

Every dog has his day
Literary Club March 9, 2020

This paper requires an introduction, a stage setter. This is the continuation of a previous paper, a sequel, However as Jack Lindy noted in his extraordinary paper last month, sequels can be deadly. Although forty some members were present October 23, 2017, many of you were not so this is an effort to catch you up. It may also prove valuable for those who were here that evening, but can't for the life of you recall what the paper was about.

This like the previous venture is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to existing events, organizations or individuals is almost entirely coincidental. For instance, one of our number took umbrage at the references to 'the big insurance company' which appeared occasionally in the previous paper. So that the 'big insurance company' will not muddy this offering, I shall name it. Be assured that my model for the big insurance company is the Grand Eastern and Northern Canadian Insurance Company known to one and all as GENCIC. It was formed from an agglomeration of many small companies in the early 20th century. Industry experts agreed that GENCIC's climb to mega size owed much to the brilliant marketing strategy which included the adoption of a brightly colored talking snake as its spokesman and their slogan which slightly altered the tag line from an old blues song. There is no such institution to the best of my knowledge.

The setting for our story is the downtown of a big city. Most of the action takes place in and around a small lovely urban park. The buildings surrounding the park include two multistory residential buildings, two upmarket hotels housed in historic structures, and two other carefully tended historic buildings, one housing a museum, the other offices for a business. The remaining building is a somewhat mysterious grand Federal style house. The latter plays no part in this story.

The principle characters carried over from the previous paper are Margaret and George Brown, their dog, a husky mix with one blue eye and one brown named LeRoy. LeRoy is a shrewd and sometimes caustic commentator on the humans around him. When appropriate, his thoughts are shared with us. Don't ask how that can be. Please just accept it.

When last we saw our friends George and his faithful friend Leroy, George seemed on the edge of a serious life changing act. Feeling abandoned by his wife Margaret who had blossomed in the rich world of downtown living, George and Leroy befriended a neighbor, Joy and her dog Sophia. Joy brought a far different perspective to local issues than George was used to. To say that George had been radicalized would be grossly overstating the change. But Joy was in part responsible for George seeing people and politics through a far different lens than

the red dog republican who had arrived less than a year earlier from the sprawling bucolic suburbs ten miles from downtown.

Now, Joy was moving into the condominium at the end of the park. The condominium where George lived! What would proximity bring to their relationship? Sadly, George never found out. Before Joy moved in, George became ill.

George and LeRoy had agreed to be part of an annual bird count at a large nature preserve located two counties over. For LeRoy, it was his first time to really run in a long time. George also enjoyed it although there was one time when he suspected they might be lost. Everything turned out well and the boys returned home exhausted. Margaret pointed out that George should conduct a tick check on LeRoy. Which he did. In the shower he discovered one under his arm. Two days later he was surprised to find a second, and then a third!

A week later it started with cold sweats and a difficult night's sleep. Margaret of course told him to get to the doctor. He of course didn't. However, after three more days of increasing discomfort, running a temperature and little sleep, he gave in. The first appointment offered was a week away. George protested and mentioned the ticks. He saw the doctor late that afternoon. George learned that discerning the existence and type of tick related disease required the analysis of his blood in a specialized lab in California. That would take a little time. Therefore the doctors started him on a course of antibiotics to keep things in check. That didn't work out quite as planned.

In less than 48 hours George was on the phone to his doctor begging to be taken off the antibiotics. After years of saying, no known allergies, to medical personnel George discovered that he was allergic to at least one thing – Doxycycline. The doctor switched George to a child's antibiotic; there were numerous blood tests, all of which were negative. The final diagnosis – a summer virus. The treatment - let it run its course.

Despite the reassurance, George was very sick, extremely weak, sweats/chills; uncertain about everything, unable to focus –didn't even read, no appetite. He lost fifteen pounds. As he staggered through his illness, LeRoy seldom left his side. One afternoon he awoke and realized his fever was gone. He looked around the room and LeRoy caught his eye. As he often did, he spoke to the dog, "I think I may be on the mend." And immediately a voice in his head replied –*it's about time!* Now it is true that Huskies can talk, although it's a set of sounds ranging from whines to howls. You can find numerous examples on Facebook. Leroy was no exception. However, George had only been able to make sense of three: 'feed me'; 'I want a treat' and of course, 'it's time for a walk'. This however, was something entirely new! With that LeRoy rolled his eyes and put his head back between his paws.

George's recovery was very slow. Everything was more difficult. He found himself looking at a chair before he sat down, to make sure he would be able to stand up and get out of the chair without help. In part as a jest, Margaret gave him a cane she found at a second hand shop. It was a bit battered, but distinguished in a way, and it did help. He did resume walking LeRoy, only for short jaunts. One day as they reached the far end of the park, George said "let's go back." LeRoy, didn't stop, in fact he pulled ahead, turned his head to George and once again a voice spoke to him, "*Come on old man, let's stretch you out a little bit.*" And so they went another block.

