

The Ninth Circus Court of Florida My 30-Year Job from HELL!

Disclaimer:

Within this book, I use the terms *fucking*, *touching*, and implied sex synonymously. Behind closed doors, the term *SEX* can be interpreted as anything or almost nothing, depending on the viewpoint. Oral sex can be a couple standing on either side of the bed yelling obscenities at one another. If it turns them on, who's to say it's not sex? Consensual sex might be a repulsive verbal agreement, "If you let me fuck you, you can keep your job." Everyone uses different terms and has their own unique definitions of sex. Some believe that simply touching is sex, while others believe intercourse is sex. Some may feel that talking dirty is sex. Within my narrative, when I use the term *sex* or *fucking* or any other slang term or innuendo, please feel free to substitute your OWN definition of sex. In order to cover all my bases, I listed a few terms Belvin Perry Jr., Lisa Munyon, you, me, or others may refer to as SEX.

- Brains
- Skull
- Face
- Go Down
- Head
- Fellatio
- 69
- Bubble Gum
- Shines
- Downtown

- Carpet Muncher
- Bop
- Head Job
- Blumpy
- Get Brain
- Eat Out
- Facetime
- Knowledge
- Slob On My Knob
- Lumpkin
- Felatio
- Blow Job
- Cunnilingus
- Hed
- Muffdiving
- Brojob
- Brain
- 68
- 3rd Base
- Mouth
- Skimmer
- Sloppy Toppy
- Muff Diver
- Mouth Hug
- O.S
- Blow Me
- 8
- Suck Dick
- Cunnilingus
- Lip Service
- Muff Dive
- Gurt
- Smile Like A Doughnut
- Gobble The Goose

- Air Head
- Moustache Ride
- Cambodian Yum Yum
- Licky Licky
- Head Work
- Gobbie
- B.J.
- Deuce
- Falashio
- French Sex
- Give Head
- Turkish Delight
- Dome
- Clinton
- Fire Dome
- Skully
- Licking Out
- Top Off
- Go Down On
- Chewing
- Duley
- Blowski
- Blueberry Kisses
- Mouthrape
- Give Me Top
- Gamahucho
- Lay Down Lick
- Gamahouche
- Fuck You In Your Mouth
- Osp
- Defranco
- Medulla
- Slurp
- 3 Car Garage

- New Old Fashion
- Dirty Russian
- Mpos
- Dental Dam
- Road Domes
- Eating A Girl Out
- Cop A J
- Whops
- Lo Squalo
- Box Lunch At The Y
- Sloppy Top
- Cunilingus
- Trough
- Brainer
- Clitorusty
- Muffin Puffin
- Play War
- A2m
- Knowlage
- Pinapples
- Lapping
- Sliding Into Home Headfirst
- Snick
- Honkin' On Bobo
- Australian Kiss
- Gobbys
- Clinton Sex
- Lawinski
- Oral Contraception
- Muck The Barn
- Jaw
- Get Your Dick Wet
- I'll Sit On Your Face
- The Bases

- Hummer
- Swing Low
- Scullied
- Bush Diving
- Lumberjack Grandslam
- Wake Up Call
- Lick It Before You Stick It
- Bobblehead
- Tongue Lashing
- Bocky
- Dinner At The Y
- Dive
- Mouthjob
- Scungillingus
- Muppet Necking
- Tongue-Lashing
- Bonesmoker
- Blumpie
- Playing The Flute
- Chow Box
- Suck Me Off
- Head Doctor
- Schwab
- Zipper Dinner
- Yamming
- Eating Out
- Red Wings
- Carpet Cleaner
- Smoking A Sausage
- Blowtorch
- Cunilinguist
- Doss
- Swallowing Babies
- Rake Yohn

- Top
- Oral Fellatio
- Chicken Heads
- Arkansas Pork Roll
- Sucking Ham
- Snorkling
- Head Wind
- Rock The Mic
- Limberoni
- Spit Baby
- Half-Virgin
- Facetime Downstairs
- Mont Blanc
- Nurm
- French Her Trench
- Dosage
- Rusty Anchor
- Handy
- Skylicking
- Third Base
- Get Head
- Mongolianslurpee
- Throating
- G6
- Arrange
- Giving Brain
- Becky
- Ditty
- Chickenhead
- Moan
- Eat Sushi
- Chin Bumpers
- Chewin
- Cigars On Ice

- Chewing The Chotch
- Mow Box
- Whip Of The Furs
- Curry Sandwich
- Lollipop Love
- Double Dragon
- Cunnalingus
- Mops
- Buff
- Step 2
- Alabama Crab Apple
- Beejowski
- Olly Wolly
- Cunningulus
- Sucksex
- Nosh
- Plate
- Fillatio
- Bohawk
- Dome Cakes
- King Me
- Suckle The Wee-Wee
- First Base
- Throat
- Chicken Head
- Fire Head
- Mouth Bath
- Muffin Man
- Snicker Licker
- Gamaroosh
- Blarf
- Blow My Booty Ho
- Give Face
- Clownilingus

- Buff My Shit
- Carpet Munch
- Italian Inducement
- Get Dome
- Poll Smoking
- Fanfee
- Blood Wings
- Kumme
- Dragons Tongue
- Lesbian Sex
- Top Me Off
- Catchin Face
- Mcjob
- Blow Jackson
- Dicksuck
- Sprayer
- Weaver
- Brain Salad Surgery
- Put My French Bread In Your Dutch Oven
- Deep Six Blowie
- Cheese Spread
- Monkey Rolling
- Slop
- Talk To The Mic
- Giving Up Neck
- Lunch At The Y
- Jang
- In-Depth Review
- Make Your Ears Sweaty
- Giving Head
- Lick The Envelope
- Dane Stair
- Cash Man
- Cocksucker

- Nibble Knob
- Bobs
- Mouth Hugs
- Dinning At The Y
- Fellationado
- H.O.D.
- Eat Pussy
- Bro Job
- Puffin Ham
- Gam
- Sex Moans
- Dome Shots
- Lick The Lizard
- Gob Job
- Swing Da Bat
- Lipstick Around Your Dip Stick
- Gobjob
- Valentine
- Andrew
- Muff Muncher
- Play
- Blowies
- Knob-Goblin
- Grayskull
- Cock Sucker
- Squash Nash
- Purple Cake
- Special Naked Kiss
- Cookout
- Lambame
- T Baggin
- :P(;
- Self Falatio
- Gimme Dat Becky

- Deep Sea Diving
- Eat Box
- Yodeling
- Red Wing
- Fellini
- Growling At The Badger
- Blunken
- Loosey
- Angel Fish
- Bonetotjaw
- Favor
- The Old Lickaroo
- Thomas Jefferson
- Eat Me
- Chompin' On The Wooly
- Choped Up
- Moundsville
- 6911
- Vageterian
- Singapore
- Sloral
- Going Down
- Slowneck
- Even Better Than The Real Thing
- Owo
- Vj
- Miami Heat
- Ant 'n' Decs
- Austrailian Kiss
- Muffdiver
- Honey Pie
- Lesbian Bukkake
- Oral Exam
- Eat

- Vespucci
- E-Dome
- Peter-Puffer
- Dashboard Confessional
- Cum Chugger
- Jipes
- Dining With Devon
- Bobble Head
- Chicken-Head
- Maygen
- Oopsk
- Buss Down
- Snog In The Grass
- Eat You Out
- Sex Slave
- Dirty Dining
- Gimme Da Head
- Dam
- Ornal Sex
- Spitter
- Come Down On You
- Suck Off
- Eat My Cookie
- Dsl's
- Bodo
- Crotchgobbler
- 69er
- Going South
- Lip Lock On The Love Muscle
- Falationship
- Fellation
- Gangbrain
- Jim
- Hot Rod

- Sexually Active
- Dometreats
- Suck And Fuck
- Sixty Nine
- Bloody Mary
- Bowl Job
- Virgitarian
- Phud
- Bobble
- Cougarlingus
- Half Virgin
- Blrr Jab
- 12 Play
- Boat
- Oral Treats
- Eats Corn The Long Way
- Eat My Pasta
- Chew The Beaver
- Face Pussy
- Felashio
- Romantic Dinner
- To Drink From The Furry Cup
- Quencher
- Ronald Mcdonald
- Axl
- Congratufellations
- Getting Some Head
- Martyn
- Pearl Diving
- Lip Piercing
- Half And Half
- Angel Kiss
- Philachio
- Jawbone

- Throw Neck
- Oaas
- Fellations
- Oral Art
- Wedding Ring
- Rusty Trombone
- Cunnilinguist
- Hot Kirby
- Give Me Brain
- Get Off My Bone
- Shower Head
- Neck Game
- Skin Flute
- Blowjay
- Study On The Ground Floor
- Slinging Neck
- Schnarlin'
- Honking On Bobo
- Snatch Attack
- Falacio
- O'connor
- Scrubbing Plate
- Doggy Dome
- Front Butt Snack
- Slurpees
- Reverse 69
- Izzerbob
- Deep Throat
- Umbilingus
- Taste The Baby
- Girlie Head
- Throwing Back The Shutters
- Flap Jaw
- Ackrite

- Rainbow Party
- Mouth Bounce
- 83
- Around The World
- Chupies
- Clintonesque
- Tickler
- Relationship Bases
- Trade
- Dirty Lerman
- Crowsfoot Noggin
- Downtown Charlie Brown
- Munching Rug
- Porkswetti
- Dickless Cock Sucker
- Beethovens 69th Symphony
- Tongueing The Toaster
- Shine Your Apple
- Eating The Catfood
- Groceries Ate
- Chuggin' Cock
- Dinner Downstairs
- Boppin
- I'd Shave For Him
- Bob On It
- Base
- Reverse Cowgirl Sixty Nine
- Wolf Jaw
- Tongue Fuck
- Cloud 69
- Pelt Licker
- Snow Balling
- Fart Hammer
- Sixty-Nine

- Doing The Do
- Georgia Floss
- Trip Around The World
- Give Me Head
- Hit The Threes
- Gay Angel
- Cod Job
- Blow The Dirty Whistle
- Ice Head
- Blowjo
- Oralboros
- Hedz
- Booper
- Gogurt
- Knobgobbling
- Coonalingus
- Fuckysucky
- Yodeling Up Her Canyon
- Scullymac
- Vadining
- Face Station
- Sip From The Furry Cup
- Playing The Hairmonica
- Salty Cabbage
- Magic Flute
- Work For It
- Super Nova
- Catch Bop
- Lapper
- Rake
- Road Skull
- Shizzle On My Nizzle
- Snow Ball
- Gumming

- Ben And Jerry's
- Vagin
- Glory-Hole
- Cock Or Walk?
- Rooster
- Adult Happy Meal
- Jizzidue
- Eater
- Tijuana Oil Job
- Eating At The Y
- Wat Dat Mouf Do
- Biter
- Meat Trumpet
- Fellarcolepsy
- Codkin
- Happy Ending
- Seismic Toss
- Ravishing
- Zinger
- Cottage Cheese Wings
- Roscow
- A Blumpkin
- Menstrual Mouth
- Motting
- Copin Squalies
- Slobber Knobber Jobber
- Godown
- Dinner And A Movie
- Secondary Vagina
- Muffilisation
- Chicken For The Boys
- Flange Biscuit
- Mouth Virgin
- Get Blown

- Mauin
- Eat Tofu
- Korean Tacos
- Fur Burger
- Jib Job
- Mercy Sex
- Home Run
- Analingus
- Bobroom
- Damage
- Self-Dome
- Kiss Her Where She Pees
- Head Treatment
- Hobbity Gaga
- Dig Holes
- Dickslexia
- Nibble On My Bacon
- Puerto Rican Handshake
- Flumpy
- Narcolingus
- Shwab
- Dirty Knees
- Trouser Snorkeled
- Bingies
- Lickmuff
- "Eat Pussy"
- Right Round
- Mouth Pipetting
- Road Hummer
- A Beaver Attempt
- Pearl Dive
- Cullingus
- Sit On Your Face
- Red Beard

- Firehead
- Wild And Crazy Bus Sex
- Ghetto Gagger
- Professional
- Cunninlingus
- Cherry Sundae
- Sixtynine
- Black And Decker
- Mayanero
- Heatherd
- Give Dome
- Blowpig
- Country Blumpkin
- Male Tears
- Ei
- Helmet Buffing
- Make Someone Happy
- Baby Leaf
- That Be-Be Bobity
- Face Sex
- Steve Job
- Notley
- French Culture
- Working Out At The Y
- Saxo
- Humding
- Pickle Wash
- Carpet Licker
- Droppin Squalies
- Mop My Slop
- Blenchkin
- Melontop
- Mc Hammer
- Lintlicker

- Shadow Dome
- Crumpkin
- Nicholas Caging
- \$50
- Lacrosstitute
- Mouth Chores
- Stomalingus
- Bill Clinton Sex
- Thumbjob
- London Bridge
- Tongue Action
- Tear Her Rug
- Tongue Tippin'
- Shamz
- Bloch
- English Muffin
- Canadas History
- Please
- Lick The Bacon Strip
- Gokness Monster
- Psychiatrist
- Head Start
- Clucking
- Mouth Fun
- Do A Clinton
- Bust Down
- Hymenlick Manoeuvre
- Smokin Head
- Japanese Crabcake
- Sex
- Double Down
- Nut Gargler
- Fluffer
- Curtain Call

- Blimpie
- The Sex Bases
- Donkey Nickels
- Heads
- Fiddlehead
- Feed Bag
- Cunniblumpkin
- Taste The Bush
- The Neilson
- Snorkel
- Sandjob
- Bro J
- Raker
- Pillow Princess
- Owotc
- Cunninghamlingus
- Frosting The Cupcake
- Reverse Blumpkin
- Vagina Milk
- Triple Option
- On The Spit
- Michosa
- Schmevins
- Worshiping At The Gates
- Blowjob Fart
- Blarhar
- Eat The Box
- Felation
- Lewd Awakening
- Ruddy Treatment
- Gummin
- Whispering Walnut
- Torkeling
- Walking Talking Sperm Bank

- Eating Corn
- Bop Squad
- Tyson Chomp
- Beige Pants
- Mausoleum Munching
- Bobbin D
- Doshur
- Chicken Neck
- Lopukolo
- Felatiate
- Wear The Beard
- Hotmouth
- Headucation
- Hiking The Appalachian Trail
- Eating The Mango
- Triple Threat
- Metalingus
- Blowner
- Conalingus
- Face Rider
- Skunking
- Coochie Crumbs
- Bogo
- Alabama Steamer
- Chocolate Milkshake
- Natural
- Doogan Chugger
- Roaddome
- Mile High Road Head
- Clittini
- Rap On The Mic
- Blowscone
- Down Low
- Jobear

- Splaque Plushe
- Speak Into The Microphone
- Come Take Your Contacts Off
- A 69
- Plumpy
- Accomodator
- Duck Fuck
- Fish Supper
- Blozza
- Green Onion Cake
- Jabberjaw
- Reverse Chicken Wing Ball
- Chewie
- Yodeling In The Canyon
- Oral Pleasure
- Towel Job
- Pulling A Train
- S'ing The D
- Mustache-Ride
- Cunnilungus
- Pop
- Kroeger
- Sexas
- Vcp
- Bjer
- Fuck Lips
- Under The Pool Table
- Singaporn
- Cabin Slabbing
- The Nut Job
- Period Head
- Bob Nob
- Bloinking
- Dustmunch

- Blowjophobia
- Goldengate
- Sweet Chin Music
- Dome Shot
- Oral Roberts
- Hairballed
- Eat Up
- Suck It Easy, Bitch
- Nordlinger
- Swallogize
- Busdown
- Twice Baked Potato
- Alaskan Hummer
- Oatmeal
- Nigerian Tea Bag
- Chintickler
- Logical Fellatio
- Nosejob
- Selfish Lover
- Thighburns
- Gettin Head
- Wiggly Munch
- Money Shot
- Cum Gargler
- Going Down South
- Get The Spit
- 34.5
- Chrome Polisher
- Headwops
- Whiskey Mouth
- Noggin Scroggin
- Wallmouth
- Pearl Diver
- Swyle

- Doing The Gloria
- Blow For Snow
- Hogsmoke
- Sweet Pudding
- Green Machine
- Bad Head
- Parting The Red Sea
- Rugmuncher
- Cunnelize
- Domework
- Bloagie
- Dogbowling
- Crotch Puppy
- Sperm Burping Gobble Dick
- Sturgill
- Mudbuttkin
- Surt
- Lickity The Clit
- Teblowing
- Superhead
- Da Smokin
- Dry Bone
- Dishwash
- Yodel In The Gully
- Mobjob
- Ding-Dong Sing Along
- Bloaf
- Fish Course
- Wetball
- Turkish Eye Opener
- Bush Dive
- Hum Diu
- Cab Head
- Mel Gibson Syndrome

- Yakker
- Ass Turkey
- Snorkle
- Pussy Sex
- Gag Princess
- Einstein
- Fecal Fiddle
- Road Head
- John Wayne
- Abstinence
- Cock Block
- 3 Hole Punch
- B.J. Houshmandzadeh
- Muzi
- Roundmouth
- Sodomize
- Pum Pum Claffy
- No Recip
- Blumpelstilskin
- Barn Mucker
- Gyds
- Spuds Mckenzie
- Cooch Pooch
- Carpet Munchies
- Red Robbin Eater
- Gamerdome
- Shrimp Salad
- Southern Kiss
- Get Smart
- Skeeboop
- Falling Down The Well
- Peter Pop
- Cudiphobia
- Krummer

- Face Party
- Bop Queen
- Chicken Party
- Wood Wash
- Chung Wang
- Ride The Goatee
- Bill Jack
- French Kissing The Walrus
- Lecture Dome
- Lapsnorkeler
- Cement Mixer
- Swallowing Kids
- Face Spank
- Fus Ro Dah
- Meat Bassoon
- Rozzi
- Aquahead
- Bieberhead
- Bierce
- Pole Polisher
- Snack Slapper
- Half A Virgin
- Jbot
- Earn Your Wings
- Strawberry Kisses
- Eskimo Blowjob
- Soxing
- Ohio Porkroll
- Joe Pesci
- Rgp
- Nobber
- Oral Mind Sex
- Horatio
- Second-Hand Pipe

- Bases
- Mumford
- Pinocchio
- Give Me Some Facetime
- Dirty Taco
- Cleveland Blumpkin
- The Bill Clinton
- Suckbot
- Washing Machine
- Mouth Magic
- 49
- Fourth Base
- Tazmanian Taco
- Muffburger
- Oral Bottom
- Holy Grail
- Diving For Pearls
- Muff Job
- Lecture
- The Bop
- Hotwings
- Cabezear
- Jawed
- Fellatious
- Mornong
- I Want To Bring You Down
- Little Nymph
- Soap Mactavish
- Jackpot
- Lick You Out
- Smooch Hobber
- San Fernando Nightcap
- Snack Off
- Chicago Revit Job

