

IMMIGRATION COURT STATEMENT ("Edited 1st December, 2008)

This is a copy of the statement I originally submitted on 20th November, 2008.

NAME: [OLD NAME]. A NUMBER: [AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST]

Preamble: I, the undersigned, do solemnly swear that the content of this statement is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. *Critical alterations to this statement since composition are in **bracketed () bold type**. Others are non-critical.

Introduction: Immigration and Customs Enforcement ("ICE") has made numerous claims which I shall answer in turn. I shall itemize these accordingly:

- [1] That I was denied entry to the US on January 30th, 2008.
- [2] That I was denied entry to the US on September 15th, 2008.
- [3] That I illegally crossed the border on or around 8th October, 2008.
- [4] That I have images on my laptop computer which have been noted.

My responses:

Before I answer the first allegation [1] of being denied entry to the US on January 30th, 2008, I wish to make the following information known to the court. I have previously made no less than FIVE legal visits to the US, on the Visa Waiver Program ("VWP") before being refused entry on the aforementioned date. These are so:

i. My first trip to the US in November, 2004. I spent one month in the US visiting my American lady friend. I left the US just before Christmas, 2004.

ii. My second trip to the US was in November, 2006. I left the US before my VWP limit of 90 days had expired. During my stay in the US, I lived mostly with a contact I originally met on the internet. The lady in question, a devout Christian, rented me a room in her house for \$400 a month.

I wish it to be further known that during this trip I, as always, obeyed and respected all the laws of this country and conducted numerous good deeds:

(a) When I went to live with my landlady, her name is CarolLee Fletcher, she had a lodger ("Jim") who was abusing her trust. He lied to her about his status and refused to pay rent for six months - always using excuses for being unable to pay. As a consequence, the CarolLee I initially met was a very subdued person. After I had stayed with her a few days, I agreed to help CarolLee tackle Jim's abuse. We all got together for a frank discussion one evening. We said to Jim he had three choices. He could tell us what his problems were and we would try to help him. Secondly, he could go to an ATM machine and get some rent money for CarolLee. Thirdly, we could ask him to leave. After protestations from Jim, we urged him again to tell us what his problems were as we would prefer to help him resolve them. He refused. He also refused to pay rent. Consequently, as CarolLee and I sat together, me holding her hands, he left the CarolLee's house and did not return. After Jim had left, CarolLee thanked me. In the following weeks, I began to see a new CarolLee, the one that a friend of hers said was the true CarolLee. From being subdued and depressed, she was now a vibrant and fun-loving person.

(b) My second good deed was to help a friend of CarolLee named 'Aida'. Aida is a Philippine lady who was infatuated with a man called 'Mike'. They shared Aida's home. Aida became concerned at Mike's philandering and decided at that time to find a resolution. CarolLee and I offered Aida our full support.

(c) One of my pen-pals from Olympia, WA, is a lady called 'Victoria'. Victoria was very poor financially having suffered injuries in a car accident and not receiving compensation. She has struggled for many months to try to get back on her feet and rebuild her life.

Before Christmas, 2006, she suffered a power-cut to her property. The little money she possessed had already been spent on Christmas fare. Her frozen and chilled food had to be thrown away. Despite being on limited funds myself, I called her local Safeway store and bought her a gift card. I donated \$50 and CarolLee, \$10. Victoria was overwhelmed by this gesture.

(d) During my stay with CarolLee, I met more ladies from the internet. I enjoyed breakfast, lunch and inner dates with all. One lady I met took me to a New Year's Eve party where I met another group of people who also became friends (Truleen, Chuck, Jim, Charlie, etc.). In fact, along with all the friends CarolLee has introduced me to, I endeared myself to many people. I was an ambassador for my country and behaved with the utmost respect to all I met. On Christmas day, I was even taken to CarolLee's daughter (Mona) and son-in-law's (Brian) house for brunch. I was emotionally moved by their generosity and the fact they had bought me gifts. CarolLee's family, including her grand-daughter (Chandra) and husband-to-be (Joe), remain good friends to this day. I think, in all, I have met so many people who will validate my character, my manners, my true nature and the respectful way I have conducted myself in the US since arriving on my latest trip.

