

OH, CANADA!

“THE BEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD TO LIVE IN”
(as marketed by External Affairs and promoted by dubious United Nations, this slogan
must have brought Billions in transfers from less fortunate who came to Canada)



OR, PERHAPS, TO DIE IN, EH?

Written and recorded, as personally experienced, by Zeljko Milicevic
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Note:

There are two sets of photographs appearing on these pages.

The first set pertains to the injuries inflicted by the Ottawa Police Service upon author of this material, as well as the resulting surgeries he had to undergo.

The photographs were taken by a professional photographer, in an independent photographic studio and retail business, in Ottawa, in 2005 and 2006.

The reader is advised to keep in mind that the author is a Caucasian Christian, with no police and /or criminal record.

One must wonder what kinds of injuries the police would have bestowed upon, say, a Muslim, given that Islam now is being lionized in an organized fashion.

The second set depicts the level of contamination of kitchen and adjacent premises at a retirement home in Ottawa.

These photographs were taken by the author of this material in 2003 and 2004. The photographs depict the condition of food processing, storing and preparation equipment and such other areas, in a retirement home, before and after an ORCA (Ontario Retirement Communities Association) Inspection.

The photograph on the front cover depicts a fresh scar of the surgery performed in order to relieve the Carpal Tunnel Syndrome caused by the gentle touch of the Ottawa Police.

(“directly attributable to the handcuffs” - Dr. Dhalla, Ottawa, 2005)

“THE LAND OF SHEEP”

A window on life of an immigrant, a Canadian by choice and determination.

A record of systemic failures of a failed system designed to oppress, control, and, ultimately, subjugate an entire population for the benefit of a very few.

The old Roman proverb “ divide et impera” still holds water.

The Canadian Security Intelligence Service knows me as “ the man who speaks in metaphors”. They did their job, but not thoroughly enough.

My weapons are pen and paper.

I am armed with experience, and I am dangerous, because I have the knowledge of systemic crimes of those who have abused the system, and because I have the courage to stand up to that organized crime.

Ron Bradley, then an agent with the Canadian Security Intelligence Service, berated me one evening, in the winter of 1991 over the telephone, and yelled:” What do you have against the system!?”.

Wrong question, Ron.

I have nothing against the system. But I have everything against the crooks who are abusing their high offices and use the system for their own personal benefit.

Have a good life! And don’t be sheep!

My name is Zeljko Milicevic!!!!

Background : They lived and worked in harmony. They were Osman Nuri-Hadzic, a Bosnian Muslim, and Ivan Aziz Milicevic, a Bosnian Roman-Catholic, my grandfather. They wrote novels and stories about ordinary people in Bosnia who lived in the transition period which saw the destruction of the Turkish Empire, the Uthmaniyyah, at the hands of the Western-European Christians, and the take-over of Bosnia by the then Austro-Hungarian Empire, or, more precisely the House of Habsburg.

The Uthmaniyyah Empire did arrive with force and drew blood. The subsequent five centuries, however, saw the system work for the little people. The minorities were protected and so were religious beliefs. Do not forget that the Sephardic Jews found refuge in the Muslim society in the Middle ages when they fled from the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. They settled in the Sarajevo Sanjak, where they brought with them one of only six remaining Holy Hagada books in the world. And that Holy Hagada book was kept safe by the “Muslim dominated”, as the news reports would say, government of Bosnia, when that Muslim dominated government was defending all of the Bosnians from genocide at the hands of the ultranationalist Serbs and demented Croats in the 1990s.

Osman and Aziz lived together, as brothers, and they worked together. They respected their differences and cherished their common traits. That made them richer and stronger. That is what built the Bosnian nation. It would not hurt to read some of their work.

This is a true story about a life of an immigrant who moved his family from Europe to North America hoping to escape the police/military mentality, which mentality was owning and operating a system of government which was running completely out of control. My words to my then young wife were: “There is going to be a war and my son is not going to fight in any of the armies!”.

It was late 1979, our son was five years of age at that time. Things were not going that badly in Yugoslavia of the day, according to most of the people we knew. I saw it differently. I saw it creeping up - a war of complete destruction, a war where people will be divided along ethnic and religious lines. Everybody thought I was crazy when I would say it. So I stopped talking about it and started to prepare our little family for a major uprooting. The subsequent decades proved that I was right. And my decision to come to Canada may have saved the life of our son. But I miscalculated the ruthlessness of my new homeland and I also miscalculated the moral, ethical and otherwise weakness of my partner in life. Using the ruthless system, she started a process which saw our little family break up in pieces, me being abused by police to the extent of two surgeries, a process almost resulting in me losing my ability to provide for my own basic survival.

So, how did I get myself into this conundrum? Oh, yes, I have lived with Lori for 35 years! I survived all those years! But I did not survive the ferociousness of my favourite daughter!

My story is an idiot’s guide to wasting 35 years of life and losing what could have been a nice little family. If only it had not been for the fear. The fear which brought about lies, intrigue, deceit, cruelty, betrayal and abandonment. I don’t know where it comes from, but there is an old saying that goes like this : “... there is nothing to fear but the fear itself...”

That saying is absolutely true. I know it now. I spent 35 years living with a person who feared just about everything and everybody. I could not help her overcome her fears, so we lost ourselves and our little family in a stormy sea of fear, panic, over-reaction and jumping the gun, as it were.

Fear is a nasty force. It turns people who succumb to it into, well, monster vultures. Trust me, I know it now. Better still, read this book and look for clues that would relate to your own life. But don’t do it like I did it, for you will fail just as I have. Learn from my experience, so that you can see when the time has come for you to cut your losses, grab your money and run. You will be running to save your precious, little life. However inconsequential your life may seem to you, it still is your life, and nobody has a dominion over it, except our Lord Almighty, THE One and Only.

So run, and if you hear screams, don’t stop to turn and look back. Run into your future. And fear nothing and nobody, except our Lord Almighty.

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LORI

Lori was a beautiful, sweet and timid young woman.

I first saw her in 1969, at the University of Rijeka, Croatia. She was seriously overweight, with a massive mane of a long blonde hair. She wore an awful looking and awkward fitting combo of a tight skirt and a short blazer, made of coarse woven fibre, all in a screaming yellow/orange/golden colour. And yes, those oversized elevator shoes. She was a mess, in every respect. Still, there was something inviting about her. Her face, although bloated, had beautiful lines.

I saw her again in the summer of 1970, in the “Continental” café in Rijeka. The café was a popular meeting place for senior high school, as well as university, students. It was also the hunting grounds, as in chasing skirts, for the elite of the local organized crime.

Lori was by now a gorgeous and striking young woman, what with her long blonde hair, the beautiful, chiseled yet smooth rounded face, the dancing green eyes, the supple lips, the ample and well proportioned upper torso, the inviting midriff curves and the long, slightly bowed, legs. She must have dropped 20 to 30 pounds in weight since the first time I saw her. She was a hot chick, if I have seen any. Everybody and their dog was after her. She was absolutely charming, disarming and mesmerizing. She was also a tough nut to crack. We met a few times over coffee and sweets, at the famous café, and then went our own ways for the summer only to meet again in late fall. We did not date, just shared some moments together at the café.

I saw her, again, at the Christmas Midnight Mass. I was surprised that she would attend the church. Young women in the then Communist Yugoslavia were emancipated - they did not go to church, they went to cafés and discos. When she spoke, her lips moved subtly, her delivery was shy, yet smooth, and she would try to end her story with humour, inviting others to laugh. Generating laughter was a mechanism of self-defence for her. It was also a means of gaining acceptance.

She smoked like no other person I have ever seen. The way she inhaled the smoke, effortlessly, and then puffed it out so that it looked like a majestic exhalation - soft, easy, comfortable, in charge. She would always turn her face up when she exhaled. Not allowed to smoke at home, a trip to the “Continental” café was, for her, liberating. I would spend the next 35 years trying to liberate her from her many fears. She was insecure and would seek security in others. Not that it would have changed my feelings for her. Quite to the contrary, I felt I wanted to protect her. That was one of the first responses that she triggered in me.

What I did not know then was that she came from an abusive home.



(Note the imprint of the steel handcuffs which were applied, using maximum force, upon a non-violent person who, at the time, had no police record. The handcuffs were kept on, inside the Civic Campus of the Ottawa Hospital, for some three to four hours, resulting in chronic injuries to all three main nerves in both hands.

The author suffered injuries while in police custody and while on the property of an institution whose first priority is to help heal, as opposed to help injure.)

THE MANIC-DEPRESSIVE-POSSESSIVE FATHER

Lori's father, who retired as a Sergeant from the then Yugoslav Army, was a verbal, mental and physical abuser. He was, and still is, a manic-depressive-possessive. And he still drinks more, and more regularly, than I do.

Highly intelligent, he has a very broad knowledge of the important issues that affect all of us who inhabit this planet. He has a big picture outlook on the world. He is witty, but can be vitriolic at a flip of a switch. It is the vitriol and the wittiness in him that combined in a potent and hurtful weapon whenever he decided to cut down somebody to size, so to speak, to the point where the recipient of his verbal abuse would be rendered speechless, and often in tears. But he would not stop there. He beat two out of the three children regularly.

When I started dating Lori, we spent most of the time together either in cafés, or in the car that my father bought me. It would be several months, before I was invited to meet her family. Her parents were, and still are, a charming and welcoming people. In all of the 35 years of my life with Lori, there has always been fine food and wine, beer, hard liquor and other goodies on the table at her parents' home.

Her father would beat her sister and her brother at the lunch time, regularly, without fail. Every time we sat down for lunch, he would seek out a problem with one and then the other child, and he would, of course, find the problem. He would then proceed to hit them on the top of their heads. The blows were hard. Yet the physical area of the impact was such that one could not see bruises. He would not hit them on their faces. And he would also berate them and cut them, verbally, to shreds.

I do not know now what kind of abuse was worse - the physical violence, or the indignity of being verbally cut down to shreds. He excelled in both. All of us at the table were the victims of his abuse. He was a domestic terrorist, pure and simple. And when he took his after-lunch nap, God forbid that anybody would create any noise in their apartment, for if he happened to be waken up by noise, any kind of noise, the old routine of berating, hitting and cursing would kick in. Temper tantrums galore.

When the evening rolled around, he would be gregarious as his devoted wife would have fed him a good supper and a few drinks so that he could parade in his underwear and perform lascivious dance routines which we all found ridiculously funny, including the neighbors who would come just to see him make a fool of himself. I do not know if we laughed because he was ridiculous, or because of the fact that he was not beating anybody during his parades of stupidity, so we may have laughed just from feeling relieved due to the temporary absence of violence and abuse. It was a torture for all that witnessed it. I witnessed it from the beginning of 1971 until mid 1974, when Lori's parents moved to Slovenia.

While he abused the son and the younger daughter, he did not abuse Lori, at least not when I was around. Because of that I decided to be around as much as possible. I practically lived out of their apartment, save for the bedtime, when I went to my parents' apartment just to shower and sleep. I spent most of my waking time with her, especially when she was at home, as I loved her and wanted to protect her. She did not have an ability to protect herself other than to withdraw inside of herself and be quiet and numb. That is how she coped with her father's abuse - by being a silent witness to it.

Her father was also a rather virile male who, with all his intellect and post-secondary education, would not use a condom. So he would, quite frequently, impregnate his wife who was then in her late thirties and early forties. But unwanted pregnancy was never a problem at their home as they would avail themselves of a quick abortion, readily available to any woman, no questions asked, in any hospital, in the then emancipated, modern, Communist Yugoslavia. Human life was of no consequence whatsoever. I was astounded when her father and mother would laugh how she would "get pregnant just from breathing the air around him". I was astounded as I knew what would then follow - a cruel destruction of an unborn child, the weakest and most vulnerable life upon this planet. And it would be done without regret, and frequently. I think she must have had about a dozen, if not more, abortions performed on her.

However unwillingly, I, personally, drove her a few times to a nearby hospital when he was out of town so she needed a ride to the hospital and back. She would be ready to go home in a few hours, and would go back to doing her chores. Amazingly, they would laugh how she still could get pregnant in spite of all of the massively scarred tissue of her uterus.

Now, in 2006, I know that I should have left Lori then, in the early 70s, instead of suffering through years of her father's abuse, and, later, through years of abuse at the hands of my wife, Lori, and our daughter - a wild rebel of a daughter.

Even when we moved away, the abuse was still there whenever we visited, especially, later on in life, when we visited with our own children. That abuse was more of a kind of him taking over the dominant position in our little family and he would order everybody around any which way he wanted. The beating by then was passé as his children were adults. But the verbal abuse still went on, together with his after-lunch-nap terrorism.

He would bring my children, his grandchildren, to tears, yet I did not stand up to him as I did not want to create scenes in Lori's parents' home. According to Lori, it would not have been civilized. She dislikes arguments. The best thing is to pretend it never happened. Better still, dig one's head into the sand, like an ostrich, and wait until the problem has resolved itself. Then pretend nothing has ever happened and pretend everybody is happy. Lori could never handle adversity.

As her father grew older he invented another way of abusing and controlling others. His declining health in general, and suspected heart attacks in particular. Everybody had to tiptoe around the apartment. This manic-possessive-depressive, with wild mood swings, was controlling three families with his abusive and manipulative behaviour. He would diagnose himself with all kinds of ailments and then would set off to find a physician who could confirm his fears. He failed almost every time. But he still was a victim.

One summer, when Lori and I came back from our vacation late at night, we were woken up around 2 or 3 in the morning, by a postman delivering an urgent telegram. Lori's father was in a hospital in Celje and was dying from a heart attack! Mind you, in those days, there still was good postal service available, even in the old, rotten, corrupt, Communist Yugoslavia.

So, having just completed a gruelling 12-hour drive from the southern-most point of the Croatian coast, I went back into the car and drove Lori to see her dying father, some three hours away.

It would not be my lucky day, as the guy never had a heart attack - he contracted amoeba from an unwashed head of lettuce, according to physicians. But we were, again, made to go through the hoops of his sick frivolity. Yet nobody ever called the cops to come out, rough him up, and take him to a psychiatric ward for an assessment and further treatment. No, he was a respected husband and father!

This guy, with a long track record of physical violence, alcohol abuse, verbal abuse and devious manipulation, will die a respected and loved individual. Lori now loves him more than ever and she has devoted her yearly vacations to spending two weeks with her victim mother and abusive father, going back some fifteen years now. She put her foot down with me, and declared, with great authority, that it was her right to do it every year while they are alive. I felt hurt that she declared she had that right, while I held myself back from declaring the same right to visit with my sister in Croatia. But there was no money for visiting my end of the family.

Our children would frequently accompany her and they would spend two or three weeks, and sometimes months, with Lori's parents. They would, maybe, visit with my sister, who lives two hours' drive away, once in every four visits. And that visit itself would only be for a few hours, as they would do it on their way to the island property of Lori's sister's husband. My sister initially begged to see her nephew and niece and would invite them to stay. They would not. It was cruel. Even I was reduced to begging them to visit with my sister, but they would not. Now I think that it was abuse. But I never questioned Lori's self-declared right nor did I ever deny her that, or any other rights. Fifteen years of trans-Atlantic and European travel when, during all those years, we did not have the money to fix things around the house - never mind that we did not have the money to take our wild rebel of a daughter for some much needed counselling.

But we did have the money to pay for Lori's yearly "two-weeks-all-inclusive" with her parents. And I still did not leave her. Today, in 2006, I know that I was a glutton for punishment. I did not see it then. Make no mistake, I still love her. But I don't trust her.

I should have left Lori when her manic father first started dishing abuse and harassment at my mother and started making mockery of our ethnic background. We are Croats, Lori's family are Slovenes. He would always ridicule my mother along the lines of Croats having historical problems with Serbs and, generally, being the bad guys. His favourite was that they, the Slovenes, never had any problems with the Serbs. Therefore they, the Slovenes, were somehow better, or more intelligent, or more capable, than the Croats. That was his premise, anyway, and he would rant about it every time my little old mother would visit. My crippled father was not able to leave his home and go and beat the living crap out of a guy who was insulting his wife and son. I was, of course, not allowed to confront this abuser, so I begged Lori to at least have him stop harassing my mother along the ethnic lines. She never did, and he continued to press all the buttons that would hurt the most. He was a master abuser.

So, Mr. Always Right, how come that the Serbs first attacked Slovenia in 1991, when they unleashed a decade-long rampage of mass murder in first degree, gang rape, break and enter, wanton destruction, and grand theft of real estate throughout the Balkans, and all of that on a scale of massive proportions? And you boasted how the Slovenes never had any problems with the Serbs!

That abuser never really stopped to think and see that by mocking my mother and our Croatian ancestry, he was also mocking the ancestry of his own four grandchildren, all of whom are half-Slovenes and half-Croats!

But Lori feared confrontation and could not handle adversity. And I still did not leave her!



(Note the radial curve of the injury inflicted by a tight steel handcuff. This particular bruise was still visible some five months later - that is how the Ottawa Police applies handcuffs to people who have done nothing to anybody.)

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THE MANIC-POSSESSIVE-DEPRESSIVE SISTER

I did not leave Lori when our son was some 10 months old and when Lori's sister threw my mother out of the apartment that Lori, I and her sister shared. Lori's sister threw my visiting mother out of the apartment because she caught her trying to "work in her kitchen" - the little (and she was really little) old woman went to the kitchen to brew some tea for her and me - Lori was not in at the time. So, Lori's sister happened to come home and in the good old tradition of her manic-possessive-terrorist father, declared that my little mother was a persona non grata since she dared to "invade and occupy" the stupid kitchen and that she should leave. My mother was in tears, and I took her and drove her home to her crippled husband.

