



Julia Sidor (born Julia Kabloutchko)
former Treasury Analyst
Mercer International
A Corporate Espionage Thriller

By Ben Caesar

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Chapter 1

My name is Julia Sidor (born Julia Kabloutchko). I used to work as a Treasury Analyst for Mercer International.

Mercer's mission is to provide sustainably sourced fibers, renewable energy and chemicals for essential human needs. In 2016, we sold approximately 1,429,000 ADMTs of NBSK pulp, 786,000 MWh of electrical power, and 25,000 tonnes of chemicals.

My job as Treasury Analyst was that i was responsible for managing and analyzing their employer's financial activity. This included managing cash flow, income, liability obligations and assets. Treasury Analysts are employed by businesses, nonprofit organizations and government agencies to oversee their finances.

" Comparing the results to its competitors, Mercer International Inc reported Total Revenue decrease in the 1 quarter 2017 year on year by -4.36 %, despite revenue increase by most of its competitors of 1.93 %, recorded in the same quarter. "

I was responsible for this. I revealed company's financial information to its competitors. Companies like International Paper Co; Louisiana-pacific Corp, Ennis, Inc. ; Clearwater Paper Corp, etc.



My husband is jobless. He is useless. He is still studying in Vancouver Community College. Can you believe it? What a loser!



My sister Eleonora Kabloutchko is a useless junkie who leeches off me. I tried to get my rich father to give me all his money as inheritance, but that didn't exactly work out according to plan, due to my stupid sister. She ruins everything for me. I am trying to get her to kill herself. She will. I am simply better than her in every way. I am more beautiful. I am more successful. She is ugly. She has mental issues. She is suicidal. She was in a nuthouse for a few months. Didn't help her one bit. Sad!

My life is in danger. They are after me. Should i move back to Russia? This will not end well.

Chapter 2: Mercer International Sucks!

Life was easy a year ago. Things were going smoothly. I was doing my thing for the Mercer International. They are a very corrupt and greedy corporation.

Mercer International seeks NAFTA ruling on Hydro's electricity pricing policies


GORDON HAMILTON, VANCOUVER SUN | 05.01.2012 |



Horrible place and rude managers. Can't find help if you need it and they don't want to. The requirements to get bonuses are absurd, if you challenge a review you will get dismissed. Even if you prefer request time off 3 months in advance they won't more than likely won't comply. My job was helping companies(clients) with their annual insurance selection during open enrollment. The rest of the year was about answering benefit questions and submitting life change events. Initially everyone had one client which we were supposed to help exclusively. As more and more employees left the number of clients we all helped increased. Breaks were removed. There was a freeze on raises and absolutely no overtime allowed. Managers looked the other way as we worked through our lunches and stayed after hours to work off the clock. A definitely "Sink or

Swim" environment. There was very little support available for new employees. Process documentation was poor or non-existent. Stressful Work environment. There have been a lot of changes at Mercer and morale has suffered extensively. Everyone is unhappy and aside from the benefits, not much else is offered. Work life balance is nearly non-existent, working from home occasionally is no longer an option and micro-managing has taken the place of trust. I can not, in good conscience, recommend this employer. Hopefully something changes soon.

Chapter 3: Investing at Mercer International is high risk

Mercer International Shares Fund		ARSN: 111 237 542													
<p>Investment strategy</p> <p>The Fund invests in international shares using a multi-manager approach. It invests predominantly in shares in developed markets but also has an allocation to shares in emerging markets.</p> <p>Suitability</p> <p>This Fund may be suitable for you if you:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Want to invest in International Shares (unhedged). • Plan to invest for seven years or more. • Are comfortable with the risks described in Section 4 of this PDS. <p>Benchmark</p> <p>MSCI World Index (ex Australia) in \$A</p> <p>Objectives</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • To outperform the notional return of a benchmark portfolio of suitable market indices over one year or greater. • To achieve a return over the medium to longer term that is competitive with comparable funds that have similar risk characteristics. <p>Minimum suggested investment timeframe</p> <p>At least seven years</p>		<p>Asset allocation</p> <table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>Asset classes</th> <th>Neutral %</th> <th>Min %</th> <th>Max %</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>International shares</td> <td>100</td> <td>90</td> <td>100</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Cash</td> <td>0</td> <td>0</td> <td>10</td> </tr> </tbody> </table> <p>Risk label*</p>  <p>*See the Standard risk measure and risk label section of the Booklet for an explanation of the risk label.</p>		Asset classes	Neutral %	Min %	Max %	International shares	100	90	100	Cash	0	0	10
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Chapter 4: Companies like Mercer International are ruining the environment

Deforestation in Canada is increasing.