(e) Two friends I wish to especially mention are known to me as 'Rob' and 'Robbie'. They would especially vouch for my character. Rob and Robbie are amongst some of my strongest friends. I also enjoyed numerous enjoyable dates with a lady called 'Peggy' whom I met through one of Truleen's regular get-togethers.

(f) In January, 2007, I was introduced to a lady from the Philippines called 'Ruth'. Ruth is a Seventh Day Adventist, and along with occasional trips to CarolLee's main church, and other's she visited, I also attended a few meeting's of Ruth's church as well. By the time I had to leave the US (as my VWP time-limit was up), I became very close to Ruth and we 'had an understanding' about our future relationship.

This concludes my first trip to the US. I found it invigorating, uplifting and moving. My health, which previously had not been good, both physically and psychologically (depression) was greatly improved. When I return to the UK I was unrecognisable to the point where some of my friends back home did not recognize me when they saw me gain - at least without a second look.

iii. My third trip was in March, 2007. After struggling in the UK, and being concerned about my relationship with Ruth, I returned to the US to see her. After a short time, I learned she had also been seeing another man long-term. He was somewhat unstable but Ruth preferred his company, much to the surprise of CarolLee and Aida. We think it may have had something to do with Ruth's status as she may not have yet become a full US citizen. I don't know.

After splitting from Ruth, I was introduced to another lady from Asia. This lady was eventually to become my wife. I developed a slow and respectful courtship with my future wife and respected her integrity and always ensured she arrived home safely by escorting her to her front door.

One problem I had with my relationship was that my future wife's employer did not approve of our romance. They tried numerous tricks to try to split us, including one incident where I was forced to call the police. My wife was being blackmailed into moving several hundreds of miles away from me to a not-easily accessible location. Her employer's were hoping it would end our relationship. This was on top of the malicious rumours that they encouraged company employees to spread about my future wife.

I had to fight to save my relationship. So I called the police and informed them of the company's tactics and that my wife was almost being 'abducted' by her supervisor and taken away against her will. When I called the company and told them her supervisor was arriving in a car to take her away, the company called the supervisor and he turned around his car and drove home again. However, my wife lost her job for a short time in retaliation. I then informed ICE that the company was employing a number of illegal workers, but nothing was done. However, after calling the police on that fateful day, about a dozen of the illegal workers refused to return to their apartments. Consequently, they fled back to their home country. I was therefore solely responsible for the deportation of all these illegal workers without any cost to the US government.

By the end of May, 2007, I married my new lady friend. We had numerous guests at our ceremony. However, my latest VWP was almost up and I had to leave the US about 10 days after we were married. Parting was an extremely painful experience and the last two hours before catching my train was shrouded in a flood of tears. So much so that many other people waiting for their train were observing our emotions.

Our plan was to build a new life in the United Kingdom ("UK"). I would develop the business idea I had and prepare for my wife to join me. It should be especially noted that my business plan involved re-selling American internet products in the UK, and then in Europe. I was going to make money for the US economy as well as myself. Sadly, my business plan was not entirely suitable and I was asked to re-write it by the bank (Barclay's) which took an interest in my ideas.

But by August 2007, my wife urged me to return as she was lonely. We were both suffering from our separation and I returned again to the US in that month. One sad event that did occur during my time back in the UK was the hospitalization of my older brother. He had heart problems and I spent a lot of time visiting him. He later died of left ventricular heart failure (see next section, iv.). I should add though that I did not return to the US UNTIL my brother had been discharged from hospital and I was sufficiently ensured he would be cared for.

iv. I am now on my 4th trip to the US since 2004. One the train travelling south from SeaTac airport, I met a lady called 'Dolores'. Dolores was to become my 'spiritual sister' and we have exchanged many emails. Dolores is seriously ill with a badly broken back which will not heal. She has said she wishes to commit suicide numerous times in recent months and I have had to spend many hours talking to her on the telephone from the UK to try to encourage her to hang on until I can get to see her again. But I shall more about this later.