- Muzzle That Guzzle
- Knobshine
- Jelly Bracelets
- Gnarskies
- Eatamon
- Strome
- Organizing Money
- Hoover Alarmclock
- Pecker Wrecker
- Smokey Dumpster
- Downtown Browntown
- Splitting The Peach
- Boat Head
- Penis Musician
- Morning Blow
- Headsmith
- Sunshine Surprise
- Oral Sex With Reciprocity
- Axl Rose
- Nibbly Dibbly
- :O<-----8
- Lickalotapuss
- Dickbroom
- Pussy Crumbs
- Head Shot
- Birthday Present
- Ball Licking
- To Go Box
- Devil's Tongue
- Mulcahy
- Cummfy
- Swallow Children
- Mho
- ;-@

- Bloody Angel
- Other Sex
- Salty Dog
- Molly Wop
- Mouth Sex
- Sexual Relations
- Lip Biting Animal
- Hrey
- Wet Bagel
- Milkshake Club
- Rug Tiger
- Suicidal 69
- Chilly Willy
- Trojan War Helmet
- Rusty Coins
- Giuggio
- Monosex
- Down
- Bulimic Blowjob
- Handlebars
- Surrey Girl
- Cunt Monkey
- Swimming In The Red Sea
- Chocolate Dickshake
- Mischa Barton Diet
- Ready Brek
- Skeet Rash
- Lesbian Lick Lodge
- Bald Eagle Diver
- Munched On That Beaver
- Scratchalotapuss
- Nunnilingus
- Kedern2223
- Sustainable Dolphin

- Frantic Snacking
- Pleasure
- Legendary Service
- Gulp
- Yaffling The Yogurt Cannon
- Skunk Sucker
- Madulla
- Fellatio Forest
- Oralphobic
- Beanohead
- Snugglingus
- Playing The Cavern
- Throwing Neck For Reggie
- Cameron Effect
- Uncle Moey
- Plumpkins
- Lollycock
- Jizzica
- Shredder
- Carpetlicker
- Oatoa
- Cherry Popsicle
- Fajita Karakoe
- Boris Johnson
- Bob-Scroodles Or Bobby-Scroodle
- Buy Monica
- Throwin Neck
- Oraling
- Wisker Biscuit
- Roscoe
- Clean-Up
- Mutton Muncher
- Slurps
- Auto Fellatio

- Pop Rocks Job
- Pokelumpkin
- Fucky Sucky
- Bluetooth Head
- Blow Torch
- Eating A Taco
- The Bill Clinton Treatment
- Playing A Duet On Skinflutes
- Eating Ain't Cheating
- Dimmadome
- David Letterman
- Dracula
- Head Bobber
- Chuckdealing
- Wolfman Kisses
- Dome Goggles
- Frump-Er
- Crab Muncher
- Bop Joint
- Orlagh
- Tonguebang
- Ultra Blumpkin
- Milky Surprise
- Plumpkin
- Nibbler
- Apple Knobby
- Blow My Whistle
- Letty
- Yosemite
- Suck Down
- Drop Jaw
- Scrapejob
- Sock
- Honey Tongued

- Cum Guzzling Jiz Fountain
- Limbacher
- Reggie Sanders
- Bust A Chupe
- Playin' In Her Hair
- Gobble
- Felashe
- Guzzler
- Bipedin
- Bloodilingus
- Snatch Snack
- Peppermint Patty
- Pitylingus
- Queef
- Rainbow Parties
- Romancing The Stone
- Nut Guzzler
- Swavel
- Givin Neck
- 4th Base
- Buffin'
- Dollarama
- Hooking Up
- Release The Dragon
- Felacious
- Shark Attack
- Bjp
- Road Job
- Sickly Ferguson
- Widow Licker
- Gumdrops
- Krogering
- Goat Blower
- Box Chomper

- Crotch Cannibal
- Mouse Napkin
- Slam Dunk
- Vaginal Spelunking
- Eaten Out
- Mouth To South
- Muff Snorkeling
- Dick Lips
- Domeshow
- Bro N' Go
- Royal Treatment
- Wet Cheeto
- Plopin
- Seminal Receptor
- Alpine Screamer
- Daisy Chaining
- French Massage
- Relative Humidity
- Quadriplegic
- Oli Sykes
- Foreplay
- Gettin' Blown On The Throne
- Slob Down
- Growl-Out
- Pop Rockin Blow Job
- Vks
- Felatrice
- Diploma
- Chuff Monkey
- Twat-Licker
- Keep The Change
- Venus Butterfly
- Sex Deprived
- Downtown For Lunch

- Nunjob
- Swiffer Swivel Sweeper
- Blah Blah
- Angry Damla
- Total Bottom
- Wet Dustbuster
- Turfbiter
- Tableauijob
- Lobbed Him Off
- Daisy Chain
- Snow Blowing
- Lunch Love
- Blewie
- The Swiss Knight
- L-Dubs
- Frosty Murphy
- Bah
- Its Not Going To Eat Itself
- Bopmonster
- Rubber Gum
- Chomp The Knob
- Jimmy Haha
- Zayn Malik
- Three Ring Circus
- French Bukkake
- Canadian Shish-Kabob
- Getting Your Knees Dirty
- Tonsil Spanking
- Spoto
- Blumpky
- Understall
- Free Moustache Ride?
- 969
- Cuntalingus

- Gobbled
- Neapolitan
- Down & Dirty
- Biermps
- Plimpkin
- Nostriling
- Faletio
- Sad Santa
- Fishing In The Tuna Boat
- Vaginadinaphobia
- Onal Sex
- Dirty Andretti
- Throat Goblin
- Stamp Licker
- Mcblowjob
- Dragonface
- Snowblow
- Eat And Beat
- Eatin Aint Cheatin
- Rodshark
- Drink My Kids
- Fish Slapping
- Touch Base
- 6
- Spooghetti
- Etp
- Rain Blow
- Side-Ways Roast Beef Sandwich
- Dinodome
- Pirana
- Three Eyed Turtle
- Purple Mushroom
- I Could Eat A Peach For Hours
- Bus Down

- Surfing The Red Tide
- Double Headed Dragon
- Cunnyvampire
- Clit Lip
- Crotch Cobbler
- Gettin' Becky
- Marge
- Ball Dock
- Suckle Below The Buckle
- Twat Tickler
- Seasoned
- Planting Tulips
- Boqueteira
- I Melt In Your Mouth, Not In Your Hand
- Gonk
- Diving Into The Red Sea
- Vowel Pouch
- Zj
- Bette Midler
- Soft Touch
- Boss
- Angry Doorman
- Vieja Pisona
- Z-J
- Canadian Kisses
- Diet Ohio Hog Roast
- Suckamadiculous
- Stump Grinder
- Welly
- Dubble Bubble
- Grass Grazer
- Ass Gas Or Grass
- Sneaky Pinky
- Rodedo

- Pay For Gas
- Eskimo Cousins
- Non Gagger
- Bean Burrito
- Reel Around The Fountain
- Hot Kenny
- New England Clam Job
- Domers
- Knopgoblin
- Say Aah
- Cunt Hairs
- Bike Ho
- Clown Face
- Lickbuddy
- Clamjob
- Making Out With Tom Selleck
- Spoon Sisters
- Sea Gulling
- Let Me Beat
- Russian Blowjob
- Put On The Spit
- Buffski
- Cross Ass To Mouth Pollination
- Pity Gag
- Shlumpkin
- Bushburger
- Forrest Gumpkin
- Reverse Redwings
- Dirty Sophie
- P.T.M
- Falwell
- Blizzard
- Bellycia
- Dock Job

- Blundy
- The Frog
- Triple Crown
- Cock Pirana
- Guckle
- Baby Seal
- Reach Young Brains
- A/O
- Dirty Forlano
- Boral Sex
- Getting Laid
- Making Love
- Funny Business
- Afternoon Delight
- Knocking Boots
- Doing It
- A Bit Of Hows Yer Father
- Getting Down
- Jumping Bones
- Getting Lucky
- Tap That
- Fuck
- Shag
- Bone
- Bang
- Boink
- Screw
- Nail
- Shtupp
- Ball
- Rut
- Score
- Smash
- Doing Squat Thrusts In The Cucumber Patch

- Bringing An Al Dente Noodle To The Spaghetti House
- Putting The Bread In The Oven
- Tossing A Hot Dog Down A Hallway
- Having A Hot Beef Injection
- Sending Out For Sushi
- Boarding The Beef Bus
- A Bit Of Crumpet
- Playing Hide The Sausage
- Banana In A Fruit Salad
- Baking The Potato
- Batter Dipping The Corn Dog
- Churning Butter
- Filling The Cream Donut
- Glazing The Donut
- Banana In The Fruit Salad
- A Bellyful Of Marrow
- Passing The Gravy
- Planting The Parsnips
- Putting The Sour Cream In The Burrito
- Toasting The Bagel
- Stuffin The Muffin
- Makin Bacon
- Bumping Uglies
- Matrimonial Polka
- Horizontal Tango
- Conquer The Pink Fortress
- Two-Person Pushups
- Assault With A Friendly Weapon
- A Bit Of The Old In Out
- Bedroom Rodeo
- Hot Yoga
- Parallel Parking
- Bow Chick A Wow Wow
- Bushwacking

- Chesterfield Rugby
- A Visit From Old One Eye
- Crushing Buns
- Dipping The Wick
- Disappointing The Wife
- Bedroom Rodeo
- Doing The Nasty
- Business Time
- Balls Deep
- Exploring The Hidden Valley
- Hitting A Home Run
- Cleaning Cobwebs In The Womb Room
- Riding The Bony Express
- Open The Gates Of Mordor
- Foxtrot Uniform Charlie Kilo
- Slytherin The Hufflepuff
- Christening The Yak
- Digging Up The Sand Crab
- Bending Over A Barrel
- Harpooning The Salty Longshoreman
- Jamming The Clam
- Pile Driving
- Taking One Eye To The Optometrist
- Waka Waka
- Waxing Ass
- Wetting The Willy
- Using A Telescope To Explore The Black Hole
- Wiggling The Tooth-Pick
- Torpedoing The Eel
- Sending An Email To The Spam Folder
- Souring The Kraut
- Splooge Bathing
- Wam Bam Thank You Mam
- Fornicating

- Playing With The Box The Kids Came In
- Tipping The Velvet
- Pee Pee Friction Pleasure
- Taking The Skinboat To Tuna Town
- Testing The Mattress
- Making Faces
- Doing The Monster Mash
- The No Pants Dance
- A Trip To Pound Town
- Checking The Oil
- Sweeping The Chimney
- Rumpy Pumpy
- Adult Naptime
- Carnal Embrace
- Dancing In The Sheets
- Driving Miss Daisy
- Entering The Castle
- Give The Dog A Bone
- Hiding The Bishop
- To Know Someone In The Biblical Sense
- Mashing The Fat
- Pumping Fur
- Whitewashing The Picket Fence
- Tunnel Patrol
- The Tube Snake Boogie
- Making A Hole In The Welcome Mat
- Whittling The Love Branch
- Sharpening The Pencil
- Taking Grandma To Applebees
- Waving The Weasley Wand
- Seeing A Man About A Dog

Chapter 1: My first introduction to Chief Judge Belvin Perry

I had worked for a few respectable Chief Judges such as Judge Stroker and Judge Colman, both of whom I still believe are the essence of what a Chief Judge should be. Therefore, I never gave it much thought when Belvin Perry Jr. became the next Ninth Circuit's Chief Judge. Naive me thought that all Chief Judges were made from this noble caliber of incorruptible and ethical elected officials. After all, how could they have reached this level of power without being principled and virtuous?

Looking back at that time, I was idealistic. I thought if you did your job well, then things would work out. Your kids would grow up and send money home (not) and life would be sweet.

My first introduction to Belvin Perry was both startling and eye-opening and forever changed me and my family's entire life. I don't think I'll ever trust another person again.

(AKA) *Jizabell* worked for me as a System Analyst and one day she poked her head into my office and informed me that our new Chief Judge Belvin Perry had called her to come up to his office. My subdued alert response clicked up a few notches because I had a Support Department that handled problem calls from court judges. There was never a reason for someone who worked in Systems to ever be in front of any judge. System staff performed *behind-the-scenes* work. They solved systemic global infrastructure issues. However, Dumbass me didn't put two and two together, because flowers were growing in my garden and life was pretty damn good. Keeping that nuance in mind, I wasn't aware how much time Jizabell and my new Chief Judge Perry had been spending together or how much horseshit was going to soon fill my garden and kill every living thing in it.

About twenty minutes later, one of my staff members, a black employee named (AKA) Ed (who also worked in my Systems department) was called on his direct line by Chief Judge Belvin Perry. Without a reason or pretense, Perry asked Ed to come up to his office. Again, none of our judges had ever called System's people directly. Ed had never even met Perry. A judge, Judicial Assistant, or Court Administration staff who is experiencing a computer problem would call or email my Support staff. Support would work through the issue and then if it appeared to be a System issue, Support would escalate the issue up to Systems. My System Engineers would typically fix the issue in the background and my Support team would call the user and ask if their problem was resolved. System staff never had a need to visit *any* user's office, let alone a Chief Judge.

With that said, of course, Ed went up after being summoned by the new Chief Judge.

About ten minutes later, Ed came back and perched exasperated in my doorway, and said, "I will never go up to Judge Perry's office again."

Not understanding why Ed would be so upset, I asked, "What are you talking about?"

Ed said, "Jizabell was in his office and Perry's hands were all over her."

I asked, "What do you mean, all over her?"

Ed said, pantomiming with his hands as if he were rubbing oil into an invisible form, "Like all over her, like everywhere. He was sitting in his big office chair and Jizabell was standing next to him and his hands were working all up and down her body. It was so creepy. It was as if he was trying to intimidate me or maybe impress me, but certainly trying to demean me in some demented way."

Ed tried to collect his thoughts, then added, "It was as if Perry was trying to prove that a powerful black man could do whatever he wanted, and someone like me, a black man who was not a Chief Judge, could never get away with this... this... this", Ed fumbled for the words before deciding on "exhibition."

Ed caught his breath, then continued, "Yeah, that's what this was. It was an exhibition of Perry's perceived power. If he wanted to impress me, then he failed. If he wanted to demean me as a black man, then he also failed. If he wanted to disgust me, then he definitely hit that nail on the head."

Ed was too worked up to sit, so he continued to stand in my doorway and I asked, "What are you going to do if Perry requests you go to his office again?"

Ed said, "Tell him I went home sick, because if I have to go through that again, I will be sick. He's a sick fuck!"

I did my best to acknowledge what I'd heard and tried to convey to Ed that understood his issue, and told him, "I'll talk to the Court Administrator about it."

Ed huffed, "Yeah, right. Good luck on that," and turned on his heel and went back to his office.

Why was it that I felt Ed knew more about the inner workings of Court Admin than did I?

Jizabell didn't come back to the office for over an hour, and when she did she was really puffed up.

She smiled and told Support, "Sorry I was gone so long. I had to fix a problem for Chief Judge Perry."

It came across to my staff as pure unfettered arrogance, as if my Support staff was incapable of fixing an issue for Perry, therefore Jizabell had to go to the rescue.

Later that day, I went up to Court Administration, closed the door behind me, and spoke with the current Court Administrator. I informed him what Ed had reported had taken place in Perry's office and I will never forget his response, but now that I've been enlightened for thirty years, it makes total sense.

The Court Administrator said, "OK, we'll make a note of it."

What he didn't say is:

A) He was going to do something about it.

B) He was going to talk to Perry about it.

Or even C) he was going to talk to Human Resources about it.

Man, I was as naive as a baby mouse that had been dropped into a snake pit. And in order to keep my job, I was forced to remain in that same state of anxiety for the next thirty years.

During the year that followed, Jizabell spent more and more time away from her desk and in Perry's chambers. Court Admin staff, who worked in the Civil Courthouse building, mentioned to me on many occasions that Jizabell was spending a lot of time in Perry's office, and no one could understand why.

Really?

I guess Perry must be an ordained minister to have a 20-some, attractive female, Court Admin employee in his office continually without any hanky-panky taking place.

After Ed's report, I knew why and I assumed that everyone in Court Admin knew why she was spending so much time with Perry. What I failed to take into account is how this fact would affect the management of my staff. It would be like trying to untangle a Slinky.

Systems and Support also noticed that Jizabell was seldom around, and when she was in her office, she did no work and talked on the phone. She began to come in late, sometimes not at all, and left early. I felt this situation was something that I should address before it became MORE of a departmental problem.

Therefore I called Jizabell into my office.

She sat across from my desk with a bemused expression on her face as if she had her finger on a button that could put me to death with a single twitch of her wrist.

I began with, "I noticed that you are away from your desk a lot. Do you understand that Systems works behind the scenes and Support fields user problems?"

Jizabell smiled, a smile of someone who both hates you and knows your car is on fire in the parking lot.

And I'll never forget what she said.

Jizabell said, "*Belvin* and I are personal friends and if *Belvin* requests my assistance, then who am I to tell him no? After all, he's the Chief Judge and can request anyone he wants to help solve his computer problems."

This was really disturbing because there is an unwritten law that Court Admin staff does not fraternize with judges. Judges hang out with judges. Judicial Assistants hang out with other JAs. It was unheard of that a young female Court Admin employee was the personal friend of the fifty-year-old Chief Judge. I mean, how does that even happen? Based on this unwritten law, there would be no legitimate reason for this friendship to take place, let alone grow into what it had apparently become.

I asked Jizabell, "What are you doing for the Chief when you are up in his office? I mean we have a fully staffed Support Department."

I didn't realize that my question could be interpreted in a sexual context because I was focused on computer issues.

Jizabell issued yet another belittling smile and said, "That's between me and the Chief."

And right there, I knew I was totally screwed. I quickly ended the conversation and Jizabell went back to her office.

Before the day was over, Perry called me and asked me to come up to his chambers. I made sure my tie was straight, left the Criminal Building, and walked half a block to the Civil Building where Perry's office was located.

I sat outside in his JAs office and could see Perry pecking away with his two fingers at this keyboard. His JA stuck her head into his office and announced my presence. Perry nodded his head and let me sit there for another twenty minutes before he allowed me the ultimate honor of entering his chambers.

Of course, I knew what this was about, and yet I also didn't know what this was about. More to the point, I knew that Jizabell had called Perry about our meeting. That's why I was there. I thought it would go one of two ways. Either Perry would tell me he was personal friends with Jizabell and I needed to butt out, or (who knows) he might tell me that his computer problems were so vast and complicated that he required his own personal Systems person at his side at all times. It was all up in the air as to which way this would play out.

All that shit was going through my head when Perry handed me a folder. Still, on my mental back foot, I opened it and began to look over the contents.

Perry explained, "That's a folder of the pens and pencil invoices that Court Admin has ordered over the years. A little birdy told me that there is a lot of stealing of office supplies going on around here."