As he reentered society, George found out two new things. Margaret and Joy had become great friends – Joy was in training to be a docent at the lovely museum next door to their building where Margaret was now the Queen of the docents. And Joy had also become friends with the bachelor up on seven. The second was more comforting – a small group of residents had taken to gathering each morning in the mezzanine community room which overlooked the park. George and LeRoy became regulars. The core members of the Group were all retired. From time to time others would stop by to find out how what was going on in their immediate community. Thus the major responsibilities of the Group including reading the newspapers and sharing important tidbits. The papers included the Wall Street Journal, New York Times, Washington Post and the local rag. Also, because someone had hijacked a Wi-Fi signal, Twitter and Facebook were available. These were retirees with grandchildren after all.

One morning someone said, "Did you hear about the guy in the apartment building? He and his wife had just moved in and their dog, a Boston Terrier who was quite old and died less than a month after they moved in." [*Leroy remembered the old guy, Riley was his name. He was OK for a little dog.*] In a little while the couple decided to get another Boston Terrier, a puppy [*Leroy had seen the puppy, very small and yippy. Might be alright when he matured some.*]

"At any rate," he continued, "you all remember what house breaking a puppy is like –you try to establish a regular, frequent schedule and when the need to go occurs, you rush them outdoors. George interrupted the story – 'It must be nice to have that small interior courtyard for training purposes.' The story continued – That's what they thought. In less than two days, they got a note in their mailbox that dogs were prohibited in the courtyard! So, at night when it was time for last call, they took the puppy outside the gate and he did his business. Within three days another note appeared saying that they were stopping too close to the building and suggesting that they take their dog across the street! "Wow." George said, that is one tough resident's association. – "Oh no" came the answer," it was GENCIC's management firm." The same one manages our building. Of course they own the apartment building; actually they own almost everything on the park. I think they see it all as part of their campus."

In fact GENCIC takes great pride in their contributions to this area and the city as a whole. They sponsor the arts and children's health research and a mini marathon. "And they aren't shy about letting folks know about it," someone added. Another member of the group noted that the big insurance company certainly is sensitive about perceived slights. Sometimes they overreact and draw attention to something that nobody else noticed.

"Well look at the tree thing" one person said. "They wanted to have uniformity with other new plantings so they pressured the Park Board to cut the old large trees down to replace them with new uniform trees. GENCIC agreed to cover the costs. When Gloria, you know her, she's up on seven, got wind of it she appealed the decision. You know she used to be an Assistant Attorney General up in the state capital. Not someone to mess with they all agreed. At any rate, the morning after the appeal saved the trees, a crew showed up and started cutting. "I called Gloria," one of the Group said. They saved that one tree at the end of the Park. Now we have the three saplings and one mature tree. Actually they have replaced the tree nearest our building and the apartments twice. *Leroy promised them that the first tree nearest the two residential buildings didn't stand a chance. A little bit of dog pee never hurt anything, but the concentrated constant assault of every neighborhood canine making its first stop coming out of the building, well...* And time proved him right. It wasn't until the third increasingly large new planting that one survived. And this one had a water bag and a ten foot enclosure around it.

The incident that changed everything, fracturing the pleasant rhythms of George's life began innocently enough. George and LeRoy were out for a morning walk across the park. As they neared the recently opened luxury hotel, they saw a young woman walking a dog. George said to LeRoy, "I didn't think they permitted dogs at that place. Then, "I don't think walking a dog in high heels is the best idea." Le Roy thought, *that is one big Afghan. The only other Afghan I knew was dumb as a door knob. Dusty once tried to eat a king sized mattress. He did get through one corner.* Just then the pair moved towards the front door of the hotel. At the edge of the driveway near the porte-cochere the Afghan stopped. At that point, George and LeRoy headed up the street to check in at a few of their favorite haunts.

Late that afternoon, the two some were back out in the park doing their pre-dinner walk. As they neared the swanky hotel, a limo pulled up in the driveway. The car stopped at the edge of the circular drive and a red faced man jumped out of the car swearing, "I'm not going to wait another damn minute for that nincompoop to clear out from the entrance. Come on Tiffany." he said as he yanked at the hand of the young woman that George and LeRoy had seen earlier. Holding her hand he took one impatient step, his feet went out from under him and down they both went! George hurried over to help. He arrived in time to ask

if everyone was ok and could he lend a hand as the couple rose to their feet. By this time the man was yelling. "I just slipped in a pile of dog crap. This suit is ruined. Did your dog do this? *LeRoy was standing there with his most innocent, Who me? Look on his face. Then he walked behind the man and stiffed the offending feces. He looked at George and smiled – he knew who the culprit was.* The man had turned and was walking to the front door George could only call to his back, "It wasn't my dog, but I think I may..." At that point, the young woman who had pulled herself up, touched George's arm and said, please don't tell, he'll kill me and Georgina." George suddenly realized that this was the person he had seen this morning." You didn't pick up after your Afghan."