Logging causes deforestation.

Industrial activity, such as the development of the oil sands, has made Canada the new global leader in deforestation.

Canada has the world's worst record when it comes to deforestation.

Canada must preserve our forests untouched or intact to keep them healthy.

Canada's "Endangered Boreal Forests"

Canada's Boreal Forest has been described as one of the world's last great forest. Its wildlife is diverse - grizzly and black bears, wolverine and wolves, lynx, moose and elusive woodland caribou roam across these vast northern lands. The Boreal Forest provides nesting grounds for over 1 billion birds and its sweeping expanses contain the world's largest area of freshwater, and 25% of the world's wetlands.

The Boreal Forest is also the world's largest terrestrial storehouse, holding over 200-billion tonnes in its trees, soils and wetlands - equal to over 26 years of human-made carbon emissions (2006 levels) from burning fossil fuels.

More than 600 First Nations communities call the Boreal Forest home, and much of the Boreal is recognised as being First Nations' traditional

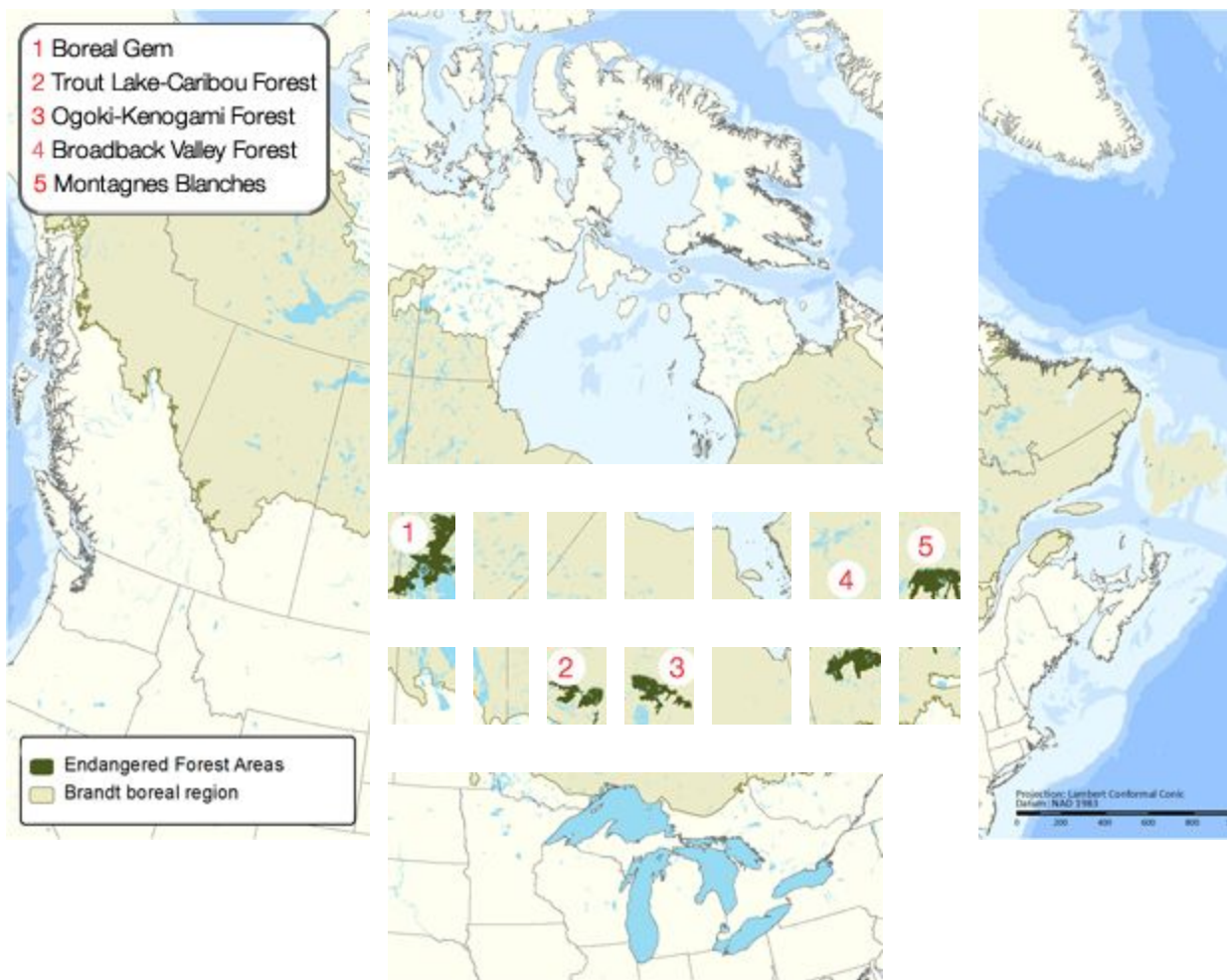
territories. Many communities rely on the forest for hunting, fishing and collecting medicines – rights that are guaranteed by the Canadian Constitution – but historically, First Nations have been largely left out of receiving the economic benefits of their forests and, many have little decision-making authority over developments. Increasingly, though, many Nations are asserting their rights to free prior and informed consent over activities on their lands, and are setting up sustainable business ventures.