I just looked at him, perplexed and not really sure where this was going, but so far, it was going directly downhill or maybe even off a cliff, depending on the projected trajectory.

The "little birdy" expression Perry used, would become a monogram of his twenty years as our Circuit's Chief Judge. By the time he left office, I must have heard thousands of little birdies fluttering around the court. In this instance, however, I knew the little birdy was Jizabell and I had nothing to do with the invoices I was staring at.

Then Perry let the other shoe drop.

He said, "I want you, Brett, to do a complete inventory of the pens and pencils being used in Court Admin. Of course, you can leave the Judges and JAs out of this inventory, because I'm certain my brethren aren't responsible for the theft."

I was so taken aback that I didn't even know how to respond to this assignment. Before I said anything, I began running such a task through my brain, trying to figure out how I would go about inventorying pens and pencils.

Should I knock on a court employee's office door with a Court Deputy at my side, and tell them they had to leave their office until it was fully searched for pens and pencils?

Would a Court Order be necessary?

Would deadly force be necessary?

Would we have to drag the reluctant employee from their office and pry the pen they were using out of their concrete hand?

Heck, it might require multiple search warrants in order to visit each of their homes and see just how corrupt these pencil thieves actually were.

Perry must have sensed both my myth and confoundment of his assignment.

I started to say something, but Perry cut me off, telling me, "I expect results. This theft has to stop. If you can't get it done, I'll let you go and get someone who can get to the bottom of this."

In my befuddled mind, for some reason, it apparently didn't matter to Perry that I was a Chief Technology Officer and not a (PI) Pencil Investigator. I had absolutely no experience tracking down rogue pencils. Maybe I could take a class. Possibly attend a seminar that pertained to office supply inventory techniques and anti-theft measures. But what struck directly in the brain-box and fully brought me back to the *here and now*, was Perry's inference that he would fire me if I couldn't adequately fulfill this bizarre assignment.

I had been officially and mentally stunned into silence.

While I sat there with Perry waiting for me to respond to his insane chore, I realized that this was a military type of punishment, where some officer has a private move rocks from one pile to another, and then move them back. Of course, there was no way to inventory pens and pencils, and if there was, how much of the taxpayer's money was going to be spent on such an investigation? I was a relatively new CTO, but I was still one of the highest-paid employees in the circuit. I was certain a single day of my salary would buy the court all the pens and pencils those no-good corrupt lead and ink pirates could liberate.

Those BASTARDS!

Finally, Perry asked, "Do you have any questions?"

I snapped out of my "How the fuck do I respond to this insanity" thought process, and only asked one question.

"How long do I have to complete this task?"

Perry appeared as though he hadn't expected that question, and after a moment of contemplation, he came back with, "I think a month would be reasonable."

"That's all," Perry said. "Make sure it's done right."

I got to my feet and left his office. I went straight to the Court Administrator and explained what had just happened. I told my Court Administrator that I thought this was a retaliatory response to my meeting with his girlfriend, Jizabell. The Court Administrator listened patiently and attentively to every word, nodding his head as I explained the monumental pen and pencil task that was set before me.

When I had finally run out of words, the Court Administrator said, "Well, you better get to it."

My brain barked out, "Holy shit, aren't you hearing a god-damn thing I just told you?"

However, my mouth only responded with the phrase, "OK."

Almost in a dream-like state, I made my way back to the office.

It had rained and Jizabell had recently traded me for my parking spot under a tree. She didn't know why I had traded her a prime spot covered by a thick tree in the court parking lot. I don't know how it is where you live, but in Florida, shade from the sun could be sold by the square foot.

It brought to mind a challenge I had issued to a used car salesman as I was looking over his inventory. The salesman saw me eyeing a nice black car.

He said, "I'll give you a great deal on that vehicle."

I shrugged and said, "Black cars are way too hot in Florida. They're like twice as hot inside as a white car."

He said, "I don't know where you got that information, but that's not the case."

I respond with, "If you can put your hand on that car and keep it there for ten seconds, I will not only buy it at your asking price, but I'll give twice the price you're asking for it."

Upfront, I knew how hot the surface of the car was. I had been checking it out and had touched my forearm to the surface. I jumped back like the fucking thing was on fire.

"No problem," the salesman said, and without hesitation, he placed his hand on the hood of the car and began counting to ten.

I had to smile. There was no avoiding it. This guy was either made of asbestos or was going to prove to be a flesh-and-bone human being. However, there are extreme medical conditions where some people have no pain nerves, but that is very rare. And between you and me, I'll take a *rare* bet every now and then.

The guy tried not to show any pain. He even smiled a little for the first four seconds. As I'm writing this interaction, I Googled *how hot a black car surface can get in Florida*, and the figure is 150 degrees Fahrenheit. The guy probably sustained first-degree burns and didn't last more than six seconds.

So when Jizabell traded me for my spot under the tree, she was hoping it would keep her car from cooking in the Florida sun.

After coming back from Perry's office, I smiled because Jizabell's car was absolutely covered in bird shit. I had discovered after months of parking under the tree that this particular tree was the favorite perch for the hugest shitting birds in the world. Unless it rained, then you were good and your car would stay cool under the tree. However, for this particular tree with these particular turd- birds, when it rained, pounds of birdshit that was stuck to the limbs and leaves dissolved and dropped down to the car below. From the factory, Jizabell's car was painted black, but on that day, after that rain, it was completely white. It made me smile, almost as if some Supreme Being had witnessed my meeting with Perry and had interceded and covered Jizabell's car with a thick layer of lumpy white crap. Perry's favorite phrase, "A little birdy told me" had just dropped an atomic bomb of birdshit on Jizabell's car. Even though this gave me mere moments of pure joy, by the time I made it back up to my office, I was lost in assessing the value of my job.

I tried to understand what was going on.

I'm a computer guy.

Now, I'm a Pencil Investigator.

When I accepted the gig, this pen and pencil thing was not part of my job description.

What to do... what to do?

And it was at this unique moment in time that I realized that all my expert computer skills meant nothing to Perry. Therefore I had zero leverage. How do you protect your job when your skills are meaningless to your employer? In the future, I would come to realize that my skills meant nothing to most of the future Chief Judges. I might as well have been a pastry chef. Perry could replace me in a matter of minutes and he wouldn't give it another thought. Hell, he could replace me with Jizabell, yet my entire staff would have quit.

Perry, however, had an intrinsic way of understanding just how far he could go. He understood that the entire IT department resigning might raise a stink that even the most incompetent Ninth Circuit Judge could smell. He was a power-mad Chief Judge

that knew he could do whatever he wanted. Fuck around with female Court Administration employees, no problem. Tell the Court's CTO to go on pencil patrol, not an issue. Tell the Court Administrator and the Human Resource department to pound sand, that worked. For Perry, it was all good. He reminded me of the Mel Brooks' movie, *History of the World 1981*, where the King buried his face in a woman's cleavage, then turned to look at the camera and said, "It's good to be the king." Perry knew no one in Court Administration had the balls to call him out on his vial actions. And this ball-less response from Court Administration went on for more than twenty years.

This is a nuance that you really need to understand and this is no bullshit or embellishment.

A Florida Chief Judge can walk into your office, and using a chair to climb up onto your desk, the Chief Judge could bare his/her ass and take a shit on your desk, and there is nothing you can do about it. Court Administration has no mechanism to deal with a desk-shitting Chief Judge. There is no higher entity to which to report them. And if there was, you would never work in the Florida Court system again. Once exposed as a desk-shitting Chief Judge rat-fink, no Florida Circuit would ever employ you because you ratted out a Chief Judge (desk shitting aside).

The one thing I fully understood at the time of my pencil investigation was that I could never again tell Jizabell to do a goddamned thing, as long as Perry was the Chief Judge. Perry had made that perfectly clear. If I attempted to manage her, there were also staplers and those weird jaw things that remove stables. That might be my next inventory assignment. Yet, that really didn't change the situation I was in. I had to locate all the pens and pencils in the court or Perry would fire me.

Man-o-man. How the hell do you explain this to your wife?

My wife was flabbergasted as I tried to explain the situation I was facing. Of course, being a logical person she began the logical solution process that there must be something I could do to protect my job and my family's future.

Our conversation went something like this.

My wife said, "Did you report Perry to your Court Administrator?"

"Yeah," I said grimly."

"Well, what did he say?"

Huffing out a depleted breath, I responded, "He said I should get busy on the pen and pencil project."

She said, "That's it!"

I said, "What do you expect? The guy is trying to keep his job like I am."

She stammered for a moment and stated, "There has to be someone higher you can report this to. There has to be a way that you can keep your job by simply doing a great job."

I shook my head as if I had already lost the war and said, "That's not the way the court system works. The Chief Judge is as high as you can go. Anyone higher than that doesn't exist in the court world."

Now my wife was getting pissed. Based on my new job and salary at the court, we had just bought a new home and had a newborn that was getting ready to make an appearance. She was freaking out and I couldn't blame her. I had done nothing wrong, yet I could be fired at any moment.

Her voice cranked up a few decibels and she said, "This is just total bullshit. How can a man like this become the Chief Judge of a major court system?"

I didn't have an answer. Thirty years later, I still have no logical answer.

Almost every night we replayed the same conversation.

Same topic.

Same non-resolution.

It put a huge strain on a new marriage that didn't need the tension. Whose does?

For the following decades, the pervasive anxiety consumed us like a thick cloud of lethal radiation. It seemed like it would never end. We didn't know if I would last long enough under Perry's rule to qualify for Florida State Retirement.

What would happen to our health insurance?

My gig could all end at any moment and then... and then.... what?

In response to Perry's pencil project, during the next two weeks, I made a list of every Court Administration employee, and put that list into a database. Next, based on their job titles and perceived wages, I placed weights on each employee, where the employees who made the most amount of money were weighted more than line-level employees.

I then researched the invoices, looking up the pens and pencils in a paper catalog (yeah, this was before the Internet). I then made another list of every type of pencil and every brand of pen that was listed in the invoices, as well as each unit's price. Some of the boxes of pens were more high-end than other generic types, so I weighted those items as well, giving them a higher priority than the more common pens. Once I was happy with my data, I entered it all into my database.

Once I was happy with the estimated importance of employees in contrast to the price of pens and pencils, I began to write code. It took me a few weeks of spending most of the day writing then debugging my code and until I was pleased with the results.

The final output of my program listed every model of pen and pencil and who they were assigned to based on the importance of the employee. Those who made more money had more high-end pens, and those who were basically Court Administration regulars had more pencils and low-end pens. But what was beautiful is every single pen and pencil was accounted for and listed under each employee's name.

Of course, this was all complete bullshit. I had never visited anyone's office and had never inventoried a goddamn pencil or pen. However, the list my code created was very compelling. In order to prove me wrong, another entire inventory of pens and pencils would have to be conducted by someone other than me. I seriously doubted that Perry would assign Jizabell to the task.

I emailed the complete inventory list to Perry and I never heard a word back from him. Apparently, he was either very pleased with me moving rocks from one pile to another or had made up his mind that he had proved his point.

And he had.

After that month of not knowing if I was going to be working at the court for another day, month, or year, I rarely interacted with Jizabell.

This didn't go over well with my staff. My System's staff had to make up for Jizabell never being in the office. They had to take over her assignments to keep the Court IT Department functioning. But even this turned into a total nightmare because if Jizabell felt that another System staff member was trying to take over her job, then she would complain to Perry and I would go through yet another "moving rocks" chore. I don't know how many times Perry made me do months of ridiculous assignments. It seemed like hundreds, but each time it transpired, I almost accepted that this was my new job. I was no longer a CTO. I was Chief Judge Perry's slave which to abuse. Plain and simple.

My female Support staff resented the fact that since Jizabell was fucking the Chief she didn't have to even come to work. I felt bad for them. They had every right to be totally pissed off. Since they were not fucking the Chief, they had to come to work every day and were actually expected to earn their salary. How crazy is that?

I mean, what do you do in that situation?

It took me a long time to progress from a mainframe Computer Operator, to becoming a Systems Analyst, to then becoming the Ninth Circuit Court's Chief Technology Officer. Similar to Perry, I had finally made it. Unlike Perry, I was still an absolute nothing to those in power and it really didn't matter what I achieved during my time as a Court CTO. I could shoot diamonds out of my ass and onto the Chief Judge's desk, yet if I made his girlfriend do anything, even engaged in a conversation with her, then I was gone.

I didn't know if I could keep my staff glued together. We had never run into an issue where a Chief Judge was overtly protecting his girlfriend and in turn jeopardizing Court Admin staff who had been working at the court for most of their adult lives.

At that moment in time, I had a newborn and my wife had quit her job to stay home with the baby.

Then there was the stigma of getting fired. That was an ugly way to start a new job interview. You see, other employers believe that you have to do something nefarious to get fired. What doesn't compute to prospective employers was that a Florida Chief Judge could fire you because he smelled a fart in the elevator, and therefore assumed it was me. Maybe it would be better to have committed a felony, served my time, and was now looking for employment as a felon instead of a fired employee. At least that's a straightforward and understandable situation.

I never wanted to be in that position (the getting fired thing) therefore, I went along with the program that was being laid out by the leader of Court Administration.

My first Court Administrator protected the Judiciary at any cost, and most importantly the Chief Judge. This protection blanket resumed when my first Court Administrator took another job and was replaced by my second Court Administrator. We'll get to more about this new guy later, but the takeaway from this chapter is while Perry was the Chief Judge, I could walk into work and be fired without ever doing anything wrong. I had worked enough other jobs to know that typically you had to completely bone something to get ejected, but in the Florida Court System, you can be fired by the Chief Judge because he/she was having a bad day.

And if Jizabell was having a bad day, then everyone (but mostly me) in my department was having a really bad fucking day.

I try to think back to that time when I decided not to quit. And what comes to mind is I was playing a waiting game.

In the back of my mind, I thought that Perry would be replaced by another Chief Judge in the near future and Jizabell would lose her protector. Why does that make a difference? Because a Chief Judge is the only person who can fire you. To make that happen, if Perry was no longer the Chief Judge, he would need to convince the new Chief Judge to fire me over his Jizabell situation. I didn't see that happening. So all I had to do was hang in there until that piece of shit Perry was gone. I never thought in a million years that this particular sexist peccary would be the Chief for the next twenty years.

After each election cycle, I would convince myself, "OK, not now, but next Chief Judge vote I will get a new respectable Chief Judge."

And believe it or not, things for me and my staff got much, much worse over those years of Perry's leadership.

Talk about a total brain-fuck.

Chapter 2: Damage Control

A female employee walks into the Court Administrator's office and reports she was raped by Judge Dickhead.

Does the Court Administrator immediately call law enforcement and report the rape?

Fuck no, the first thing the Florida Court Administrator will do is try to determine if it was a *light* rape, a *medium* rape, or a *heavy* rape.

The female employee fills in the details that she was beaten and then her clothes were ripped off and then she was bent over the judge's desk and sodomized.

The Court Administrator takes this all in and determines this was a *light* rape, therefore, all that has to be done is to inform the Chief Judge and Court Administration's job responsibilities have been fulfilled.

Court Administration can never call law enforcement. You will be unemployed and waiting to be picked up on the street by your spouse before cops even respond. The same goes for notifying the press.

Court Administration's only job is to protect the judiciary.

That's it.

Simple, yet horrifying.

Let's for a moment consider that the Ninth Circuit Court of Florida is the Titanic.

Iceberg is hit. Check.

The ship is going down. Check.

So in a Florida Circuit Court, the Chief Judge would get the first lifeboat to themselves. You know that talented bow-tied string quartet that was hammering out the sweet tunes on the deck? Yeah, they would be in there with the Chief Judge along with a ship's top chef. Half the weight in the entire lifeboat would be food, booze, and maybe a sexy companion.

The next lifeboats would be awarded to the circuit judges and the last of the lifeboats would be given to the county judges.

The court administration employees better find themselves a three-mile hose because they will all be sucking in air from the bottom of the Atlantic ocean.

Well, maybe not all of them. If there were some judges who didn't make it onto a lifeboat they would have tied all the dead court admin employees' corpses together and used them as human life rafts.

I shit you not. Court Administration employees are not only expendable to the judiciary, but they are also biodegradable and therefore recyclable. Their lives and happiness are meaningless to Florida judges. At least they were in my circuit.

Initially, I was going to make this chapter the prologue of my book, but instead, I wanted your buy-in. I felt a need to get you somewhat invested in my story. You had to have a taste of what happened at the Ninth Circuit Court of Florida in order to determine if any amount of damage control will help Munyon and Perry.

After you're done reading this book, you will probably come to the conclusion that damage control would be like an air traffic controller adjusting his radar after two jumbo jets had collided in midair.

“OK, radar recalibration checks complete. We're good now.”

Other than picking up the bodies, not a lot can be done at that point.

Damage Control to Court Administration takes on the form of checkboxes.

In the case of the book you're reading now, the first box that will be considered...

Box One: Content

Does my book have enough factual content to make other Judges realize it's true?

Belvin Perry (former Chief Judge) and Lisa Munyon (current Chief Judge at publishing time but not for long) know it's true, and all court administration executives know it's true. I realize that it's *unbelievable* in a sense of the word because no one would ever believe a court could turn into such an outright three-ring circus.

Court Administration Response: Shit, better move on to the next box.

Box Two: Circuit-wide Message Dissemination

Have all the Judges at the Ninth Circuit been sent my OPEN LETTER?

I didn't want to compromise my staff (my friends) by sending email through the court's infrastructure, so in order to send my OPEN LETTER to all judges at the circuit, I went **analog**. I wrote some code that ripped random last names off the Internet, then added the words LAW or PA or FIRM in different combinations to make several thousand return address labels and gave them to my publisher for mailing. In this way, Munyon can't alert our circuit to watch out for inbound mail with the return address of (whatever) because there isn't one return address the same as another. So all the Judges in our circuit received my open letter via snail mail. You can block and recall email, but you can't with snail mail.

Court Administration Response: Damn it! Better move on to the next box.

Box Three: State-wide Message Dissemination

Have all the Judges in the state of Florida been sent my OPEN LETTER?

Damn straight. It cost my publisher a thousand bucks in stamps, but my mother always told me that you have to spend money to make money. My publisher even sent letters to the Appellate Courts and the Florida Supreme Court Judges.

Court Administration Response: I'm afraid to look at the next box.

Box Three: Nation-wide Message Dissemination

Have all the Judges in the nation been notified about my book?

No, that would take too long to target all the JUDGES, so instead my bots have been ripping email addresses for ALL active attorneys from EVERY bar association in EVERY state. When you fuck with a mega-tech guy, you better consider I now have a mailing list of all the *active* attorneys in the nation. My publisher found a wonderful overseas Indonesian company (love Indonesian cold emailers) that has some blazing-fast email servers along with the overhead capacity to send my OPEN LETTER (which is posted at the end of this chapter) to 100,000 U.S. attorneys per day. I would say the cat is out of the bag. The genie is out of the bottle. The Baby Ruth has exited the asshole.

