

EXCERPTS

Chapter 1 Naive and Assuming

Of course I did the respectful and proper thing by writing on the envelope, “RETURN TO SENDER, NO SUCH NAME AT THIS ADDRESS”.

It had to be meant for someone who had lived in the apartment building or had that prior address. I stuck it back in the mail drop and went inside to have something to eat.

Chapter 2 Robert Mason

It was in June some time when a notice arrived in the mail. Opened it up and my cerebral cortex, the rest of my brain, and my heart started going haywire and out of control! It stated that I had been denied a credit card because of adverse accounts appearing on my credit report!

What? There isn't any adverse information on my credit report! What the hell is going on here? The notice stated that the credit card company denied me credit because of information provided to them by TransUnion.

Who the hell is TransUnion? Some flippin railroad company lending out money? I knew who TransUnion was; they were a credit-reporting agency. There are three all together; Experian and Equifax are the other two.

Chapter 4 Beyond a Reasonable Doubt

CIGI, or E-Term, required a college degree, preferably in Business, which I had. They wanted someone with a previous sales background preferably over the telephone, which I had. Pluses included an insurance sales background, which I had, and an understanding of financial markets, which I had.

Then the sentence that stood out to me most! “Must have nothing that would impede ability to be licensed in all 50 states. (Criminal record, ongoing bankruptcy, etc.)”

It wasn't my resume that sucked or that I was a bad fit; it was the adverse accounts and alias Jerry Willard on my credit report...

Chapter 8 Off To See the Wizard

Judge Matsch started asking TransUnion if the allegations I made against them were true or not. It was just like out of the Wizard of Oz, the Cowardly Lion, shaking in his skin in front of

the great Wizard, mumbling and stuttering about some confusion with the plaintiff's social security number.

Here I was, standing next to the Scarecrow without a brain. The judge then asked me to approach the bench. It seemed like a forever winding yellow brick road, walking down to the podium. It was difficult to decide if I was the Tin Man in need of a heart, or the male version of Dorothy trying to get my little dog Toto back.

Chapter 14

The Old Woman With the Cane

She kept saying my clearance was still under investigation. She didn't know I just talked to Doug Luciani in August and Gary Lawrence in November who said my investigation was done! This was getting me pretty worked up because everything this lady was saying was contradicting everything I had been told since signing my contract on March 12th, 2002!

While this lady and I were having this passionate discussion about my clearance, this snippety woman's voice enters our conversation over my right shoulder. Turning to look for the source of this voice, in came on foot and cane a gray haired crotchety looking old woman, gimping in to our conversation.

Chapter 17

The End?

They all just acted like I was some crazy nut that was guilty and deserving of everything that had happened to me. The FBI agent told Whittemore to leave the room and the chicken hawk did as he was told. It was the KGB at their best and the local cowardly puppet politician letting his strings be pulled.

After he left the room the KGB Gestapo scare tactics kicked in. FBI man became all smug and started threatening me. He said, "Do you want to keep your weapons Mr. Eller?" in a condescending manner.

I didn't even answer him and just looked into his eyes with the look, "Is that a threat?"

He continued on, "If you ever set foot near this office, US Senators Ken Salazar, and Wayne Allard's office again, you will be arrested and your guns taken away from you."

I said, "You can't do that, that is public property and I have every right to be on it whenever I deem necessary."

He looked at me real smug and powerful like and said, "Mr. Eller you are not to go near any of those offices. Are we clear on that?"

I replied, "Can I see the restraining order you have issued."

He just looked at me like go ahead and try coming around here again and see what will be waiting for you.

I also said, “Do you have a court order or a conviction that would warrant you the authority to arrest me if I do show up?”

KGB guy just looked at me like go ahead and try to defy his mandatory orders. It was just like in a Hollywood movie.