My father, the best friend I have ever had, was crippled with poliomyelitis at the age of seven, or so. Of some ten cases of polio in that year in Sarajevo, Bosnia, he was the only one that survived. He underwent five or six surgeries, some of them in Vienna, Austria, during the Great War. His legs were disfigured and so was his left arm. His right arm was massive and muscular and his right hand was the size of a regulation baseball catcher's glove. He did not have the iron grip. He had the grip of the finest quality stainless steel. His upper torso was large and muscular. Yet he was the gentle most person that I have ever met. He used his intellect and limitations bestowed upon his extremities as best he could. And, in the end, he was providing not only for his family, but also for families of his three children and beyond. The word fear did not exist in his vocabulary.

In physical terms, my mother was a very small person, extending, on a good day, all the way up to a respectable 4 feet and 8 inches above the sea level. She compensated her small figure with her big heart. She had five children, two of whom died. One at the delivery, and the other one about a week after the delivery. The deaths were attributed to lack of proper hygiene at the hospital - the Second World War was in full swing, including in Sarajevo, at the time. Sepsis was the norm of the times. The word fear did not exist in her vocabulary either. Instead, it was care that drove her to cope with life.

When Lori came home I told her what had just happened. I was absolutely certain that she was going to seriously dress down her abusive sister for her highly rude, hurtful inappropriate and uncivilized behaviour and for insulting her mother-in-law. I was also certain that she would demand an apology and also that she would issue an invitation to my mother to return and be royally hosted. I was certain of all of that because she was my wife, whom I loved and cherished, and respected in every aspect. I was certain that she would stand by my side and that she, herself, would also feel insulted. I was wrong. Lori handled it in her proven tradition - she was numb and quiet. There was no dress down, no apology, nothing. Lori, as a partner in life, was nowhere to be seen, so to speak. I was left alone, standing in the middle of the road, screaming blue murder, as it were. And Lori would proceed to never stand by my side for the rest of our 33 years of married life.

So I was forced to share the apartment with Lori's abusive sister who threw her weight around unapologetically. She would dare go as far as taking my son and playing with him as if nothing has ever happened. She knew I was not a violent person, so she felt safe throwing my mother out and then mocking me. And my life-long partner was nowhere to be seen. And the matters would get even worse for me when Lori's parents came to visit and enjoy their grandson. They were insulted, offended, angry and God knows what else because I dared to hold their daughter guilty of misbehaviour, including not speaking with her. But that was my only defence, since the person who ought to have defended me from her own family abdicated that role altogether.

I lived through abuse and my wife dug her head into the sand. And, lo and behold, the problem went away as Lori's parents, together with Lori and her sister's boyfriend twisted my arms and subjugated me into accepting the offence and indignity and they demanded that I not be rude to her sister and I better start speaking with her. It was the will of my wife that prevailed and I succumbed to the bullying of her manic sister.

I should have left then, but I did not. I was a glutton for punishment. And the punishment kept coming and eventually turned into a free-flow of intrigue, cruelty, abuse, betrayal and abandonment, all generously garnished with lies and deceit.

(The photograph on the following page depicts the immediate results of police brutality and abuse inflicted upon the author while on his own front porch. They drew blood.)



(c) 2006 by Zeljko Milicevic

MORE PUNISHMENT

Lori allowed just about everybody else to run our family, except for the two of us. In particular I was not allowed to set any rules, especially when it came down to helping our wild rebel of a daughter avoid self-destruction once she hit those “crazy years”.

One day, I came back home from a lengthy trip abroad and found our son with open wounds on both hands. He, reportedly, was running behind grandmother’s apartment block and fell. It was on a gravel surface, and there were shards of glass - the area was a walking route for many a drunkard at night, they would empty a bottle of booze and throw it on the ground. So, my son had both of his palms seriously cut, and the shards of glass were still inside. There was some white powder on the surface, but one could see blood, and, literally, tens of pieces of glass in each palm of his hands. He clearly was in pain. I took him to a doctor, who took some of the shards as others were fully imbedded - the wounds were four or five days old, for God’s sake!, and Lori did not take him to a doctor. Save for complicated surgery in order to open the whole palm and clean it and saw it back together, there was nothing else to be done. The wounds, by then, were fully in the process of growing back around the shards of glass. Some 28 years later, he still has glass in his hands as well as the ugly scars of a self-healing tissue.

So, why did she not take him to see a doctor? Well, her mother does not like to go to doctors - and who could blame her after a dozen of abortions, or so! - so she made a decision for Lori. And Lori said :”Yes, mama, no doctors”. I did not leave her then.

I did not leave her when she drank during her pregnancies. She drank, especially, with the two children whom she did not get rid of. Her mother said that a nursing mother needs to drink beer so as to increase the production of breast milk. “Yes, mama”.

Lori drank diligently, especially in the weeks leading up to the delivery, so as to have the necessary breast milk production capacity, as recommended by her mother, ready when the poor little fellows emerge and enter into our lives. Cheers!

In December of 1981, two months before our wild rebel of a daughter was born, Lori had a few joyful moments. I remember her getting stoned, literally, on Christmas Eve supper at my cousin’s, and, again, at the New Year’s Eve party. There was no stopping her! It was her life and it was her choice! And it was her body! I could not convince her that it would be good not to drink. She went all the way to the point where she could neither talk nor walk. And then, when she would reach a particular level of alcohol saturation, she would “lose it”. She would want to dance and it would be a sorry sight. She would want to talk and it would be an even sorrier sight.

I could not get through to her that she should not be drunk, and severely so, with a child in her womb.

Typically, when she would become sober the next day, she would not want to talk about it. If I tried to raise the subject and talk about it, the hell would break loose, so there was no way of reasoning with her. I had the option of leaving. I did not leave. The only other option would have been the use of force - and I am not a violent person. So, I lost every time, so to speak.

Further, when we would have sex it would have been because of my initiative. And she demanded that. She would, very rarely, come on to me. And in just about every case, if she came on to me, she was drunk. And I am not talking being tipsy - she was wasted. I would have no desire having sex with a drunk corps. Of course, we could not talk about it as she would become agitated and argumentative and we would end up yelling at one another.

The woman drove me crazy and then moved to have me officially proclaimed crazy!

Would this make you crazy, or what? And I still did not leave her.

The final two or three years of our marriage were hard on both of us. By now she was not drinking as much, not nearly as much, but she was working two jobs, just like I was. We were getting older, our nerves have been stretched with the daily survival game and the adult children were still at home. By that time I was completely out of the running of our marriage - she relinquished that duty and our daughter took over the bossing around in our home. A father and a partner in marriage and life was not allowed to say anything to the rebel daughter as she would, in her mother's words, "turn to prostitution". Again, one of Lori's fears paralyzes an entire family and effectively destroys parental obligation of helping a child grow into a productive, educated adult, fully capable of providing for her life for the rest of her life. So what was a father supposed to do when his wife so ably held his hands behind his back, rewarded every daughter's failure, and let her grow up every which way but the right way?

I was sick and tired of arguing with a stone head. I was going to leave, I had enough. She begged me :” Please don’t go, you are a good man!”. Again, fear was talking, not love. She was not going to miss a husband. She was afraid of being alone.

So I did not leave her. I stayed and we argued. Then, one day, it was her turn to decide that she should leave, saying :” I am not a chicken”. Fear talking, again. But she was a chicken so she did not leave. She knew, that in the end, she would boss me around all she wanted. She also knew that I was not a violent man, so she felt safe bossing me around.

But she would not boss our daughter around, no Sirree! Our daughter was, in effect, running our marriage. One day, after yet another argument about what to do with a daughter who has a brain that could hold two PhDs, but never will, Lori defended her own parental failure with these words :” She is a product of this society”. Wrong, mother! She is a product of your abdicating your parental responsibilities on the one hand, and not allowing me to carry out my parental responsibilities on the other hand!

You blew it, mother, wife and partner in life! And then you sent the police to assault me on our front porch with the goal of having me officially diagnosed as being crazy, a threat to myself and to others, and then, when that did not work, at least have me proclaimed an alcoholic! Just who is crazy here? It was on that evening of sheer terror, horror and shock, on July 21, 2005, the night of full moon, when I was handcuffed insulted and arbitrarily interrogated by a three-brain-celled police who denied me my rights, that I decided I had enough of Lori’s abuse and her stupid fears.

But, I digress. In the early 70s, jobs were scarce in Rijeka. Just about everywhere I went to apply for a job, the position of a Human Resources Manager was occupied by an ethnic Serb - I kid you not. Serbs must have occupied some 80 to 90 percent of the positions which involved exercising of control over other employees. So it is no wonder then that as a Croat, I could not land a job in Rijeka other than to chauffeur visiting federal government Serb potentates when they came to town.

Lori’s parents signaled that a large employer, in the town in Slovenia where they moved to live in a year before, was hiring and also offering their employees apartments to rent. That, in Rijeka, was unheard of. Only a few companies had the money to build apartment blocks. In Slovenia, on the other hand, the economy was booming. So we went and eventually were hired, and moved into an apartment two minutes’ walk away from her parents’ apartment. We could see their windows from ours! Great! More than great! Magnificent!

We were back to the old machinations, abuse and manipulation, dished out by her father. He felt completely in his element as he was now back to dominating three families again, as Lori’s sister and her boyfriend also moved to the town and got married.

I was, again, made to suffer this manic-possessive-depressive behaviour, wild mood swings and outright insults. He had a way of being very insulting and, indeed, hurtful, yet he would deliver it in such a smooth fashion that if you felt insulted it would be turned against you and you would end up looking, feeling and being portrayed as the guilty one. He would lay guilt trips on others faster than you could say “cookie”! And he continued to own my family and order us all around, especially the kids. He knew everything and knew it better than anybody else. And he was clearly in charge of everything and everybody. Nobody had the guts to stand up to that terrorist.

I did not want to create scenes in her parent's home. What an idiot!

And Lori kept being numb and quiet. She feared confrontation with her father because she feared him. And I still did not leave her. What an idiot! I was asking for trouble!

(The photograph on the following page depicts bruises to the left upper arm and shoulder.)



(c) 2006 by Zeljko Milicevic

I LIVED IN LORI'S DARK TUNNEL OF FEARS

Both Lori and I were born into Roman Catholic families. We were married in a Roman Catholic Church and vowed, before an ordained priest, that we would raise our children in the Holy Spirit. One of the fundamental tenets of the Roman Catholic Church is that all life is sacred and that we have no right to terminate it.

Before we got married, Lori and I talked about our visions of our future life together, including about having children. We agreed that we both wanted to have four children. Our extended families, especially on my side, were all between four and six children per household. I liked having a lot of cousins. Our son was two years old when Lori became pregnant with our second child. While it was not the plan at the time, it neither was a surprise, as we both wanted to have three more children. But Lori developed a fear, of course. A fear that she would not have a career if she was to continue with this pregnancy.

I begged her, on my knees, not to do it. I was not strong enough, her fear prevailed. So, off we went to the nearby hospital in Slovenjgradec, where my second child was removed from this world by a brutal yet simple process of physical destruction while in mother's womb. A murder was committed. My child was murdered. Murdered while inside my wife's body, own mother's body. Murdered while weak, vulnerable, defenceless, helpless and powerless.

And I did nothing, except cry. I did not leave her then and I should have.

Of the two of us, I am the outgoing one, the one who fears nothing and nobody and it was because of that fearlessness that, initially, I could not recognize her fears. And once I started realizing how fearful she was, I thought I could help her overcome her fears. How stupid! Lori had lived all of her life in a dark tunnel, and in spite of all of my positive attitude and survival skills and convincing arguments, I was unable to drag her out of that dark tunnel of fears. Quite to the contrary, that nasty force of fear was so powerful, that over the years, she managed to drag me into her world, the world of sinking down the slope of despair, panic attacks and over-reacting to situations in life. I became engulfed in her fears. And I changed my outlook on life from that of a long term, to the one of surviving from one day to another. And that includes panic, a lot of it.

Don't go there. If you see it, run. You can not help anybody out of that black morass unless they want to get help and get out of it. And Lori, of course, needed no help. She had her comfortable little black tunnel of denial and fear where she would dig her head into the sand until the problems, which she perceived in her scared mind existed, would somehow go away. And if they did not, well, then we go flat out with panic, jumping the gun, and all that good stuff. Wait a second now, seriously, somebody has to get blamed for your fears, right?!

Lori's was the world of fear, the world of the irrational. I, eventually, over the years, succumbed to her and her anxiety and panic although I was the one that always kept saying : "Tomorrow is another day". I was the optimist and I meant to convey to her that even in the worst case scenario there was a light of hope. And I thought I proved it to her every time I overcame adversity, a job loss, or other problems that would hit us from left, right and centre. We all have to face problems on a daily basis and most of us succeed. I did, however, Lori was not to be convinced. She feared. That was her modus operandii.

I bought her books written by people who have experienced traumatic losses and who fought back and overcame their fears and losses and came on top. I would tell her that there is a winner in every single one of us, and I tried to help her find a winner in herself.

I lost five jobs due to my employers declaring bankruptcy. We had difficulties every time, but every time I came back on top and eventually had a new, and often better job than before I had lost the previous one.

One of my employers went under on the day that we moved into our brand new home in Stittsville, a home that had a substantial chattel mortgage on it. She was devastated and all over the floor, as it were. I was not. It was Monday, June 12, 1992. On Thursday, the same week, I started a new, better paying job than the one I lost four days earlier. I kept that one for seven and a half years, just to help give her the feeling of stability.

But her negativism would always drag her back down into the realm of the irrational, darkness, fear, anxiety and panic.

I was fired four times, by fearful, insecure and incompetent managers. It was difficult, every time, but I came back on top. Not only that, I came back into the industry that I was fired from and made sure that the incompetent brute of the manager who fired me would get fired herself, and furthermore, would not be able to get back into the industry. And that manager was a real disgrace to anybody who occupies a managerial position. So, I provided a valuable social service, on the side.

When I was fired in 2003, really unjustly, Lori declared, with great omen, to our two worried children: "so, the father has lost his job and now we are going to lose our home !" What a drama! And what an egregious error! As a parent and a partner in life she ought to have shown more strength. A lot more strength. The only thing she showed was her weakness and her condemnation of her partner in life. And all of that in front of the children!

And I proved her wrong, as I have time and again before. In less than two weeks, I had not one, but two jobs. And I was back to working every day, seven days a week. I did not do it just to prove myself. I lived and worked for the three of them. And I was going to get on top of every single obstacle the life would throw my way. I was doing it for my family. I had no fear. And we did not lose our home!



(“Just doing my job, Sir!”, were the words uttered by the two police thugs as they proceeded to inflict pain and chronic injuries)

BUT THE FEAR RULES

(THE FIRST BRIT)

David was a simple English peasant, as he himself would put it, who dabbled in high-tech having left the then IPS company to form GWD Systems. He, like much of the English immigrants of the day, had all kinds of good connections within the government apparatus in Ottawa and he exploited them all to the maximum. He was a president of a company which ended up being in the possession of some ill defined "line termination" technology. GWD took that technology and added some bug-loaded software and came up with a AFTN - an Automated Fixed Telecommunications Network System. It would also be called a Message Switch System. And it would target the air traffic control markets. By the time I knocked on GWD's door looking for a job, the company had been in operation for several years. The only contract they had on their hands was with the Yugoslav Federal Air Traffic Control Authority, or FATCA as they referred to it. It was a contract for one system, in double configuration (one military, one civilian), with a Supervisor Position (military), with 128 channels. At the time of my door-knock, the system was way behind the scheduled delivery and the client was way behind the payment schedule - it was a state of complete chaos. Everybody was blaming everybody, everything was going wrong, the company was struggling to survive.

So when David saw my resume, he decided to see me at once. His first question was this: "Who do you know in Yugoslavia"? I answered: "Everybody. And if I don't know everybody, I will make sure I do"! I just immigrated in Canada from a good job that I held with a very important company in Yugoslavia. In that job I used to meet with the top echelon of the communist movers and shakers from across the country.

David asked: "Do you know anybody in the National Bank of Yugoslavia"?, which would be the equivalent to our Bank of Canada. My answer was: "Yes". And I did know the bastards! I was hired on the spot and three weeks later I was sent off to Yugoslavia to do the seemingly impossible - collect on the US\$2.5 Million debt, which was overdue by over a year at that time.

So there I was, a Yugoslav emigrant of Croatian extraction, sitting in the middle of Belgrade, the capital of both Serbia and Yugoslavia, strong-arming the Serbian communist elite apparatchiks into forking over some serious amounts of foreign currency to a company in Canada. At that time most of the foreign currency reserves were used to procure weapons of mass destruction to be used later against Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia and Kosovo. I stayed in Belgrade for a week, then toured the rest of Yugoslavia and Greece trying to drum up some more business prospects. Six weeks later I came back to Canada. An immigration officer at the Montreal airport held my Yugoslav passport in his hands. My Canadian immigration papers were attached. He greeted me: "Welcome home, sir". That felt good, really good.

I was hired by GWD in July of 1982. I was sent off to Yugoslavia and Greece in August. I returned from that trip in October. The payment of US\$2.5 Million arrived in December. I was fired just before Christmas, my job finished, I was no longer needed. The company's bank, a branch of Bank of Nova Scotia, located on Sparks Street in downtown Ottawa, decided to pull the plug. The monies were roughly equivalent to the bank's exposure - when the money came, it was gone. I was gone, the company was gone some three months later. Welcome home, sir, and have a Merry Christmas!

