. Have all your money in your hand **instantly**, anywhere in the world, without any paper trail or electronic record link. [This information not available in any other publication!]

Estate Planning? Forget it! Billions of dollars find their way into the pockets of lawyers, and state and federal tax collectors. The Invisible Investor shows you how (without any lawyer) to **avoid probate costs**. At a stroke and at **no cost**, you'll eliminate family squabbles over your money after you've gone. You'll find out how wealthy people preserve and pass on 100% of their hard earned money to the loved ones and good causes they really want to have it -- not the State. Taxes? The INVISIBLE INVESTOR'S estate pays **no taxes**. The heirs pay **no inheritance taxes!**
Capital Gains Taxes? They are **completely eliminated, at a stroke**.

Your Personal Income Taxes? They too can be *legally* **eliminated, completely** if you are willing to move abroad (to a tropical paradise?) part of the year and if you run your existing businesses through an offshore corporation. If you have a net worth of over \$250,000 to invest, you can live comfortably on your capital's earnings – without working. We show you how and where.

Risk of Criminal Prosecution? With one in every seven Americans now destined to serve jail time for newly defined **victimless crimes**, you need to **plan your personal escape before becoming enmeshed** in the legal process. **All criminal (and civil) liability is absolutely eliminated** because in the case of trouble, not only your assets are out of the jurisdiction, but your personal paperwork and second passport is arranged so you can follow your assets to highly enjoyable get-away places from where you **can't be extradited** or even *served* with legal papers. You can **be safe** and **your money can be safe**. Read this Special Report, the Invisible Investor! If it isn't all we say it is (and more) you get your money back, plus you keep the \$125 worth of free newsletters as a gift.

Chapter 1

Get your money out of the country before your country gets the money out of you.

It's legal. It's easy. It's Invisible. It's Offshore. Many years ago I was in a minor dispute with a government agency. They were wrong. I was right. No question about it. They thought I owed them a few thousand dollars in taxes. I knew they owed me considerably more in rebates and refunds. We figured the case might be heard some years down the line. Maybe in some administrative supervisor's office; maybe in court. But more likely, the odds were, that my high priced Certified Public Accountants would settle the claim. Probably in my favor. That's what I paid them for. It was no worry for me at the start. If the accountants couldn't work out something, it would go to the lawyers. "My team" would insulate me. I was well insured, and well protected against every contingency. So I thought!

Similar differences of opinion had been resolved by negotiation and compromise a hundred times before. In those days, I had a sizable business to run: hoards of employees, rents to pay and a big payroll to meet. There were projects to complete. I was busy! Couldn't be bothered with giving a lot of personal attention to a piddling small tax claim amounting to less than a day's rent for my firm. So maybe I refused to take a call and had staff refer some squeaky voiced government guy to my accountants. I didn't even remember the incident. The disputed matter seemed a very little thing, like a baby leech on your butt when you're up to your eyeballs in alligators.

DOODOO HITS THE FAN

While at my desk, 9AM one foggy Monday morning, a good, reliable supplier, "Mrs. Zanadu," burst into my inner office unexpectedly: "How could you do this to me?" She was waiving my bounced check for \$75,000. Her people had done a good job and I'd authorized full payment for her on the prior Friday. I told her, "Calm down - lets have a look?" I knew our check was written against a good account. We had more than enough on deposit to cover this check several times over. There was a credit line too. "There's been a mistake," I exclaimed. "You take this downstairs to our good friend, the Bank Manager, Mr. Moneypenny,. He'll set things right!" I was writing a humorous memo to Moneypenny, my bank manager about not smoking any more grass. Told him to cash this attached \$75,000 check immediately for Mrs. Zanadu, and to kiss her fine fanny seven times. That was when my ex-wife Lady Morgana De La Fey Trevellian burst in screaming:

Morgana [Fire Breathing LADY Dragon] ENTERS HISSING

"You dirty, low down %\$#@#\$*. It's enough that you \$#@\$ me in our divorce, but how could you do this to your own kid?" Her scenes were nothing new. "My dear, sweet lady

love of my life, what was this itsy bitsy anger all about?" I asked. Sent Mrs. Zanadu on her way, and gently but firmly told Morgana the Terrible, "Calm down darling sweetness, have a seat. Have this cuppa soothing Tizana Tea I made for myself. Tell me what's on your mind. Please dear. Don't be upset." "\$\$#@# you + your ^#@\$#@!!% your tea" She blurted, angrily, as my peace offering hit the wall breaking the cup into an irretrievable archeological artifact. "The G-Men just seized your daughter's Christmas and birthday money: Two Thousand six hundred thirty six dollars. And if you, you %\$\$\$#@#\$, don't hand it over in cash in the next thirty seconds, my lawyers, Stabbim Grabit & Ballsqueezer, will make you wish you were never born." I knew better than to argue with Morgana, so I went into my petty cash drawer and pulled out \$3,000 cash. "No need to threaten me. You know I love you still, and I love our wee baby. I don't know how this happened. But I will take your word for it. Here, this three grand is for our little Snookums. You keep the change and get your pretty hair done up in a Beehive or whatever you like. You always look so beautiful when you're mad." I said it (about her looking beautiful when she was mad) even though it wasn't true. It was a good line from an old Clark Gable movie. It usually worked to keep the ladies in my life from sinking into a self-induced hysteria or throwing things. "You're so cute when you're angry." One of my favorite lines. It often brought a smile to their face, tears to their eyes, and after a few minutes of tender embracing, they were firmly in my control --where all beautiful women belong. But Morgana (still with a magnificent figure) would have none of it. That was how my day started on *disaster Monday*.

Morgana growled and snarled: "I'm in no mood for another reconciliation on your office couch." She grabbed the money, pushed me away and said rather calmly, "So long dick head. The smartest thing I ever did was to get a quick divorce from you." She moved towards the door like an angry tornado. Then, she paused. What next? Would she stride back to me, strip me naked and force me down to yield once again beneath her powerful loins? No such luck. She pouted with those big pleasure giving quivering lips, angled her legs in the sexy stance of the model she once was, and cooed: "You'll get your comeuppance some day!" She turned her back to me again and headed slowly towards the door, knowing how much I enjoyed the view. I watched her gorgeous little bottom float away from me, swishing the folds of her dress in a most delightful way. Morgana, two marriages after me, was still nicely rounded -a posterior like two well inflated balloons. At the door she paused again. Aha, she is coming 'round, I hoped. She turned, just her head this time, and gave me the same fleeting smile that once warmed my heart. Then she blew me a kiss. "Bye," she murmured sweetly.

"We sure had some good loving together" I mused. She was wife number three for me (and almost the most expensive of the lot) but I still loved her. Sort of. The next time I saw her it was in court -- again. Ahh, well, I digress. Back to the main tale.

THE LONGEST DAY

To put that very long and disastrous day in a nutshell, at least fifty people complained of bad checks that Monday. My business went into a dead faint and never woke up again. We had no money, and were locked out! No access to any of our projects. The finished

properties and construction projects were all sealed. Workers were greeted with bits of tape and official warnings taped on all entrances:

"WARNING DO NOT BREAK THIS OFFICIAL SEAL These properties have been seized, by order of the United States of America, etc,etc."

Every single one of my personal and company bank accounts were empty. Every stock brokerage account was "frozen." I had only the money in my wallet. What the heck had happened? Some pimple faced little twerp in the bowels of some government office building basement, had decided to screw me over real good. He might be a nobody, he might be on a small salary --- but he could show some son-of-a-gun rich tycoon like myself who really held the power in our society. To show who is boss in connection with the disputed claim of a few thousand dollars, he gave an order to place liens on all my properties. All my bank accounts (-immediately isolated by computer search) were closed -- turned over to his agency for further disposition. Newspapers were notified by official government press release that this action had been taken because of my un-co-operative attitude. [I dared to question the claim!] My special treatment was to serve as a warning to all business and professional people that they must drop everything to kiss the fanny of any junior bureaucrat who wanted to waste their time and make up claims out of thin air. My ex-wife's fury had been provoked because my daughter, then six, had a few thousand dollars in a savings account. Morgana the witch, I mean wife, uhmm, ex-wife was (at that time) the sole signer on the kid's account. But my name and identity number was associated with this account. When the kid was only a few days old, I had opened it. Now, six years later, it had been confiscated, along with every other bank account, stock brokerage account, and property I owned or had any interest in.

