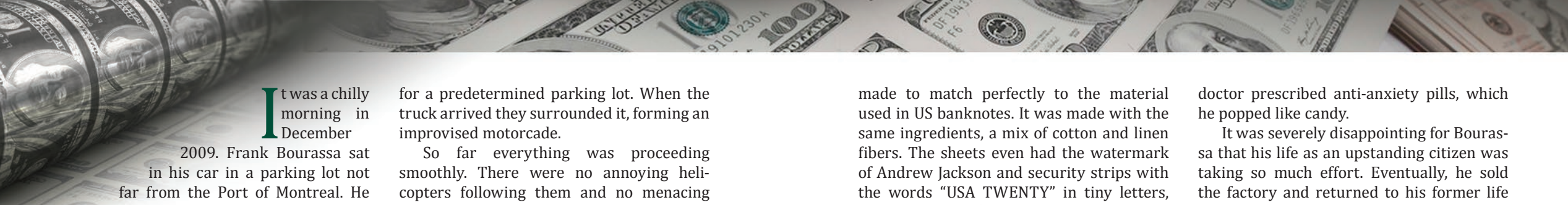


# World's Most Prolific Counterfeiter

*He Printed Hundreds  
of Millions of Dollars  
Perfectly Mimicking  
American Banknotes*

*At any given time, millions and millions of dollars in counterfeit bills are circulating throughout America, even to the point of potentially destabilizing the economy. In reality, most of these bills are easily detected and removed. Then, a couple of years ago, authorities discovered a massive stock of \$20 bills forged so perfectly that the greatest experts struggled to differentiate them from genuine ones. Panicked, the Secret Service went all out to uncover the massive crime ring—only to find that it was the work of one master counterfeiter, and that when discovered, he would frustrate his hunters more than they ever imagined....*





**I**t was a chilly morning in December

2009. Frank Bourassa sat in his car in a parking lot not far from the Port of Montreal. He scanned the entire area with his binoculars to be sure that no secret agents were guarding the site.

A ship sat in the port holding a container that didn't look like it should be of any particular interest to the authorities. The container was loaded with paper—cases and cases of ordinary paper. At least that's what Bourassa hoped the customs agents would think should they decide to take a look at what was inside.

For the last two days, Bourassa's men had kept a keen eye on the port from two cars parked in different spots. They had not noticed any unusual activity, but Bourassa was still extremely nervous. He knew that an army of police and border guards could appear at any moment and catch him redhanded.

After observing the area for a while, Bourassa decided it was safe to move on to the next stage of his plan. He called one of his men, a truck driver, and gave him the green light to drive his truck into the heavily guarded port and load the cargo.

A short while later, Bourassa watched through his binoculars as a truck drove up to his shipping container. As he watched the contents of the container being transferred onto the truck, he could hardly contain his joy. He had been waiting for this moment for months, even years.

Bourassa had spent much of his life inventing all sorts of shady schemes to make a dishonest living, from selling illegal drugs to dealing in stolen cars. He had made some money, but he was not particularly wealthy. Then he came up with an ingenious though very risky idea, one which could make him hundreds of millions of dollars.

As his truck drove out of the gates and passed smoothly through the multiple checkpoints, Bourassa and his men headed

for a predetermined parking lot. When the truck arrived they surrounded it, forming an improvised motorcade.

So far everything was proceeding smoothly. There were no annoying helicopters following them and no menacing black SUVs to worry about. Of course, there was no guarantee that undercover agents in unmarked cars were not on their trail. Bourassa, therefore, spared no precaution to ensure that his truck was not followed.

As an example, while driving on the ramp up to a highway, one of the cars in his convoy stopped smack in the middle of the one-lane ramp. The driver of the car pretended he was having engine trouble and traffic ground to a halt for a while. If any cars were trying to follow them, they would have been unable to pass.

The truck pulled into a parking lot outside Montreal and the driver got out. For the next three days Bourassa and his men observed the site with their binoculars. After they were sure that there were no police in the entire area, they moved the truck to its next stop. This was a field in Trois-Rivières, a small city in Quebec with a population of 130,000 and Bourassa's hometown. Now Bourassa and his helpers spent another three long days carefully observing the truck's surroundings.

Only after Bourassa was 100% certain that no police officers were on his tail did he call his friend. The man arrived with special scanners and devices to examine the delivery and make sure there were no electronic bugs or tracking devices planted inside. When that was done, Bourassa gave his permission to open the truck. Inside were five pallets that held the source of Bourassa's future wealth.

The pallets held a batch of special paper



Frank Bourassa, greatest individual counterfeiter in history.

made to match perfectly to the material used in US banknotes. It was made with the same ingredients, a mix of cotton and linen fibers. The sheets even had the watermark of Andrew Jackson and security strips with the words "USA TWENTY" in tiny letters, just like genuine \$20 bills. All that was missing was the special green ink and colored letters and images, which would make these papers virtually indistinguishable from the bills printed by the US Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington DC. When he was done, the best experts from the US Treasury and Secret Service would not be able to identify his forged bills.

As he peered inside, Bourassa was overcome with joy. He had avoided and confounded the authorities. He had everything he needed to print hundreds of millions of dollars of fake US banknotes. He was going to become one of the wealthiest people in the world. Nobody could stop him now!

## Who Is Frank Bourassa?

Short and stout, there is an overconfident air about him. Frank Bourassa boasts that if he wanted to reach the moon no one would be able to prevent him. There is a reason for his confidence, as you will soon see....

Bourassa's criminal ambitions began as early as eighth grade. He led a group of kids who shoplifted from stores and sold their wares, netting him \$100 per week. Around age 15, he moved out of his parents' home and rented his own apartment. Bourassa found legal work as a mechanic in an auto repair shop... at the same time that he found illegal work dealing in stolen cars. Over a period of several years he sold more than 500 stolen vehicles.

In his late twenties, Bourassa grew weary of leading an underground life and opened a modest factory that produced brakes for cars. Although successful, Bourassa was dissatisfied. He spent 20 hours a day at work and barely slept. He was soon diagnosed with a stress disorder and a

doctor prescribed anti-anxiety pills, which he popped like candy.

It was severely disappointing for Bourassa that his life as an upstanding citizen was taking so much effort. Eventually, he sold the factory and returned to his former life of crime, dealing drugs. The illegal drug industry treated Bourassa far better than his brake business had.

All that ended in 2006, when the police nabbed one of Bourassa's suppliers. Bourassa was also arrested and convicted. A judge sentenced him to 12 months in prison, but under Canada's liberal laws he was only required to serve three months of that time. He didn't even have to spend time behind bars, but instead served out the sentence in his own living room.

Bourassa now rethought his position. He



The Port of Montreal where the delivery of special paper arrived.



Trois-Rivières, Bourassa's hometown, is a city of 130,000 outside of Montreal.