My first main port of call was Portland. During this visit I visited the Immigration offices in the city to enquire about the VWP. I was given bad advice to the point that I only had to travel to Canada at the end of each VWP trip to return legally again shortly afterwards. I know from my own research on the various immigration advice websites run by the US government that this is not so. However, after deeply researching the VWP issue, I could find no mention to any limits on VWP visits. It was not stated anywhere the amount of time one had to be out of the US before returning. I therefore travelled to the US on a regular basis upon this knowledge and was allowed entry without problem.

I was now, at least, partly reunited with my wife. However, we could not find an apartment in her city to live together for the duration of my latest VWP stay. I spent many hours on paperwork and travel trying to find somewhere we could be together - so that I could work again on my business plan without the emotional handicap of being separated from my wife. This did not happen, our plans had to change again.

Instead of going back to the UK at the end of my VWP stay, I told my wife I should travel to her country to meet her daughter and her foster family and then return and see if living in the UK was acceptable to all concerned. I was on the verge of booking a ticket when I was telephone by my sister to tell me my brother had died. I now was forced to return to the UK to organize his funeral.

v. 5th trip. I returned to the US after my brother's funeral. It was now the second half of October, 2007. It is my 5th trip on the VWP. During this trip we had to reorganize our lives. I now decided that it would have to be after this trip that I would travel to Indonesia.

By December, we found an apartment to rent. I could use this for my holidays, and my wife could use without pressure from her company. I could use my time on holiday here to be with my wife and work on our future together in the UK. The plan now was to save as much money as possible and leave the country together by August, 2008.

But by the end of this VWP trip in January, my very ill mother asked me to visit her in England. It should be noted my mother had a triple-heart bypass operation many years ago and has defied all medical science by living well beyond her life expectancy. Her life span without another similar operation was a maximum of 10 year, but it must now be closer to 16 or 17 years since her procedure.

I travelled to the UK on January 23, 2008. Being eager to return to my wife and work on our future, I flew back to the US on January 30th. This is where I now answer allegations made by ICE.

ICE ALLEGATIONS

[1] I was denied entry to the US on January 30th, 2008.

I was denied entry to the US at San Francisco International Airport ("SFIA") on January 30th, 2008. This is true. However, a number of points need to be made concerning the way I was treated and the consequences that ensued. I want the court to also understand the terrible effect this has had upon not just the lives of myself, my wife, and the rest of my remaining family back in the UK.

My flight to SFIA took 12 hours (1 hour delayed take-off and 11 hours in the air). Being a sufferer from multiple illnesses and in receipt of disability income from my own country, I was not in any good state of mind to endure the ordeal that was to come. Some of my illnesses are Chronic Fatigue, Migraines, Oral haemorrhaging, Stress, Severe Depression, Anxiety leading to panic attacks and hyper-ventilation.

Upon landing and going to passport control, I was directed to immigration officials. This is what happened:

- (a) I was interrogated for up to 3 hours.
- (b) I was repeatedly 'led' into answering questions I could begin to see were being deliberately designed to block my entry to the US. I tried to keep my nerve and not offend officials by complying 100% and denying any duress during the interrogation. But in truth, I was becoming more and more distressed.
- (c) Towards the end of the interview, I began to protest at my treatment. I was informed by the senior immigration officer in the airport that I had, and I quote, "no human rights". I was not allowed to call an attorney, not allowed to make any calls to my wife, family or friends. I was not even allowed to call my Embassy or local Consulate.
- (d) I was further informed that because I had not 'officially' entered the US, I was on the 'doorstep' of the US, I could be detained indefinitely and that immigration could quite literally "throw away the key". I was under severe duress to comply as a consequence.
- (e) My interrogating officer, a man by the name of 'Shia', even admitted to me, somewhat surreptitiously, that I had the right to know certain things that may be of help to me, but that he was not allowed to tell me.
- (f) At the end of the interrogation, I was given a statement to sign. I said it contained inaccuracies and had to be altered. **(Some of)** these inaccuracies were not very important. The errors that were not corrected were more critical and I could not get them changed.
- (g) When I refused to sign the statement, my wife was threatened. The senior immigration officer said he would "go after" my wife and all types of horror entered my mind. I therefore very reluctantly signed the statement, but wrote in ink under it that it had been signed "under protest".
- (h) I was eventually allowed one call. I could not get through to my wife so I called a contact and asked him to call her and tell her what had happened.
- (i) I want it noted at this point that my wife, just like myself, has had a very tough life. She was abandoned by her first husband and was very insecure. She was expecting me at our apartment by midnight that same day. When I did not appear, she broke down and cried all night. She did not know if I had died, was in a serious accident, or had abandoned her. The contact who was supposed to call her could also not get through to the apartment.
- (j) I was then put back on a plane to the UK but promised a copy of my statement after the plane had took off. It was not given to me. This is also a critical point which will further show, in the next paragraph, that my interrogation was immorally and illegally conducted.

