The Never-Ending Punishment of 'Man B'

It is 1996 and I am a happy and successful man. I have a beautiful wife, Fiona, that I love dearly and two wonderful children, Tim and Ellie. My business, PSL, is doing well; I am winning good business for both NCR, my business partner, and PSL. Our relationship with the United Nations is opening doors for us all over the world. The future was full of promise.

Then came the inveiglement and the destruction by NCR.

NCR's destruction created the 'baton', carried as in a relay from one destroyer to the next, each destroyer, following completion of their stint of destruction, passes the baton on to another. Very often the major destroyers such as NCR and Barclays get multiple legs with the baton. And with every baton change I am weakened a little more; the fight for the truth and justice becomes more and more of a struggle.

In 2000, NCR took elements of my voluntary statement, omitted critical facts relating to NCR's non-existent financial controls in Belgium and painted a picture to The Honourable Mr. Justice Lightman in the High Court of a conspiracy between myself and Mike Buchanan to steal funds from NCR. This was a gross deception of the Court and both NCR and TJG knew it.

This deception and manipulation of the civil 'injustice' system meant that from the happy, successful man I was a few years before, I was now painted as a fraudster and now owed NCR £1,000,000. Despite paying almost £320,000 to NCR, they put an unlimited charge on my house in early 2001.

The next few years saw me doing everything I could to protect my customers; whilst NCR did everything they could to destroy me, my business and our customer's projects.

NCR now passed the baton of destruction to the criminal injustice system, who, in turn handed over the baton to Mark Durbin for the third leg.

In 2004, the case came to the criminal court. My solicitor, my barrister and D/C Steve Ball, lead investigating officer of the fraud squad, all told me openly of their expectation that I would receive a suspended sentence. Unfortunately, Judge King, (so famous for his liking for locking people up that his nickname in the Court is 'bang-up' King), decided to give me a custodial sentence for 'false accounting' as I had initially moved the money which Buchanan ultimately took.

With me locked away, my business could not survive. No one, let alone my business partner, Mark Durbin, had the same determination to protect my customers, and, despite a number of alternatives that would have kept the company alive, Mark put the company

into Administration. Mark had not invested a penny into the company, but I had invested approximately £250,000, which was now lost.

So, I am in prison for six months and my family have no income and I have huge debts because of my borrowings to protect my customers. The baton is now passed to the financial institutions, most particularly to Barclays.

Whilst I was in prison and my family were struggling to survive, Barclays Bank, Barclays Mortgages, Barclaycard Visa and Barclaycard MasterCard along with a supporting cast of Abbey Bank, Lloyds TSB and others, mounted their assault on me and my family

Both Barclays Bank and Barclays Mortgages started action to take my home just six weeks before I was due to leave prison. Both the mortgage and the company overdraft were secured loans so the Barclays destroyers could have waited just a few weeks before mounting such aggressive action against us with Fiona on the front line.

Upon my release from prison it took me six months to resolve the situation with the two Barclays destroyers. This was achieved by cashing in my endowment and with some help from my brothers but not until Barclays had added huge interest (29.5% pa) and huge legal fees (£175 per hour) to my debts.

A brief mention here of The Administrators, Langley and Partners, who took my company, PSL, and stripped it bare whilst I was in prison. Despite being the Managing Director and having invested £250,000 in the company, they sold all of its assets and I was not even advised how much for, or to whom.

I must also give a brief mention here of HMRC because of the stress they caused. Having seriously screwed up our payments of Child Tax Credits, they wrongly claimed that we had been overpaid by over £4,000. After the two-year immensely stressful battle, they eventually conceded that not only do we not owe them £4000+, they actually owed us £300+. It really shouldn't take such time and such stress to resolve these things.

The baton is now very firmly taken over by my wife, Fiona, who committed adultery in 2005 and left the family in 2006, leaving me to fight the many battles whilst in a state of disbelief and trauma.

For almost four years my priority was simple; the battles would have to wait whilst I did all I could to get the family back together, but Fiona would never listen; she would never talk. She blamed me for getting us into this mess and, despite the fact that I had been found not guilty of fraud, she was telling everybody, including the children, that I was a fraudster; that is why she left me. The reality was that she left me because I had lost a lot of my money, but that didn't sound a very good reason for her to be telling people.

When I eventually gave up any ideas of getting the family back together, I moved to Cornwall in order to support Tim at college and to seek out better facilities for Mum. Within a week, I had a begging text from Fiona telling me how sorry she was for treating

me so badly and that she wanted the family back together. It really was too late. The Fiona that I'd experienced in the last four years was not the Fiona that I had loved so dearly. My failure to respond to her text was the spark for years of madness.

Within the first 18 months of my new life in Cornwall, Fiona went through three different firms of solicitors, to whom she told so many lies about her relationship with Bill and all the terrible things that had happened due to my criminal behaviour. She tried to have my tenants removed through the court so that she could move back into my house. It is very hard to live with. She had told me so many times how much she loved Bill and that she didn't love me, so why can't she just get on with her life.

The involvement of so many solicitors simply drove a deep wedge between us, for what reason I don't know. Despite all of my efforts to protect the children from the effects of the break up of the family, it is impossible for them not to get tangled up when Fiona displays such uncontrollable anger and involves so many aggressive solicitors.

All of this matrimonial nonsense took my eye off the NCR/Teradata ball for quite a while. We reached 2012, Fiona was on her third solicitor and I still hadn't managed to get any sort of settlement agreement with Teradata despite years of 'on and off' negotiation.

I had always kept Fiona up to date regarding the negotiations with Teradata but she always accused me of lying because I wanted to delay our divorce. This didn't make any logical sense to me but she is driven by anger. Her mindset is exposed more clearly by her reaction when I occasionally updated her regarding my suspect prostate cancer. When I was first referred to the consultant under suspicion, I informed Fiona. She did not respond. When I informed her 18 months later that I had been given the all clear, she responded by emailing me that she had always known that I didn't have cancer and that it was just another way to delay the divorce. The all clear was premature and some months later it was confirmed that I do, indeed, have prostate cancer. I didn't bother to tell Fiona.

In early 2012, Fiona started divorce proceedings as we had lived apart for 5 years. There were no discussions regarding a possible amicable settlement, there was no discussions regarding the possibility of reaching a resolution through mediation, no, it was straight into the courts. As usual Fiona's submissions to the court were packed with many provable lies. With no settlement with Teradata and an unlimited charge on the house, the house could not be sold, so where was the divorce activity going to lead us.

In September 2013, as I write this essay, we are preparing for a court hearing in November. The court has invited Teradata to attend. So my wife, with her extremely aggressive solicitor and Teradata are now working closely together to carve up what is left of my life.

'The Never-Ending Punishment of Man B' is the alternative title for *Inveigled* Book Two.