In October of 2003 I was given a cab ride home from work in Kanata. My car was broken, it was late in the evening and I called a taxi. The driver turned out to have been one of the engineers in the Purchasing Department of the Yugoslav Federal Air Traffic Control Authority at the time of its purchase of GWD equipment . He knew a rather different angle in that scam - the actual contract price was inflated and the invoices went through middlemen. According to him, the \$2.5 Million that I obtained as a payment was but a fraction of what was agreed upon between GWD and FATCA - the rest of the money never reached Canada. It went to private accounts and leading figures on both sides of the transaction kept laughing all the way to the bank. An offshore bank.

Merry Christmas!

THE FEAR IS VICTORIOUS

I had to face the facts. I was unemployed, it was Christmas, Lori was two months away from delivery and her mother came to visit. I had to dig us out of this mess. For starters, I said nothing, as I did not want to spoil her mother's visit. I set about finding another job. I did. It was not a pretty job - a security guard.

But I could get all kinds of overtime hours, and before you know it, I was clearing some \$600+ every two weeks. Keep in mind that the pay rate then was \$3.25 per hour. I was working 60-72 hours per week. But I did not mind it as it kept the family afloat. And it also bought me some time to look for a much better job.

Once her mother left, Lori, of course, went through the usual spectrum of negative emotions, fear, panic and criticism. She laughed, quite sarcastically, when I told her that I was going to have a job that pays \$40,000 per year before the end of 1983.

That summer, in 1983, she went back home to spend three months with her parents. Remember, we had no money, and all that stuff, but there was money for her to go. I borrowed it on my good name from a third person. She needed an escape from reality which she feared.

She took the money which I had borrowed and she took our three children. The son was nine years of age, our little daughter was one and a half, and our unborn, fourth-to-be child, was in Lori's womb. And that child was not going to make it back to Canada, and I knew it.

I begged her, again, not to do it. Her position was that we could not afford another child. My position was that if there was room and food for the four of us then there absolutely must and will be room and food for the five of us, easily. I wrote her a song pleading with her to "watch over all of my children".

She called me, in tears, one day in July, to tell me what I knew in my heart. I would never see my fourth child. That same evening, I was on a plane, with borrowed money, to be with her and comfort her. What an idiot!

I came back the following week and went back to menial work, and to looking for better work. She returned, with two children, just before the September school start.

In December I started a highly prominent job, which was paying \$40,000 per year and which carried full benefits, perquisites and business and social prestige with it. I won it in a seriously scrutinized hiring process, against a field of highly competitive candidates, some of whom were household names in the local business world. But I had no fear!

KEEP YOUR PECKER UP!

(THE SECOND BRIT)

That was Peter's favourite picker-upper, so to speak. I had no problems with keeping my pecker up, so I could not comprehend the message he was trying to convey.

He was, in the words of my former Executive Assistant, Ainslea, "a charming rascal".

But he was more than that. He was a crook, one of many that I will stumble across in my years of fighting for survival in the capital city of Canada, "the best country in the world to live in" (according to somebody at the United Nations, who was bribed in bestowing this title upon Canada, some six or seven years running - it brought Canada untold Billions of dollars in immigrant transfers from poor, far-away places).

It was on a flight from Seattle to Los Angeles, one rainy February night in 1986, when I decided I needed some new and healthier cerebral pursuits. Those mind-bending games of the Ottawa's little old boys network were wearing me down. And, after all, I did not deserve that kind of treatment - it was not character assassination - it was character murder one, character murder by way of vicious intrigue.

I decided that this was going to be my last business trip on behalf of the OED Corporation. Upon my return I was going to meet with Peter, and would discuss his courting me to join his company.

I met Peter several years earlier as I was job-hunting. However, I did not have the credentials then. This time around, I was a Director of Industrial Development for the OED Corporation. I had a track record. I had results, contacts and credibility. And I just helped him identify certain new serious business opportunities, free of charge.

And he thought that I was a well placed spy who would help him in his shenanigans.

My assistant was right. Peter was a charming rascal and if you would let him do it, he would sell you a London Bridge, transport and installation included. He was that disarming. He came, in his words, "in the second generation of British colonists, together with Terry and Michael", (of the telecommunications fame). An engineer, his greatest strength was in promoting - he was the consummate promoter.

He tried his hand in dubious foreign trade deals, banana plantations monopolies, all the way to building a container terminal in Gdansk, Poland, in a joint venture with the then communist rulers. According to him he lost over \$350,000 in that case alone. That would drive me crazy!

Peter befriended one Doug, a guy who was a smooth talker and a polished presenter and who had experience in large scale financing (remember, large scale financing always involves taxpayers' monies). He himself went bankrupt a few times but it did not seem to have had any negative effects on him. People in both business and government circles accepted him as a serious player. And then there was a certain Len, a shady character if I ever saw one. He wanted you to believe that he had direct contacts with the top of organized crime in Canada and the US - he insisted he was a US citizen. And he also wanted you to believe that he had direct contacts with the most senior politicians and government agencies in Ottawa and Washington.

It was just the right time for this trio to get together and take advantage of an SRTC or two. Scientific Research Tax Credit was the brainchild of one Hon. Jean Chretien, who at the time was a finance minister in the Trudeau government. The Trudeau government, unfortunately, was morally and financially bankrupt by the end of its mandate. And the invention of the SRTC was probably the largest financial fiasco of any government in Canada's history. It was crime against taxpayers.

The programme saw in excess of \$3 Billion of taxpayers monies go down the drain. If we take a tax dollar at 30% of an earned dollar, then an equivalent of some \$10 Billion of people's earnings were wasted. But there were a few of those who handsomely profited by way of "quick flipping", as they used to say, of Millions of dollars. Banks were party to that organized crime, as were the big accounting firms. It was necessary to put a straight face on that scheme, and banks and auditors were used to provide a "grandfather clause", so that the programme was continued to be milked even after it was cancelled by the incoming government of one Brian Mulroney, the self proclaimed "son of Serbia".

A Globe and Mail reporter of the day, a certain Peter Moon, started writing articles about this huge theft of taxpayers' funds. People started to disassociate themselves from anybody who had anything to do with SRTCs. And that is where Peter, Doug and Len pulled off a big one. They landed two rounds of financing through the programme, totaling some \$25 Million. But one needed to have an operating company in order to justify this investment. Peter had it, it was called Tempest Security Integrators. He imported secure computer and communications equipment from the US and sold it to Government of Canada. And overnight he was going to create the second biggest privately owned TEMPEST facility in the land! And it was going to be housed in a building which, curiously, was flipped four times in just over a month and from the original price of some \$1.5Million it ended costing Peter and the gang more than \$6Million. Interesting?

But there is more.

Since the flipping and inflating prices produced some sweet results, that method could be used on the equipment as well. And this is the scenario that many of us, who were involved with MIST Inc., and MIST International Inc., saw.

Buy the equipment from Dynamic Sciences International, of California, (a certain Phil was their President at the time), run the invoices with inflated prices through several other companies, including GTB International Holdings of Turks and Caicos, and, voila, you have a neat little profit stashed safely away in an offshore tax haven. And Government of Canada paid over-inflated price for equipment that it could have bought directly, without any middlemen. And there is the kicker - the middlemen.

Dave T., a very likeable guy, opined:” Where is the safest place to pull this kind of thing off? Well, under the nose of the national security community, because no one will look there. And if they look, they will not be allowed to see, as someone will invoke the national security clause, the security blanket covers it, and that is the end of any and all investigations!”.

Talk about foolproof mega profit! At taxpayers’ expense, of course!

Dave T. would continue to work in the general area of government security cum corruption and, some eighteen years later, will be involved with another “pal” from the then MIST gang, in yet another scandal revolving around crooked government procurement practices. Currently they are being sued by both the government and a world leading technology company.

But hey, he is rich and has friends in high places - or is it low places?

Anyway, he has friends in the highest echelons of the national security community. They have covered for him and he has lined their pockets with greasy money.

That is how we do business in the best country in the world to live in!

THE FASCISTS WORE BLACK

It was 1979. The Communist Yugoslavia of the old was going to fall apart. Many of us saw it coming.

Few of us saw it turning into an abyss of mass murder and genocide. I did. I decided to get out.

I shared my opinion with my family and people who I considered were my friends. They all thought that I was completely demented. All, that is, except for two couples.

We used to work in a huge company which was headquartered in a small town. A perfect setting for an intrigue, a Peyton Place if you will, in the heart of beautiful and bountiful central Alpine Europe.

Everybody knew what everybody else was, or was not doing, and, more importantly, everybody knew the strings to be pulled in order to get favours, or benefits of being in the circuit of the intrigue, conferred. We all were sensitive to, and guided by, our own little circuits of intrigue which circuits we then tried to exploit to the fullest every which way we could. In our North-American terms, we refer to it as “you scratch my back I’ll scratch yours”, and also, in terms of settling of old scores, we refer to it as “calling in old favours”.

What I see now is people scratching one another’s bloody back to no end, and phones ringing off the hook by someone trying to call in an old favour. And we all bleed. And the knives are flying in the backs of the unsuspecting.

Why? Why should we have to brown-nose and scratch a monkey’s back in order to survive?

Are we not supposed to be the species that have some more advanced abilities than apes?

Apparently not. Thanks to the frailty, or weakness, which we refer to as intrigue.

Intrigue is a dimension which we have created, both as a weapon of self-defence, and destruction. It is based upon our fearing one another. It functions in the realm of the irrational. And that is where the strings are pulled. And that is where we do one another in, for no good reason.

Instead of helping one another swim to the shore, we sink one another just as the lemmings sink themselves collectively.

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So, back in 1979, I decided to take my family out of the intrigue in Europe and bring it into the intrigue of North America. What an idiot!

In 1979 I saw clear signs of an upcoming and very well organized Serbian nationalist drive for dominance over all other peoples in the then Yugoslavia. I will not, much to the chagrin of Canada's national security environment, reveal the signs that became apparent to me. Suffice it to say that everybody around me, family, friends, acquaintances et al, thought that I was crazy when I told them that war was coming and that nationalist Serbs were going to kill others and that, eventually, people will be killing one another. It was, after all, 1979 and the killing came some twelve years later, in 1991.

I saw it clearly and said to my wife: "My son is not going to be drafted by any of the armies". Our son, five at the time, would have been just the right age to be drafted by any of four armies. I was a Bosnian Croat, he was born in Croatia, then still Yugoslavia, of a Slovene mother and a Croatian father, and he grew up in Slovenia. So take your pick, Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia, Yugoslavia - any and all of them would have wanted him to fight for them.

I said: "I am leaving and you can follow if you want". She had practically no choice, since staying behind as a single mother would have put her at a great disadvantage. I knew that my choice, however painful, was correct in the long term. I still vividly remember how she threw herself, face down, on our bed and cried uncontrollably. She did not want to leave her beloved Slovenia. Or the parents who never let her grow up.

In February of 1981 we formally applied to immigrate in Canada. By September our papers were ready. I landed at the Pearson International Airport in Toronto on October 7, 1981. She landed, seven months pregnant with our daughter, and a seven-and-a-half years old son in her tow, on November 7, 1981.

At the time of our leaving Slovenia, we both were well traveled middle managers working in export department of a large manufacturer of small and large home appliances.

We lived in a spacious and well equipped apartment and we owned two cars. We were debt free. My father's financial assistance did not hurt us, either. By all standards, we were in good shape as a family unit. And then the husband comes with this crazy idea of Serbs killing Slovenes, Croats, Muslims! Please! He's got to be crazy!

(The photograph on the following page depicts the bruises inflicted by the post-operative brace which had to be worn as all of the cartilage in the left knee had to be removed.

"It was a big tear - Dr. Volesky, Montreal, 20006)



WELCOME TO CANADA !

Of the \$10,000 that we came with, having sold everything we owned, we put a down payment of some \$5,000 towards buying a town home in Bells Corners, in the west end of Ottawa. Since that particular unit was a “power of sale”, our purchase was approved rather quickly. Only nobody really wanted, or cared, to advise us that by taking that property we would also be paying off somebody’s debt. The term “power of sale” just did not exist in either Slovene or Croatian. It was not until our own lawyer, one Wayne K., made me sign a document that I was not going to sue him, that I realized that there was something, shall we say fishy, with this whole deal. But by that time we were committed, the papers were signed. I went and sought a second lawyer’s opinion, and \$200.00 later was told that I had no case. We had to either pay for all the liens that were registered on that property, or walk away from the deposit. It felt as if the real estate agents and lawyers knew exactly how much money we had left in our account - for it all went towards finalizing of the deal.

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So here we were, in our new home. Broke, all our money skillfully taken away by the establishment of well connected moneyed crooks. Welcome to Canada, the best country in the world to live in!

When we made an offer to purchase, it was of no consequence that we had no jobs. We had money to show, which money they took. And they knew that if we fail in mortgage payments, they were just going to repossess, and make some more money off of another unsuspecting immigrant family. And that is all there is to it! Brutally simple, and it works every time.

Six months later that mortgage came up for renewal - that was another eye opener for us, another new, never-heard-of experience. Royal Trust was renewing their mortgages at that time at the shark-loan levels of 23.5% and they were "very concerned with our ability to carry the debt". They signaled, quite clearly, that they were considering "calling" the mortgage. That was another new term for us. It meant that if we were not able to find other sources of financing, they would foreclose on the mortgage. It meant, to put it in simple terms, that we were going to be robbed of everything we had earned before coming to Canada - and then we were going to be thrown out in the street. The best country in the world to live in!

And then it happened. For the first time, and so far still the first time in my life, I saw a government go out and help the deprived. The federal government decided to offer assistance to those who were facing eviction from their homes as they could not afford to renew mortgages at those shark-loan rates. With the hindsight, I think they were trying to avoid a bloodbath in the streets if they did not.

So, we were graciously allowed to renew our mortgage - our monthly payment for a \$35,000.00 mortgage was just shy of \$850.00 per month. At the time, when the minimum hourly wage was \$3.25. Welcome to Canada, oh naïve immigrant! Just give us your money and then don't worry, be happy! OK, being a reasonable human being, I know that there is a price for everything. So we came here to provide for a better future for our children - so there is a price to pay. But gouging is something neither of us expected. And not only gouging, but a systemic and well organized destruction of a family unit, is, what this is all about.

I opined recently to my neighbors, who witnessed me being dragged away in shackles, that there was actually no difference between the communist system of the Yugoslavia which I left 25years ago, and the system we have here in Canada in 2005. I said:" They are both fascist, only this one is a very sophisticated one". They felt insulted. But I said:" I have, compared to you, a stereo vision. I have terms of reference. I have lived in the previous one for 31 years and I have lived in this one for 25. And I tell you, that there is no substantial difference. They are both fascist". And the fascists wore black. It is a historical fact. Check it for yourselves, if you do not trust me.

Just take a look at the Ottawa Police outfit - all black.

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THE HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

So I worked day and night. I poured concrete basements during the day and guarded foreign embassies during the night. One had to work day and night, at \$3.25 per hour, to come up with a \$650.00 biweekly take-home pay-cheque in order to pay the loan sharks, err banks, as well as to put some food on the table. Mind you, not all was that bad in those days. The labour laws in the Province of Ontario provided that any time beyond 42 hours per week would be considered overtime and paid accordingly. But that was long before Mike Harris and his fascists.

So we struggled, just like most of Canadians did, and still do. And the well connected moneyed crooks got richer and richer as they always will.

My wife, fresh off giving birth to our daughter, had to go look for work as we struggled to survive. And survive we did. But that survival was becoming more and more painful. And it should not have been the case. After all, Canada is the best country in the world to live in, right?

Wrong. Read some more, this is just the beginning.

I do not blame Lori for having fears. She was brought up in a home where fear ruled. It was not her choice to have been born into it. She grew up in a society which was ruled by fear. The fears of the past, of the Second World War, the occupation, the Nazis, the dying and suffering, were supplanted by the fear of the Communists, the ethnic divisions, the atom bomb, the Middle East wars.

I remember, in 1967, when we would look up into the skies to see the airplanes flying over from the North-West to the South-East on their way to supply Israel and to bomb the Arabs and Muslims. And the Communist Yugoslavia granted them not only the fly-over, but also let them use the airports to refuel and re-supply as well.

That Yugoslavia played on both sides of The Fence. The proof of that was its design and construction of a major air force base in a Muslim country in North Africa. And its extensive business dealings with Iraq.

But I digress.

It was 1982, and we were in Canada. The Reagan government was on a verbal war footing with Russia. It was the peak of the Cold War ruse. And what a ruse it was!

It was politics. And politics is the biggest business in the world - that is why you always get advised to stay out of politics - so that those who run the business can laugh all the way to the bank, without scrutiny, on your tax dollar.

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Lori was so afraid of yet another world war when the Ottawa Citizen published an article putting the Ottawa area in a Zero Zone - a direct impact of a Russian atomic bomb, according to the all-knowing Ottawa based news scribes, that she made a pledge and made me pledge to her, in return, that if the bomb falls here we would first kill our children and then we would kill ourselves. I really did not take her seriously but I made a pledge just to make her feel better, or safer. Crazy, you say?

