Breaking up is hard to do

Collette Mann banks on financial freedom – but she'd prefer it without the paperwork

get the big gold medal ready, because I have just completed a backward somersault triple pike dive with a 10.1 degree of difficulty!

Don't panic – it wasn't performed in water and you don't have to see my ample frame squeezed into a slinky Speedo swimsuit. No, my fantastic feat was of the financial variety. Yes folks, I have successfully liberated myself from the shackles of a major bank! Ooh, I can hear you murmur. It was one of the hardest manoeuvres I have ever had to accomplish—and that includes giving birth to Sam with sky-high blood pressure levels and suffering from toxaemia and pre-eclampsia as an elderly primagravida (read: "old first mother").

This bank battle was way harder and took way longer. You see, earlier this year I sold my house with a very long settlement period. I negotiated to obtain the deposit

early so that I could pay off the mortgage and an accompanying business loan.
Sounds easy, hey? With internet and phone banking these days, it should be a piece of cake, right? Well, no!

Firstly, I visired my local branch and filled out enough paper forms to deforest an average-sized Third World jungle. Then I calculated and repaid the interest accrued, argued and finally won the hidden doozy of "discharge fees" and was sent on my way with the friendly bank-speak assurance that "all was in hand". Faster than a MasterChef pressure test, the appropriate amounts were ripped out of my temporarily flush account. It happened literally overnight — I had been moderately rich for exactly 36 hours!

So, of course, I wanted my prize: the Certificate of Title. I wanted to hold that aged piece of parchment in my hot little hands for just a few months until settlement and feel really successful, important and independent. Well, it appears that even

though it only takes the push of a button

- by, some would say, a mindless minion

- to take my money out and place it
securely back into the bank's coffers,
it takes six to eight weeks to "process
the paperwork".

So what has followed is an ongoing argy-bargy between the so-called "business centre" of my bank and me. The "in-betweeners" at my local branch have taken to hiding under their desks when I walk in. Apart from the various phone calls from various business bankers from various banking departments requesting extra pieces of endangered forest paper to be "initialled" since the initial signing, and then the resigning of the "initialled" signatures, it has all gone swimmingly. Not!

Every time I thought I was done, there would be another hitch! Another department required another piece





Building Prosperity

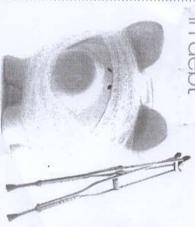
of paper... and all of this paper good to them if they lend us their money! want us to be in debt. We are no good to excruciating enlightenment, that the banks all my money. I realised, in a moment of procrastination while they were holding them at all if we have money. We are only

I saved. After all, I was in the area. my time. Not to mention a trip to David it cost \$4 in parking and half an hour of little browse and purchase with the money happy to do it myself. I did that today and ever so sweetly, saying I was more than do it for me - for a fee of \$230! I declined the Titles office. The bank was happy to would discharge the Certificate of Title at Jones' and Myer's cosmetic counters for a The final straw was the matter of who

Next week: Roland Rocchicciol

Bravos, boos, and air kisses welcome Email hearandthere@fairfax.com.au

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