I had used my security number to open the account six years earlier because the baby didn't have her own I.D. number yet. Now it belonged to the government. Was this a bad dream? The long and short of it was that from that day on, all my employees were out of a job. Mrs. Zanadu and all my creditors (innocent of any wrongdoing -- as I was) were to remain forever unpaid. Most of my old contacts would never do business with me again. They blamed me for defaulting on deals that were no longer in my control. I was soon to be held in criminal contempt and sent to jail (again!) for being unable to meet my alimony and child support obligations. The government agency -- which had tied up hundreds of times more in assets than their claims were worth, insisted I owed them still more. Other state and local agencies piggybacked onto these claims. I soon had so many civil cases, trumped up fraud charges, and other troubles that there didn't seem to be any light at the end of the tunnel.

To PT Or Not To PT

Some would have defenestrated (jumped out of a window). This was the euphemism employed during that period in government "resolution reports" i.e., the conclusion in similar cases. Really -- No joke! No defenestration for me! Though not prepared for a totally unexpected battle with the government, I (fortunately) had some experience in operating offshore. I had moved myself and my assets abroad for a short period when I

learned Morgana was going to sue me for divorce. After settling with her, my guard was down. Big mistake! It cost me most of my assets.

THE BODY IS GONE

Six months later, I packed up everything I had left in one small rucksack, borrowed money from the few friends I still had left, and boarded the first flight to anywhere. What flight? I had no plan, just wanted to get out of the country and have space to think. Fortunately, once I was alone -without the pressures of daily depositions and court appearances, I remembered that I still had one bank account abroad. A long deceased foreign aunt and uncle had established it for me as a child. Their small estate had gone into this account before the Morgana divorce, and it stayed there on the very good advice of a lawyer who told me to leave the funds abroad, "just in case." There was enough money there, safe from government attack, to support me for a few years while I decided what to do next. What had been irrelevant small change in my financial heyday became my survival stash: Not enough to support me for life, but sufficient to allow me to relax, smell the flowers, get out from under, and breathe freely.

DO WE FIGHT OR DO WE LET IT GO?

Its another story, the litigation's end, but I learned that when your property is seized in litigation (especially when the government is the plaintiff), even if you win -- it can be years and years till you get back any part of it. Even if you are judged to be completely in the right, when the smoke clears, any real estate that was mortgaged, has long ago been foreclosed and lost. Maybe it is sold for back (local) taxes. Your business or profession? Forget it. Client's stay away from any lawyer whose client trust accounts are seized and who can't keep himself out of trouble. Even the big star, F. Lee Bailey hasn't made much of a comeback since 1996 when he served 45 days in jail for contempt until he coughed up \$16 Million to pay a government claim.

How about your cash and securities? What a joke! Any recovery – when you don't have money to pay lawyers hourly rates --- is subject to their fifty per cent contingent attorney fees (-if you win), plus costs. You might get 25% net, if you are very lucky. The best case scenario is hardly worth seven or eight years of court appearances, depositions, document searches and long waits in lawyers offices and rat hole hearing rooms. Your business goes to pot. Worst of all, when you have been grievously wronged, there is no one to sue. "The government acted in good faith" says the judge. Not sometimes. Every time! And besides, says the judge: "As a sovereign, your government officials are immune to any action for damages." Your lawyer-? He's got his half. "Maybe you can get a congressman or senator to pass a private bill to have the US Treasury make you whole again." Sure, if you believe in Santa Claus or Easter Bunnies. Had I to do it over again, it would have been better to walk away. Devote all that time and energy spent in courts and in rat-hole deposition rooms instead towards new projects and a new life abroad. The past is dead. Let it go.

A DIFFERENT WORLD, A DIFFERENT LIFE

Once upon a time, some fifteen years after Bloody Monday, I met another exile in Europe who had owed me \$12,000 for a car I'd sold him just before leaving. He had been a good friend. Later, he'd had troubles of his own, and like I did, he made a new life for himself abroad. I reminded him of the money he owed me. "Come on my friend," he said "That was a different world - a different life. Forget it." He was right. I never brought it up again.

IT'S ALL A GAME FOR THE BUREAU-RATS

For the little twerp bureau-rat who set up the chain of events that disrupted my universe and ruined me financially, it was all a paper game. I was just one of hundreds of similar lives ruined by him in his brief government career. Such twerps grows up to become politicians or more often amoral private lawyers. They inevitably change sides. Graduating with credentials in advanced harassment, they move on to represent victims instead of setting them up. But government always holds the winning hand. Their bureaucrats have endless resources, nothing else to do, immunity from counter-suits, friendly judges (who work for the same employer) and special rules of discovery and collection --just for them. They win 98% of all their cases. Even State prosecutors win over 95% of the criminal cases they bring to court. The "O.J." acquittal in his first case was a one in ten million event.