Interesting statistic, there are 6543 active attorneys in California whose last names start with the letter 'A'.

Court Administration Response: Oooooow, that one hurts. Next box.

Box Four: Press Message Dissemination

Has the press been notified about my OPEN LETTER and book?

Yep, my publisher sent my OPEN LETTER to fifty of the major media outlets in Florida.

Court Administration Response: Damn! We're In a Tight Spot!

(O Brother, Where Art Thou? reference if you didn't catch it, Matt)

Box Five: Should the Chief Judge post a statement using the court's website?

That would be damned if you do, damned if you don't type of thing.

With few options, maybe Munyon will make Court Administration post a response to my OPEN LETTER and book on the court's website. Responding to my book in any manner using a State-owned website makes it a State issue and opens the State to legal exposure I'm certain they would just assume to avoid. I would be very surprised if there is any mention of my OPEN LETTER and book on the Ninth Circuit's website.

Court Administration Response: When the going gets tuff, the tuff moves to the next box.

Box Six: Should the Chief Judge make a public statement to the press?

Any public statement by the Court, Perry, or Munyon about my OPEN LETTER or book is admitting it's a problem for them. And if you do make a statement on the record, it's not your typical sour-grapes employee where I have just one main gripe. I wrote an entire book (over 200 pages) with hundreds of gripes. So Munyon can't simply say that one thing in my book is false because that implies that everything else in my book is true. So she would have to go chapter by chapter, identify issues, and contest each of them. I would love that. Nice to know that she purchased a copy of my book. Better not pirate my book Munyon.

Court Administration Response: Damn, things are looking mighty grim. Please tell me there's not another box.

Box Seven: Should the Chief Judge reach out to the Florida Judges?

Perry and Munyon don't have all the Florida judge's email addresses, but I do. Even if they did, they would again have to use the Ninth Circuit's email infrastructure and computer employees to do the technical work. Again, that's using court assets, employee hours, and state and county infrastructure which pulls both the State of Florida and Orange County into the situation and creates legal exposure for both.

Court Administration Response: Uggggg, really, do we have more fucking boxes?

Box Eight: Should Munyon and Perry appear on a national show to plead their case?

If they want a national platform they need to appear on a national show and defend themselves. I don't see that happening, although Perry is such a press whore that he would fight to get in front of a camera being operated by a monkey. Perry believes that any press is good press, which also works for me. If they do this, first, they should resign from the bar, and Munyon should tender her resignation to the governor and leave the court. Else, Munyon would be appearing and commenting as a sitting Florida judge. Not a great idea. Again opening Florida up to legal exposure.

Court Administration Response: Nope, there is no amount of damage control that can contain this situation. We're fucked.

Box Nine: Litigation

So what will Belvin Perry and his follower Lisa Munyon do?

Have you heard the saying, "If you're a hammer then every problem looks like a nail?"

If you are an attorney, then every problem looks like a legal issue.

They're attorneys, therefore they're incapable of seeing my book as anything but a legal issue.

What they need to understand, is any legal action against me or my publisher, either Civil or Criminal, can be compared to the thrashing about when you're already hips deep in quicksand. With every legal jerk and lunge, they will sink deeper and deeper until they can actually feel their toes burning from the core of our planet.

My publisher sent a copy of my OPEN LETTER to the court and to all the major press agencies in Florida. The feedback I got from the press is they would love to see this book litigated in court. It would drive my book sales through the roof. Dateline, 20/20, and Court TV would be getting a direct feed of the trial. It would go national. It would go viral and I would have a smash-hit best-seller on my hands.

So damage control related to trying to *stop my message* from getting out is not possible. It's already done. The secret is out. I spilled the beans. Everyone knows. It's common knowledge. It's no longer under wraps. Elvis has left the fucking building, bitches.

And every day more and more of our nation's judges and attorneys are being notified.

The best move Perry and Munyon could make is to stick their little doggy-tails between their little doggy-legs and immediately retire in shame and hope the hoopla over my book eventually dies down.

Yeah, right. I don't believe that for a minute. They're way too egotistical to do anything but thrash around in the quicksand. I just wish I could be there to see their heads sink under the sloppy sand as they pucker out their lips to get that one last breath before sucking in a mouthful of grit as their careers quickly die away.

I would refer to that as a good dream.

Box 10: Data Control

In future chapters of this book you'll discover that Jizabell kept Perry's fat ass in the big chair because she spied on all the court's computers and provided him with the information he could use to blackmail judges and staff.

That was then and this is now.

If Munyon had given my termination the slightest bit of thought, a minuscule moment of consideration regarding interpersonal relationships, she might have realized that I hired every person on my staff, treated each of them like gold, like they were my family, and all of them are my personal friends and have been for up to thirty years. They still support me as I always supported them. After all, that's what friends do. In what world does Munyon live in where she believes my friends will support her instead of me. My staff isn't scared of Munyon in the least. To professional computer experts the Chief Judge is nothing more than a team mascot. My friends only notice them when they're running around the courthouse in a fluffy colorful suit.

This is the takeaway. My staff (my friends) have access to ALL the court's data, judge's social security numbers, home addresses, computers, disk drives, email, text, and phones that connect to the court's network. They can even tell me who's having lunch with Munyon.

Warning: in my follow-up book, "**The Ninth Circus Court, The Fallout**", if you're a judge or attorney and want to become infamous with your very own chapter, then allow yourself to be seen by my friends with that monster. Something tells me that Lisa Munyon is the 9th Circuit's brand-spanking-new pariah.

Lisa Munyon's phenomenal miscalculation wasn't solely dependent on fulfilling her hero, Belvin Perry's, wishes. No, Judge Munyon simply doesn't understand friendship. That shit doesn't compute with her because she's been a judge for way too long. You've

heard the saying, “There is no honor amongst thieves.” Well, fuck that. There is zero honor amongst judges.

Here’s an example for you.

Munyon is the driver of a car and in the passenger seat is her good buddy circuit Judge Dickhead. Sitting in the back are her two next best friends, county Judge Dimwit and county Judge Simpleton. Up ahead, Judge Munyon runs into a particularly slick patch of political ice. These are dangerous, career-ending conditions, so Munyon orders Judge Dickhead to throw both Judge Dimwit and Judge Simpleton under her wheels. Munyon stomps on it and splatters both county judges all over the political landscape. *You see where this is going, don’t you?* Yeah, eventually she uses Judge Dickhead for traction as well and successfully reaches her political destination.

The reality of her situation is Munyon doesn’t have anyone watching her back, but I do. I have an entire department still watching my back and providing me information for my next book.

In the short term, Munyon better start carrying around a notepad, because that will be her only form of communication. She should eat each sheet of paper when she’s done, which will probably push her over her 5000 calories per day limit.

As for the compromised Court Administration executives that will have to field this media disaster. If I were them I would retire along with Munyon. Why would you want to stick around and end your career defending these assholes? Court Admin execs spent thirty years doing the judge’s dirty work, so maybe it’s time to give up your drop check (like me) and slip quietly into the night. Let someone else tell the judges, “No, it’s OK. It’s OK. Really. We’ve got this total public disaster under control. Trust us.”

Below is a copy of the OPEN LETTER I sent to all Judges in Florida. If you want to see the names I omitted at the end, simply write the Ninth Circuit Court’s Public Records email and ask for this letter. If you would like to see it or any other folders or files I talk about in my book, contact ctadkl1@ocnjcc.org

**Open Letter to Ninth Judicial Circuit Judges and JAs
As well as all the other Florida Circuit Judges and JAs
As well as all the Judges in the United States
Oh, and the press**

(I’m officially claiming Whistle-Blower Status)

Most of you have never met me or even know me. My name is Brett Arquette and I was the Ninth Circuit Court of Florida's Superstar CTO for 30 years until my brand-new Chief Judge Munyon fired me at 62 years old (and I had just started DROP).

Most goodbye messages you receive from departing Court Admin employees say something like, "*I enjoyed my time at the courtblaa... blaa. blaa.*" However, my 30 years at the Ninth Circuit were horrible. I have permanent PTSD from my career at the Ninth Circuit. I was psychologically tortured, every single day, by the 20-year Chief Judge Perry and Judge Munyon for most of my years at the court. When Judge Munyon came into power, I knew my days were numbered. She had a mess to clean up for Belvin Perry, and I was that mess.

The day Munyon fired me, I wasn't allowed back inside the court to collect my belongings. My most IMPORTANT family items were two hard drives I'd brought to the court to protect them from the approaching hurricane. These hard drives had all my family's photos and videos from when my children were born. I begged over and over to get those drives, but Judge Munyon wanted to punish my family, and therefore, she opted not to give me back those hard drives and I lost every digital memory of my family. My kids will never see a movie of themselves or even a photo. They won't see their grandparents holding them as babies. It totally crushed my wife. I don't think she'll ever be the same. Can you imagine having devoted half your life to the court and then having a rogue Chief Judge cost you everything you hold dear, basically erasing my family's past? When Munyon fired me it cost my family \$250,000 DROP money which my wife and I were counting on to travel and enjoy life, and at 62 years old I had to find a new job for the next 10 years. Who can hate someone that much?

So, that was my retirement. No party. No gold watch. No discussion, just a single text message saying I was fired. Due to my wife's heart problems, I have to pay \$1800 monthly for health insurance on a \$3800 retirement check. Thank god, many courts around the nation recognized my court's technological achievements and have begun requesting my consultation. I'm certain I can help advance their Court's efficiency via technology as I did at the Ninth Circuit of Florida.

Please understand that Munyon was an average attorney, a so-so judge, and she was passed over by the Florida 5th DCA many times, as well as being beaten in the Chief Judge election by a new judge who was virtually unknown. Court Admin felt the 9th's judges finally voted Munyon as the new Chief because they felt sorry for her, like the worst kid on the team who gets a "participation" trophy. Bad selection, but how could they know how this was going to turn out?

In contrast, I was a Superstar CTO. I took the Ninth Circuit from a court that no one had ever heard of to an ultra-advanced technological court that wasn't the most advanced in the State, not the most advanced in the Nation, but the most advanced in the WORLD! No court in the world can touch what I built for at least the next twenty years. For example, do you recall that mandate the Supreme Court put on the Circuits, where your JA would have had to file like 6000 orders? I wrote that code for the Ninth Circuit so my wonderful JAs didn't have to go blind filing thousands of orders. Guess what?

The Ninth Circuit was the only Circuit in Florida to achieve the Supreme Court Mandate. My code is still being used to mass-file even more orders. Munyon didn't even thank me for it. Instead, she wrote me up twice and fired me.

I'm also a popular techno-thriller author of more than ten novels and my mother was a famous Young Adult Edgar Allan Poe recipient. Many of you read her books when you were growing up. Does *Lois Duncan* ring a bell? How about ***I Know What You Did Last Summer?***

I would have preferred to end my time at the court quietly, but when Munyon erased my family's entire past and future, I decided to write the book that will hopefully forever change the degree of power a Chief Judge in Florida can possess. We'll see if the pen is mightier than the gavel. Munyon chose to go to war with a 30-year Court Admin executive without understanding his force, his internal knowledge, his technological skill, his motivation, and most importantly, his decades of knowing Court Admin's secrets. In short, This makes Munyon the "Putin" of Florida's Court System.

Check out my website to read the first few chapters of my new book, ***"The Ninth Circus Court of Florida. My 30-year Job from HELL!"*** www.arquette.us I want to apologize for my writing. It's raw and unedited because I had to find another job at 62 years old to keep my family afloat. When the free chapters run out, please buy my book. I need to make several Public Records Requests to the Ninth Circuit to obtain more information to fully flesh out my book, but the first draft will blow you away, and doesn't everyone love a massive Judicial train wreck?

So, for my very first **Public Records Request**, I am requesting the super-secret human resource folder kept by Court Admin on Belvin Perry. Understand, Court Admin can't put all the malfeasance Perry and Munyon committed in their REAL human resource folders because all Court Admin executives would be fired, so they kept a super-secret, (COVER-THEIR-ASSES) folder on Belvin Perry (and other problematic judges, which will be future Public Records Requests.) Since this folder is not officially part of Perry's *actual* human resource folder and is a State and/or County work product, this should be

fair game. But what can't be allowed to happen is this folder hitting Munyon's hands before it's copied in its entirety, because she will certainly remove detrimental content. I'm demanding an affidavit from Court Admin insuring both me and the press that this folder has not been cleansed by anyone in Court. Here is a list of all the 9th Court Admin executives current or retired who know about this super-secret folder. **(name)**, **(name)**, **(name)**, **(name)** (former Human Resource Director), **(name)** (former Court Counsel), and many others.

My book should be a cautionary tale of ego-centric judges going up against entrenched and dedicated Court Admin employees. Why? Because we know ALL the Court's secrets. The only thing Judge Munyon will be remembered for is ignorantly lighting a match in the dynamite factory.

I wrote a computer bot that ripped every judge's email and snail mail address in the United States, all who will receive this letter. Clicking the SEND button...wait for it... wait for it... NOW.

Thanks for your support!

Brett Arquette

Chapter 3: Who in the Hell is Brett Arquette

I'm so glad you asked.

Starting with my family tree, my grandfather, Joseph Janney Steinmetz was twice awarded the degree of Master Photography by the Professional Photographers of America. I donated his wonderful photo collection to the Florida Archives that can be seen here <https://www.floridamemory.com/items/show/254820>

I am a nobody, but I'm good with that. I never wanted to be a somebody. I just wanted to do my court gig, retire, bump around a few countries with my wife, and die.

I was born in Sarasota, Florida, but at one year old my mother (Lois Duncan Cardozo) got a divorce from her shithead cheating husband and moved to New Mexico with me and my two older sisters. Her brother was working at Sandia Laboratories and told her that Albuquerque was a target-rich environment for women who wanted wealthy husbands. And it was. My mother accompanied her brother to the on-base Coronado Club. I believe the ratio of women to MIT Master graduate engineers was fifty to one. This might seem strange today, but back then a woman might date like five or six men on a regular basis. I don't believe it was a 'go and throw' type of thing, but more like trying to see if you even liked one another. However, in short order, she decided on a man named Donald Arquette. She insisted he legally adopt all three of us children and my name immediately turned into the rhyme, **BRETT ARQUETTE, the name you can't FORGET.**

My mother was a writer and went on to become a popular young adult writer and an Edgar Allen Poe recipient of young adult literature. She wrote books you might have seen made into movies such as *Hotel for Dogs* and *I Know What You Did Last Summer*.

Her full name was *Lois Duncan Arquette*, but wrote under the name *Lois Duncan*, so her pen name didn't change if she remarried. Strangely enough, almost as if she knew her pedigree would migrate down to me, out of her five children I was the only child given the middle name **Duncan** and then turned out to be the only writer in the family. I felt I had absolutely no business writing books. I had failed High School English and even today I don't consider myself a writer. Writing books isn't easy. In fact, it's a monumental pain in the ass. It's like this lead weight that hangs on you until you write the words THE END. It's easy to say you're a writer, but actually writing a novel from the beginning to the end, well, *that's* a writer. After several attempts at writing novels, my strong suit ended up writing my popular technothriller HAIL series.

During my time at the court, in my free time, I wrote novels, invented a new method of taking depositions that paid off my house, and pushed the limits of what an innovative court could do with technology.

I spent my first thirty years of life living in Albuquerque, New Mexico until my sister **Kaitlyn Arquette** was murdered (GOOGLE it if you want to know more). After that life changing experience I felt you only live once. I always had fond memories of Florida so I decided to pack up all my shit into my 1967 Chevy Van and move to Orlando. Having a background in computers, I got a job as a Computer Operator at Travellers Relocation Company in Orlando.

I'm not admitting this with a great deal of pride, but I was one lazy motherfucker. I was given three twelve-hour shifts on graveyard. The only problem was I liked sleeping. Uhhmm, what to do, what to do? As I was running jobs through this magic million-dollar one-ton cube of transistor chips, I thought to myself, *if these god damned million-dollar computers are so smart, then why am I doing all the work for them?* I need sleep. This isn't fair. Life is so unfair. So I bit the bullet and became an expert in the computer language DCL (Digital Command Language), which ran the mainframe. When I started the Florida gig, I knew some DCL, but within a year of working graveyard, I had written code for a program I call ROBOCOP. It was the bomb. It did everything for me. I would arrive at 11:00 PM after a hard day of partying, start Robocop and go to sleep. There were three phases of jobs, with each job in each phase dependent on the next phase. Before, I was responsible for searching massive log files to see if a job had failed, but Robocop searched them for me while I got some badly needed Z's. After all, I'd been playing volleyball and drinking all day. I had no business whatsoever searching for computer errors. In my state of inebriation, it would have been a dereliction of duty relying on my cognitive skills. Robocop, however, could scan hundreds of log files in seconds with 100% accuracy. If Robocop found a job that had failed, it would start beeping on my monitor to wake my sorry-ass up. My program then halted the phases until I called a programmer to dial in and fix the program. Once the programmer notified me the job was fixed, I would click CONTINUE and Robocop would finish running all the jobs for the entire night. After that, it ran the tape backups and even wrote my entire operator log (my management required) and printed it. The very last thing Robocop would do was beep a steady alarm to wake me up and display the words MAKE COFFEE FOR THE BOSS.

No one ever discovered I'd automated my entire shift. They merely thought I was a consistent superstar computer operator that never slept on duty. Little did I know that I had become an expert (due to laziness) in DCL programming language which got me hired by the 9th Circuit Court as a Computer Analyst, the worst job I could have ever hoped for.

Most of you who read this book will think, “Holy shit! Brett is going to get his ass sued completely off.” I mean who goes up against an entire court system and believes they’re bulletproof?

When I showed my son the cover of this amazing book, he asked me, “Aren’t you going to get your ass completely sued off?”

I had to take my boy aside and explain, “Son, anyone can sue anyone for anything. It’s an American pastime. It used to be baseball, but now it’s suing. What you’re really asking is if someone sues me over this book, will they get a judgment in their favor?”

My son played with his phone, yet asked, “So are they going to get a judgment in their favor?”

I responded confidently, “You can’t slander someone if everything you write is true. And if it’s all true, then they’re wasting their time because all my statements are backed up with documentation and witness testimony, albeit hostile witness testimony.”

My son thought about it again, and asked, “So are you going to get your ass completely sued off?”

I answered him as honestly as possible. “I sure hope so, Son. It would be the trial of the century as it pertains to judicial oversight and would make the entire Florida Court System look like a bunch of legal idiots.”

He then asked, “Will all the judges in your book who broke the law get in trouble?”

I responded, “That decision would be up to the Florida Judicial Qualifications Commission (JQC), a judicial disciplinary agency in Florida.”

His phone chimed and while he was responding to a text he asked, “What’s the JQC?”, although I’m sure my response went in one ear and out the other.

Feeling a need to educate my son in Florida law, I said, “The JQC was created by a 1968 amendment to the Florida Constitution to investigate allegations of judicial misconduct by the state’s judges. It is not a part of the Florida Supreme Court or the state court system, so hopefully, they will see the light.”