If you let the fear grow it will grow beyond your ability to control it. It will destroy your life. Lori's fears have destroyed my life, that is for sure

THE LITTLE OLD BOYS NETWORK

In the late 1983 I applied for the job of Director, Industrial Development, with the CIDC Corporation. It was, by all standards, a rather important and well paying job which carried a sleuth of responsibilities as well as perquisites. There were over 40 applications, some from well respected business people with good local and regional contacts. I was a complete outsider, what with being a new immigrant, a recent construction worker-cum-night-time-security-guard! Nobody I knew then believed in me and in my ability, and, indeed, worthiness to win that job. But I did! I had no fear!

My job was to create jobs. And I did. I traveled throughout Canada, the United States and Europe and I attracted industrial investment. I brought companies such as then Martin-Marietta, Lockheed, American Management Systems, Electronic Data Services, Science Applications International Corporation, LSI Logic and other technological powerhouses of the day. All of them opened their Canadian headquarters in Ottawa and some of them, such as Science Applications International Corporation, branched out across Canada. They now provide well paying jobs to hundreds, if not thousands, of people.

That is, Mr. Christopher Fahey, how I did MY job! I helped others, did not destroy them!

In my work I was results oriented. I did not pay attention to the so-called office politics or mind-bending games. Wrong! While you are doing your job, there are five others who are digging a hole underneath your chair.

The last person that I would suspect of trying to dig a hole under my chair was my boss, William. He held the titles of President and General Manager. He came from a solid career in the American Navy. He had all the contacts he needed in order to succeed. He had me working for him, producing excellent results, making him look very good. I was no threat to him, whatsoever. But wait, there are the little old boys doing the little old tricks - playing one against the other. Specifically, they were Norman, an otherwise funny and dear character if it was not for his mean Machiavellian angle; Brian, a local gossip-monger extreme who owns a company by the name of Corporate Gossip Group and whose wife has muscled her way into the juicy government translation contracts; (interestingly, the federal government abruptly cancelled a \$26,000 contract it awarded me just days after I used it to secure a \$10,000 bank loan) and, in the end, a certain Jim, whose claim to fame was that he went bankrupt in a big way yet managed to receive the regional award for a Business Person of the Year. Go figure! Only in Canada!

So the little old boys network decided to make this immigrant's life miserable and turned his boss against him. And it worked. William went to great lengths to make me leave. And, after three years of those mind-bending games, I did. I resigned as I could no longer fight those small souls who had small minds and were boasting three brain cells each.

THE MIDDLEMEN AND THE SERBIAN BLACK HAND

Miomir was a friend of mine. Actually, that is what I believed. In reality I was a friend of his. We met in Slovenia in 1976 and struck a relationship. We all worked for a large company in a small town, so everybody knew everybody else.

When I brought my family to Canada, Miomir and I stayed in contact and exchanged letters. One could tell that the situation in Yugoslavia was getting worse, just as this “crazy” old guy foresaw it, since he started complaining about increased ethnic friction, and asking if I could help him come to Canada as well.

So there I was, a Croat helping a Serb to escape, in his words, “either a hospital or a prison”. I found an officer with Immigration Canada who helped me understand how the system worked. I needed to find an owner of a company who would post a job opening tailor made to match Miomir’s qualifications. If after three months Employment and Immigration Canada could find no suitable applicants in Canada, the company would be advised accordingly and would be free to find a suitable candidate offshore. I found a willing business owner. He was not just going to do the paperwork, he became genuinely interested in Miomir’s background - what with his electrical engineering and manufacturing management experience. So this was not going to be a scam. He ended up hiring Miomir within two weeks of his arrival.

I was happy that I could help a friend. Jack was happy that he was able to hire a good professional help for reasonable money. Miomir was happy that he was off to a good start in Canada.

And then I introduced Miomir to Big Mike, a Canadian of Serbian descent. Mike was a well connected senior manager in a large Canadian telecom company. He had connections in business and all levels of police. He had connections in provincial and federal politics, especially in the Progressive Conservative Party. He personally knew senior politicians. One day, according to Mike, I “just missed Joe” (Clark, a former Prime Minister of Canada) who departed Mike’s home a minute before my arrival.

And then, Mike had contacts in the police and correctional system circles. On several occasions, at his home, I was introduced to prison wardens, or directors. And then there was Mike’s 50th birthday party. There were police from all walks of life : Ottawa Police, Nepean Police, Gloucester Police, Ontario Provincial Police, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Canadian Intelligence Security Service. The party itself was held at the Ottawa Police Association on Catherine Street. It is interesting to note that the Ottawa Police Association, at least in those days, served the cheapest booze, cheaper even than the Royal Canadian Legion, and that, in itself, is pretty cheap.

What surprised me was that here they were, senior members of the security and law enforcement establishments of all levels of our society, all of them carrying all kinds of security clearances, trusted and sworn to protect law and order, and they were all willing to engage in gossip - the one about a particular former chief of a particular former municipality and about his preference to have the members of that particular police unit bring prostitutes to his office so that he would then proceed to have sex with them, (rape, shall we say?) and keep his office door open for all to see, was particularly disgusting. Two members of the RCMP and CSIS laughed at that story which was told by a local police officer, and I will take a polygraph on this any place, any time. Crazy, you say?

So here I was, a Croat who escaped Serbian-run police state of Yugoslavia. I was in Canada's capital, surrounded by police who came to pay their respect to a Serb who has infiltrated the system to the core. Scary!

Needless to say, Miomir needed me no more. He found his mentor in Mike and then he turned on me. He told Mike how concerned I was that I was working for a crooked company (MIST). Mike went straight to the "system" (the national security community), and a label was put on me, for no good reason other than the fear of the truth getting out into the public domain.

I became ostracized and blackballed, followed by Special Investigations Unit of the Department of National Defence (until I turned the tables on them). One day Miomir advised me to keep my nose clean "or some very important people would lose their jobs".

I remember saying to him : "If they could lose their jobs then perhaps they should". And the middlemen of MIST fame were highly placed members of our national security community. They occupied the highest offices.

There was a lot more than met the eye.

I called my elected representative, William Tupper, and asked for his intervention. He claimed he could not help me. I went to Peter Moon, the reporter who broke the SRTC scandal. All of a sudden, "he had no story". I went to Dave Brown of The Ottawa Citizen. He first wanted to know everything. I gave him a briefing and he said he would call me. A week later he called to say "he had no story".

On July 7, 1987 I was followed by two idiots driving a grey Chevrolet Celebrity with Ontario licence plates ZBD 254. I checked the plates with the Ontario Ministry of Transportation. The vehicle was on a double lease. When I told all of this to my lawyer, Bob Brown, he said: "Zeljko, I am scared of this cloak-and-dagger operation, this is how the SIU (National Defence) operates. Find yourself another lawyer!"

I went to Blair Seaborn, then the most senior person in the national security community, who reported directly to the Prime Minister, then Brian Mulroney, and advised him that either Peter of MIST fame is a victim of a huge and malicious intrigue, or he is a crook who helped himself and others to millions of taxpayer's dollars, and who still operates under the nose of the national security environment and who may, if indeed he is a crook, pose a threat to Canada's national security and that of its NATO member nations. I remember how livid Blair Seaborn was - what with MIST housing the most secret NATO-level technical documents (NACSIM)! He was also livid when I asked him to get those two idiots off my back - he did not want to admit that the "boys" of the middlemen of the national security community were doing their hardest to nail me one way or another as I knew too much and was rocking the boat!

I also called a certain John Platt, then Vice-President of the Bank of Canada. You see, MIST's building was located just next to a secure facility of the Bank of Canada on Walkley Road in Ottawa. And MIST's powerful antennae of the Dynamic Sciences International 9000 frequency analyzer, then state-of-the-art ELINT (electronic intelligence) and SIGINT (signals intelligence) equipment, were trained squarely at the Bank of Canada Building.

I remember how livid John Platt was when I advised him about this potential threat to national security interests. I instructed him to contact one Al Pickering, who then was in charge of the Communications Security Establishment, and ask for further guidance.

I was told, by the person who I brought to Canada less than a year earlier, an ethnic Serb, that I "would never have another job in Ottawa". It is truly amazing!

I was told by a now retired Staff Sergeant, Commercial Crime Division, Royal Canadian Mounted Police (name withheld) that I, Zeljko Milicevic, "did more for Canada than would 99% of Canadian born citizens do". I acted in the best interest of Canada.

And then, there it was. In the public domain, an article published in The Ottawa Citizen in the spring of 1987, described how External Affairs had to fix a broken DSI 9000 electronic signals gathering and analysis equipment at the Canadian embassy in Moscow. It was decided that the easiest way was to transfer an identical system from the embassy in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, to Moscow and then replace the one in Belgrade with a brand new system. Remember, MIST made sweet profits on those systems. And MIST supplied it. And I did not know about it when I worked in MIST - I found it through a newspaper!

The point, however, is that Canada had the most modern electronic signals gathering and analysis equipment, fully operational, in the middle of Belgrade, at the time that a certain Slobodan Milosevic rose to power. Are your three brain cells working yet, oh dear reader?

Canadian governments for years had the ability to know, in advance, about each and every move by the Yugo-Serbian military and other assorted murderers, yet Canada did nothing to “*prevent and punish the crime of genocide*” against, specifically, Bosnia’s Muslims.

And, specifically, the genocide of Muslims in Srebrenica!

It is important to reference that Canada is a member nation and a signatory to the 1948 Geneva Genocide Convention and is legally bound by it as it had both signed and ratified that important document in the area of international law.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Where is Peter? He offered me a job in his brand new start-up company. I was a recent immigrant from a socio-communist nation, a brand-new Canadian citizen without a security clearance. His little business empire operated at the highest levels of our “national security community“. That is how “the boys” prefer to refer to themselves. The crooks in their ranks are actually the greatest threat to our national security!

And I was the only employee that had no security clearance whatsoever.

And I held two titles. One was Manager of Business Development, which saw me researching the business opportunities for TEMPEST engineering within the NATO member countries.

The other one was Research and Engineering Programme Manager, which eventually saw me managing the actual engineering projects with the Lead Engineer, one Tony, reporting to me in an awkward fashion so as not to divulge sensitive details - those were highly classified projects and I had no clearance. Crazy?

Between the two MISTs, one held all of the assets and the other held all of the liabilities. A nice little accounting and tax relief set-up, don't you think?

According to Len, Peter (or one of the MISTs) bought the building on Walkley Road in Ottawa for some \$6 Million. According to the same source, that building was up for sale, just month or so earlier, at the price of \$1.5 Million.

So why would Peter leave his pet projects, hire a certain George, of Washington, D.C. to run the conglomerate, and take a tour of the world with the Royal Military College of Kingston, Ontario? It is important to note that Peter and I jointly interviewed and hired George. What gives?

Where is Bob, a retired Colonel, who at the time was Vice-President of Engineering and also one of the directors and a co-founder of the company? And why did Peter instruct me, and gave me the power, to fire Bob? Who is crazy here?

Where is Peter H., MIST's bean-counter, who while inside of the company knew nothing about the shenanigans, yet knew everything a day after he left the company? He showed me a letter by Revenue Canada, which was sent to him, Peter, Bob and another two individuals whose names I do not recall now, in which letter Revenue Canada demanded repayment or return of some \$14.5 Million from those five (presumably directors), “jointly and severally”.

Where is the owner of TFA, who provided safe storage, at the airport in Carp, for the MIST's equipment, which Peter moved out of the Walkley building in order to avoid seizure by Revenue Canada?

Where is Peter Moon, a then newspaper reporter who published several articles about the SRTC crime and then disappeared, as he "had no story"?

Where is Bob B., a big guy with a big moustache, then Sergeant of the Ottawa Police Commercial Fraud Squad, who bragged how he was going to get P behind the bars and when a group of MIST's former employees advised him that this was a case which involved senior, federal level cover-up, said that he could "handle anything". Len reported, later on, that Bob ended up being severely beaten, so much so that he spent some three months recovering in a psychiatric ward in a local hospital. I don't know if that was true.

Where is Len, who appeared to have the ability to arrange things which crossed the line of normal business practices as well as legal business dealings, and who was interested in buying and selling "the toys that fly"?

Those toys were, ostensibly, for a friendly government, as in south of the border.

He asked me if I could find a source of supply of those toys. I traveled, on my money, overseas, using Miomir's communist contacts, and met with a second in charge of a large supplier of all kinds of "toys", including those that fly. In the meantime Len he put an equivalent of my month's rent into my bank account to help me out as I was jobless. When I came back and gave him the contact name and particulars, he disappeared. He did not even hang around for the catalogue, which the supplier mailed me and which catalogue never made to my home, as it was, presumably, picked up by Canada Post on a national security environment's behest.

Where is David T. who said that P "did it"? (made off with big money).

Where is George S., then of Montreal, whom Peter and I hired (again, I am the confidante of a crook), to manage the engineers and who left the company in disgust after losing, in his words, some \$60,000 in unpaid wages? And who also said that "Peter did it".

Where is Damir, the Production Manager, who was one of the first to go to the authorities with his concerns about apparent improprieties?

Where is Tony, who was then a Lead Engineer and who for a brief period of time reported to me and one day said to me : "Zeljko, I have no idea what we (the engineers) are doing here. We know nothing about TEMPEST"?

Where is Dave Brown of The Ottawa Citizen? The one who “had no story” about the shenanigans in the highest circles of our defence and national security community, remember?

Oh, he is still here, specializing in articles glorifying our military, nonetheless - curious? Where is Ron Bradley of the Canadian Security Intelligence Service? Well, he can’t talk, can he?!

Where is Al Pickering, former head of the Communications Security Establishment? He can’t talk either, right?

After all, it is about our national security, damn it! Little people mean nothing and count for nothing. We, “the national security community”, know what is best for the little people!

Shut up and eat excrement! That is what is best for the little people to do, in the best country in the world to live in!

And, in the end, where is Revenue Canada, which was completely powerless and unable to recover Millions, and indeed, Billions of taxpayers’ monies then, yet had all the muscle and teeth to turn this whistleblower into a slave some fifteen years and \$30,000 later, plus \$10,000 penalty or fine?

Oh, that goes under the “shut up and eat excrement”. I am truly sorry. I sincerely apologize.

Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!

THE WILD REBEL DAUGHTER AND HER STONE HEADED MOTHER

When Lori first gave birth to our daughter she stayed at home for some five months. Then, in late summer of 1982, she got a job (with my initiative and help in applying and also in the actual job interview) at a large retail store in Bells Corners, some ten minutes' walk from our home. She would only work for a few hours in the evening, part-time.

She spent all of her time at home with our daughter. In 1984 we moved to Kanata where there were children approximately the same age as our daughter. But she could not play with them, as she, a Canadian born, did not speak a word of English, never mind French. At the age of almost four, she only spoke Slovenian. Who is crazy here?

I suggested to Lori that it would now seem to be an opportune time to start teaching our daughter English, as she would soon go to a kindergarten. So, in the first instance, I started speaking only English with her. Lori found a nearby community centre where there was a pool and young mothers would bring their little kids there. And that is how our daughter started learning one of the two main languages of her native land.

When we moved to Bayshore, in October 1987, we enrolled our daughter in the Bayshore Catholic School, which was conveniently located just across the street from our rented town-home. What we did not realize then was that the area was home to a large immigrant population and, consequently, many children did not speak English. So what quietly happened is that the school lowered the standards instead of having to challenge the children and their parents to bring the children's level of English to where it would enable them to acquire knowledge. There were problems at school, and I always went to talk to teachers and, subsequently, to work with our daughter and help her with the workload. Lori would join me, but not always. I was the troubleshooter in the family.

But it would not be until September, 1992, when we moved to Stittsville, that the severity of under-education would be revealed, to our horror. Because of the lowered standards at the Bayshore Catholic School, our daughter was, according to the staff at the Holy Spirit Catholic School in Stittsville, almost two full years behind in her knowledge of the applicable subjects. They were not inclined to take her. We spent a lot of time trying to find a solution. It involved working with her at home a lot to help her catch up and also it involved getting extra help at school itself in terms of added class work and mentoring. I suggested that at that age, a child's brain is like a sponge. I remembered how I excelled when I was loaded with work at that age, AND also excelled in all sports, foreign language course, music course and what have you. I suggested she take the heaviest load and also that she go into French Immersion. Her brother did it, so could she. And Canada, in my humble opinion, is a bilingual country.

I did not have the time to take courses in French, but I learnt some just working with my son on his homework. I knew enough to correct her written French. Once you managed to get her attention and keep her attention, there was no stopping her when it came to acquiring new knowledge. I still think that she has above average quotient of intelligence. But getting her to put it to good use was something else.

And mother's spoiling of our daughter did not help.

My approach was to work with her, help her, and demand of her to apply herself. And only when the child would meet the set standards would the child be rewarded. Lori was of a different opinion. Her way was the way of rewarding every failure, instead. And she prevailed.

I spent time and effort with our daughter and she was beginning to show signs of good improvement. Even she became enthusiastic herself when she reached beyond what was taught and saw that she could do it. I thought, for a short period of time, that I had made it. I thought that I had helped her open up her eyes and grasp the responsibility she had with respect to her education. I thought she saw the right way. But the pressures were merciless. Her peers had all kinds of things and she did not. So her mother would buy her things so that she would not feel inferior in front of her peers.

I kept maintaining that education ought to be the focus and that she could vault in front of her peers by way of excelling academically. I could not win that one. I had a spoiled daughter and her stone headed mother squarely against me.

Her marks, still were creeping up towards the acceptable percentage of, say, 70. But she had a brain to justify 100% easily, so why not do it? Well, then one can not be lazy and irresponsible, can one?