Consequences of this trip:

Upon returning to the UK on January 31st, 2008, I was very ill. To sum up, I had been travelling or waiting for planes for about 48 hours in total with little sleep. The torment and heartbreak of not being able to reach my wife caused me a great deal of pain. I felt severely depressed and unable to think or rationalize.

I eventually got to call my wife. I told her what happened but she sounded so distressed on the telephone. I had to tell her that she had to vacate our apartment because she was in danger. My stomach wretched, as I felt so guilty at not being there to protect her. I told her to see out the month's tenancy as she should be OK for that long. That would give me enough time to rally some friends to help clearing the apartment. Eventually, Dolores got some of her friends to help and the apartment was cleared towards the end of February. My wife then went back to living at a company apartment.

I lost a great deal. Some of my possessions could not be stored and had to be donated to charity. Other items have been scattered and I am not sure how secure or safe they are, or in what condition they are in. I have vital documents in the US and items belonging to my deceased brother. My life was left in shreds.

I think, in all, I have spent at least \$10,000 in the US during my first year travelling there. At all times I was welcomed to the US and the country took every penny that I got from my disability allowance from the UK. Nobody refused my money.

IMPORTANT: I NEVER worked in the US. I always respected the laws in the US and never abused or betrayed them.

Back in the UK I was now looking for a new place to live. I was previously using my sister's home to lodge as I was awaiting a decision from my wife and her daughter on living either in my country, or theirs. Now I was mostly homeless. I could not continue to live at my sister's home due to crowding and the problems that caused to her relationship with her husband.

It took 7 weeks to find a room to rent at Jenivore House (a combined hotel and long-term residency). I have previously referred to this property as the 'Jenivore Hotel'.

During that 7 weeks, I also made protests to the US Government and my own - via the UK Foreign and Commonwealth Office ("FCO"). The US Government 'whitewashed' my complaint and the FCO said they could not intervene. Interestingly, the FCO made an admission that I was not the only victim of abuse by the US immigration services. I was told of "several meetings with Homeland Security" about the mistreatment of UK travellers to the US. I was even told one of one incident where a family of adults and children had their entire holiday destroyed because of an intransigent immigration official who used a technicality to refuse them entry to the US.

AT this point, another observation has to be made. The uproar about US immigration officials ruining peoples travel arrangements, being uncooperative, abusive, etc. is gaining momentum in the UK. SKY TV transmitted a TV program on the subject before I made my next trip to the US. Britain is growing more angry at the way summary justice is being dispensed by US immigration by officials who either are badly trained, do not know their own laws, or are simply trying to fill quotas (like traffic police handing out speeding tickets at the end of the month) so they do not lose their jobs.

After failing to get justice for the way I was treated at SFIA, I 'bit the bullet' and applied for a Visa to travel to the US. I had to wait 4 painful months for this interview (scheduled for 11th August, 2008).

The day before the interview, I travelled to London. Because of public transport problems, I had to ensure I arrived on time for my interview. I spent all the previous night touring around London, either walking or riding late night buses. By the time of my interview, I was very tired and exhausted.

My interview was not good. I was asked questions by a very stern-looking and unfriendly woman. I told her of all my heartbreaking problems, my wife, my loss of property and the insecurity of the remainder, and of my *now-suicidal friend Dolores. I was desperate to get to the US to settle my affairs and come to the aid of Dolores.