This globally significant forest provides a wealth of benefits – clean air and water, recreation and thousands of jobs. Yet the majority of the most biologically diverse areas in the Boreal Forest have been licensed for logging and other industrial uses (across Canada, more than 258 million hectares, or 65% of all Canadian forests, are under logging allocations), and many of these have already been clearcut or roaded. For example, over 90% of Quebec’s allocated forests have been logged or fragmented. With low levels of protection, the areas that remain untouched are rare and vulnerable, and under increasing threat – and are known as “Endangered Forests.” Their fate now lies in the balance.

Situation critical: “Endangered Boreal Forests”

Recognizing the urgency of the situation, in 2012 Greenpeace commissioned [Global Forest Watch Canada](#) to analyse some of the last large intact areas of Canada’s Boreal Forest that are open to logging.

Five “Endangered Forest” areas of extraordinary ecological value were identified as being under severe threat from expanding industrial development. Read more about these forests in [Boreal Alarm](#): A wake up call for action in Canada's Endangered Forests.



In several of these areas, Canada’s largest logging company [Resolute Forest Products](#) is operating and sourcing timber to produce pulp, paper and lumber products. Their operations, disputed by several First Nations, are degrading critical caribou habitat and fragmenting these Endangered Forests. [Learn more about how Resolute is destroying caribou habitat and “Endangered Forests.”](#)

A pathway to solutions for Endangered Forests

Yet there is hope: Solutions that work for people, communities, wildlife and logging companies exist, and are in place in other parts of the [world](#).

Greenpeace, along with tens of thousands of people in Canada and across the planet, believe that it can be done in the Boreal Forest as well.

With only 10.7% of Canada's forest lands allocated to the forest sector are permanently protected under government legislation, we know that a large network of protected areas and conservation zones – which includes portions of these Endangered Forest areas – is vital to preserve the health of the Boreal Forest. Protected areas coupled with improved logging practices, certified to the standards of the [Forest Stewardship Council](#) system, will deliver sustainable economies and jobs, resilient and respected communities and a healthy forest.

To deliver these solutions, we believe that First Nations, provincial governments, leaders of logging companies and unions, and environmental organizations must work together. While challenging, we believe that logging and roadbuilding in core areas of Endangered Forests must be temporarily suspended, in order to create the space to come up with innovative solutions.

Chapter 5: Offers i couldn't refuse

I was getting unsatisfied with my job. They were making me work long hours with mediocre pay. Co-workers were rude to me. Then the CEO of a rival company visited me. He flirted with me. I slept with him. I cheated on Alex Sidor.





The mysterious sexy CEO of the rival corporation took me in a ride in his private limo. I was staring at him all the time. Rich, handsome and he's right in front of me! It started like this...