Horses were her favourite animals. So, one day, barely a year after we went through the challenge of keeping the home in spite of my losing my job (1992), the two accosted this used and abused father and husband as I was trying to get some nice little quiet rest in our backyard - I loved that home and that backyard as every time I would step out into it, it felt as if I had just started a beautiful vacation. Our town-home blocks had oversized lots in the back. We had a beautiful little herb garden and an area in the back of the property, which I called The Green Room. It measured approximately 20 x 30 feet, and was surrounded with deciduous trees. In the summer, when all the leafs came out, you would have absolute privacy there, with both sun and shade, so you could enjoy it thoroughly.

So I am enjoying a quiet little moment in my backyard when the two came to me with a splendid idea.

So, the daughter goes :” Dad, you always wanted me to have high marks at school, right? Well, now I know how to do it.” Her mother, sitting next to her, on the other side of the table (isn’t that significant, two on one, always - and in the end it was three on one, when our son came back from Europe), is simply melting away from all kinds of good emotions. What a scene fit for a soap opera!

“So, this is the plan! There is this pure-bred Arab mare at the farm (she connived her mother into paying for her to go to a farm and ride horses, and horse around instead of working to catch up with her peers in the academic achievement department). And we are going to buy it since the owner wants to sell her. Isn’t that great? And I will get my marks, I promise!”

The mother was just about all over the floor with all those tender and positive emotions. Who would not buy a horse to a sweet little girl who tries everything under the sun just to focus away from education?

This used and abused father has, by now, established himself as being the bad guy in the family, the one that demands too much - he is no fun, you can not manipulate him the way you should be able to! That’s no fair!!! (This is the intellectual level of my daughter’s conversational English).

So, this bad old father finds the guts to advance his position with respect to the subject matter. I am open, speak clearly and I waste no time on niceties. I let them have it, so to speak, and I always go straight to the bottom line. My son does not appreciate that, he thinks that I am cruel when I call a spade a spade without hesitation.

It was my opinion, and I delivered it in a calm and rational manner - I did not see it that she was going to improve her marks once we buy the horse. I saw quite the opposite. I saw her spending even more time at the farm and away from her work desk, pure and simple. And I also said that once the horse is bought, she would naturally lose the incentive of working harder in order to get the horse. I think that was quite rational thinking, don’t you?

Well, did not the two women collectively chew me out, in a hurry, together with the irrational, emotional display, including the tears and all that good stuff. I could not believe my eyes and ears. A mother, working hard in concert with her daughter and trying to justify the daughter’s God given right of dropping her academic achievement! Unbelievable! Instead of standing by my side and demanding from a spoiled clever little brat that she first elevate her academic standards and then, and only then, we would talk about a reward?

So we bought a horse. Our daughter’s marks went into low 60s. Who is crazy here? Certainly not the mother who, time and again, rewarded her child’s failure!

But things would get worse. Our daughter kept spending more and more time at the farm, including staying overnight. Her demeanor worsened and so did her language. She went about emulating the worst one can see in a bad TV show, in terms of irresponsible behaviour, coarse language and general comportment. And then I started seeing the blank stare in her eyes which have never been as glossy before. I hoped I was wrong. So one day, I went through her purse. Of course, I was berated by my wife for invading our daughter's privacy! Pardon me, under my roof, on my food, and underage! I still had obligations to that child however hard she was going to become. I found it. She was smoking herself high. And not on nicotine! There was another girl at the farm who had all kinds of problems at home and at school, so it was natural that our daughter would go for the lowest common denominator, instead of reaching for the stars! She lowered herself to the level of that girl and that girl, together with another loser at the farm, became our daughter's guiding light.

Lori, of course, went back to her usual denial and I was left standing in the middle of the street screaming blue murder, as it were. I lost my daughter to two drug addicts. And it went down the hill from there.

She barely made it through the high school. I made many visits and spoke with her teachers and, together, we dragged her to graduating. That, in itself, was a miracle.

Then, this used and abused father, the bad father, suggested that our daughter should go to Algonquin to study to become a nurse as it was identified, in her high school professional orientation testing, as an area where she would really do well. And I still think that.

Admittedly, she was a little ashamed in that almost all of her peers were going to either college or university, while she was not going to go further. So after several argumentative sessions, she agreed to go to college. But her marks were low, of course, remember, dear mother?

So this father does what this father was good at - troubleshoot for his family. I wrote a letter to a person at the college who had the authority to extend special considerations provided there was a justifiable and reasonable case for it. I made the case. The college called, one day, we were all at home. Our daughter picked up the phone and shortly thereafter came running down the stairs, screaming :” I did it, I did it! They gave me another chance!”. They did give her another chance. By now you should know how it ended. It ended barely three months and some \$3,000 later. She would focus on everything and anything except on her studies. She always had to have some drama around her. So this time it was one of her new friends at the college - her parents got divorced, her father was smoking pot and there were all kinds of strange stories available daily.

So, with so many strange stories involving dramatic situations among the people you know, how can you possibly be expected to focus on studying? That would be irrational! One must waste the time of one's life (and the hard earned money of one's parents) on gulping down all that gossip, intrigue and stupidity of others. There is no time to study! The four parking tickets at the college did not help either. But by then, she was, in her mind, never going to make it through the college. With the brains that could hold two PhDs, she dropped out of college not even into the third month of the first semester. What a letdown!

I knew it when I saw her reaction at the books that were bought - that was way too much material for somebody who is comfortable at being lazy and not applying herself - heck, why should she apply herself when her mother rewards every failure of hers?

She decided to "take the time off". In the beginning it meant doing absolutely nothing except for going out to meet with shady characters. I noticed that glassy stare in her eyes again, but the mother would not let me rifle through her purse again - she was an adult now.

She got a job through a school friend - she never got a job on the strength of her own initiative and her skills, it was always with somebody else's help. However, she had a job. But, not for long. She went from one job to another. In the following two, or so, years, she changed five jobs, I think. There was a pattern to her departing a job. She would always start having problems with supervisors and colleagues rather early on into a job. Then she would miss a shift or two. Then she would disappear. Then I would get a phone call from her supervisor (four different jobs) in which telephone call the supervisor would berate me for her poor performance, negative attitude and unreliability. In two out of four different telephone calls from four different places of work, I was driven to tears when they described her underperformance. And, in every case they stopped short of accusing her - but in each case there seemed to have been cash missing from the till. But they had no proof.

I knew better. Lori and I, on several occasions, caught her stealing money from Lori's purse. Lori, of course, did not say anything. Quite to the contrary, one day she gave our daughter her bank card so that she could make a withdrawal and buy herself something or other. I suggested to Lori that, given the fact that our daughter saw nothing wrong in stealing from her mother's wallet, it would not be advisable to give her the mother's bank card and PIN number.

Of course, I was labeled a bad guy again. How can you not trust your child?! On that particular day, the child did well. However, shortly thereafter, Lori's bank card disappeared from her wallet. Do you see a predictable pattern here? This mother did not! Naturally, there was no disciplining the child. She was an adult by now.

I argued with Lori as I tried to get her to stand by my side when I confront her about the lost jobs and about the marijuana and other garbage that she was regularly into. Lori would not budge. Our daughter had the right to do whatever. I pleaded with Lori to help me get all three of us into a counseling program as our daughter clearly was going to self destruct educationally, socially, economically and every which way. Lori's answer was :'' We don't have the money for the counseling''. That from a mother who found some \$15,000 over ten years or so, for that stupid horse, which horse itself tore us apart. We never had money to fix things around the house or do anything but the most basic maintenance on cars, but we had fifteen grand to throw out! We had some four grand to throw on her short stint at the college!.

But there was no money to help save our daughter from herself?!

Yet there was money for Lori to spend two weeks every year with her parents in Slovenia. Would you not be confused by now? Would you not go crazy?

And when things roll down the hill they really go all the way down. One day our daughter just had to go out, absolutely, no questions asked! It was the evening of one of worse snow storms that we had that season. I argued that it would not be good to drive in that inclement weather. But I could not stop her. After a rather brutal argument, she left. Two hours later her mother received a phone call from a police outside of Carp. A deer jumped the car and we should go and pick her up. Great! The police had to kill the deer. The car was damaged. Our daughter and all of the five males whom she drove in my car were safe. But, hey, our daughter was angry. Angry that I was angry! So, time and again, I was the bad guy. I was angry at her, poor little child, who could do no wrong. BAD, BAD DADDY!

I used to call her ''my favourite daughter''. We would always have a chuckle about that and she would always say :'' but Dad, I am your only daughter''. I would say :'' I know, but you still are my favourite daughter''. And she was! And still is!

With this hindsight, I tell you, I am lucky that she is my only daughter, as two like her would have killed me from massive heart attacks a long time ago!

But it went further down. She would go out whenever she wanted and she would come back whenever she wanted. Her mother turned herself into her maid. She demanded nothing from the spoiled brat, however, she provided a virtual first class hotel environment, free of charge. There was food and shelter, of course, coupled with the mother's unlimited maid services, room cleaning, clothes washing, as well as cash advances whenever requested. It was totally insane.

She would sleep-over here and there, and then one day she virtually disappeared. I became worried the following morning. Lori, of course, was in denial - everything is fine. By that time that child had put me on an express train to hell and back several times over, metaphorically speaking. I knew better. Some time ago I bought the last call ID service as I was going to know where my daughter roams. Given several years of her irresponsible behaviour I thought it was only prudent. So I had all of the phone numbers of just about everybody that called her. And that list was into hundreds! We only knew maybe fifteen of them, from high school. The rest, I still suspect, are those that prefer to walk our streets with fixed glassy stares in their eyes. And most of them probably lose their jobs under suspicious circumstances.

Three days and three nights later, Lori finally broke. We were in the basement, watching TV. She started crying and then she said :” Go and find her and bring her back to me”. Please take note that she did not say to bring her “back to us”, or “back home”. No, it was clearly “bring her back to me”, ME being the mother. As if the father did not exist.

So this bad daddy, this used and abused husband and father, this troubleshooter, goes out and finds her in a drug den. For the first time I asserted myself in physical terms. Still, I managed to avoid a fight - it was just that I was so much bigger that the drug addict who opened the door, promptly realized that he had no choice but to let me in. I believe he then ran downstairs so as not to piss his pants from the stern stare of this, by now, certainly concerned but also agitated father. As I was waiting for her to climb up from the basement I observed some twenty-five pairs of shoes, different sizes. It was obvious that this was a well-frequented drug den.

She came up, angry that I found her, with her signature fixed glassy stare in her eyes. While I did not have to carry her, I had to show her that I was determined to drag her, if needed, out of here. I held her firmly and we went home, to her crying mother. Of course, nobody said “thank you” to this bad guy. Why should they?

I was devastated. I have never been to a drug den. That smell is still in my nostrils. That decorum of sheer misery and lost life opportunities was overwhelming and I will never forget it. I have never asserted myself physically before. I have never been involved in a fight. But this time I came close to using my physical force in order to extricate my daughter from the claws of a loser who my daughter’s high school friends referred to as “Kanata King of Pot”.

Yes, several of her high school friends called me, in confidence, and we secretly met. They were very concerned about my daughter and they provided me with a whole plethora of other screw-ups. And they helped me get a profile on the guy who was running the drug den. I knew what I was getting myself into.

A week later my car was vandalized in front of our home. A large frozen pumpkin was driven through both windshields, front and back. It must have taken a very high speed of a drive-by to have such destructive impact. Of course, the police would not come out and investigate, they have better things to do - such as roughing up unsuspecting fathers on their front porches, right?

But there is more. Of course, once the daughter was back in the safety of her mother's bed and breakfast, there was no way of discussing the incident, or going to seek help from a family counselor. There was no money for that.

So one night, or rather early morning, a telephone rings. The mother runs to pick it up, as she is always the caring and worrying one - I am just the demanding cranky old guy.

It is police asking us to come and pick up our daughter and my car. We took Lori's car and met the police behind a church in Kanata. It seems to have been a popular spot for exchange of, shall we say, controlled substances. The parking lot is conveniently located behind the church, so at night they can really let their hair down.

The lead police officer invited Lori and I to the side and explained that they have found "enough substance on all of them, including in the car, to take all of them and the car". She had five males with her, again. And they all had fixed, glassy stares. Our daughter was stoned. I said : "I've had enough of her shenanigans. If you have enough substance on her to take her, then do it. Take her!". The loving, caring mother starts sobbing, of course. She pleaded : "Please don't take her". I insisted : "Take her, or she will never learn a lesson". Then the officer interjected and said : "Sir, all of the five boys have record. Your daughter has no record. If I take her she will end up having a record for the rest of her life. It may also have a negative impact in case she wants to travel to the US". Mother, again, : "Please don't take her". The officer : "Sir, I will put her back into your able hands". If only he knew that my able hands were disabled, long time ago, by my wife, and her handcuffs of fear and my guilt!

We took our daughter and the two cars and went back home. Lori won again, much to the detriment of our daughter. Of course, there was no talking about that incident, or trying to discipline the child - she was an adult, for crying out loud. So that being the case, let me ask you this pertinent question. What was that stubborn adult still doing in my home? Heck, she knew everything better than I did, she did not like my trying to save her from herself. Why was she still at home, being spoiled by her mother? Because her mother did not allow her father to throw her out, that is why. This father had it up to his eyebrows with the spoiled brat's shenanigans, disrespect, stupidities and outright irresponsibility. But the mother, time and again, abdicated her parental responsibilities and prevented me from exercising my parental responsibilities.

Throughout our 35 years of living together, Lori held my hands behind my back with a pair of invisible handcuffs. It was a pair of handcuffs made from her sheer will. She used her stubborn, stone headed will to prevent me from being a parent to our son and daughter. It is no wonder then, that she organized for me to wear a pair of real handcuffs while upside down in the back of a police cruiser. Thanks Lori, thanks a lot!

“Don’t speak against MY children! MY children are the best children in the world!”

That was the way Lori would often berate me - whenever I had a problem with HER spoiled, wild, rebel brat of OUR daughter - that is, whenever that wild rebel of a daughter would embark upon yet another journey into social, academic and other self-destruction. Lori would do nothing and she would say nothing. So I ended up being the bad guy! Bad guy for worrying, caring, protecting and trying to show her the path onto the highway of life, instead of the ditch!

And for that they threw MY life into the ditch, and in a most brutal and cruel way!

As if I had nothing to do with the upbringing of OUR children! No, they were HER children.

It is no wonder then, that HER daughter disowned me, very openly, in front of her accomplice of a mother.

“You are not my father!”.

“This is not my home!”.

“I have decided not to use my last name (Milicevic)!”.

“This is not my religion!”.

I have been subjected to those statements on many occasions. Whenever she wanted to hurt me, she did! And HER mother said nothing and did nothing!

Thanks Lori, thanks a lot!

A piece of advice to all of you who have wild rebel daughters, especially those whose wild rebel daughters are just about to marry into a police/military family - run for your dear life! Leave everything behind, it is not worth feeling sorry over your lost years and emotions - just run, they don’t deserve to have you as a father and husband! To hell with them, run and take care of yourself!

The parting words of that physician at the Civic hospital, at the end of that horrifying, torturous and terrorizing evening were:” Sir, forget about them! Go and take care of yourself!. You have never lived for yourself! Do it Now!”.

Thanks Lori, thanks a lot!

THE COVER UP - AM I CRAZY?

A well organized and systemic cover up is the modus operandi of the government circles, especially in Ottawa. I met, in mid 1990s, one Robert, who at the time was trying to push his contacts in East Germany and drum up some business. He retired from External Affairs.

I remember meeting him in Boston when I was Director of Industrial Development for OED Corporation. This time around he was going to help me and my partner obtain seed money, or venture capital, for our technological start-up.

After all, I saw how easy it was for Peter to obtain over \$25 Million, and probably more, so I thought we could do it too. Better still, we had a genuine invention with solid patent application and a well researched, detailed and defined business plan with a clear focus.

Wrong, again. We did not have the middlemen, the boys, the little old boys network which can lift a phone and “make one’s life miserable forever” (author Robert Bolduc).

So, Robert offered to put forward his “nom de marque”, one Ramsay, a retired General who held a very high position in the Canadian military. Well, did Ramsay not invoke in our meeting the name of Al Pickering of the Communications Security Establishment and asked me if I knew him!? Ten years later?

I knew, there and then, that this was going to hurt. You see, I just gave a bank draft in the amount of \$5,000.00 to Robert to pre-pay for his services in obtaining a venture capital partner.

I knew, right there and then, that I would not see any money. And so it was. My five grand, which I received from my bank as a personal loan, was gone. And after going through perfunctory motions of redoing our business plan, Robert advised me one month later that the meter had run out. Either fork over some more money, or his job is done. I told him that I thought he was just another crook at which he replied :”we can destroy your career with one phone call”. And the son of a bitch did!

The point is that the whole bloody national security community knew what was going on, but nobody rocks the boat and the cover-up is tight, well controlled and absolute, and it reaches to the highest elected and appointed levels. And it lasts forever!

It is outright scary that you can have absolutely all levels of police, military and government so thoroughly infiltrated by crooks and, indeed, foreign spies, and everything works smoothly and is covered up nicely.

Wake up, o sheepish Canadian nation! Wake up and claim your right to freedom from crooks and foreign spies who are now running your system of government! It is all about your money.

Demand that cover-up be declared a crime against humanity. But why, when it is so much easier to be sheep and to “let boys be boys”?