**Dolores is very sick. She is on very powerful painkillers and has spoken numerous times of suicide. I have spent many hours while back in the UK trying to get her to fight on and not give up. I promised her I would return to see her later in 2008.*

The woman who interviewed me refused my Visa. I was emotionally destroyed and had a nervous breakdown right there and then.

My next stop was at the Embassy of the country that represents my wife. They were sympathetic, but offered no help that I am aware of.

By the time of this interview, I had already missed our first wedding anniversary. I also had missed my birthday celebration with my wife. I was now determined to try and share my wife's birthday celebration.

Now it's September and the strain on my marriage is becoming apparent. When I call my wife she no longer says she loves or misses me. I think she has given up. She has mentioned divorce so she can establish some security in the US - security she needs to help feed, clothe and educate her daughter back home. She has two choices, work for an American company in the US for around \$80 a day, or work for an American company in her home country for around \$1 a day. The choice was simple. The second option of being no more than a 'slave worker' for the US economy in her own country was not acceptable.

Having decided my options were now severely limited, I decided to legally change my name (for various valid reasons) and obtain a new, legal biometric passport. I felt my name was dirt with the US and because they shared information with Canada (my next destination), I felt it was the best thing to do.

[2] That I was denied entry to the US on September 15th, 2008.

My new legal name is now 'John Daniel Green'. I have now acquired a new passport in this name. I flew to Toronto on a cheap ticket on the 13th September, 2008. The next day, I took a shuttle to Vancouver, British Columbia ("BC"), Canada, to see relatives of my wife's legal advisor. They had already offered to help by offering free lodging at their home in BC. Unfortunately, by the time I arrived, they had to fly to Las Vegas on business. I tried another contact in BC, but got no answer. I was now in a very serious situation - a crisis. My disability allowance had now stopped and I was on limited funds.

I decided to try to travel to the US on an Amtrak bus. I left BC on the 15th September, 2008. I was stopped at Pacific Highway ("PH") border control when I tried to get into the US using my new passport.

Being in fear of immigration, the horror stories I had heard about their abuses, and after what happened to me at SFIA, I was in fear of my safety. I therefore denied being a previous visitor to the US. I was 'caught' by a match on my fingerprints. I was hoping they would not be taken. I was then detained in a small cell by immigration at PH.

As I began to spend time in that small cell, I became ill. I offered to sign ANY statement, true or false, so that I could get out of that cell. But the immigration officer who visited me was more interested in trying to get information about my wife and trick me into answering seemingly non-relevant questions. After I was left alone again, I collapsed in my cell. The next officer to come to my cell found me on the floor in a semi-conscious state. My blood pressure had rocketed and I was on great danger of suffering a stroke. All he said to me was "get off the floor or I will pepper-spray you". My worst fears had been realized and I was again going to be abused.

This officer relented and fetched another officer. They then called a paramedic and I was transferred to hospital. My blood pressure was 216 over 140. At the hospital I was given Valium and I passed out completely and slept. When I awoke, I could see the officer who threatened to brutalize me. He was 'half-grinning' at me. I looked at him and said he was evil and he was enjoying my suffering. All he said in response was "I enjoy my job". I was then sent back to immigration at PH where I was in fear of my life. But shortly after arriving, I was then sent back to Canadian border control in handcuffs.

This is where the law was broken. I was sent back WITHOUT my passport. The immigration officials at PH knew that if I was sent back to Canada without my passport, I would technically be re-entering the country illegally. By re-entering illegally I would be detained by the Canadians and deported.

After being hospitalized twice more while in the custody of the Canadian authorities, I was detained for just two more days. By the 18th September, 2008, I was freed. The Canadians learned that the US immigration officials at PH had deliberately misrepresented me and lied about my passport. You will see in the attached pieces of evidence from the Canadian authorities that they realized my real name was John Daniel Green and no longer my old name of [OLD NAME].

NB. I always reported to Canadian immigration with my address and obeyed all their laws. My FOSS (immigration) number is [WITHHELD].