His two-minute focus on our book conversation dissolved as soon as he got a new text message and left the room without a goodbye or further comment. Kids these days. Am I right?

For you, my fans, and legal beagles of integrity, I really don't have any reservations about writing this book, because as I told my son, you can't get a judgment against you if it's all TRUE. (Bless you Johnny Depp). And what's funny is if a single person sues my publisher for this book, we get to dispose and put on the stand every Chief Judge (past and present) and Court Administration employee who perpetrated or insulated the court from crimes and/or sexual abuse. We're not talking about only those who still work at the 9th Circuit Court of Florida but included are those human resource and court administration individuals who have long retired yet still harbor secrets that will be exposed. My publisher has a crack legal team just waiting in the wings to take on this case, and they're doing it for free just for the exposure. I like that price. Why can't everything be free?

I'm fond of Florida's Limited Liability Companies. I publish all my books under an LLC I created and own. See, as a writer, you can write anything on your own computer, and if it sits there and never leaves your hard drive, then you can't be sued for it. Once a publisher publishes your book, they are taking on any and all legal exposure. A Florida Limited liability is a type of legal structure for an organization where **a corporate loss will not exceed the amount invested in a partnership or limited liability company (LLC).**

Let's do some math.

My total investment in my publishing LLC called PBIAB Publishing (www.PBIAB.pub) is the price it cost to file for the creation of the LLC, which was \$175 bucks. So any lawsuits that we don't want to waste our time with, we will not fight in court. We will agree to pay the full default settlement, which is \$175 bucks. Sure, it cost the entity who filed \$400 for Claims \$15,000 to \$50,000 and excluding attorney fees and other fees, these guys just lost \$275 bucks. Now, if someone like Munyon, Perry, the State or the Orange County files against my publisher, we will go to court just to fuck with them and promote my book via the press the trial will draw. It will cost them millions and in the end, even if they win, they get \$175 bucks. My attorneys are working for free for the press exposure.

After dealing with some of the worst Florida has to offer, I really don't like judges and elected public defenders. With that said, I DO LOVE some of Florida's Laws. I absolutely love that under the Sunshine Law just about every record created by a State or County employee is a valid Public Records Request, Even though the judiciary and the Legislature are not subject to the Sunshine Law. (See, *Locke v. Hawkes*, 595 So. 2d 32 (Fla. 1992); *Op. Att'y Gen. Fla. 83-97* (1983), this doesn't cover judges who retired or quit. Since Perry is no longer part of the judiciary, both his secret folder and his real human resource documents are now applicable for request.

With full realization that desperate psychopaths may take desperate measures, I've taken my time since getting fired to get all my technological ducks in a row. For example, my publisher made a one-time payment to our favorite Indonesian cold emailing company to continually send out my OPEN LETTER to the 1.3 million United States attorneys my bots have ripped. Even if Munyon or Perry have me killed (I on't put anything past them) the message will continue to go out. I am halfway done ripping European attorneys. Just between Italy, Germany, the UK, Spain, and France, there is an additional one million more recipients who will receive my OPEN LETTER. Other than a full collapse of the Internet, nothing can stop it.

The point I'm trying to make is **I WON.**

Sue me? I have nothing and you get nothing.

I won.

Sue my publishing company? You get \$175.

I won

Talk the State Attorney into arresting me and throwing me in jail. I get three hots and cot and time to write the follow-up book and add all the really cool jail tidbits which should add a lot of spice to the book. Maybe I'll even pick up the soap. What I do for my readers. Am I right?

I won.

Kill me and my family gets \$1 million in insurance.

My wife won.

See, I'm not writing this for the money, I'm writing it to shine a light on the horrors of a court gone rogue. Judges drunk on power. Court Admin officials with their heads in the sand. A State Supreme Court that is completely out of touch with the core of their employees. They should protect us. They do not.

I don't think I'm alone. I believe I will receive an equal number of horror stories from court admin employees around the United States. Someone has to stop this bullshit and that someone is me. I might start an anonymous clearinghouse blog of crazy-ass court stories. I think my follow-up book, *The Ninth Circus Court, The Fallout* will be very interesting.

If you don't like cussing or bad words, then stop reading now. I use profanity throughout this entire fucking book for a few reasons.

First and foremost, I'm super pissed off getting fired because Perry is still running the courthouse through his companion, Chief Judge Munyon. Therefore, Perry was factually the person who fired me, even though he left the court system and is a common attorney. That fuck-head! (see there's one right there). I thought I was done looking over my shoulder once that asshole left the building. I was so wrong.

My second reason for getting nasty in this book is because I think it's funny, you know all the different ways there are to connect cuss words together. It's an art that I hope to master before my final chapter.

After reading this book, you might walk away with the impression that I'm a vulgar person.

I ask you to consider that I'm the offspring of an intensely vulgar environment in which I gave 1/3 of my life. You want to experience vulgarity, walk in my professional shoes for thirty years, traversing the court's filthy descending colon until you get preemptively blown out the other end of the judicial cornhole. I feel sullied just working there.

And lastly, I believe there is nothing more potent in literature than profanity, especially if it's used judiciously (no pun intended) because it wakes up the reader and portents the writer's emotions.

That's it.

Now let's get to the goooooood shit!

Chapter 4: Introduction to Judge Munyon (AKA Judge “Minyon” to Court Admin)

What do you get when you cross the name Munyon and substitute the **U** with an **I**. You get **Minyon**.

In all respects, Judge Munyon was an average attorney who was elected and became an average judge. However, once she hooked her career wagon to Belvin Perry, her name appeared as a Fifth District Judicial candidate during several appointment cycles. Alas, she was passed over by the Fifth District more times than a nun wearing a habit in a bar.

Understand, when your entire identity is influenced by a misogynist pig like Perry, then those in ultimate power think *you ain't all that*. And if you just happen to be a female judge (considering Perry's documented public sexual abuse background) those who select or appoint a 5th DCA judge might think that you had to do something... well... let's say something sordid with Perry to curry his favor. After all, Perry was a *quid pro quo* kind of guy. He would do nothing for you unless he received something in return. That *something* might be a sexual favor or maybe a vote for him to stay in power. It could be a Trump-like thing where he would make sure you would get what you want if your lips were permanently superglued to fat ass. However, in most cases, he traded favors for sex or votes.

Personally, I wished that Munyon would have moved up to the Fifth District Court of Appeals because she wouldn't have been at the court to fire me via Perry's wishes. How fucked up is that? A Chief Judge that is no longer even a judge, has his hand shoved elbow-deep into a naive female Chief Judge and is controlling her actions and movements like a demented puppet. That either makes Munyon the most myopic judge in the universe or someone who has a shitload of skeletons in her own closet.

Welcome to **Judge Perry-land**. *The psycho theme park where pure insanity and zealous crazymaking is the cost of entry.*

If you consider the public, famous, sexual harassment case involving Perry, then that doesn't make Munyon the idol for female empowerment. Inversely, her support of Perry infers that women should suck men's dicks and screw a lot to move up the corporate ladder. I have a daughter and it would make me want to kill myself if she held Munyon's beliefs.

At first, I thought that Judge Munyon might be the voice of reason, a somewhat sane person who could reign in Belvin Perry's pathological wrath, but unfortunately, it didn't

work out that way. Judge Munyon sat in on all the meetings with me, Chief Judge Perry, and his girlfriend Jizabell.

This is how these meetings would play out.

Perry starts off with, "Brett, I feel that Jizabell is underperforming and something has to be done about it."

Jizabell smiles and Munyon looks as though she had been given free admission to Disneyland. (the happiest fucking place on earth)

I don't immediately respond, giving Perry more time to unload his entire threat and giving me time to consider my gauged response.

Perry says, "If you can't get this employee to perform to what I consider her optimal level, then I'll have to find someone who can."

I knew a response was expected, but I also knew that any response had already been previously vetted by Perry and Muiyon and therefore their meticulously innocent counter response would be issued.

I looked to Munyon hoping she might come to my rescue, but she didn't even make eye contact with me. She gazed at Perry as if he was the Pope.

She had a bemused smile on her aging face, nodding her head after every Perry threat. Munyon's smile reminded me of that famous person.... ahhh.... I can't remember... (hang on, let me Google it). OK, I found it. Munyon's smile reminds me of Jeffrey Epstein's girlfriend Ghislaine Maxwell. Now, when I see either Munyon or Maxwell smile, it really creeps me out.

Side Note: If you want to see a weird smile, check out her bio on the Ninth Circuit Court's website. It looks like she's having a stroke on camera like only half of her mouth is working. Creepy. I'm not sure out of the hundreds of photos taken of her by the court administration's media specialist, why she picked that one. What the hell was she thinking? This is the absolute best she could look?

"Oh, I love this one. Looks like I'm having a cerebral hemorrhage. Let's use it."

(I'm sure the 9th Circuit will remove this, so check it out on my website. It's a public record.)

So back to me in Perry's office. How deranged is that? If I told Jizabell to do anything, literally anything, then I would find myself back in front of Perry, Munyon, and Jizabell to further threaten me and my family's livelihood.

The best I could muster was saying, "I will certainly devote all my time to make sure that Jizabell has all the support, documentation, and assistance required to make her one of my best employees."

God damn. I remember almost choking on that lie. I think I could have more easily negotiated a piece of steak that I had inadvertently sucked into my lungs. Perry and Munyon would have waited until they were sure I was dead before calling Court Admin to call EMS.

And the entire meeting, Munyon said NOTHING. If she didn't understand what the fuck was happening, then she was either the dumbest person on the planet, or she had decided that Perry could drive her career forward, and therefore did nothing to protect me. She did nothing to protect the Ninth Circuit from Perry's crimes. And when she became a Chief Judge, she did nothing to protect our court's stellar reputation.

And as I found out after Munyon became Chief Judge and immediately wrote me up with a formal reprimand, she was still a full-blown Perry supporter. During her first week of being a Chief Judge, she invited Perry to do a podcast with her. It's really sickening to hear Munyon pine over her muse. If you want to hear this podcast and the Ninth also pulled that from their website, I downloaded it and it's on my website. It's also a public record. I dedicated an entire chapter to breaking it all down.

It's hard to say if this was love, infatuation, or simply a state of self-loathing for Munyon. Putting a label on it isn't important, because Perry was the answer to all her problems. And her problem was she was no-one. She had no power. She had no self-fulfillment. Maybe her Daddy didn't give her enough attention, so she was bound and determined to gain his respect. No one in Court Administration knew if she was Perry's Mistress or his Minyon, but one thing was for sure, she had absolutely no reservations about the State paying \$65,000 dollars to settle Perry's straight-out sexual harassment lawsuit, and then continually and blindly supporting him. It reminded me of Rudy Giuliani supporting Trump all the way to his ruin. Once Perry's sexual discrimination lawsuit was announced in the press, no female judge in our circuit wanted to be connected to Perry in any way, shape, or form, but not Judge Munyon. Apparently, Munyon thought the vile acts Perry committed were acceptable, even though he cheated on his wife and had sex with a court admin employee on his desk in his chambers in the courthouse during work hours.

You know, little slip-ups.

Excusable shit.

Don't take my word on it. If you're interested in how dirty Perry is, enter this into a search engine. I'll wait. I got fired. I have nothing to do with my time. Just totally broke and ruined by Munyon and waiting to die...

Judge Belvin Perry Janis Williamson

Yeah, that's some revealing shit there, right?

Who would ever assume that the National Enquirer got it right? They nailed Perry with a big fucking hammer right on top of his imperious head. Of course, real news agencies wrote articles about it as well, but I know stuff about Perry's affair and Williamson's settlement they don't know.

For example, Perry went on the record by saying that Williamson was lying about everything and he never had sex with that woman. Does that sound like Clinton to you?

Hell, he didn't even know the woman. Who was she again? Obviously, she was some Court Administration employee that was lying in order to further her career or extort money from the State.

This all flew pretty brightly with the attorneys assigned to Perry's case by the State. I can't remember, but I think since Williamson was suing the State the Florida taxpayers provided Perry with free representation. (How fucked up is that?) Anyway, Perry's attorneys wanted to get to the meat-and-taters of the truth and felt that Perry could have a point. This woman might be lying and trying to extort money from the State. It was as good of a defense as any.

However, their dreams of telling Williamson to pound sand went out the window during a showdown between Williamson's attorneys and Perry's attorneys. When Perry, yet again, repeated that Janis Williamson was a liar, Williamson reached into her purse and threw a frozen condom on the table, and said...

"Test that for DNA! You can have that one. I have more in my freezer at home."

(See, aren't you glad you bought my book? This is the great insider stuff that the public has never heard)

After Perry and his paid-by-Florida-tax-payer's attorneys shit their respective pants, the State immediately coughed up a cool \$65 large to put an end to the State's legal exposure. It was as if the State paid for Perry to have sex. Did Perry offer to pay back the State? Hell, no. He considered it the State's obligation to pay for his sex.

In order to make an offer to Williamson, Perry's attorneys had to consider the worth of Williamson's pussy. In my mind's eye, I can see them questioning Perry.

Will \$65K cover it, Belvin? Was she worth it or should we give her less? How good of head did she actually give? We think it's a good deal! She wasn't all that great in bed. Right Belvin?"

Damn! I wonder in the poor area of town, on the open market of dumpy bars and back alleys, how much sex Perry could have purchased for \$65K. Probably a lot of quantity, but low on quality. I'm thinking toothless blowjobs and sex that would require a condom as thick as a garden hose.

If I was Janis Williamson, I would have held out for a lot more money considering she had to fuck this pig to keep her job. Then, as soon as she was done being Perry's whore, he had Court Administration fire her. If you haven't seen Perry, he's approximately the same height as he is wide. It would be like fucking an obese Umpa Lumpa, just not nearly as orange. That should be worth at least a quarter-mil. Uggg, and then Janis fucked him for two whole years. I think that should get her at least a few million more.

Perry said he was very sorry it happened, but like those criminals he'd sentenced to death, he was only sorry that he got caught. If it hadn't been for that frozen condom, this blemish on Perry's AMAZING career would have never surfaced to the public. He might have moved on to the 5th DCA and then up to the Florida Supreme Court to join other Justices who also had narrow escapes. For that, all of us should thank Janis Williamson's cock-sock and its contribution to the betterment of Florida residents.

This happened to be the one and only case that made it into the public realm. Behind the scenes, behind his chamber door, behind many hotel doors, Perry was taking advantage of more Court Administration females. The sexual harassment incidents didn't even slow down, yet Court Administration dutifully protected Perry from his women-problems, which eventually turned into a full-time job for Court Administration.

Perry would walk into Court Administration and hand them a piece of paper with a name and phone number scribbled on it as if it was handed to him in a bar.

He would then issue the simple command, "Hire this person."

That was it. He didn't mention the job he wanted them to have or their qualifications or even why he wanted them hired. This happened time and time again, Court Administration blindly hired Perry his new girlfriend. Hiring them was easy. All you had to do is call them and tell them they had a job and could immediately start working from

home forever. Firing them was not so easy. When these young and mostly white females wouldn't put out anymore or became a problem, then Perry instructed Court Admin to fire them. Why fire them? Because if they remained at the court they would become the next Janis Williamson and that would probably put an end to Perry's career. I believe the current Court Administrator told me this happened at least four times while Perry was the Chief Judge.

At the end of this book, I'll summarize the safeguards that should be put in place to prevent this craziness, but at this point, I want to state that a Florida Chief Judge should have absolutely NO SAY in the hiring and firing of Court Administration personnel. Their unchecked ability to say who comes and who goes means that no one in Court Administration can protect their own employees. They can't even protect their own jobs. There is simply too much temptation for a corrupt attorney who becomes a Chief Judge.

OK, jumping forward with Munyon near the end of Perry's demented reign as Chief Judge, the Supreme court instituted Chief Judge term limits (more on that later) so instead of sticking around and becoming a common judge, Perry decided to quit the court. Perry couldn't imagine the 9th Circuit without himself at the helm. During the podcast Munyon set up to pay a tribute to her god Belvin Perry, she asked him why he decided to retire from the court. Perry gave some stupid reason like he took over the probate division in Osceola and almost worked himself to death, but Court Admin knew the real reason. Perry was so fucking arrogant that he didn't want another Chief Judge to give him assignments. After all, Perry hadn't been required to do anything for decades, and the thought of going back on the bench (without Casey Anthony's hot ass prancing around in front of him) was an affront to his ego.

Perry didn't think a woman should replace him as Chief Judge, which is why he refused to position Munyon to be the court's next Chief and instead cultivated a man for the job.

Now, years later, Munyon's hopes of being appointed to the Fifth DCA were a pipe dream. So what was the next step for her aspirations to become a '*someone*' when during her entire life she had been cast in the role as a '*no one*'. The answer was to become a Chief Judge. This is the highest rung on the shortest ladder an insecure judge can achieve. Becoming a Chief Judge for an attorney is like becoming President of the United States. However, similar to the President of the United States, the best candidates that would do the best job, don't want the job. Most judges who are there to actually do judge work, you know like trials and stuff, don't want the position of Chief Judge. They are there to make a difference and want to practice law. They have no interest in hiring and firing Court Admin employees and handing out judicial assignments. That's boring to competent judges who have both respect and a love for the law.

You have to have a massive ego to want to be a Chief Judge, and little else. Those who were elected as Chief Judge felt they had made it. They had grabbed the golden ring and achieved the highest level in a Circuit Court. Now they can retire and die, fully fulfilled in their life's accomplishments.

When Lisa Munyon is old and can't get off the couch, she can read her bio over and over in order to pacify her ego.

Most judges wouldn't be satisfied with that. They might have started a huge law firm and become rich.

For Munyon, at this stage of her life and career, being the Chief Judge was everything. I believe (if she knew she could get away with it) that Munyon would have actually killed to become our circuit's next Chief Judge. All of those rejections for the Fifth DCA, all of those years of being Perry's minyon, all those years watching men become Chief Judges, so where was the payoff for desperate Judge Munyon? The golden ring was being elected Chief Judge of the Ninth Circuit Court of Florida. It was like being the prom queen she never was. (at least she didn't state that in her bio)

However, for Munyon, it really didn't play out that way. Not only did Perry NOT set her up as the next Chief Judge when he split, but when she ran for Chief Judge a new, relatively unknown Judge Myers, beat her out for the position. This was an inter-political face-plant for Munyon when unknown Myers was voted in as the Chief Judge. It was a massive ego hit and a full-blown bitch-slap to her fragile reputation.

Why?

Because Judge Myers was a total tool. He became a Chief Judge during COVID, yet this numbskull wore a suit to the court every day, even though there was no one working in the building. We were all working remotely. Why in the fuck would you wear a suit to a courthouse with no one in it? The answer is that you're a Chief Judge with no connection to reality.