The prevalent attitude is that “there is nothing we can do anyway, so why bother”. Exactly the mindset that the crooks are promoting, while they are laughing all the way to the bank. And an offshore bank at that.

And the rape of the nation continues unabated!

And cover-up is the only game in town. In retaliation for my bold stance, the little old boys network turned the Department of Revenue Canada against me, my wife and my partner and his wife. The Department decided to punish both of us. They went back as far as they could and disallowed any and all expenses related to our start-up efforts. And then they hit me with an additional penalty and fine, just to make sure I understand who the master is. And then they reached over into Europe and all of a sudden a certain Revenue Service of a certain European country was cleaning up from my partner in the same way that Revenue Canada was cleaning up from me. Coincidence?. Please!

A day after I took out a rather huge personal loan to pay off Revenue Canada, I was brutally fired from a well paying job. Coincidence? Please! It just so happened that the co-owner who fired me, had close relatives working for the Department of External Affairs, which Department, by that time, had me on their black books due to my involvement in support of the Croatian, and later, Bosnian cause.

The mental torturers and financial rapists at Revenue Canada have turned me into a bloody slave. I had to work two jobs, every day, seven days a week, for five years, in order to pay that loan. Maybe I am crazy that I did not go bankrupt. But I paid it off. So far I have paid all my dues, and then some. But there are scores of cowards in this village who owe me a life and livelihood. And I shall confront them and I shall collect my monies. Does that make me crazy? They seem to think so. I am a threat to crooks!

“They (Revenue) are the worst Department that we have. They will intimidate you and they will make you go down on your knees and beg for mercy!”

(This statement was made in September, 1999, to this author, by a certain Ron Bradley of the Canadian Security Intelligence Service. The author volunteers to take a polygraph on this any place, any time).

THE ELECTED REPRESENTATION FICTION

My original elected representative during that MIST scandal, William Tupper, did nothing for me and told me that he could not help me. He advised me to contact a certain Bill Vankoughnet, which I did. It had the same result - you are on your own with this one, nobody will touch it with a ten foot pole.

I attempted to get in touch, later, with my then newly elected representative, one Ian Murray. He must have been too busy chasing skirt so my three phone calls went unanswered.

I waited for the change of guard. My elected representative became David Pratt. I wrote him a letter asking for his help as all the evidence pointed towards a government cover-up and conspiracy with respect to this taxpayer. His first response was to seek legal help. And shortly thereafter, he was named Minister of Defence. I wrote to him in that capacity and put the emphasis on the shenanigans that took place under the nose of the national security community.

Mr. Pratt must have taken me seriously, as he requested the Department of National Defence to provide a briefing for him. My intention was for him to be fully briefed so that he could be in a position to review my claim for compensation, which I made very clear. His assistant, Pat Hanlon, advised me twice, that he was first getting briefed, and then that he, indeed, was briefed and that a meeting in person would take place within a week or two.

I noted with interest that one day The Ottawa Citizen carried a front page story of Canada sending a delegation to Turks and Caicos to discuss potential merger of the two countries. David Pratt was in that delegation. Did he go there to find the truth about MIST's GTB International Holdings, or to destroy the evidence? I will never know, since the twice-promised meeting never materialized. A few months later Paul Martin called an election and prohibited ministers of the crown to issue any statements on behalf of the government. All of a sudden I had no elected representation. Go figure!

David Pratt was defeated, and I think he breathed a sigh of relief in that he would not have to face my wrath and demands for compensation.

I complained to the Office of Prime Minister. My complaint resulted in two new Members of Parliament competing for my attention. First it was a certain John Light, assistant to Pierre Poilievre, who left me a voicemail stating that they were instructed by the Department of National Defence to contact me with a view of providing help.

I was dumfounded as I knew that Pierre Poilievre was not my elected representative. I was also dumbfounded that the military arm would direct the elected arm around!

I demanded from his office to give me a copy of the document which instructed his office to contact me in the first place. The back-tracking and the cover-up that ensued were both surprising and swift. All of a sudden the tables were turned on me and I was made to look as if I contacted them and asked for their help. Ridiculous, to put it mildly.

The other one, the actual elected representative, Gordon O'Connor, called out of blue and left a message with my wife to call him. By that time I had enough of these government shenanigans. I responded with a facsimile and requested that he first put in writing the reasons why he had contacted me and offered to help when I never requested such help from him in the first place. I have had no response.

I sent a facsimile to the then new Minister of National Defence, Hon. William Graham, asking him to familiarize himself with the Pratt-Milicevic exchange as I wanted to continue my quest for just settlement. That piece of communication was put on a permanent ignore.

So much for our elected representation! And the rape of the nation continues unabated!

(The following photograph depicts the thrash deposited on top of the refrigerator/freezer unit in a retirement home which housed some 100 weak and vulnerable seniors. The photograph was taken before an ORCA inspection.)

(Note the detail with respect to the light switch next to the refrigerator door.)



(Note the detail of the same light switch, immediately following an ORCA inspection.
That is, indeed, the level of disrepair that ORCA certified in this particular case.)



“Health and safety at work”

(Note the “standard” level of cleanliness of the food processing equipment. This photograph was taken before an ORCA inspection.)



(This photograph was taken a few days after an ORCA inspection.)



THE SMALL FISH

Debra's claim to fame was that she "worked for Vice-President of Nortel!". She was a newly hired administrator of a retirement home. What a leap! So, her first executive decision was to hire her son. Her second executive decision was to fire the best and longest-serving cook that B Retirement Home ever had. I was brutally fired after surviving eighteen brutal months in a place where chaos reigned supreme and the executive approach to management was to run the place by way of extreme intrigue. People were back-stabbing one another as if there was no tomorrow. Alliances were shifting, literally, on an hourly basis. It was scary. People were hired and fired as if they were not human beings, but some non-descript burden. We went through some 45 employees. Add to that 12 cooks in 18 months. In and out. There was no hope in hell of having an organized process of training, orientation, or production for that matter. Flying by the seat of the pants does not describe it. And then, those damned, spoiled residents - those old people who think they deserve quality service and food - who the hell do they think they are? There are much more important things on the plate of managers such as Debra. Like "so, Zeljko, what is your favourite Croatian food? I would like to make a Croatian banquet". She said that with a big tongue in her cheek. She was, after all, preparing herself to fire me, so it did not hurt to dispense some added racial humiliation.

One day, Debra started a what would normally be expected to be a civilized meeting, screaming at the top of her lungs:" Aaaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiieeeee feeeeeel like fiiirrrring somebody!!!!". Both Peter, the other cook, and I, were shocked at that display of executive brutality.

I was fired on Monday, November 3, 2003. On Wednesday that week I went to the Ministry of Labour. I meticulously prepared my case including substantial documentation and notes outlining the brutality of that operation. I had strong feeling that the Ministry would do many things for me. I was told that the Ministry would absolutely back my claims for compensation, however, I would lose the right to sue the company. I agreed as I did not have the money to hire a lawyer. Wrong. When somebody does injustice to you here in Canada, you fight them with all you have. The government will do nothing for you. They will put forward the appearance of acting on your behalf when, in fact, they are holding your hands behind your back so that the well connected moneyed crooks can have their way with you. And then they will cover it up. In this case, my claim was \$13,850.00 and it was well justified. You see, I gave the company two to three hours of my time every day that I worked. It was necessary to do that if one wanted to do a good job and run a clean kitchen and give people tasty and properly processed food. The company was not in the business of doing a good job, running a clean kitchen and giving their customers tasty and properly processed food. The company was in the business of making money every which way it could. And the first casualty is always the quality. Cut, slash and burn positions in order to make money!

What those overworked and underpaid employees have to go through in order to prepare and serve that food to the weak and vulnerable is nobody's business! And if they complain, we will fire them and hire other stiff! So I gave of myself and never asked for anything in return. I did, however, operate a clean and well organized kitchen and had the most food commendations and the least food complaints of any cooks in that place. When I was so brutally fired I decided that they should pay me for every minute of every hour that I worked there. And the Ministry appeared to agree. However, a few weeks later, my case officer, one Leslie Aiston, called to say, in a rather unfriendly tone of voice, that the company was in receivership and they offered one thousand dollars. What I did not understand then was that when the Ministry of Labour said it would support my claim (\$13,850), it also became legally bound to fork it over in the case of a company going down. The company did not go down, but a game was played out on me and the Ministry of Labour covered up their potential loss by strong-arming me into accepting a \$2,000 settlement. When I wrote to the Minister of Labour, his response invoked the bloody Freedom of Information Act, which is just another obstacle to be thrown against the weak and the vulnerable in their quest for justice. The Ministry covered up its own crime.



(A photograph, on the previous page, of an actual “open sewer”, if you will, in a kitchen in a retirement home in “the best country in the world to live in” - this passed an ORCA certification.)

(These rotten potatoes were in the refrigerator in a retirement home - like everything else, these passed an ORCA inspection.)



“Bon appetit!”



(The photograph depicts the leftover of an actual supper, served to the weak and vulnerable in a retirement home in the Ottawa area. The supper consisted of an indescribable swill named soup, this “sandwich” and a salad. This photograph was taken in October, 2004.)

“Two slices of white bread made from bleached flour, with some margarine spread containing high levels of trans fats, and a slice of the cheapest cut processed meat referred to as “Bologna”. A crime against the weak and vulnerable and an insult to the real “Bologna” salami!”

THE BIGGER FISH

(THE THIRD BRIT)

So I had to pay off that forced loan, which meant I had to find another job rather quickly as my friendly banker does not care about the government shenanigans, well connected moneyed crooks and other assorted bigger and smaller fish and their impact upon my swimming in the sea of life. The bank just wants one thing - all of your money, pure and simple. So off I went and landed a full time job within a week of being brutally fired. It was with Aramark, one of the biggest food services providers in the world, and it was at their flagship operation under contract with BreconRidge in Kanata.

Shelley was the manager there and her style of micromanagement was very frustrating. However, given my age, mature outlook, experience and a focus on doing the best job so that I could pay off a loan, I was ready to take a lot of unnecessary and undeserved heat, and I did. And one day she hired a son of her bowling buddy, a certain Dave. Another charming rascal, Dave was a very fast cook, with obvious experience. I did not have a problem with Dave until I started seeing a pattern - he would not show up for work a day after the payday. On several occasions he missed several days of work without notifying anybody, let alone the very person who hired him. And every time he missed to show up for work, Shelley took it out on me.

So Shelley started taking out her frustrations with Dave mainly on me and also on a young cashier. Every time Dave did not show up for work, or was late for work, Shelley would dump all over me, including right in front of the paying public. Initially I took it right on the chin and said nothing. But things started getting worse.

Dave and I, together with some fifteen other Aramark's's cooks, took a Safe Food Handling Course delivered by the company's head office personnel. I passed it with flying colours, with a 100% score. Dave did not, yet he was the one with all the cook's papers and tons of experience.

Then I started noticing that he was breaking actually all that safe food handling was all about - he sported the fingernails on his hands that would make my wild cat jealous. He needed long, stiff, well pointed fingernails on his right hand so that he could pick on his guitar. Paying customers complained to SK about it, yet her action was to laugh about it with Dave! She wanted him to wear gloves, he would not - no problem! He wore rings as well as ear rings - no problem! She made me sign a document that I would not wear any jewellery and then turned to Dave and laughed with him how that document was stupid - he did not have to sign it, he wore the damn jewellery! It was not just that her favouritism of Dave was wrong and blatant. It was that her behaviour was completely irresponsible and lacked any managerial professionalism. And Dave would still not show up for work a day after a payday. And Shelley would keep dumping on me for that.

So one Friday morning, when he did not show up, she delivered a furious blast of criticism at me, so much so that I felt signs of a potential heart attack. I went to the nurse, one Dawn, who called the ambulance and off I went to the Queensway-Carleton hospital. It was not a heart attack, but the doctors did say that my condition showed high levels of stress. Are you kidding me?!

Of course I was stressed, what with the whole system failing me every time I would reach for it. And then I come home and try to let my hair down and relax. Do not make that mistake! And Shelley's micromanagement and temper tantrums did not help either!

The last people that you want to complain to, about the rest of the world, are the members of your immediate family. And here is why. You come home, stressed to your yin-yang, you rant a little, mumble some incoherent statements, reach for a beer and lay down to relax - what a mistake! They look at you, argue with you till you are blue in your face and ready to be taken to Queensway-Carleton again with signs of a heart attack, and then they scream :” Dad, you’re crazy, go find help!”.

And when you try to explain to them that they should show you some respect and gratitude for the things that you have done for them, and that you just want to relax, they go before a Justice of the Peace and sign a sworn statement that you are “a threat to himself and others”. Would that make you crazy?

And then the fascist police come and treat you like you are a crazed out terrorist. Would that make you crazy?

So having suffered Shelley's viciousness, I asked that I be transferred. Keith, the Regional Manager, wanted, of course, to keep everything quiet and also suggested that I could resign if I wanted. I sad :”No, I am a competent cook, I like what I am doing and I request a transfer” A short while later I was transferred to another location, at General Dynamics in Bells Corners.

I decided to invite that nurse at the previous place of work to my birthday party as she showed great compassion at the time of my hospitalization. I told her of the difficult several years I had, including the on-going shenanigans with the government, and also mentioned that article which The Citizen just ran about the ministerial Turks and Caicos trip. Her face just turned pale and she declined my invitation. I researched the background and found out that her husband works for the Privy Council Office. Isn't that interesting and intriguing? Crazy, you say?

So I started working in the smaller of the two kitchens that A operated at General Dynamics. It was housed in an old facility and all of the equipment looked like it was of serious historical value. Things were breaking all the time, there were floods, leaks of all kinds, shorted circuits, no air conditioning - as a matter of fact a hot air supply was on in the kitchen for quite some time, until finally somebody with more than three brain cells in his head came and disconnected that heating unit. It was, after all, middle of summer!

So, on that fateful Thursday, July 15, 2004, I was cleaning up the kitchen and preparing things for the next day as a mechanic was working to repair the broken dishwashing machine. We were the only ones in the kitchen as it started filling with thick, acrid, stinking and sticky black smoke. I called the upper kitchen for instructions but there was no answer. After about a few minutes I decided that this was not a safe environment and I instructed the mechanic to take his tools and leave. As we exited the building, we saw that everybody else in the building was evacuated - some two hundred people or so. Yet, the two people who were directly exposed to the black smoke were left to their own devices. The kitchen had two fans on the roof - one for exhaust, the other one to supply the outside air into the kitchen. The exhaust motor burnt and the supply fan kept filling the kitchen with the smoke caused by an electrical, and possibly even chemical, fire. Yet nobody came to the kitchen to instruct us to get out! I swear to you that had I not lead that mechanic to leave, the two of us would still be in that kitchen. Crazy, you say?

I showed up for work the next day, not knowing what had really transpired. To make things worse, our manager, a certain Dave, took the day off. The other cook, Jean, started preparing the breakfast. It consisted of frying bacon and home fries on an full size hot plate. J liked his hot plate really hot, cranked up to the hilt. We realized that there was air in the kitchen, although it still carried that heavy stench from yesterday. And then we realized that there was no air coming out of the kitchen - so J turned on a big, book-case size fan to blow across that stove. A maintenance person came down to try and repair the exhaust fan - now we knew why there was no air going out of the kitchen. He could not fix the problem as the fuses were, I believe, from the Second World War era, so he was preparing to leave.

I remember the moment I turned back and saw J getting ready to dump about a litre of undiluted Ecolab SC-6000 cleaning chemical onto that superheated hotplate. I screamed :”No!”. J nonchalantly said :”Why not?” as he poured it on. The big fan was behind him, pointed in my direction. The exhaust was off as the motor was broken. I got the whole blast of that superheated cloud of peroxide right into my eyes, nose, mouth and lungs. I screamed, turned away and ran out. The maintenance man was lucky that he was, at the time, standing inside that alcove which housed circuits and other electrical boxes and was away from the air being blown by that fan. I was the only one that inhaled it. I ran to the General Dynamic nurse’s office where I was instructed to “go see a doctor”. That was it, go see a doctor! Nobody was concerned with what just happened.

I ran to the main kitchen, advised them of the stupidity that JG pulled and grabbed a copy of the Material Safety Data Sheet of Ecolab SC-6000. By that time, a senior General Dynamics manager in the lower building was notified and she instructed that the restaurant be closed immediately. The point is that it should have been closed when we showed up for work that morning! That kitchen was not a safe place to work in, without the exhaust fan, and they knew it!

So this crazy, old, out-of-shape cook-cum-used-and-abused-father drove himself to the walk-in clinic in Stittsville. There he was seen by a person who had more than the average three brain cells and who called an ambulance right away. I will always remember Dr. Iain Watsons' words:

"Your first layer of protection is gone. What is around you, will be in you. You will develop a full-fledged cold and an infection. We will need to fight to prevent a pneumonia". With those words I was whisked off to the Queensway-Carleton hospital, for the second time from an Aramark's kitchen in less than a year - isn't that interesting? Aramark has some 200,000 employees in a number of countries. I wonder how many of them perish at work.

I gave the hospital staff the MSDS and told them what had just happened. I had trouble breathing, I had a sore and dry throat, I could not swallow, my voice became harsh and high pitched, I had urge to vomit, my eyes were sore and my vision was impaired. The symptoms still persist today, more than a year after the accident. Yet at the hospital they were mainly fishing for signs of a heart attack, both on that Friday and the very next Sunday when I decided to go back as the condition worsened. They did nothing for me, except fish for a heart attack and when I complained they promptly discharged me. I kept going back to the walk in clinic where Dr. Watson fought off an infection over the next three, or so, weeks. I was mainly in a state of coma at my home and I could not believe it that a person could literally perish just by showing up for work. Or that a person could literally perish at the hands of well trained and equipped medical professionals in a major hospital.