Now I was trapped in Canada despite my freedom. I had no passport as the immigration officials at PH would not return it for at least 10 days. PH decided that this was enough time to ensure the Canadians would deport me. This is what I believe. This is another example of immigration at PH indulging in criminal action.

My return flight to the UK on the 22nd (**September**) had to be cancelled as a consequence. Now I had little to no money and was almost destitute. After spending money on motels, I was now facing the prospect of being on the streets of Vancouver and depending upon hostels to feed and house me. This was not an option I wanted.

My next step was to try to get help from Indian tribes in BC. My friend Dolores uses the name 'Old Crow Woman' and often spoke of Indian matters. I therefore approached the Semiahmoo and Klahoweya for help. None could be given. I then decided to approach, on October 8th, 2008, the Matsqui on the US-Canadian border. But they had vacated their encampment. I was now looking back at Canada and also forward at the US. I had to make a choice, fight or flight. I chose fight.

I recall an immigration official in Vancouver saying to me that I should "stay away from those bad Americans". I think I had some sympathy from some Canadian immigration officials who understood my plight. But even with those words ringing in my ears, I eventually crossed over the border near Lynden on October 8th, 2008. Within about 100 yards of walking into the US, I was arrested by a mobile patrol officer. This is where I answer the next charge.

[3] That I illegally crossed the border on or around 8th October, 2008.

I was taken to a detention centre at Lynden, WA. Then I was taken to Blaine, and ultimately, the North West Detention Centre ("NWDC") at Tacoma. I arrived here either late on the 8th or early am on the 9th. During my time here I have suffered some indignities. I also believe that some of the things that have happened to me may be indictable.

- (a) I was only offered unsuitable food and water when arriving. It took a very long time at the NWDC to get a suitable diet. More on this later.
- (b) I was only given one bottle of sterile water to drink in the first 36-48 hours of detention.
- (c) On the 11th October, 2008, I was put on only a partly-suitable diet by someone I'm told is called 'Dr. Bueno'. As a consequence, I ate no more than about 20-25% of my food allocation.
- (d) I have been denied my non-fluoride toothpaste. It was some time before I got a new toothbrush.
- (e) On the 15th October, 2008, Dr Bueno told me that he did not care what happened to me. This is serious medical misconduct.
- (f) On the 17th October, I was denied access to help from a representative of the North West Immigration Rights Project ("NWIRP").
- (g) 21st October, 2008. I was previously told I would be present at an inventory check of my luggage but the first two checks were done without me being present. I therefore became stressful that some of my possessions had been mislaid or stolen. I was, at a later date, able to personally verify my possessions.
- (h) 23rd October, 2008. I received my first visit from NWIRP. They have not been too helpful. Offers of help outside of providing Visa forms did not materialize.
- (i) 30th October, 2008. I called the Tacoma Police and the FBI. This was to get a signature for my 'U Visa' to report crimes committed against me since January 30th, 2008. I was accused, falsely, on the next day of dialling '911'. This is a lie. The portable telephone handset was faulty and certain numbers would not register unless pressed very hard. Also, there were up to 5 other people in my unit who also had access to the telephone. But only I was accused.
- (j) 5th November, 2008. I was informed by a NWDC employee that a malicious and untruthful rumour was being spread about me and my relationship with my wife. I found this completely distressing.

(k) On the 6th November, 2008, I had a Bond Hearing in court. I fell ill and was on the verge of developing a serious migraine. I asked for water and medication so I could return to my imminent hearing. However, I was illegally removed from the court system by officer Byers of the NWDC and hustled into a disciplinary hearing about my alleged '911' telephone call. I was too ill to take part and it was adjourned. (I) On the 12th November, 2008, I had my disciplinary hearing on my alleged '911' telephone call. I was not permitted any courtesy and received summary justice. I was handcuffed behind my back and unable to properly defend myself. I was ejected from the hearing after about 1 minute. Since the alleged incident, I have also been 'hamstrung' and discriminated against and not given fair access to a telephone despite my worries about friends, relatives and trying to acquire an attorney. **(NB. Since this incident, I have suffered at least one other abuse. The most significant is that I was 'tortured' on the evening of Friday, 28th November, 2008. I was taken to 'Intake' and subjected to continued mistreatment as a punishment for saying I felt suicidal. This punishment was being forced to sleep on a narrow concrete bench and continually have officers bang on the cell window come into my room, often making inane remarks. Also, my cell door was often slammed violently causing my heart to 'jump').**

[4] That I have images on my laptop computer which have been noted.

