

[American Citizen]
[Citizen Address]
[City], [ST]. [ZIP]

Letter to my Creditors

Dear Sir or Madam,

I understand you want me to pay my account in full, but the present condition of my bank balance makes that impossible. My shattered financial status is due to federal laws, state laws, international laws, county laws, corporate laws, liquor laws, drug-laws, common laws, mother-in-laws, sister-in-laws, bylaws, in-laws, outlaws and law-yers. Through these multitudes of laws and law-yers, I am compelled to pay business tax, personal tax, amusement tax, school tax, poll tax, gas tax, water tax, sales tax, income tax, electric tax, property tax, corporate tax, employment tax, excise tax, car tax, back tax, a taxi tax, and now I understand they want to tax my tacks.

My will is taxed, my body is taxed, my labor is taxed, my property is taxed, my car is taxed (it wrecked), my boat is taxed (it sank), my accounts are taxed, my money is taxed, my assets are taxed, my ass is taxed by the new sewage tax, and my brains are taxed most of all ! I am required to carry fourteen different forms of insurance, all of which promise to make me rich at age 65 - if only I can live that long. Can you wait until then ? If you can't wait that long: I don't have a business plan, medical plan, dental plan, Christmas plan, retirement plan, house plan, game plan, future plan, or prayer for a plan in planning for the time when I plan to collect all the insurance money building up at umpteen percent. (The government man told me about the plan.) Then I can pay off your account with the money left over from the tax plan I am hatching, along with the endangered species vulture eggs (I am planning). I think one of your repo men left the eggs instead of a business card to remember him by. Of course, that is after I plan to pay the planning tax.

My business is so governed that I am no longer sure who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, disrespected, dissected, infected, dejected, rejected, unelected and indicted. I am Noticed, examined, re-examined, Summoned, fined, penalized, and sonfined until I provide a constant source of revenue for everyone but myself and my legitimate creditors. I wanted you to have a bellyful of my bellyaching before I go belly-up ! Which, I might add, would already have occurred except for the wolf. Fortunately you see, the wolf that comes to my door daily to be fed, had pups in the kitchen, so I sold them and here's a good faith five percent payment of what I owe you. I'm afraid you won't be so lucky next month unless the market improves for vulture eggs, because I don't have the stomach for them anymore either.

Yours forever,

[American Citizen]

Taxes

Taxes

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Tax his cow, tax his goat; tax his pants, tax his coat.
Tax his crops, tax his work; tax his tie, tax his shirt.
Tax his chew, tax his smoke; teach him taxes are no joke.
Tax his tractor, tax his mule; teach him taxes are the rule.
Tax his oil, tax his gas; tax his notes, tax his cash.
If he hollers, tax him more; tax him 'till he's good and sore.
Tax his coffin, tax his grave; tax the sod in which he lays.
Put these words upon his tomb: Taxes drove me to my doom."
After he's gone he can't relax; they'll still go after

INHERITANCE TAX