Movies and books usually see the innocent person acquitted. In real life, a criminal defendant always loses. Even if he isn't convicted, the stress, loss of face, and finally the hemorrhaging attorney fees do the damage. To me, getting caught in the wringer caused my then current marriage to fall apart long before the trial was over. Post-conviction, becoming an exile, a fugitive and being impoverished put me in a position where for many years it was impossible to see my own kids. There was a lot of other damage, but I won't bore you with a six hundred page partial summary.

"Well," says you, dear reader, "You were well educated, healthy, relatively young, had money and friends abroad. What are you complaining about? Other people start off far worse off than you were when you left the country.

"WAKE UP CALL HEY! WAKE UP!"

This is not a plea for sympathy. I am not somebody on a crusade - a guy who wants the Justice System to be more just. This is a wake up call FOR YOU. To warn you that there is An Unseen Danger out there. I want to prevent you from ever being caught in a situation --worse than mine ---from where there may be no exit. My story had a happy ending. But I was for months in a mental state where it would have been quite easy to blow my brains out - or to turn to booze or dope for comfort. Stories like mine don't usually have a happy ending. As for me, sure, things worked out. I got to live in Monaco and watch the pretty topless French girls for a while. Then I found lasting romance, a new family and a new career in Europe. Sure, I lost a lot of possessions. It was down the toilet

with everything I'd built up over twenty years. I was forced to sever ties with all my old friends. Whatever social position and status I had was gone with the wind. But I was able to make a comeback of sorts -- to survive and prosper. "Living well is the best revenge." Part of my success and survival was because I was young, and part because I had some mad money abroad. To be quite honest, I think another key factor was my attitude. I wasn't going to be beaten. But as with Scarlet O'Hara, a whole good life was taken away from me. It was "Gone With The Wind." I was, in effect, a refugee. For you, if you are mentally financially and paperwork prepared, you probably will never have to leave and to suffer nearly as much as I did. Why? Because you won't be fatally injured when the enemy fires their first volley. This process of learning how to protect yourself takes a bit of understanding. You have only 240 pages to go! But let me give you a hint. Being PT or **Prepared Thoroughly** involves hiding a large portion of your assets and getting your paperwork in order so that you can disappear (out of the country) and be off of every computer in the world until things cool off. When the money is gone and the body is invisible, there is nobody to sue, arrest or harass. You are as free as a ghost, or a soaring soul.

YOU BECOME A PT: THE PERPETUAL TRAVELER

Years later, after a career in quite unrelated matters, I met Dr. W.G. Hill at a seminar in Monte Carlo. We became closely associated (when I volunteered to be his proofreader and editor). He became a legendary guy who earlier on had very similar problems to mine. He too was a tax exile or Perpetual Traveler (PT). By then he was a successful consultant on "offshore matters." Through him I learned of many other people who didn't come out so well --- and a few who did much better (financially) than I did. But once you lose a great fortune, the value of money falls more into perspective. You need enough dough to cover the basics, but beyond that, relationships, health and creative work becomes much more important than collecting more chips or markers. Much of this book will contain the wisdom of my former mentor who has since gone to the land of five flags where all good PTs go. How about the Five Flags? It goes something like this: Every PT should realize that "his" government exists to exploit him, not to serve him. Accordingly, five (probably new) flags should be chosen. They are:

1. A country that will give you citizenship and a good passport -- and not control and tax you when you are gone.
2. A country where you can work or make serious money.
3. A country where you can play or indulge yourself in what gives you pleasure -- even though such activities may be considered illegal, immoral or fattening at the place where you formerly lived.
4. A country where you can have a "legal residence" and where there are no onerous regulations, property taxes nor income taxes. Of course, the country should not require that you actually spend any time there.

5. A country from where your investments and financial dealings can be run by trustworthy employees, institutions or banks. This place must have genuine independence, good secrecy laws, a laissez-faire attitude, and- a long tradition of the inviolability of private property.

Each of the above five flags should be different from each other, and certainly different from the country you were born in or are presently a citizen of. What does all this mean to you? Probably that you have a lot to learn and there is a whole "offshore" world out there that you don't understand at all.

WHAT'S THE PURPOSE OF LEARNING ABOUT THIS OTHER WORLD?