I have 10,000s of images on my computer of all descriptions. I have been an environmental campaigner for 20 years - until I just turned 50 years of age. I still do the odd piece of work for environmental groups, both private and in Government. I am especially interested in large scale tragedies and the effect they have on the environment. I also have numerous websites which I collect images for. Considering I am a peaceful person who has never protested violently, I think ICE is being frivolous about my images.

Summary

I wish to sum-up my case by making, and/or repeating certain points:

- ICE is being economical with the truth. It's soul purpose is to try to protect other HS agencies from corruption and criminal charges by trying to get me out of the US. BY being outside of the US, it will be extremely difficult for me to bring charges against those HS institutions which have indulged in criminal activity against me.
- I originally came to the US for social and health reasons. I suffer from numerous illnesses which I felt would improve by leaving the UK for a short time. This was proven to be true. My illnesses include **(obstructive sleep apnoea)**, chronic fatigue, stress, anxiety, panic attacks leading to hyper-ventilation, dry mouth leading to debilitating oral blood blisters, migraines and a small and limited degree of asthma (which I suffered more seriously from as a child). My visit to the US in November, 2006, proved to be a strong tonic and a great benefit to my health overall.
- I have NEVER worked in the US. I have NEVER taken a single penny out of the US or it's economy. In fact, I have spent in excess of \$10,000 during my trips to the US in my 1st year of travel.

- I ALWAYS behaved as a good ambassador to my country and made many good friends and contacts as a consequence. I have behaved like a true patriot while in the US and even defended American people back in the UK when the country's foreign policy was causing a lot of anger amongst my own people. I told UK citizens not to judge Americans harshly and always spoke of the many wonderful people I have met in the US.
- I was responsible, on my own merit, of causing up to 12 illegal workers to return to their own country.
- I was intending to re-sell American internet services to the UK and then Europe. I was going to make money for the US economy. But the intervention of corrupt immigration officials interrupted and influenced my decision not to follow this path.
- I conducted numerous good deeds while in the US. I always gave money to those who needed it, including some homeless people who have been abandoned by their own Government.
- My step-father, now deceased, was an American. He was a Freemason from Denver, Colorado. His name was Douglas Witts. My mother still receives a pension from the US as a consequence of her marriage to Douglas.
- I have learned from the 'American Way' that money buys more than privilege. It buys justice, an acceptable credit rating, favouritism, privilege and human rights. Being a very poor person, I have been denied basic human rights and have for all intense purpose, been 'robbed' of my wife, my possessions, my self-esteem, my dignity and a right to true justice. I have been falsely incriminated and blackmailed by immigration officials. I have been left severely depressed and heart-broken.
- My wife has been terrified and left in fear of her safety and her life. I have read of immigration field officers being indicted for raping and beating Mexican women. I have also read recently of another officer being charged with raping a 14-year-old girl. Am I supposed to have any faith in a system that employs such people? ICE and their colleagues in other HS agencies are out of control. They are virtually self-regulating and abuse the law at a whim.
- **(I have also been subjected to inhumane and cruel treatment at the NWDC).**

All I have tried to do is the right thing. When I did misrepresent myself to immigration authorities on the 15th September, 2008, I did so out of fear of what may happen to me if I told of my previous identity.

I have gone beyond the point of endurance. I have spent many nights thinking of suicide to end my torment. The one thing that I hold precious to my continued existence is my love for my wife. Now that is threatened as I may have to agree to a divorce so she can be better protected, ironically, by immigration law. I feel that I am on the verge of losing everything that makes my life worthwhile.

Is this the 'American Way'. Is America really the land of liberty, or the destroyer of hope and innocent ambition?

END OF STATEMENT.

SIGNED _____

DATED _____