Myer's was a bible-thumping, cleaner than a shit judge. You know in high school he was the student that ratted out all the boys smoking in the bathroom. I can see him at home straightening each tassel on the throw rug before stepping out the front door. In my mind's eye I can see him home, sitting on the edge of the bed, naked, with a short leather whip, lashing his back over and over as he makes amends for perceived sins he committed that day. Myer's was yet another fucking asshole judge who thought his elevated position made him the BOMB!

Well, he was certainly a bomb by blowing up Munyon's run for Chief Judge. That still puts a smile on my face. We might not have a lot of work-related enjoyment in Court Administration, but watching our egomaniac judges fighting it out in front of all the other judges is really a bright spot in our day.

Jumping back to Munyon having been beat out by an unknown, scrotum-head judge, she was devastated. During Judge Myers' entire rule, Munyon plotted her revenge. She launched an internal smear campaign, which surprisingly worked. No one is sure how much Perry participated in her bashing of Myers because by that time Perry was a private attorney and no longer at the court, but sure enough, at the next Chief Judge election, Munyon was elected as the new Chief Judge. She went unopposed because Court Admin had taken a straw poll that showed Myers was going to lose. The day after Munyon took the big chair, Myers gave his resignation, apparently not interested in Munyon assigning him to work at the jail for the next four years.

Great for Munyon. However, knowing how umbilically she was connected to (now just an attorney) Perry, Court Administration was amazed that she was still Perry's biggest supporter. I mean, she could have cut her ties to this misogynist warthog, but no. For some bizarre reason that no one on the 21st floor of Court Administration could understand, she clung to that insidious relationship.

Why?

Was she so enamored with Perry's twenty-year control of the court, that she thought this was the only way to stay in power?

What Munyon didn't understand was that being connected to Perry at the hip, was actually a career death sentence.

If not for this book, she might have kept her Chief Judge status, but after all her faux pas, any judge that would vote for her again has absolutely no respect for women in the workplace.

So Munyon knew all this information. All of us knew all these documented, factual discretions of Belvin Perry, yet Munyon persisted in being Perry's best god-damned friend and biggest supporter. How low of self-esteem do you have to have to subsidize that type of friendship?

In short, just like all the other depressed women Perry prayed on, Munyon determined that her ability to rise would be dependent on Perry's ability to rise, in every sense of the word. (That's a penis joke if you didn't get it).

Did Munyon and Perry have a sexual connection? Who knows. Sure, they were behind Perry's chamber door more often than any other female in Perry's life, but it still comes down to **Mistress or Minyon**? Who knows, maybe both.

I didn't want to add all the shit that Munyon had Court Administration post on her official biography court webpage (because it's boring) but even the most rational citizen can see both the self-doubt and almost a degree of desperation in her court bio.

Damn, why didn't she post her High School grades as well?

Her list of lifetime achievements is longer than this entire chapter.

JUDGE LISA MUNYON

Judicial Assignment

2021-2022 Chief Judge, Ninth Judicial Circuit

2021, Circuit Judge, Orange County Probate/Trust

2020 Associate Administrative Circuit Judge, Civil

2019 Administrative Circuit Judge, Civil

2019 Associate Administrative Circuit Judge, Civil

2017-2018 Administrative Circuit Judge, Criminal

2012-2016 Administrative Circuit Judge, Civil

2012-2016 Circuit Judge, Orange County Complex Civil Litigation

2011 Circuit Judge, Orange County Civil

2011 Associate Administrative Judge, Civil

2010 Administrative Judge, Domestic

2009-2010 Circuit Judge, Orange County Domestic

2007-2008 Administrative Circuit Judge, Criminal and Drug Court

2005-2006 Circuit Judge, Orange County Criminal Associate Administrative Judge

2003-2008 Circuit Judge, Orange County Criminal

Education

Juris Doctor: University of Florida Levin College of Law

Bachelor of Science, Business Administration-Finance: University of Florida

Professional Activities

Florida Courts Technology Commission 2010 – present

Chair 2012-present

Member 2010-2012

Trial Court Budget Commission 2022-present

Member, Executive Committee 2022-present

Member, Funding Methodology Committee 2022-present

Member, Technology Funding Committee 2013-present

Chair, Workgroup on the Continuity of Court Operations and Proceedings During and After COVID-19 2020-2022

Florida Supreme Court Committee on Standard Criminal Jury Instructions 2005 - 2010

Chair 2009-2010

Member 2005-2010

Member, Florida Supreme Court Committee on Standard Jury Instructions – Contract and Business 2014

Florida Conference of Circuit Court Judges 2022 - present

Secretary 2002-present

Member, Education Committee 2007-present

Florida Bar Grievance Committee, Unlicensed Practice of Law Committee, Quality of Life Committee, Domestic Violence Committee, various committee assignments between 1995 - 2001

Orange County Bar Association, Guardian Ad Litem program, volunteer Guardian Ad Litem for criminal, dependency, and domestic cases 1995 - 2003

**Faculty, Handling Capital Cases, Florida College of Advanced Judicial Studies
2009-present**

**Instructor, Central Florida Criminal Justice Institute at Orlando, Orlando, Florida
1991-1999**

**Instructor or Presenter on various topics involving criminal, appellate, family law,
complex civil litigation and professionalism 2006-present**

Awards and Honors

Chief Justice Award for Judicial Excellence - Supreme Court of Florida, 2021

Jurist of the Year - Florida Association of Women Lawyers, 2021

Jurist of the Year - CFLABOTA, 2021

**James G. Glazebrook Memorial Bar Service Award - Orange County Bar
Association, 2021**

Significant Publications

**Munyon, Blackwell, and Sarlo, Tort and Contract Actions: Strange Bedfellows No
More in the Wake of Tiara Condominium, Florida Bar Journal, December, 2013**

**Davis, Eaton, McIntosh and Munyon, Florida Criminal Practice and Procedure,
Third Edition, Lexis/Nexis (2014).**

Multimedia

Open Ninth

Episode 157 - National Parents Day - Part 2 - August 1, 2022

Episode 128 - Passing the Gavel - June 21, 2021

Episode 60 - From Gavel to Hammer - October 29, 2018

Episode 13 - The 24 x 7 Judge - December 5, 2016

9th Now

Brown Bag Luncheon: Technology - June 10, 2019

Inside the Courts - April 10, 2018

9th Unplugged

Interview - September 1, 2021

Other Information

9th Circuit Courtroom Decorum Policy

Jesus Christ! How about a decorum policy where you can't fuck a Court Administration employee on your desk. I guess Munyon forgot to mention that.

I think the only thing she didn't list was her SAT scores or a single word about her family.

Chapter 5: New Courthouse. Old Problem

In 1997, the new 23-story Orange County Courthouse construction was completed. After spending months installing hundreds of PCs, I was shot. My feet were killing me and I never wanted to see another box with a computer in it again.

Three buildings make up the Orange County Courthouse complex. The “A” building is called the Public Defender building. The “B” Building is the State Attorney building, and the “C” building is the 23-story tower that contains everything else. Space for my MIS (Management Information Systems) department was assigned in the Public Defender building because the PD couldn’t fill up all the floors of the A-building, therefore my staff was assigned a large area on the second floor. Our area was a long, long space no wider than a few cars that took up most of the window revenue that looked out onto the courtyard. It was nice because it split up my staff so they weren’t confined in a block of cubes and were able to spread out somewhat. For example, you couldn’t hear a conversation taking place if you were standing at one end of our area while the conversation was occurring at the other end.

It was a nice enough space for my department, however, from day one there were problems.

Our one and only programmer (AKA Madman) absolutely hated Jizabell. At one point, they worked in the same room in the old courthouse. Rumor had it that working together, alone, in the same office, at some point Jizabell and Madman became intimate. This was never confirmed by either party and if it was a sex thing then its duration was relatively short. It may have never happened at all, but Madman did get very close to Jizabell. Then, when Jizabell began hanging out with Chief Judge Perry, the two had a major falling out. And when I say major, I mean that Madman hated her with every fiber of his being. If murder was legal, he would have killed Jizabell without a moment's hesitation and slept like a baby.

However, Jizabell was not defenseless. She always used sex as a weapon. She had no problem soliciting overt sexual signals, such as resting her hand on your leg or maybe pulling her chair up very, very close to you when you were explaining something. Most men who were into young Puerto Rican women might misinterpret her signals, but the signals exhibited by Jizabell were not meant to be misinterpreted. There was always a method behind her madness. She calculated every potential sexual encounter and analyzed what could be gained or lost by the interlude.

When I had just hired her, she was in my office located in our computer room and I was showing her some code I had written. She moved her chair so close to me that our shoulders were touching. Then, at some point, she laughed at something, slapped my leg, and left her hand resting there. I was in the midst of getting married and wasn't interested, which I believe she took as a subjective insult. After that, she never tried again to make a move on me, because similar to Perry, Jizabell was also psychotic. If you ever took her up on her sexual offers, then she owned you and would remind you every day of that fact. She definitely owned Perry.

The thing is that she could only own you if others had an inkling there was a sexual encounter. You can't make a power play unless others respect your power. If not, then all you've created is an endgame. Sure, you can sue once you're fired, but you're fired. Not getting fired and milking the job for all its worth is the smart play.

Therefore, at some level, Jizabell would have to make her sexual conquests evident in the workplace without being overt. She was a master at this. I had always assumed it was Jizabell who had told Perry to invite Ed up to his office and then she encouraged Perry to fondle her in front of Ed. She knew the word would get out and it would solidify her perpetual power as long as Perry remained the Chief Judge. This was a prime setup for Jizabell, but she also got very lucky. Over the 30 years of working at the court, I would guess that Belvin Perry was the only Chief that was adulterous and evil enough to actually play her game. In order to really make this power-duo work, Jizabell had to play the long game. She had to do everything in her power to keep Perry in the big chair. If that creep ever got voted out, then she knew her days were numbered. She had not only burned every bridge she had in the court, but she had also nuked the towns on either side of the bridge.

Everyone wanted Jizabell gone.

The Court Administrator and the executives on the 21st floor wanted her gone.

All of my department wanted her gone. No one could work with her.

Everyone in Human Resources, who was so tired of her continual shit-storm and unending drama, wanted her gone.

By the time we'd moved into the new courthouse, Jizabell totally owned Perry, and therefore having Madman and Jizabell in the same office was a nightmare.

Madman didn't seem intimidated in the least that Jizabell owned the Chief Judge, because he realized that he had written all the software applications that kept our court humming. Even back then, it was difficult to find a good programmer who was willing to work for Orange County wages. However, that doesn't explain why Perry spared Madman.

This would be the typical morning for the two.

If Jizabell had come to work and was in her cube, Madman would make a detour to walk in and pass her cube. He could have gone through the other door and bypassed her cube, but he wanted confrontation. If Jizabell said a single thing to Madman, he would whisper, "Fuck you, you fucking, ugly bitch."

Surprisingly, he didn't really care if anyone was around when he said it. Madman might have even preferred it, in order to humiliate Jizabell in front of MIS staff. I heard it several times and I have to admit, I wish I had the King-Kong-size balls Madman had. I would have loved to tell Jizabell to shut the fuck up, get off the goddamn phone and try to learn a little technology, you fucking cunt. (Ouuuu, got to admit, that felt pretty good)

On other days, Jizabell might not say a single word to Madman, but he would again whisper, "Fucking bitch," as he passed her cube.

Once we had all occupied our new office space in the new courthouse, this interplay went on for weeks. I didn't know where it was going or where it would end up, but like most issues, I assumed it would probably come to a head with me sitting in Perry's office trying to save my job. It was such a harsh interaction between the two that I sensed something had to eventually break. Either Madman would walk in with a gun and all of us would point him towards Jizabell's cube, or Jizabell was going to have Perry intervene.

At one point, it got so bad that Jizabell actually came into my office, sat on my couch, and complained, "I don't know what to do about Madman. He's continually calling me a fucking bitch and I'm getting tired of it."

I immediately realized that this was a very bad situation, not for Madman, not for Jizabell, but for me. Anytime I had any type of interaction with Jizabell, I had to gauge my response and consider many different viewpoints and outcomes. One of those outcomes was if I would be able to pay for my kids to go to college and pay for braces.

With this new lump of shit Jizabell had just dumped into my lap, my first thoughts went toward, "How's she going to play this?"

She could put me on the spot and insist I do something about it. Then, if I did nothing it was playtime for Perry with me in his office. If I did something about it, then I didn't know what that *something* would be. I guess I could have told Madman to stop calling her a fucking bitch, but I enjoyed it. He enjoyed it. My staff enjoyed it. He was so blatant about his hatred for the woman, that I'm certain the only thing Madman would have done is to say *fucking bitch* a little quieter.

My gut reaction to her complaint was, "Well, why don't you have your boyfriend handle the situation," meaning Perry of course, but I couldn't say that and keep my job.

So I looked deeper into my crystal ball of horrible outcomes and saw a vision of Perry calling me up to his office and beginning his tirade with, "Am I to understand that you have a male employee calling a female employee a fucking bitch, and you have done nothing about it?"

Jizabell was sitting patiently on my couch with a look of expectation on her face. Before I responded, I had to take into account the timing of her complaint. The timing was an important factor in determining if I would get called out by Perry. After all, this abuse (if you can call fighting off an anaconda, abuse) had been ongoing for months, maybe even before we moved into the new courthouse. And this meant that Jizabell had never told Perry about my programmer's verbal assaults. Jizabell would rat out anyone in MIS at the drop of a hat, so why was she giving my programmer special consideration? If she overheard a conversation she felt Perry could use for ammunition, she would be on the phone faster than a jack rabbit launched from a cannon. She had Perry on speed dial, including his work cell phone, and his secret cell phone he kept for his philandering. However, in this situation, Madman's insults were an overt act of hostility and hatred, but she had never reported him to Perry.

I thought to myself, what the fuck is up with that? This was so fricken weird.

The only reason I could fathom for Jizabell not taking Madman out was he had something on her. Something that she didn't want known. But what?

I knew that in her first year at the court she had given blowjobs to two or three men who worked in other non-court Orange County departments. Always blowjobs, never sex, because being from Puerto Rico she was Catholic. From what she had told these men, Jizabell came from a very religious family, and she was saving herself for marriage. I

assumed she had attended the *Monica Lewinsky School of Fellatio Etiquette*. (of course the Catholic charter)

Two of the guys told me she always swallowed, but swallowing isn't a crime. Madman already knew that from first-hand knowledge (I meant *first-hand* knowledge). So what could he possibly have on her? It was something so bad that he had the balls to continually call her a fucking bitch without fear of Perry firing him. I never did figure it out or ask him what he had on her. To intimidate and demean Jizabell to the extent he took it, it had to be something staggering.

Maybe she admitted to killing someone back in Puerto Rico. Maybe she had robbed a bank or was from a country other than Puerto Rico and became a sex slave to get her green card. Maybe she had a criminal record wherever the fuck she came from. She could have run a house of prostitution that specialized in only blowjobs (swallowing extra). I will never know, but it was something major. That's for sure. Madman went on to formally retire from the court. He was never fired or called up to Perry's office. Amazing.

During a meeting with my court administrator, I mentioned the situation. He laughed. That was it. No one wanted to touch that situation with a ten-foot pole, so I knew I was on my own. He did eventually offer an office in another building where we could put Jizabell, but she turned it down and indicated she wanted to stay in our office.

I must have taken a long time to decide how to respond to Jizabell's complaint.

She sat quietly on the couch across from my desk.

Eventually becoming impatient, she said, "Well?"

Trying to buy time, I asked, "How long has this been going on?" It seemed like a logical question.

She said, "Since Madman and I worked in the same room back at the old courthouse."

I nodded like I gave a shit and asked, "Why did you wait so long to report this?"

Now Jizabell had to take a moment to think.

After a moment or two, she surfaced with, "Because I really can't take it anymore. I tried to reason with Madman and make things right, but it's only getting worse."

I asked, "Why is he so mad at you?"

Jizabell looked contrite and said, "I have no idea."

I suggested, "Why don't you give him a few more blow jobs? That would make him happy."

Of course, I didn't say that. Of course, I wanted to. If I had balls the size of Madman I would have said it, yet I wanted to keep my job which gave me the ball size of twin bee-bees.

Instead, I asked, "Have you reported this to human resources?"

She responded, "No, I wanted to come to you first about it."

I thought to myself, really, you have never come to me about anything. You told my staff that you don't consider me your boss. You always go directly to Perry and every time you do, my week or month sucks.

I said, "I don't think you two will ever get along and I certainly don't think you two should be working in the same area. I'll see what I can do."

Jizabell looked at me like that might be a good solution and said, "Good. When are you going to move Madman?"

She said this so I knew that she had no intention of moving out of our office.

I responded, "I'll have to check with the Court Administrator."

She got up and left my office and I could almost make out a male voice saying the faint words, "Fucking bitch," as she passed by Madman's cube.

Everyone in my department got along well with one another, with the exception of Jizabell. We even got along great with Madman. He was very respectful to everyone but Jizabell. As fate would have it, it just so happened that due to her seniority, Jizabell selected a cube exactly between Support and Systems, so she could hear everything from either side of the office. I can envision her jotting down notes or possibly making a recording to share with Perry. Jizabell's presence turned my department into a NO-TALK ZONE. No one would say anything within earshot of Jizabell, because they knew

that everything they said could be held against them in the court of Perry law. Any conversation that didn't deal with work issues either died out entirely or was held behind the few closed doors to real offices in our area. And even then, voices were hushed in case Jizabell was standing with her ear to the door. No one felt safe. We all felt that due to Jizabell's presence, all our jobs were in jeopardy.

This zipped-lip thing didn't go over well with Jizabell. Hushed conversations would cease when she walked by. And you would think that would be good enough for the woman who had no assignments or duties. But no, now she felt she was being left out of critical system decisions. She and Perry shared an equal size ego.

So, now with Jizabell complaining she was being ostracized and left out of critical system and infrastructure decisions, she complained to Perry and I found myself back in his chamber and back on my heels.

He asked, "I hear that you aren't using Jizabell to her full potential. She feels that you are giving prime assignments to others and she is getting nothing but menial tasks."

Besides, Jizabell, my system manager, was the only other person working in Systems at that time. It was easier for me not to give Jizabell anything to do or else I would end up in Perry's office less often than when I gave her assignments. It was easier on my system manager because Jizabell fucked up everything she worked on. When you fuck up in Systems, the entire computer infrastructure goes down and no one can work. Every time Jizabell took down the court, she blamed it on anyone and everyone. She would blame it on being left out of critical technical conversations. She would blame it on Support making some type of change she was not aware of. She would blame it on vendors, faulty equipment, power fluctuations, and poor backups. During the entire time Jizabell worked for me, she never admitted to fucking up anything and even the very best System Analyst will totally bone something within their career.