This new way of thinking? Simply, that the average professional or business guy (or woman) doesn't realize that the only thing between him and sudden disaster (like mine) is a thing called "judicial and prosecutorial discretion." Or to put it another way, if anyone gets in a lawsuit or comes to the attention of certain bureaucrats who for any reason doesn't like them, that bureaucrat can pull the plug. Like cancer or and AIDS infection, your life then changes radically. Most people won't believe it can happen to them - until it happens! What to do? Like the Boy Scout Motto: "Be Prepared!"

Government isn't the only enemy

When you are hit with a lawsuit - maybe just for failure to file an environmental impact report, your whole world can collapse overnight. What about sexual harassment? You pat an attractive passing fanny just as your father, grandfather and great grandfather before you did with their secretaries. Fanny patting for you is just following a historical family tradition dating back to biblical times. For your ancestors, if there was a smile and a kiss from the object of their affections, they had a brief fling or sometimes married the girl. Maybe the divorce cost them something --- but grandpa at least had some cooking, good sex, a few years of company and a few kids out of the deal.

Today, a little feel (and nothing else) can cost you a million dollars, plus attorney's fees of an equal amount. The plaintiff's award in a sexual harassment case can be more than that if you happen to have any visible serious money. In most communities, hungry lawyers roam the streets like scavengers, trying to stir up "class actions" and other lawsuits that will transfer wealth from the deep pockets of productive people into their own ravenous maws. There is one guy around who has never made any legitimate money from his patents, but he has acquired thousands of patents just for their lawsuit potential and has become a near billionaire by filing many patent infringement suits. Another chap in California gets copyrights on short (sometimes rather prosaic) sayings. Then he sues authors and publishers who use them.

"Beware the slivey toves," Alice In Wonderland was told. "They gire and gimbel in the borogroves." Life and love can be surrealistic these days. Another strong possibility is mistaken identity. You are a saint, but computer error or mis-identification targets you as some kind of tax evader, money launderer or criminal. The laws are such that crimes can

be tailored to fit any individual who falls into the net. By the time things are resolved, maybe you have spent years in litigation or at worst, jail. My own personal observation (from having been there) is that at least one third of the people in jail or convicted of felonies do not deserve the screwing they got. Your chances? Fully one in five that you will be accused of a crime during your lifetime. About one in seven that you will be convicted! For wealthy people who used to be virtually immune from criminal charges, the odds are changing - not in our favor. We are now prime targets. The "undeserving rich" like Mike Milkin and Leona Helmsley are the means, the stepping stones by which ambitious bureaucrats become successful politicians. Bureaucrats and politicians produce nothing of value, but they love to destroy those who achieve prominence in productive enterprises. At some time in your life, if you are an entrepreneur or innovative professional, it is extremely likely that you will lose your assets and very possibly serve some hard time. Business Risks? We have not even mentioned good old fashioned business risks and economic cycles that have destroyed (or will sooner or later bring down) every economic enterprise that ever existed on Earth. Assets on deposit abroad, the same "insurance" that will keep you afloat when you are sued, will help when and if circumstances cause insolvency.

CIVIL CONTEMPT

Did you know there is a very good chance of your doing time in a non-criminal matter? Several examples will be cited later in this report. Many people, particularly professional people and wealthy people go to jail for "civil contempt." Once, when (after the divorce) I was having a dispute with good old Morgana over visitation and child custody, the judge got disgusted (mainly with her) and said: "I don't think either of you are fit parents. I am taking your "Snookums" into State custody, and putting her into foster-care. Now, both of you get out of my courtroom!" he snarled. "Come back in sixty days after you have settled this between yourselves!" The reason we were in court was that we couldn't settle it between ourselves. We wanted a decision, but not that decision. All I asked was that Morgana should let me have Snookums on alternate weekends - as the court order had provided. Morgana said no. "You'll see the kid only when I say so." Now the judge was going to put the four year old kid in jail? What kind of thing was this? Of course I was furious! My baby was only four! I was so shocked by this order, I blurted out, "Your honor, that is the dumbest thing I ever heard. I withdraw my objections. Give Snookums to my wife. Don't send her to an orphanage!" What did that get me? Guess? "That outburst will cost you five days in the county jail. And a \$500 fine. I am the only one who makes the decisions in this courtroom, and don't you forget it!"

MORAL OF THE STORY

The point is that your personal freedom and your control over your own money and your destiny, hangs by a thread. That thread can be cut by any number of jerks like the judge above. These people are often ignorant, uncaring, jealous people with their own agenda. In my opinion (hereafter IMO) neither State social workers, Judges, nor private litigants who come into your life by random chance, should be allowed to have such control.