And then, the Workplace Safety and Insurance Board, yes, and the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons. What a farce! What a letdown! What a betrayal! And what a cover-up! And the specialist, Krishna. He specializes in making money and he acts in the best interest of WSIB.

Here I was suffering from severe and lasting injuries at work and the very people that are supposed to provide me with a relief that ought to be available within the system for which I am paying through my sanguineous rectum, are arguing with me, and ignoring me, and covering up the deficiencies and stupidities of the system's systemic failures.

Enough to drive anybody crazy, never mind this bald, out-of-shape, crazed old cook who is already frustrated as the very systems that he has been paying for at federal, provincial and municipal levels, have utterly failed him and failed him at every turn.

And to top it off, Aramark did not pay for the ambulance transportation although it is within the Ontario Labour Code that an employer shall pay for an ambulance if an employee is taken to hospital from workplace. No, the hospital, instead, turned a debt-collector on me for \$45 which the employer should have paid. Really! And notified the Credit Bureau! And my credit rating went into the garbage!

It was only after I left a very nasty voice message in Keith's voicemail that Aramark promptly sent Dave and paid the hospital. But there is a record, somewhere, of this crazy old guy being taken to collection for \$45!

By the way, I now sneeze, uncontrollably, some ten to fifteen times a day. And Ecolab, a giant American chemical manufacturer, "had no case on file such as this". Really!

On the other hand I just learned that I do not have the right to sue my co-worker for causing me permanent injuries. And I do not have the right to sue my employer. Only the Ministry of Labour of Ontario has the right do that. And I already have personal experience with that Ministry. And to top it off, the Ministry was never notified by the Workplace Safety and Insurance Board about this, so that they would go in and investigate and do whatever it is that they do. And they do nothing!

I do not have the right to sue people who caused me harm!
In the best country in the world to live in!

Oh Canada, the land of sheep! For all of you, sheep, I weep!

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(The following photograph depicts the condition, one week after an arthroscopic knee surgery in order to “trim the torn meniscus”. Note the deteriorating condition of the right knee, due to the fact that the author can not go down on his left knee anymore while performing his normal daily routine at work - he can only use his right knee.)



VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

1. Background:

In the afternoon, on July 21, 2005, my daughter was going to take my son and myself to the bridal store in Stittsville, close to where we lived at the time, and show us the bride's gown which was being made for her upcoming wedding.

She was preparing to get married into a police/military family. Her fiancée's grandfather was a retired Ottawa Police Officer. Her future father-in-law, an accountant, also holds a Certificate from the Royal Military College in Kingston. Her future husband, also an accountant, completed the Policing related program of studies at the Algonquin College in Ottawa. He also served in the Canadian contingent in Kabul, Afghanistan, and was awarded the Peacekeepers' Medal. His sister, my daughter's future sister-in-law, is an Ottawa Police Constable. Her then fiancée, and future husband, is also an Ottawa Police Constable.

Instead of being taken to view my daughter's wedding dress, I was, in the late afternoon hours of July 21, 2005, first assaulted, and then abducted from my own front porch, without provoking anything, by two Ottawa Police Officers, Const. Steven Coulthard and Const. Christopher Fahey.

They both personally knew the other two Ottawa Police officers, my daughter's future sister-in-law and brother-in-law.

Const. Coulthart and Const. Fahey arrived at my door, rang the doorbell and lured me out onto the front porch. Constable Coulthart asked me if my name was Zeljko Milicevic. I confirmed.

My first reaction was that something horrible had happened to the members of my family, who, by that time, were substantially late for the viewing of the wedding gown and a supper which I was preparing for them. My interpretation of the situation was that something tragic must have had occurred, for it took two police officers, driving two police cruisers, to appear at my residence and deliver a message of some kind. I was, as a matter of fact, in a state of shock.

I screamed: "Where are they?" He responded: "They are OK". I insisted to be told more and asked: "Where are they?", "What has happened?". He responded: "They are OK, Sir, it is not about them, it is about you".

By that time, I was completely confused. I know that I have been a law abiding citizen of two countries for 56 years now. So, there was no reason for them to come to my home and demand to talk to me. Words can not adequately describe the level of shock, confusion, and then terror, when I realized that they were going to get physical with me. I noticed that they wore black leather gloves.

They are on my payroll. I pay for their training, equipment, salaries, perquisites, benefits and pension plans. Yet they wore gloves not to protect me, the provider of their livelihood, but themselves. In case I had HIV, I guess. Have those gloves been sanitized before they grabbed me?

In the process of assaulting me, dragging me across three front lawns and two driveways, they bruised me, drew blood, and applied unsanitary objects to my cut and bleeding skin. They introduced somebody else's bacteria and fluids into my bodily system with those handcuffs and black leather gloves. Were those handcuffs sanitized before they clamped them on?

Const. Coulthart said: "Sir, your family loves you". That statement just compounded the level of confusion to me. He then said : " This is a warrant, and we are not leaving without you". That particular statement I took as a serious threat to my person. I was even more confused. He quickly flashed a piece of paper in front of my face and I could only see my wife's name on it.

Confusion, shock, terror, bewilderment, are the words that come close to explaining what was going on in my mind at the time. If this is the way mental health care services are delivered in this city, province and country, I can only say one thing:" Don't do it. It is fundamentally wrong".

In terms of one's outlook on life, I classify myself as a libertarian. I believe in human rights, freedoms and civil liberties. That is also why I decided to leave the old, rotten, crooked Communist Yugoslavia, where the military and the police ruled. That is why I brought my family to Canada, to give my children the opportunity to create a better future for themselves and to live free of the dogmas of the police/military dictatorship and outright state terrorism.

My uncle was assaulted, at the age of 66, by the Communist police in Yugoslavia. His sin was that he started the revival of old Croatian heritage, which was banned by the Communist Regime. He recreated replicas of old Croatian coins and other artifacts, and wrote about the Croatian history, starting with the election and crowning of the first Croatian King, Tomislav, on the Krbava Field in 925. That was his crime.

The police rang his doorbell, and when he opened the door, they kicked his front teeth in, both upper and lower jaw. They then handcuffed him, dragged him away and beat him for three days before he was finally released without any explanation, or compensation. He had no recourse within the regime of the day in that rotten system.

Before the assault, he was a big, jovial man. After the assault, he was a broken human being and died shortly thereafter.

His nephew, my cousin, was arrested by the Communist Police for disseminating leaflets about Croatian history during the famous European Spring of 1968, when all of us living in Communist countries were hoping to free ourselves from the tyranny of Communism and its police and military. The Prague Spring Revolution in Czechoslovakia was brutally quashed by the Soviet troops that summer.

My cousin was so severely beaten by the Yugoslav police that he had to undergo surgery to remove one of his kidneys which was destroyed by way of severe beating and physical trauma administered by the police using small but heavy sand bags - they don't leave bruises. They also rendered him blind in one eye. He was then jailed for seven years in a maximum-security prison on a remote island in the Adriatic Sea. He is now seeking redress and restitution from the system in the newly independent Croatia.

His crime was that he was a libertarian living in a police/military dictatorship.

So, with this hindsight, when I saw the police, I did not like it. And I quickly realized that there is no difference in the systems - this one is no better than the rotten Communist one that I left 25 years ago. It has been my experience, so far, in two different countries, two different political systems, an ocean and three decades apart, that police are used to brutalize citizens, pure and simple.

I asked :” Do I have a criminal record?”

They both responded :”No, Sir”.

I asked:” Does this residence have a record of violence?”.

They both responded: “No, Sir”.

I asked :”Are there any weapons registered at this address?”.

They both responded:” No, Sir”.

I asked:” Have I done anything to anybody?”.

They both responded :” No, Sir”.

At that I said :” Then go and leave me alone”.

At that, Const. Fahey said:” Sir, you are a threat to yourself and to others”.

I was absolutely stunned. I was in disbelief and completely confused. That statement was not only a horrendous insult but also a flagrant lie.

As a comparison, it needs to be noted that my son is the fifth-consecutive generation, on the Milicevic side of my family, holding a university degree.

That fact speaks volumes about us using our brains and not physical means in resolving the various issues in our lives and I do not know of anybody else who can produce a history of five consecutive generations of university degrees.

The way Const. Fahey called me “a threat” was also designed to provoke me to be one. But he failed.

They both failed to provoke me to respond with insults, threats and physical force. I comported myself with utmost regard for civility and with extreme self-restraint, given the circumstances.

I proved right there and then that I was not a threat to anybody.

I behaved myself in a most civilized manner while being subjected to extremely aggressive, abusive, incursive, unexpected, unjust and humiliating treatment and duress; a torture, literally, on my own little front porch.

I demanded of Const. Fahey:” Read me my rights”. He flashed a broad grin and said :”This is not an arrest”. And then he proceeded to turn it into a de-facto arrest, without the rights, of course. It was not de-iure. It was illegal.

I turned to go in and call my supervisor at work and ask for an advice, as I had no idea what my rights were. I was completely shocked, confused and terrorized.

Const. Coulthart moved to prevent me from entering my own home and pressed his gloved hand on my front door.

That was, in my opinion, a display of utmost brutality and denial of any and all rights, freedoms and liberties.

I said:” You are touching my property”, as in my mind it was the ultimate violation of one’s being, especially given the fact that I haven’t done anything to anybody.

When I said that, they grabbed me and stretched my arms, with brutal force, sideways. Const. Coulthart was abusing my left arm, while Const. Fahey was abusing my right arm. As they dragged me across the three front lawns and two driveways to the cruiser, which Const. Fahey subsequently ended up driving, I could feel and hear my left knee crack and tear.

I screamed:” I have the right to make a phone call!”. Const. Fahey again displayed a big grin. He was visibly enjoying the powers the system gave him.

In the final meters of approaching that cruiser, they were, literally, running and, therefore, forcing me to run as well. The images of a woman whose head was bashed against the trunk of an Ottawa Police cruiser several years ago flashed through my memory.

In trying to protect myself from suffering further injuries at the hands of the two officers who have, by then, clearly shown their contempt and lack of respect for this ratepayer, I put out my right foot - I could not lift my left foot as the knee already started hurting. I prevented them from banging me against that cruiser due to my lifting my right foot and pressing my sole against the side of the trunk.

Const. Fahey screamed :” Get that foot off the car!”.

When I did, they banged me against the cruiser. Straight on my already hurt left knee.

Const. Fahey leaned on my back and forced me to bend over. The two then swung my arms all the way up behind my back, so much so that it not only caused severe pain, but, for a moment, I thought they were going to rip my shoulder blades right out. I have never, in my whole life, been in a position to have my arms stretched out so inhumanely and so hurtfully.

Const. Fahey clamped a pair of handcuffs, and he clamped them with all the force that he could muster. It was absolutely brutal and extremely painful.

I screamed:” Why the handcuffs?”

As I turned my head to look at him, he smiled and yelled :” You resisted!”. He took great pleasure in inflicting physical pain and humiliation. A sadist.

He then opened the back, passenger-side door of the car, and pushed me in with my back going in first. As I had handcuffs and my arms were totally useless, I could not move myself further into the car. So he pushed on my legs. The only way my legs, in that position, could fit inside that car, was for me to be upside down.

My head ended being on the floor divider, and there is not much space there, my upper torso, with the full weight of my body resting on my neck and bruised, cut and handcuffed hands on the edge of the seat, and with my bare feet in the upper most rear corner. I had to bend my knees in order for Const. Fahey to be able to close the door.

He then left me, in that position, on a hot summer day, in a car with all windows shut, and went about taking the names and dates of birth of my two neighbors who just pulled in and witnessed, in horror, what was being done to me.

I could not believe what had just transpired. It was torture - physical, mental and otherwise.

It took him some ten, or more, minutes to note down their names, addresses and dates of birth. He then sat behind the wheel and took off, with Const. Coulthard following in the other car.

Const. Fahey asked me if I was comfortable. I could not believe it! I was beaten, handcuffed, upside-down, and he asks me if I am comfortable! He also asked if I would like to have the air conditioner turned on. What brutality and humiliation!

He did not appear to be in any rush to get to the Civic Campus of the Ottawa Hospital. That drive seemed like an eternity. All the way I was upside down, with my neck absorbing every single bump we went across. When we arrived, the two of them pulled me out. I asked them to give me some dignity and take off the handcuffs.

There was no response. They grabbed me and dragged me inside the really crowded ambient of the Emergency Room. The people looked at me as if I was a deranged criminal. It was the most humiliating experience of my life.

I was brought before a Triage Nurse, who took my particulars. I did not hear what the police said to her. We were then shown into some kind of a waiting room. I could not realize what we were waiting for. It was all very shocking, confusing and terrorizing. And the pain in my knee and in my hands was getting more and more pronounced. The only chair was odd, it was low and uncomfortable and I could not sit in it because of my handcuffed hands.

So I had to stand up. I was barefoot and the floor was cold. It was extremely uncomfortable, painful, confusing and humiliating. It was horrifying. I felt so completely weak, vulnerable, powerless, defenceless and helpless.

At the hands of the system that I am paying for!

The system has utterly failed me and abandoned me! Yet I am its fundament!

We waited for quite some time. I saw, through a crack between the door and the doorframe, my son, my daughter and her fiancée arrive. They were ushered, by somebody, into an area out of my sight.

Shortly thereafter, I was taken, with the two Ottawa Police Constables in tow, to a cubicle to the north-east of the reception area. A woman, very tall, with short blonde hair, entered the room and introduced herself as “Nurse Mary”. She then asked me :” Why are you here?”.

I responded :” I would like to know that myself. Ask these two” I said, referring to the Ottawa Police Constables.

She turned to them, they approached, Const. Coulthart produced a piece of paper and Const. Fahey said something to the effect that I was a threat. He also said :” We are waiting for the family to arrive”. That, too, was confusing as I saw my son and my daughter (her fiancée, technically, was not my family at the time). I never saw my wife.

So we continued to wait, and then I saw, through the crack between the door and the doorframe, two more people arrive. Stephanie McConnell, my daughter’s future sister-in-law, an Ottawa Police Constable, ostensibly off duty at the time. With her was Peter Schach, her then fiancée and future husband, also an Ottawa Police Constable, also ostensibly off duty at the time.

Const. Fahey left the cubicle and then returned, announcing, :”We can start now, the family is here!”.

So he took it upon himself to decide who was, and who was not, my family! This is not just amazing, it is unbelievable and indefensible that police can have such inhumane, fundamentally unjust and dictatorial powers over the tax paying citizens, especially the citizens who have never comported themselves outside of the law.

That very moment of truth confirmed to me that the whole operation was a police conspiracy and that the two on-duty police officers and the two off-duty police officers had planned and executed the brutality as a joint effort.

My wild rebel of a daughter marrying into a police family!

And I ended up with chronic injuries, chronic disability, destroyed family, destroyed work opportunities and destroyed social status!

I asked that “my family” be brought so that they could see me handcuffed. It was approved by the physician, but refused by “my family”.

I asked that the handcuffs be removed, as the pain was severe. Nurse Mary said :” We can’t do that, you are a patient now”.

So they proceeded with the most unbelievable treatment. I have never experienced anything like that in my life. I wish it upon nobody.

The physician and the nurse would take turns between the two areas - the cubicle in which I was held in handcuffs, in the presence of two armed police officers, and an adjacent area where “my family” was.

They would go there, come back, and make statements, or ask questions such as these :” So, you are hearing voices?” The level of my confusion continued to rise to unimaginable proportions.

I could not understand why I was there, handcuffed, in the first place. And nobody would explain why I was accused of being “a threat”. I could not comprehend what, indeed, I was defending myself from.

I responded, flabbergasted:” What, like hearing voices in my head?”. Then I laughed, in disbelief, as all of that was by then beginning to get the aura of the incredible stupidity and cruelty of police the likes of the KGB and the NKVD of the old Soviet Union of 60 and more years ago, as described in the books such as “The Goulag Archipelago”, written by Alexander Solzhenytsin. He presented real stories of people who were deemed by the then oppressive Communist system to be a “threat” and who were dragged out of their homes by the police and taken for all kinds of “assessments”, or otherwise terror, torture, and outright murder at the hands of the system.

She commented:” I like that, a sense of humour”. Then she left. My confusion just grew and grew.

At one point I made a comment about my children being “ungrateful and disrespectful”. It was becoming clear that they, and others, in the other “area”, were lying their faces off and saying things about me that were untrue.

The nurse returned and said:” So, you are seeing things that are not there?”

I sensed that the two Ottawa Police officers were guiding my own children what to say to the attending physician and nurse in order to have me committed. They, of course, had experience with these situations as they do it routinely. On many occasions, when the two future families met, that was the only thing that they could talk about it. They referred to it as “door-knocking”.

By that time, having spent some three hours in handcuffs and under extreme duress, shock and terror, I had difficulties comprehending what really was going on. Nobody explained anything to me. No explanation for the reasons behind the brutality, behind the “this is not an arrest”, for the reasons behind these outrageous and ridiculous accusations and the reasons behind the fact that I continued to suffer physical and mental injuries at the hands of the police, while in a major hospital. My belief system was stolen from me that night.