In my younger days, I worked for a huge hospital in New Mexico as a computer operator, running a million-dollar mainframe. While running the hospital payroll I entered a five-digit check number as the starting check number, when the program wanted a six-digit check number. For some reason, the programmer put an extra default zero at the end of the number instead of the beginning and it blew up the check register. The entire twenty-four-hour run had to be scrapped and forty boxes of greenbar and special forms that had been printed out had to be tossed. So, yeah, even I messed up although it was the programmer who was terminated. He had not only allowed me to enter a 5-digit check number with any error control, but then he had made the decision to put the

default zero at the end instead of the beginning of the check number. Poor programming.

After only being in the new courthouse for less than a year, Jizabell began complaining about her eyes watering and itching. Months of her complaining went on until she was certain there was something in her area that was causing her eye irritation. It crossed my mind that since she was a blowjob type of girl, maybe she had stopped swallowing and was now catching some jizz streams in her eyes. Possibility. Nonetheless, she reported it to Perry and Perry instructed Court Administration to have air quality testing done in our office area. No one else was having this problem. Just Jizabell. Even so, Court Administration brought in a very expensive air quality testing company, not once, but twice, the second time to test our kitchen area and refrigerator. And when that yielded no results the water in our break room kitchen was tested to no avail. No one could find anything wrong with the air or the water, and Jizabell claimed her eye irritation was still being caused by something in our office area. I can't remember exactly, but I believe Perry or Jizabell or Court Administration reported her situation to Orange County Risk Management.

Then I received the best phone call of my career. Jizabell's eye condition had escalated high up inside the county government. (Thank you, Belvin). One day the Court Administrator called me and said that they are going to move Jizabell to a private office in the tower, the C-Building. If I hadn't been sitting, I would have fallen to my knees, thanking any God from any religion that had their ears on. It was so wonderful. At least for my little area in the universe, my immediate Jizabell problem was solved. No longer could she listen to our conversations. No longer would there be a Madman vs. Jizabell pay-per-view war, at least not one in front of us. I could run up and down our narrow office space naked, with scissors in my hands, maybe leaving the refrigerator door open, and Perry would be none the wiser. Yes, I was free. We were free!

Go figure, Jizabell was not happy with the move to her new office. She complained to Perry and Perry tried to stop the move, however, County Risk Management told the court it wasn't a choice. If whatever was causing her eye problem continued in another building, then it was not an environmental issue. It was a personal medical issue, probably allergies. As I mentioned, Jizabell wasn't happy moving to her own office in the other building. That meant that Chief Judge Perry was not happy either. He understood that a huge source of his inside information would quickly dry up and there would no longer be Jizabell reports from MIS.

Once Jizabell had moved out of our area, things were pretty sweet, considering I could still be fired at any moment by Perry. Jizabell was still just as dangerous as she had

ever been. She would completely rely on electronic eavesdropping since verbal intelligence gathering was no longer an option.

Since Jizabell would casually visit our office area, it was decided that Madman would also be moved to an office in another building, so all interaction between the two could be completely avoided.

Even though Jizabell was no longer in our department, I knew I couldn't let my guard down. And fate would have it that the next phase of the Perry and Jizabell fiasco would be so much worse than what had previously taken place.

Chapter 6: The Cluster known as the Florida Court System

If you don't understand the inner workings of the Florida Court system, you might assume that everything in the court is done by the book. This is true, unless the Chief Judge, the Judiciary, and Court Administration decide to burn the book and pretend they can't smell it smoldering in the toilet, albeit a judicial toilet. I don't believe it's a Florida Statute, but for some reason, every judge has their own toilet. The sad thing is this happens more often than you might believe... not the toilet thing, the burning of the book thing. It sure as hell happened in my court, the Ninth Judicial Circuit Court of Florida.

My thirty years of employment as the Chief Technology Officer turned into thirty years of pure hell. The State of Florida created a CTO position for every court Circuit. I was the CTO for the Ninth Circuit Court in Orange and Osceola Counties. Other than my Court Administrator, no one was higher on the organization chart except for my Circuit's Chief Judge.

This might sound like a good position, a promising job, unless the Chief Judge happens to be a certifiable psychopath, which Court Admin felt was the case with my lifelong nemesis, Chief Judge Belvin Perry Jr. (always need to add the JR). Making it even worse was this perceived psychopath was the Chief Judge for decades, being elected long before the Florida Supreme Court passed a rule by setting Circuit Chief Judge term limits. The Supreme Court made this rule because it eventually dawned on these legal dinosaurs that a Chief Judge in a Florida Circuit answers to no one. A prolonged term by a Florida Chief Judge is ripe for abuse and therefore this puts the State of Florida on the hook for some embarrassing litigation. Most of those working for the 9th Court Administration were certain the term limits were instituted to specifically force Belvin Perry (oops... forgot the Jr.) out of being a Chief Judge. Perry had developed so much power that he was actually feared by the Supreme Court of Florida.

Let's take a moment to reflect on a Florida Circuit Chief Judge's unchecked power.

When you're hired by the Court, you are informed that you work at the *discretion* of the Chief Judge, meaning he/she can fire you with reason, cause, or review. This is a single example of the absurd amount of unchecked power they have. The Chief Judge can walk into Court Administration and say that an employee looked at them weirdly and they want them fired. Court Administration has no latitude to stop a termination, except for trying to talk the Chief Judge out of their rash behavior. However, Court Admin does this delicate dance knowing that they could be the next to go. Tell me, how would you like to work under *that* blanket of shit? I did it for thirty years. Keep in mind, it's not just

the Chief Judge who wields this power. A regular Judge could report to the Chief Judge that they were looked at weirdly, and if your Chief Judge likes that Judge and doesn't like you, you're gone.

Check out the appalling amount of unregulated power the Chief Judge has by Florida statute. I'm not really sure why they call them a Chief Judge and not the King of the Court and everyone else is their jesters in which to abuse.

Florida Statutes 43.26 - Chief Judge of Circuit; selection; powers

Current as of 2022

(1) The Chief Judge of each judicial Circuit, who shall be a Circuit Judge, shall exercise administrative supervision over all the trial courts within the judicial Circuit and over the Judges and other officers of such courts.

(2) The Chief Judge of the Circuit shall have the power:

(a) To assign Judges to any division of the court and to determine the length of the assignment; In the 90's, when I was offered the job as a System Analyst.

(b) To regulate use of courtrooms;

(c) To supervise dockets and calendars;

(d) To require attendance of state attorneys, public defenders, clerks, bailiffs, and all other officers of the court; and

(e) To do everything necessary to promote the prompt and efficient administration of justice in the courts over which he or she is Chief Judge.

(f) To delegate to the trial court administrator, by administrative order, the authority to bind the Circuit in contract.

(g) To manage, operate, and oversee the jury system as provided in s. 40.001.

(3) The Chief Judge shall be responsible to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for such information as may be required by the

Chief Justice, including, but not limited to, caseload, status of dockets, and disposition of cases in the courts over which he or she presides.

(4) Failure of any Judge, clerk, prosecutor, public defender, or other officer of the court to comply with an order or directive of the Chief Judge under this section shall constitute neglect of duty for which such officer may be suspended from office as provided by law.

(5) There may be a trial court administrator who shall perform such duties as the Chief Judge may direct.

(6) The Chief Judge of each Circuit is charged by s. 2(d), Art. V of the Florida Constitution and this section with the authority to promote the prompt and efficient administration of justice in the courts over which he or she is Chief Judge. The clerks of court provide court-related functions which are essential to the orderly operation of the judicial branch. The Chief Judge of each Circuit, after consultation with the clerk of court, shall determine the priority of services provided by the clerk of court to the trial court. The clerk of court shall manage the performance of such services in a method or manner that is consistent with statute, rule, or administrative order.

Damn! In what world is a person given the power to suspend employees who work for other elected officials and in other branches of government?

I'm not a legal person, but consider how poorly this next clause of power is worded.

(e) To do everything necessary to promote the prompt and efficient administration of justice in the courts over which he or she is Chief Judge.

Am I crazy, or is the word EVERYTHING rarely used in legal language. Doesn't that verbiage imply that a Chief Judge has unlimited power. Under the guise of efficient administration of justice, they can do anything. They can do everything. Hey, its right there in black and white. Can he shoot his JA for using his bathroom? After all, if the judge has to go and his JA is slowing him down (inefficient justice) it looks like the judge can pop three rounds through the door and it's all GOOD! Doesn't the Florida Supreme Court ever review this shit? This sounds like Perry wrote it.

Knowing how badly this power can fester, you need to understand the Supreme Court qualifications to become a judge in Florida.

Below, read the Florida Statute to qualify to be a county judge.

34.021 Qualifications of county court Judges

(1) No person is eligible for election or appointment to the office of county court Judge unless the person is, and has been for the preceding 5 years, a member in good standing of the bar of Florida prior to qualifying for election to such office or submitting his or her name to the appropriate judicial nominating commission for appointment. However, a person is eligible for election or appointment to the office of county court Judge in a county having a population of 40,000 or less if he or she is a member in good standing of the bar of Florida.

(2) A county court Judge is eligible to seek reelection or retention, notwithstanding the provisions of subsection (1), if, on the first day of the qualification period for election to such office or a retention vote, such Judge is actively serving in such office and is not under suspension or disqualification.

(3) Any person who was a county court Judge prior to July 1, 1978, in any county having a population of 40,000 or less, according to the last decennial census, and who has successfully completed a 3-year law training program approved by the Supreme Court for the training of county court Judges who are not members of The Florida Bar is eligible to seek election or retention and to serve as a county court Judge in any county having a population of 40,000 or less, the provisions of subsection (1) to the contrary notwithstanding.

(4) Any county Judge who is not a member of the bar, in any county having a population of 40,000 or less, according to the

last decennial census, and who has successfully completed a law training program approved by the Supreme Court for the training of county court Judges who are not members of The Florida Bar is entitled to serve as a county court Judge in any county encompassed in the Circuit in which the Judge has been elected or retained in a retention vote, when assigned thereto.

As you can see, you can be the very crappiest, low-life, (Better Call Saul) attorney and can become a Florida judge and possibly a Florida Chief Judge if you're in *good standing* with the Florida Bar. Almost without exception, Florida voters have never heard of a judicial candidate, which means most Florida judges are voted in by the public pulling the party handle in the booth or are appointed by the governor, which, as for determining the quality of a judge, it's probably better for Florida if they are elected. In certain cases, an attorney with no political supporters, who wants to run to become a judge will have to think out of the box to make them stand out.

For example, one of the 9th Circuit's Judges was Robert Evans. However, in his campaign, he ran with the name of Bob Evans. This worked wonderfully for him. He was voted in as a judge because Florida residents thought he owned a good restaurant chain and made good eggs and bacon, so he would therefore be a great judge. Reality check time. Have you detected any problems in this judicial election process yet?

Upfront, I know there are some very good judges. I'm not trying to infer that all judges are incompetent. Just most of them I've met. If you are a judge and reading this right now, you're probably thinking, yeah, I'm one of the good ones. Are you? I found that those who are most vocal and demand the most attention just happen to be jaded and narcissistic. On the other hand, I found that the best judges are those who treat Court Administration with respect and gratitude. That makes sense because the judges we deem as *good*, tend to treat those in their courtroom with respect.

The other ones, the loud ones, the judges who believe they are superior to everyone, typically run their court accordingly. And then, when you climb down the stupid tree and cling on to the lowest branches, you find judges who are simply there for the paycheck. They don't have much interest in legal stuff and a good day would be shaking the cage of an employee or belittling an attorney or defendant. It's these particular judges that make you wonder why they even go into law. One of my judges told me he invented the Internet, yet he couldn't remember his computer password. Few know this, but Lisa Munyon invented the iPad. She sat on her iPod. I believe if you simply grabbed

someone strolling by in front of the courthouse and made them a judge, you'd be batting 500.

In my opinion, Florida's judicial election process is ludicrous. Florida judges are the most powerful people in Florida, yet there is absolutely no process in place to determine if they would make a *good* judge.

More often than you'd believe, a burned-out attorney thinks, "Hey, I could shut down my failing law practice and become a Judge and make \$182,000 a year and a healthy pension."

There are no checks and balances to prevent piss-poor attorneys from becoming piss-poor judges. However, if Florida's Supreme Court were to think out of the box (which of course they never do because they're at the end of their dreary lives and don't really give a shit) there are better options.

For example, the members of the Florida Bar could vote for attorneys they feel were accomplished, have a good track record, and have the mental tools and morals to make life-and-death decisions. Who knows, maybe those bar members who vote might even generate a little documentation as to why they voted for an attorney that could be shared with the public.

Why the documentation? I assume that you've never tried to research a potential judicial candidate. Sure, they might have a webpage they created using a legal boilerplate template, but you really don't know them. You don't know if they're a good attorney or really anything about them. The only documentation available to voters pertaining to potential judges is totally self-created. They told you what they want you to believe they represent. I seriously doubt they'll tell you that other attorneys believe they're assholes, incompetent, egotistical, unethical, immoral, they beat their kids and wife, smoke weed, snort coke off a hooker's taint, looked into becoming a jihadist and can't stand the fucking law.

After the vote by the bar, only those attorneys who had percolated up the kimberlite pipe of that shit volcano could then run for the judiciary in a general election. All the reasons the bar voted for this person would be made available to the public and posted the bar's website. This method of electing judges would work on many levels because certified asshole attorneys don't befriend other attorneys. Why? Because they're assholes! (You saw that coming, right?) Hey, right there we save Florida \$182,000 on electing a total zero into a judicial state FTE.

Case in point, when I had just begun working for the 9th Circuit Court of Florida, I was asked to replace the monitor in a judge's chamber. (For the record, in Belvin Perry's

podcast, he listed this Judge as one of his best friends.) Before entering this judge's office, I noted that his entire courtroom was full of people and attorneys waiting for the judge to appear. When I entered the judge's chamber, I tried to replace his monitor very quietly because he was taking a nap on his sofa. Did he give two shits about any of those people in his courtroom? Hell, no. He sucked as an attorney, he sucked as a human being, and just kept on sucking as a judge. Could I have done anything about it? Not really. If I'd reported the incident the judge would say I was lying and I would be fired. After all, they're a judge and to them, I'm simply a Court Administration worm that has little credibility and zero power.

A few days later, I was sent up to a different judge's chambers. (For the record, this was another judge that during Perry's podcast said was his other best friend). I was told he had some type of issue with his keyboard. At that time there were strict smoking laws, yet this judge didn't think laws applied to him and he chain-smoked in his office up to the first day of his last stroke. I wasn't broken up over his death. I felt it was an additional lung full of oxygen that was saved for those who make life better for those around them. After looking his keyboard over, I saw it was caked by smoke-encrusted fingers and badly discolored. The judge told me to clean his keyboard. I responded that I didn't think I could get it clean. At that point, the judge left the room, walked into his bathroom, and came back with a toilet brush. He then told me to go clean his toilet, which I did, and think I did a pretty damn good job. I always took great pride in my work at the court. There was kind of a thick, nasty ring and I really had to scrub. I was considering buying one of the pumice stones, you know, they remove the ring of calcium without harming the... sorry... I'm sorry. I seemed to have gotten lost in the story of my important work. Hey, everyone brags a little about their gig.

Another judge that was pissed at me for not getting to his office quickly enough, made me clean his blinds. Again, I thought I did a damn good job.

On my first day of work at Court Admin, I spent half a day moving a judge's office to a different courthouse. That day I should have probably run from the court and never looked back.

Bad attorneys who become bad judges have both mental and power issues. Yesterday, they were chasing ambulances and barely scraping out a living, yet today, they are a powerful judge and everyone must bow to them. Instant power is like an arterial injection of aplomb and goes from the vein to the brain of a marginal attorney who never had anyone's respect. This combination of insecurity and arrogance is the perfect recipe for embryonic deleteriousness. However, in the Florida Court System, this dance has been hopping since statehood in 1845 and it appears there are no Florida leaders or

entities that can scratch the needle from the vinyl and Bluetooth in with some modern solutions.

Maybe this book will help.

Probably not.

Chapter 7: Judges and Religion

Fair warning, this chapter is all over the place, because religion is all over the place.

Is it just me or does it seem that many people who surround themselves with religious shit are some of the most contemptible people in the world? It almost appears as if they require a visual reminder sitting in front of their face to confirm they are religious and therefore righteous, therefore good, therefore better than you.

I didn't have any religious artifacts in my office because I'm your basic good person. Not great, but not bad either. You would probably let me babysit your kids, but you wouldn't feel comfortable with it.

An example of a religious person: If I were to pour my hot coffee on a sleeping homeless person, then I might need a cross hanging around my neck to remind me I'm a GREAT person. Maybe the cross could help to justify that this smelly homeless person deserved it. It was God's will and all the crap. Based on this reprehensible action (the coffee thing) my conscious self pretty much knows the exact degree of what total dick I am, else why would I do such a thing. Chances are I'm a habitual coffee-pouring SOB and this wasn't my first time. I'm so glad I have that plastic Jesus riding on the dashboard of my car. (It's a song, check it out)

I don't care if it rains or freezes
Long as I got my plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car.

Through my trials and tribulations
And my travels through the nations
With my plastic Jesus I'll go far.
Plastic Jesus plastic Jesus,
Riding on the dashboard of my car

I'm afraid He'll have to go.
His magnets ruin my radio
And if I have a wreck He'll leave a scar.
Riding down a thoroughfare
With His nose up in the air,
A wreck may be ahead, but He don't mind.

Trouble coming He don't see,
He just keeps His eye on me
And any other thing that lies behind.
Plastic Jesus plastic Jesus,
Riding on the dashboard of my car ...

Though the sunshine on His back
Make Him peel, chip and crack,
A little patching keeps Him up to par.
When I'm in a traffic jam
He don't care if I say "damn"
I can let all my curses roll

Plastic Jesus doesn't hear
'Cause he has a plastic ear
The man who invented plastic saved my soul.
Plastic Jesus plastic Jesus,
Riding on the dashboard of my car ...

Once His robe was snowy white,
Now it isn't quite so bright -
Stained by the smoke of my cigar.
If I weave around at night,
And policemen think I'm tight,
They never find my bottle - though they ask.

Plastic Jesus shelters me,
For His head comes off, you see
He's hollow, and I use Him for a flask.
Plastic Jesus plastic Jesus,

Riding on the dashboard of my car ...
Ride with me and have a dram
Of the blood of the Lamb -
Plastic Jesus is a holy bar.

When it comes to judges, most (but not all) of the 9th Circuit judges whose office looked like you have entered a Catholic Church, were basically horrible people at their core. I'm not saying they killed people due to their religious beliefs because that's the job of the

prison executioner. The judge merely decreed their death sentence. Judges' religious beliefs make them believe they are supercilious. These religious judges feel they exist on a higher plane, a precocity, an elevated state of consciousness far exceeding the reach of the rest of us common infidels. And people who believe they are ABOVE others, those bitches tend to abuse any power given to them.

I refer to these judges as "Cafeteria Religious" because they select which doctrines of their religion they will follow, and which they will not.

It's not a mental stretch to understand why this happens when these religious judges are LITERALLY put in charge of JUDGING PEOPLE. Some might argue they have been anointed by the holy spirit, (via the Florida voters) and are now in charge of who lives and who dies. If that ain't a GOD-COMPLEX then 1,700 priests never assaulted choirboys.