I scowl with frustration at myself in the mirror. Damn my hair - it just won't behave, and damn Julia Sidor for being ill and subjecting me to this ordeal. I should be studying for my final exams, which are next week, yet here I am trying to brush my hair into submission. / must not sleep with it wet. I must not sleep with it wet. Reciting this mantra several times, I attempt, once more, to bring it under control with the brush. I roll my eyes in exasperation and gaze at the pale, brown-haired girl with blue eyes too big for her face staring back at me, and give up. My only option is to restrain my wayward hair in a ponytail and hope that I look semi presentable.

Eleonora is my roommate, and she has chosen today of all days to succumb to the flu.

Therefore, she cannot attend the interview she'd arranged to do, with some mega-industrial tycoon I've never heard of, for the student newspaper. So I have been volunteered. I

have final exams to cram for, one essay to finish, and I'm supposed to be working this afternoon, but no - today I have to drive a hundred and sixty-five miles to downtown Seattle in order to meet the enigmatic CEO of Mercer International Inc. As an exceptional entrepreneur and major benefactor of our University, his time is extraordinarily precious - much more precious than mine - but he has granted Eleonora an interview. A real coup, she tells me. Damn her extra-curricular activities.

Eleonora is huddled on the couch in the living room.

"Ana, I'm sorry. It took me nine months to get this interview. It will take another six to reschedule, and we'll both have graduated by then. As the editor, I can't blow this off. Please," Eleonora begs me in her rasping, sore throat voice. How does she do it? Even ill she looks gamine and gorgeous, strawberry blonde hair in place and green eyes bright, although now red-rimmed and runny. I ignore my pang of unwelcome sympathy.

"Of course I'll go Eleonora. You should get back to bed. Would you like some Nyquil or Tylenol?"

"Nyquil, please. Here are the questions and my mini-disc recorder. Just press record

here. Make notes, I'll transcribe it all."

"I know nothing about him," I murmur, trying and failing to suppress my rising panic.

"The questions will see you through. Go. It's a long drive. I don't want you to be late."

"Okay, I'm going. Get back to bed. I made you some soup to heat up later." I stare at her fondly. Only for you, Eleonora, would I do this.

"I will. Good luck. And thanks Ana - as usual, you're my lifesaver."

Gathering my satchel, I smile wryly at her, then head out the door to the car. I can-
not believe I have let Eleonora talk me into this. But then Eleonora can talk anyone into anything.
She'll make an exceptional journalist. She's articulate, strong, persuasive, argumentative,
beautiful - and she's my dearest, dearest friend.

The roads are clear as I set off from Vancouver, WA toward Portland and the 1-5. It's early,
and I don't have to be in Seattle until two this afternoon. Fortunately, Eleonora's lent me her
sporty Mercedes CLK. I'm not sure Wanda, my old VW Beetle, would make the journey in
time. Oh, the Merc is a fun drive, and the miles slip away as I floor the pedal to the metal.

My destination is the headquarters of Mr. Grey's global enterprise. It's a huge twenty-

story office building, all curved glass and steel, an architect's utilitarian fantasy, with Grey House written discreetly in steel over the glass front doors. It's a quarter to two when I arrive, greatly relieved that I'm not late as I walk into the enormous - and frankly intimi- dating - glass, steel, and white sandstone lobby.

Behind the solid sandstone desk, a very attractive, groomed, blonde young woman smiles pleasantly at me. She's wearing the sharpest charcoal suit jacket and white shirt I have ever seen. She looks immaculate.

"I'm here to see Mr. Grey. Anastasia Steele for Julia Sidor."

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Steele." She arches her eyebrow slightly as I stand self- consciously before her. I am beginning to wish I'd borrowed one of Eleonora's formal blazers rather than wear my navy blue jacket. I have made an effort and worn my one and only skirt, my sensible brown knee-length boots and a blue sweater. For me, this is smart. I tuck one of the escaped tendrils of my hair behind my ear as I pretend she doesn't intimidate me.

"Miss Sidor is expected. Please sign in here, Miss Steele. You'll want the last elevator on the right, press for the twentieth floor." She smiles kindly at me, amused no doubt, as I sign in.

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