And then the nurse came with a shocker, so to speak. “So, what’s with these government conspiracies?”

When she said that, I remember seeing both Ottawa Police Constables take a step back from me. They displayed fear.

I said:” I used to work for a company which worked at the highest levels of the national security community. I learned about a huge theft of taxpayers monies committed by people carrying all kinds of security clearances, trusted and sworn to uphold the system. I reported it to the police (and other segments of the government). As a result, my career was destroyed and I am still writing letters to elected representatives and other politicians trying to get justice and compensation and I am not getting anywhere.”

She left the cubicle. Const. Fahey pulled out his small black notebook and asked for the names and dates of birth of my children. I gave it to him. He then asked:” Where do you come from, Sir?” There was a sadistic undertone in the way he pronounced it. I was, again, shocked to the core. Handcuffed, denied rights, now being racially profiled and ethnically insulted?

I responded:”What?” This was arbitrary and illegal interrogation and he did not advise me that I had the right to not respond to any question, especially while under duress.

He raised his voice with great contempt and demanded: "Where do you come from, Sir?!!!"

Unbelievable! And all the time he was taking notes. He was creating a file on me, a person with no record of violence. But there is, however, a record of my interaction with the Ottawa Police on some other issues.

Such as Constable July Kincaid slamming the telephone receiver and cutting off the telephone call which this ratepayer made to complain about being harassed by a driver on a summer day a year before, or so. And when this ratepayer could get no satisfaction, he complained at a higher level. And then, a certain Sgt. Spadaccini sort of "read him a Miranda" and strong-armed him into not filing a formal complaint. Why? Was the harassing driver an undercover Ottawa Police officer? To this date I don't know. But I will.

And the Ottawa Police Services Board, which, when contacted on that issue, said: "we are not going to touch it with a ten foot pole". The person who answered the telephone, a female, would not give her name.

And then nurse Mary came back and embraced me. She is physically taller than I am, by some three to four inches. She bent and rested her head on my right shoulder, and with tears in her eyes, she sobbed: "My god, what are they trying to do to you". The "they" part I took as a reference to "my family".

She then went back. The physician came in and ordered the police to remove the handcuffs. They were un-co-operative. The physicians stated: "We don't find him to be a threat. We don't find that there is anything wrong with him".

Const. Fahey grudgingly removed the handcuffs and promptly left the cubicle, never to be seen again. Const. Coulthard remained.

The physician turned to me and said: "Sir, you are in shock. You did not deserve any of this. You should go home now". She then ordered Const. Coulthard to drive me back.

He was quite hesitant, even scared. He asked: "Do you want me to take you home?"

I said: "You brought me here, you better take me back".

Now that I was declared a non-threat, he was more relaxed as we drove back to Stittsville. We exchanged some small-talk.

At one point he said:” I feel bad for you, Sir. You did not deserve any of this”.

A little while later he said:” Having spent an evening with you, Sir, I can only say that I think that you are a pretty decent guy”.

With that we arrived at the front porch from which he abducted me some three or four hours earlier. I invited him in to show him the supper that I was going to serve to my ungrateful and disrespectful family.

As he was leaving, he said:” Sir, you will have your home to yourself tonight. Your family will make alternate sleeping arrangements. They are not even supposed to call you tonight. But if there are any problems, call us immediately”.

I called 911 less than half an hour after his departure, as my wife, who never showed up at the hospital to further support her ridiculous charges of my insanity, accompanied by the two ungrateful and disrespectful children, tried to physically force her way into the home.

When they saw me screaming into the telephone handset, they ran out and left. Shortly thereafter five or six cruisers arrived and I spent another hour trying to explain to them what had happened.

When they left I barricaded the front entrance and the garage access door as I did not feel safe anymore in my own home.

I stretched myself on the couch, which I left several hours ago to answer the doorbell. I could not sleep. About 4:30 AM, on Friday, July 22, 2005, I drove to work. I did not feel safe in my own home. I took with me my work uniforms.

When I arrived at my place of work, I realized that I could no longer use my hands to perform my job - that of a cook. I had no sensation in my fingers, my arms and the whole upper torso hurt, my knee was clacking and I was dropping things to no end.

At around 5:30 that morning I called my supervisor, Susan Bureau, at home. I woke her up and spent some twenty to thirty minutes on the telephone, crying and trying to describe the sheer horror, terror, shock and trauma that I had been subjected to. She also cried with me, in utter disbelief. She advised me to go to hospital and not worry about my work. She also instructed me to call her from the hospital to give her an update.

I drove back to the same hospital where I suffered injuries, while on their property, some twelve hours earlier. Two people at the front desk recognized me - they were just finishing their long shift.

They were taken aback, as by that time the injuries became obvious. The bruises, the cuts, the discoloration of the skin. I walked in at around 6:00 AM or so. I was assessed, by a number of nurses and physicians, and documentation was made referencing and evidencing the injuries. They took a number of X-rays and prescribed several medications for infections and pain. One of the X-rays showed my old injury in the neck. I broke my neck twice, six months apart, in 1965. I seem to be a walking miracle in that I am neither paraplegic nor quadriplegic as a result of that.

The two brutal Ottawa Police thugs could have killed me when they threw me upside down into that cruiser. And I want them to know that.

The X-rays showed advanced arthritis in many areas, most notably in my neck. And it now hurts more and more and is getting stiffer more and more.

I left the hospital around 2:30 PM , or so. I drove to the Elmvale Shopping Centre and called the office. I did not want to go in and have them see me beaten up.

Susan met me at the Elmvale Centre, went into the bank and gave me \$300.00 of her own money so that I was able to rent a room at the Ottawa YMCA over the weekend.

She also gave me money to buy groceries.

On the following Monday, July 25, 2005, I drove back home in the evening hours as I knew that my wife and son were flying out that evening to spend two weeks with my wife's parents in Slovenia.

I stayed there for two weeks, spending my time at a doctor's office and also looking for an apartment. I also took care of the cat. I moved out in the morning of August 10, 2005, as my wife was scheduled to return that very afternoon.

My supervisor at work organized with the Board of Directors to give me a special bonus, so that I was able to put a down payment for the first and last month's rent in an apartment block which is close to my work.

My life was destroyed on July 21, 2005. And everybody was "just doing my job, sir!".

“The braces, crutches and pills made necessary by the three-brain-celled individuals just doing their job!”



Note the two braces for the knee (a soft one, stretched between the two crutches, and the medium-hard one in the upper right corner).

Note the three braces for hands - two for tendonitis in each hand and one for isolation of the thumb in the right hand.

Note the prescription anti-inflammatory pills, the kind that immediately dissolve one's stomach and destroy the digestive tract. There is also an extra-strength pain reliever based upon codeine.

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2. Physical Trauma:

I suffered these injuries at the hands of the Ottawa Police:

- * Neck - due to the way I was transported, upside down, there will always remain a risk of aggravating the ailing nerves due to the old neck injury, and adding discomfort to the existing onset of arthritis - I am 56.
- * Arms - both arms were cut and severely bruised as they assaulted me and abused me. The bruises were visible for months and so were the indentations caused by the extremely tight handcuffs.
- * Hands - both hands were positively diagnosed with Carpal Tunnel Syndrome (directly attributable to the handcuffs - Dr. Dhalla). As a result, tendonitis was diagnosed in both hands (Dr. Murray).

All three main nerves in each hand were affected, with the radial nerve of the right thumb, together with the main muscle of the right thumb and the tendons of the right thumb, degraded beyond repair.

A surgery to relieve the Carpal Tunnel Syndrome pressure on the right hand, performed on March 31, 2006, resulted in no improvement. Due to that a decision was made not to operate the left hand, the functions of which have also been degraded.

The three primal fingers in my right hand are numb as are the tips of all five fingers in my left hand. I now have chronic pain and discomfort of The Carpal Tunnel Syndrome and the resulting tendonitis. I have lost 30-40% of grip strength in both hands and am dropping things routinely. I cut and burn myself at work and at home as I have lost sensitivity due to chronically injured nerves.

I have not played piano and guitar since the assault. I tried my hands on those instruments, in a music store, and found that I lost the ability to grip the neck of a guitar with my left hand and play chords, due to injured tendons and resulting pain and reduced range of movement. I found that I could not control the fingers, especially of my right hand, to go through the usual motions of piano playing. Especially my right hand is not able to stretch even to reach an octave between the thumb and the little finger. Neither is my left hand. And I used to stretch my fingers across 10 keys. Very few people can do that. I can not do that anymore.

- * Left Knee - they tore the meniscus in my left knee as they dragged me toward the cruiser. ("A big tear", according to Dr. Volesky). They also injured the area just underneath the knee cap when they banged me against the rear right fender.

A hygroscopic knee surgery to "trim the torn meniscus" was performed on March 2, 2006, in the LaSalle General Hospital near Montreal. In the words of Dr. Volesky, she "had to remove just about all of the meniscus" In the area of the frontal knee cap injury, she "had to remove all of the cartilage and it is now Bone-on-Bone".

There was some improvement in the function of the knee but the situation was reversed, in spite of all physiotherapy at the Carleton University Sports Injury Clinic. I went back to Dr. Volesky in Montreal Jewish General Hospital for further treatment since Dr. Lalonde of the Carling Clinic recommended a second surgery. Dr. Volesky instead suggested another Magnetic Resonance Imaging be done as she felt that a second arthroscopic surgery would not bring about any improvement as "there is nothing to be taken out anymore".

I have constant pain and great discomfort at all times, day and night. I can not apply any torque on my left knee without instantly experiencing extremely severe pain. I hobble and can not even think of running. I can not find a comfortable position for my legs when in bed. I have to keep my left leg up on a chair when at home. If I sit down and then want to get up, the knee will produce a cracking sound and there will be increased pain when doing that. I experience severe pain if I have to walk down the stairs or on a surface which is not perfectly flat. In icy and slippery conditions my speed is reduced to a snail's pace, as I have to watch out very carefully where my next step with my left leg is going to land.

My options, at present, are either a knee brace at all times and for as long as I shall live, or, more likely, a major knee surgery to finally remove the destroyed soft and hard tissue, including bones, and install a new, "ceramic knee".

3. Mental and Emotional Trauma:

- * My belief system was stolen from me on July 21, 2005. As an intellectual, as a loving and caring husband and father, as a responsible member of our society, as a taxpayer who carries the system and as a loved, cherished and highly respected worker in my place of work, I am astonished that our system is so vulnerable as to readily lend itself to be abused by rebel children and menopausal wives (in her words, she was “in a crisis” when she “took a bad advice” and went before the justice of the peace, guided by my rebel daughter, which rebel daughter received advice from her future police sister-in-law (also a rebel daughter in her own right, according to her, her brother and her parents)).
- * My own wife was manipulated by someone who knew the system and I ended suffering a cruel and unusual punishment and ended up being forced to pay a steep price, in every respect, and for the rest of my life.
- * It has been my experience that there are no checks and balances in the system at the level of the justice of the peace when issuing warrants. As is evident from the available documentation, it is a “anything goes mentality” behind issuing serious documents which delegate authority than can usurp and, indeed, destroy individuals as well as families. This is fundamentally wrong.
- * It has been my experience that there are no checks and balances at the level of those who serve such warrants, namely police. If anybody, they have the records that enable them to verify that a certain residence and certain individuals have absolutely no prior record of violence or any infractions or violations of law, including the fact that there were never any weapons at this particular residence. If a “red flag” was not raised at the level of the justice of the peace it ought to have been raised at the level of police who should have checked before brutalizing a completely innocent, normal and good member of our society. This is fundamentally wrong.
- * I now trust nobody.
- * I fear police and don’t trust them.
- * I was betrayed by the system.
- * I was abandoned by the system.
- * I am a destroyed human being.

4. Financial Trauma - Current and Future:

- * As a result of the cruelty associated with Ottawa Police inflicting physical and mental trauma, I could no longer keep my second job which saw me preparing food for a retired police officer who was going to become a member of my extended family by way of his grandson marrying my daughter. So I quit a nice job and an easy source of second income.
- * I did not feel safe at home so I had to move out and rent an apartment.
- * I did not feel safe, what with members of my family and police, still, in theory, able to repeat the process, so I hired a lawyer to protect me from my family and from the system.
- * I was forced to spend my money in order to buy braces, crutches and medications for treatment of injuries suffered in the July 21, 2005, police assault, as well as buy two pairs of shock absorbing soft shoes for work.
- * I was forced to spend money to pay for the photographic evidence of my injuries.
- * I was forced to buy a computer in order to keep records of activities related to the subject matter.
- * I was forced to spend money in transportation to various physicians, surgeons, specialists and physiotherapists, including parking.
- * I was forced to spend money on medical services which were not covered by OHIP.
- * I was forced to use up two-years worth of vacation time and sick leave for treatment of my injuries, legal action and pursuit of justice.
- * I was forced to spend money on fax communications and procurement of my medical records from nine institutions, which were involved in treating my injuries.
- * In all likelihood, I will not be able to earn my pension in my chosen profession due to chronic injuries and diminished capacity to perform.
- * I may end up being a drain on the system, however unwillingly.

All of the above should not be a normal occurrence in a normal, civilized society, yet it is. This is fundamentally wrong.

5. Trauma of Constant Inconvenience and Degraded Ability to Enjoy Daily Life:

- * Imagine, if you will, trying to take a shower three days after the arthroscopic knee surgery. I waited for three days as I was instructed to keep the knee dry. In the meantime my personal hygiene was reduced to wiping off the private parts with wet towels. I could not put the full weight of my body on my left leg, so I was walking around the apartment with crutches. The bathroom is rather small, so the crutches could not be used there. So I would hop, ever so gently, until I was right in front of the bathtub. I could not lift my left leg as I could not bend it, so I would hang, like a monkey, on the curtain bar and lift my body, so that I could get into the bathtub with my right leg first. Then, I would try to open and adjust the hot and cold water, keeping the left leg out of the direction of the shower nozzles. Once the temperature was OK, I would approach the shower stream backwards, so as to keep the left knee dry. I would shower while trying to keep my balance. All the time I would curse the fascist police.
- * And trying to defecate with a stiff leg was even more challenging. The bathroom is small, so one can not sit on the toilet bowl with one leg straight out in front. I had to turn sideways. The toilet seat, unfortunately, is not designed for sitting on it sideways, with one leg straight out. In that particular position one easily loses the balance, so one has to use one hand to grab onto the bathroom sink. And because one is sitting sideways, there now is no room to go into the inside of the bowl with the other hand and try to wipe off the rectal area. So, the only solution was to get up from that toilet bowl and repeat all the monkey routine and get the smelly bottom into the shower all over again. It took a lot of cursing, let me assure you of that.
- * And the prescription anti-inflammatory pills and the prescription painkillers destroyed the lining of my intestines and my stomach. As a result, my digestion was severely affected so that I had to go to the toilet bowl, and prop myself sideways, quite frequently.

Every time, I would do the hanging monkey and cursing routine in the shower afterwards. I still have problems getting in and out of shower due to the unstable and painful injured knee.
- * Mind you, I did a lot of cursing since July 21, 2005. Every time I would drop a pan, a pot, a cookie sheet, a muffin tin, all filled with freshly prepared food and baking items, I would curse the police. In the beginning it would happen five, six, or more times a day. It continues to happen regularly, every day.

- * Because I now hobble, with constant pain, I am now very slow when I walk and people in public places give me dirty looks and also verbal abuse as they find it that I am a nuisance to them if walking in front of them.

It happens every day, many times a day, in a mall, in a store, when crossing streets, when entering my apartment building, elevator and garage. Everybody seems to be in a self-righteous and omnipotent hurry, and more important than I am.

I get verbal abuse equally from men and women, young and old. What an injustice and what a humiliation.

- * I am still struggling, almost on a daily basis, to find closure with respect to my injuries, within the medical system which also is a failure in itself.

I have to look, almost on a daily basis, for help with my physical and resulting mental trauma. The system works so as to make me look as if I am begging for mercy, when as a matter of fact the system ought to have provided prompt, robust and complete delivery of health services without my having to go out of my way each time I ventured within the health system which I am paying for.

- * It seems like everybody else's life continues to go on, while mine was thrown into a ditch.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I was born at 3:15 AM, on May 23, 1950 in the Kosevo Hospital in Sarajevo, Bosnia. I almost died at birth. The umbilical cord was wrapped five times around my neck and three times around my chest. The delivery team decided to call a doctor. She came in the middle of the night. Her name was Dr. Hadzidedic. She was a Bosnian Muslim who came out in the middle of the night to save the life of a Bosnian Croat. I will never forget that.

Years later, by chance, or perhaps not, I met her niece, Amela, in Rijeka, Croatia. And I told her the story of her aunt saving my life.

If Canada really is the best country in the world to live in, then it is so because I live here! I keep the well-connected moneyed crooks in check! And I take it on the chin!

The only problem is in that the crooks stab in the back and they are well organized and well connected - hell, they have taken over the system!

I recently moved out of my home as I did not feel safe, what with my family dispatching the Justice of the Peace, together with the fascist Ontario #2 Warrant and the fascist police. So, now I am pulling myself together, as it were, tending to my cuts and bruises and planning for the next move. Before you jump and call the police, be advised that my weapons are pen and paper!



(An actual photograph of a servery in a retirement home in Ottawa, Canada, “the best country in the world to live in”. This servery was, indeed, certified by ORCA in this condition. Note the big splats of food with great historical value - a hygiene supreme just for you, oh dear weak and vulnerable Canadian retiree! We stand on guard for thee!)