The real question that needs to be asked is how a judge's religious beliefs (fully on display in their chambers) affects their life-and-death decisions.

Unrelated to religion, but goes to the character of a judge, during my thirty years of working at the court, there is some type of time factor that comes into play the longer a judge remains on the bench.

I refer to this mutation of character as the judicial phases of *Assholeinitus*.

If you don't know much about psychology, don't worry because I made that word up.

Assholeinitus can be defined in the Brett Arquette dictionary as *the duration of a judge's time on the bench in relation to their perceived increase of their self-importance, which is then multiplied by the number of horrible criminals who have passed through their court.*

To be fair, I have known judges who defied this dreadful mental disorder and had remained the same nice people they were during their entire time in office, but most turn.

Phase One of Assholeinitus:

When judges are initially elected into office, most of them are wide-eyed and bushy-tailed. They are merely happy to have beaten out other zero attorneys in the election or they had been appointed by the jaded finger of the governor. They tend to be both

curious and conscientious. They arrive as pristine legal souls. Most are gracious and sincere. However, since most of the new judges were previously loser attorneys, they don't have a fucking clue what they're doing. God help anyone that appears before them during this phase. Confidence-wise, they've been knocked down a notch in self-impotence, but this doesn't last long. Once they feel their judicial cheeks have made deep and lasting dents in their big chair, long enough to sense they know what the fuck they're doing, then a type of insolence begins to tunnel into the endocardium of their psyche.

Phase Two of Assholeinitus:

This is a really important phase because the new judge has matured from the perception of incompetence to unqualified competence. This conviction gives their ego a big boost and their self-importance jumps up a full 10%. Phase two might take on the characteristics of trying to buddy up with more experienced judges, those who have been on the bench longer. They will also develop a degree of entitlement. My computer support department was the first to recognize phase two because the support calls they began receiving from this phase of judges took on a more confrontational tone. If a judge calls and my Support team is helping other judges, this judge in Phase Two might be pissed because Support didn't get back to them fast enough. Basically, the head of the dragon has begun to peek out from the cave, or the turd is prairie dogging out their asshole. However you want to look at it.

Phase Three of Assholeinitus:

Now the judge is no longer a new judge. He/she is now an experienced judge and feels that they deserve more respect. They have sat through hundreds of trials and come face to face with some of the most repugnant humans on our planet. Each time they sit through a trial and witness the grisly evidence of a monstrous killing, a brutal rape, or any other combination of horrendous crimes man can exert on man, it adds another blot of hatred in their hearts for their fellow man. It reminds me of football players who have taken too many head shots and have developed Chronic Traumatic Encephalopathy. This phase might take the form of bullying attorneys in their courtroom. Maybe an outburst here and there. Phase three finds judges getting pissed off and sentencing people in their court for contempt more often than judges in the preceding phases. Their concept of respect turns from those who admire them to those who fear them. They've begun to align themselves with caustic judges who understand their frustrations. I'm sure their home life is suffering as well, which further fuels their contempt.

Phase Four of Assholeinitus:

This is the final and definitive phase of a judge becoming a total asshole. They begin to treat everyone (even other judges) with choler. They will only hang out with judges who have developed power. If they forget their password, they are deeply offended they are forced to change their password every three months. They become the phone call on the Support line that no one wants to pick up because they are so fricking mean to Court Admin staff. In this phase, just about anything will piss them off and they aren't afraid to let you know about it.

So many horrible people have passed through their court that they begin to correlate humans (in general) as ugly, inhuman, dirty lowlifes. I can kind of see that taking a toll on a judge. How many murder trials can you sit through before you begin to look at our dot in space as a savage planet? If this exposure to the underbelly of the worst humans in our world doesn't bum you out, then you might be an alien life form from the planet Zoron 5. How many photos of shot, stabbed, maimed, beheaded, and abused children can you see before you start to lose your shit? That's why it's important to always vote out the incumbent judge and get fresh, unadulterated eyes on the law.

I did a quick look over the hundred or so judges who got in hot water with the Florida JQC. Some were removed from the bench. Some were sanctioned. The interesting thing they all had in common is almost all of these judges had reached phase four.

When I was the CTO, there was so much backlash from phase four judges, that we didn't make them change their password for ten years. In phase four, the judge believes that their shit don't stink. And for the rest of us, that's a good thing because they take shits all over the place. They shit on attorneys. They shit on the computer staff. They shit on Court administration. And in phase four they have solidified their alliances with other judges to the point where they shit on all the other judges. A phase four Assholeinitus judge is so puffed up on their own ego, and so PTSD'ed from all the scum that has oozed through their court, they believe they could even run for Chief Judge. This last step would be the pinnacle of their existence because their real life is so god-damn boring and horrible. Vote out incumbent judges, if for no other reason than to allow Court Administration employees to somewhat enjoy their lives.

Sorry, I seemed to get off a little tangent there.

This chapter was meant to be centered on judges and religion. Well, let's get back into that.

Chief Judge Belvin Perry's chambers had more religious shit than Jesus had, and Jesus invented that stuff. In Matthew 28:972384293874, the Bible clearly states that Jesus had several bumping kiosks in Jerusalem and sold all the best Jesus religious trinkets. They probably didn't have a plastic Jesus (plastic hadn't been invented) but you could be damn sure that a wooden Jesus hung around the neck of most camels in the region. Yeah, they probably had wax Jesus figurines, but they would quickly melt in the intense desert heat, but that was simply an opportunity to sell another one. Jesus's shop might have sold Jesus candles, but I doubt it. Lighting the top of Jesus's head on fire probably wasn't cool with the big guy. Bad investment of inventory.

Anyway, Perry's office was the optiamey (damn, I can't believe I can't spell *epitome*) of someone who was trying to convince others (as well as themselves) that they had not succumbed to Phase Four Assholeinitus. Instead, Perry might have felt he was a Chief Judge who was sin-free and untouchable. You see that all over the religious spectrum from priests to summer camp counselors. Most in Court Administration pondered if Perry looked at all his religious shit when he was fucking a Court Administration employee on his desk, or simply closed his eyes. Only Belvin Perry knows for sure.

For some bizarre reason, I can see Perry with one of his girlfriends bent over his desk, dress up, and panties down. Then, why Perry was fucking them from behind, he might look up at an image of Jesus and say, "Thank you Lord for providing me a woman who will take it up the ass." He would then miss a stroke in order to make a cross gesture over his heart and then get back to judicial business.

I'm not really sure why some judges decorate their chambers with gobs of religious shit when the First Amendment delineates a clear separation of church and state. My theory is when a bad attorney becomes a judge, they simply think they're untouchable. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if a judge hung Hustler centerfolds on his walls and everyone who entered his chamber would simply ignore them. Yeah, I admit, that's extreme, but after working for some of the biggest Phase Four Assholeinitus judges in the Ninth Circuit Court, it's probably just another problem court administration has to look forward to in the future.

And it's not like you can really comment on the judge's chambers covered in religious decorations. I mean, what do you say?

"Hey, that's a nice picture you got there of Jesus hanging on the cross. The blood looks so damn real. I've got the one where he's pounding down wine at the dinner table with twelve of his buddies."

Am I the only person on the planet that thinks that weird? Could I get away with a lifesize mannequin of Perry being crucified and hanging on my office wall? Probably not realistic. I don't think the nails going through his hands could support his weight.

Just for fun, let's run down the list of commandments and see how many Perry broke.

1) You shall have no other gods before Me.

Perry thought of himself as a God.

2) You shall make no idols.

Perry's office was also covered in photos of him shaking dignitaries' hands that he idolized.

3) You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain

God damn it. I don't recall he ever did.

4) Keep the Sabbath day holy.

On many Sabbaths when I had to go to work, I saw Perry's van parked behind the cheap hotel across from the courthouse. Maybe he was just taking a nap. Perry was certainly doing something at the hotel that had to do with holes but I don't think that's what the commandment refers to.

5) Honor your father and your mother.

Have to admit, I never heard Perry say a bad word about his parents. If they're still alive and read this book, I wonder how they will feel about him now.

6) Thou shall not kill.

Perry both prosecuted and sentenced people to death and then attended their execution.

7) Thou shalt not commit adultery

Nope, Perry never did, except every day he was a judge, and probably when he worked for the State Attorney's office, and probably the day after his wedding.

8) Thou shall not steal.

Perry and Munyon defrauded Orange County out of millions of dollars.

9) Thou shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.

He sure lied his ass off during the Janice Williamson hearings, inferring she was

lying about everything. Then the condom thing.

10) Thou shall not covet.

This is interesting because coveting means wanting what someone else has. Perry wanted everything everyone else had. Women, power, money.... well..... that's about it.

This problem of judges and religion might go away on its own.

It's hard these days to find a millennium that believes in any religion. Due to the Internet, they have developed a healthy distrust of social media trolls, poachers, envious, passive aggressors, intellectual brawlers, social justice warriors, contrarians, attention whores, and nihilistic trolls.

Any religion that dates back hundreds of years, they refer to it as *ancient folk tales*. New religions, they refer to as *cults*. After all, they live in a new world where just about everything they read on the Internet is suspect. They're not nearly as gullible as previous generations. To convince them that Jesus rose from the grave, Jesus would have to make a guest appearance on earth, perform a few miracles and even then millennials would say he was a *deep fake*. Trying to convince them that God lives in the clouds and grants wishes, is not accepted any more than a God named Xenu who knew that the galaxy was faced with overpopulation, so he did the one thing that made sense: he got together all of the available space psychiatrists and had them inject some of the universe's inhabitants with a substance that immobilized them. After that, he had their bodies loaded into space planes that looked exactly like DC-8s and flew them to Earth. He then proceeded to drop the paralyzed bodies of his constituents around a series of active volcanoes, which he then blew up with a hydrogen bomb. That is the premise of Scientology if you didn't catch that.

I find their skepticism refreshing. They are free from the ridiculous guilt of HELL and therefore don't feel they have to give half their salary to the church to be a good person. If Hell was real don't you think that Perry would be afraid of it. Most of these young and cynical people are happy to be on earth and don't really give a shit where they go after it's over, because they're confident in their non-beliefs. They accept that everything has a beginning and an end. Religion is trying to prolong, or even eliminate, the end. Most young people feel that organized religion causes more harm than good. Lastly, they believe when you die, it's over. Your spirit doesn't go anywhere any more than your dog's or goldfish's spirit. Basically, you turn back into the carbon from which you came, and they're good with it. What's worse in the scattered human mind? Believing that

every fucking thing you do on earth is going to affect your afterlife, or just living life every day like it's your last day of existence in any form or ethos?

If this enlivening trend continues, then millions of churches out there will all be long gone in a single generation. And at that time, Judges and Religion will no longer be a problem.

Chapter 8: Perry-Lala-Land

In all respects, Judge Munyon was an average attorney who was elected and then became an average judge. But really, what can you do to be an *above-average* judge? Well, coming to work five days a week is a start. Most judges considered Friday to be a non-work day. Taking on hearings and trials in a professional and expeditious manner, is still what's considered an average judge. In other words, they're doing their job. So what do you do to become an above-average judge?

For Belvin Perry, his claim to fame was that he assigned the Casey Anthony trial to HIMSELF. Sure, he could have assigned it to any other judge in the circuit, but Perry's an egomaniac. Of course, he's going to assign to himself the most followed court case of the decade. Perry understood, except for blackmailing most of the judges into keeping him in power for twenty years, he was also just an average judge. He explained assigning this career-empowering trial to himself saying this trial would take a year of his time, full-time, and he didn't want to put that burden on a Ninth Circuit judge who already had a full docket. That was nice of him.

Understand, in the 9th Circuit, a Chief Judge doesn't have to do shit. They aren't required to carry a docket. I can only assume they are relieved from that task because running the courthouse is a full-time job. It's almost as if the Chief Judge doesn't have an entire Court Administration department that actually runs the courthouse. The only thing a Chief Judge is allowed to do is assign judges to divisions and create, modify, or vacate Administrative Orders, and at times assign major trials. Oh wait, they can also hire and fire anyone they want without cause.

I don't believe that Perry ever sat down in front of a computer and created an Administrative Order. I believe he used court counsel (Court Administration Attorneys) to draw up the order based on Perry's verbal explanation. This utilizes smart people in Court Administration to make a dumb Chief Judge appear smart. This assistance was essential for Chief Judge Belvin Perry because he was damn near illiterate.

I recall him calling me many times when I worked as a System Analyst to complain that our mainframe computer program (called All-In-One) grammar checker was down. The Court Administrator got the same call from Chief Judge Perry and called me to make sure I was looking into it.

I asked my Court Administrator, "Why is this so imperative?"

My Court Administrator told me that Perry couldn't write a coherent sentence without having a grammar checker. He then informed me that getting our spell and grammar checker working again was now my highest priority.

Over the years I always wondered how Perry passed the bar considering his poor diction and lack of being able to put a coherent sentence together on paper. I'm not overly concerned about getting sued by him because I don't think he can read this book. Maybe I should write a Dick and Jane version.

Around this time, PCs were beginning to become mainstream. Yet, other than the Novell Netware Server Platform, Microsoft's server platform was relatively new and some questioned if it was ready for primetime. 1996 saw the release of Windows NT 4.0, which brought the Windows 95 GUI and Windows NT kernel together. Many began buying home PCs and installed a relatively advanced MS Office product. And, yes, MS Word had an integrated spelling and grammar checker.

That's all Perry had to know. He could actually have a PC on his desk and it could make him appear smart to others. If he could only rack his brain and figure out how to use it, he'd be set. But how do you go from a brand new million-dollar mainframe system Orange County just paid for to a distributed PC/server infrastructure?

Well, Perry might have been dumb as a rock when it came to law, math, spelling, grammar, and the English language, but he was great at creating a firestorm and then funneling the power of that storm toward his final objective.

So this is how Perry went about getting his new PC infrastructure and his new grammar checker.

One day, I got a call from a Judicial Assistant (Judge's JA) who said that she thought her password had been hacked and that she thought someone had been in her account.

At that time, the Public Defender, the State Attorney, and the Court used the same mainframe email system. Even though the agencies were running in their own isolated security hubs, it was still a circuit-wide email system.

I asked the JA, "When was the last time you changed your password?"

She said, "I've never changed my password."

I responded, "I think you should change your password."

She said she would and that ended our conversation. She didn't really appear all that concerned.

However, less than an hour later, I was summoned up to the Court Administrator's office.

I entered the office and saw Perry in one chair and on the other side of his desk was the current Court Administrator.

Perry kicked off the meeting by saying, "I had it reported to me that there was JA who said that someone was in her account."

I took a moment to think it over and realized it was the JA who I had talked to earlier that day.

I said, "Yeah, a JA called me and I told her that she should change her password."

Perry gave me a look as if I was the dumbest person in the universe. He let out a mocking laugh and said, "That's your response to a judicial computer security issue. All you did was tell her to change your password?"

I pivoted into cover-my-ass mode and said, "You have to understand Chief, the JAs share their passwords all the time. If a JA calls in sick, they give their password to the substitute JA so they can run the office while they're gone. This goes on all the time."

Perry shook his head and said, "Yeah, this has to stop. We need to get a system that will prevent this type of security breach."

In the full frontal portion of my brain, I was thinking no system will prevent a JA from telling another JA their password, but I felt this conversation wasn't based on any type of human logic. This was based on something else entirely, which I refer to Perry-Lala-Land.

Perry-Lala-Land was a realm of creating a firestorm over basically nothing in order to get what you want. Or more to the point, get what Perry wants.

Perry told me and the Court Administrator, "If Brett can't solve this security issue, then I will go to the County and have them solve it."

I have to admit that I didn't fully understand that this was a Perry-play to abandon our brand-fucking-new 64-bit, million dollar fire breathing mainframe monster, and move to a new and relatively untested PC-based system. The Digital Equipment Corporation released one of the first 64-bit computer environments in the world in 1992. Microsoft

wouldn't release a 64-bit system until 2005, a full decade later. The good news, we were one of the first to receive what was called the DEC Alpha system. This tiny monster was so fast that it replaced three refrigerator-sized computers in our computer room with a twenty-four-inch rack mainframe. When the DEC Alpha was initially installed, other than being a screamer of a computer, my computer room looked really empty. And for a System Manager (me) it was much more impressive when our computer room was being visited by Judicial dignitaries to be standing in the midst of a lot of big-ass hardware that bulged at the seams of the room. It was much less impressive when you stood in an empty room next to a two-foot-high racked computer.

Perry pivoted his chair toward me and said, "We need to move into the PC stuff."

The word "stuff" was the most technical inference that Perry could muster.

I reminded him, "We just purchased a million-dollar mainframe," then added, "and the grammar checker is working really well."

But Perry had already aligned his agenda. Little did I know that during the next year we would replace every cheap mainframe terminal with an expensive PC. We would quickly end-of-life our expensive mainframe, abandon it in place when we moved into the new courthouse, and never look back.

I had to remind Perry, "We don't have staff that has experience with Windows servers and operating systems."

Perry nodded as if he understood the meaning of life and said, "Leave that up to me."

During the next few months, Perry did go to the Orange County Administration and told them we had some serious security issues with our current mainframe system and the only solution is for them to fund us to move to a secure PC server-based system.

And guess what?

Orange County capitulated over a single JA reporting that someone had accessed her account. Perry had blown what was nothing more than a spark, into an entire inferno of computer security issues that could only be solved by an additional million dollars and staff to support the migration.

Around this time, the new 23-story Orange County Courthouse was almost built. The plan to move to PCs was scheduled in concert with every Judge, JA, and Court Admin employee starting their time in the new courthouse with a brand-spanking new PC. The reason for this was the new Courthouse was wired with CAT5 network cable and ready for new network switches and networks.

With the extra funds that Orange County provided, I was able to add one Windows NT 4.0 systems person to my staff, which we stole from Orange County who acted as our Windows NT Analyst. And this amazing person worked for me for the next 30 years. My new Windows Analyst was bright enough to understand all the shit that would be involved with moving the entire court to a new PC-based computer environment. He eventually became my Systems Manager and was put in charge of my Systems department and has remained my close friend after Munyon firing me.

So that was the plan. For the next two months, I must have personally unboxed and installed more than 300 PCs into the new courthouse so they would be waiting for their new users. I was young at the time, still in my 30s, but I must have put like a thousand miles on my feet. I ended up buying insoles because my feet were killing me. I worked and worked and worked along with my meager staff to install a fleet of PCs. And in the end, we did it. We replaced every single Alpha 64-bit terminal with a PC.

Would anyone ever remember the amazing sacrifice my staff made to make this happen?

Hell no.

We were nothing to the judiciary and were simply doing our jobs.

I guess like an average Judge, we were simply average Court Administration employees.

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Chapter 15: The End of Jizabell

Chapter 16: The End of Me

Chapter 17: The End of My Story