Thus began the great poop crisis. Shortly thereafter, the dog walkers noticed changes in the park and in people. Fences were installed around all the trees and low walls around all the flower beds and ornamental shrubs. Signs sprouted up, "Don't put the Pee in our park"; "Curb your dog"; "Owners pick up after your Pets"; Signs with city ordinance numbers threatening fines. "What the heck was going on?" George asked the Group.

What George and LeRoy didn't know was the background of the story, not to mention the consequences. There had been terrible fallout from the dog shit slip incident that George and Leroy had witnessed. In fact the angry man who slipped in the poop was very important. He was in town to meet with the leaders of GENCIC. They were negotiating a really big deal. It was arranged that he and his wife would stay at the new hotel in the presidential suite. There was some hesitation when he announced that his wife was bringing her dog. That was contrary to hotel rules, but an exception was soon made. Unfortunately the negotiations didn't go well, but everybody agreed to resume the next morning. And then came the poop slip! The very important visitor left town that evening. And George and LeRoy and all the dogs and their people were left with the fallout, the folks at GENCIC were very, very upset.

And when the top brass are unhappy, everybody is unhappy. The President of the company, like so many leaders, made waves down. In no time there were three task forces dedicated to dealing with the poop problem. The first idea was to identify the poop produced by each dog now resident around the park. That way any offenders who did not pick up their dog's feces could be reprimanded. A question for the legal department – was there an ordinance that would permit fines? Could GENCIC's security force be deputized for enforcement?

Meanwhile, Security officers started following dog owners, urging them to mind the rules and pointing out that the park, provided solar powered poop disposal units with grab bags. The security staff at George's building had a new form they filled out whenever a dog departed or entered the building. At lunch time, young executives fresh out of college searched the park carefully for uncollected feces, crying out, "Eureka" when they discovered an abandoned dog turd. As

George and the Group watched from their vantage point they noticed something which made the behavior even more bazaar. The young people didn't discard their find. Rather they pulled zip lock bags from their pockets and wrote something on the bag. Then they carefully stowed it in another bag and went back to their search.

Apparently they were analyzing dog poop for some reason. In fact they were building data base which linked poop to the dog and the dog to its owner. The mystery clarified when dog owners in George's building received letters announcing that the Management firm was offering free DNA testing for all the dogs. Couched in glowing terms and suggesting a very exorbitant market price, the idea was intriguing to some. One of the first to sign up were the Olsons on 5. Mr. Olson was on the buildings condo board and was notoriously cheap. He could not resist a freebie. They were the proud owners of Zeus and Thor, two long haired miniature dachshunds. On their good days, they were loud and yippy. It was impossible for anyone to walk past their door without a barrage of barks as they threw themselves at the door. The door was more than a bit worse for the ware. *LeRoy thought they were way over the top, though they were wise enough to not bother him.*

At the appointed time, the Olsons open the door to two very serious young interns from GENIC. They explained their mission and unloaded a very professional looking kit. After a quick game of Rock, Paper, Scissors, the loser removed what looked like a wooden tongue depressor and got down on the floor. Taking a firm grip on Zeus' collar, he aimed the tongue depressor at Zeus' anus. Mrs. Olson realizing what his intentions were, mumbled, "Oh dear, I am not sure that is such a good idea." Now after the dogs first visit to the veterinarian, the vet had invested in a very expensive thermometer which took temperatures by simply waving it past the dog's forehead. No one wished a repeat of what had happened the first time. At any rate, the intern made his thrust and with blinding speed, taking advantage of his disproportionately long body, Zeus brought his head around and clamped down on the dastards wrist. Thor seeing the situation his brother was in, charged the kneeling intern from behind and clamped onto the young executive's backside. He left the room, he left the building, he left GENCIC's employ and he left the city looking for a different career.

The dogs and their walkers were grumbling, but adjusting to the new zero tolerance policy. Then one day as the group was sitting around enjoying the late morning sun, work vehicles arrived and began placing No Parking signs on the meters around the park. The group continued to watch and sent word on the building network alerting everybody. As they watched, wooden stakes and string were put in place by the city's biggest landscaping firm. Near the end on the day, two backhoes were staged at the edge of the park. They had to find out what was happening! Who could worm the truth out of the workers?

In short order, Margaret and Joy, accompanied by Joy's cocker spaniel, Sophie were out the door with their mission instructions. The ladies returned shortly with the scoop. The chilling answer - all the grass was going to be replaced with flower beds, a paved labyrinth, and exotic decorative landscaping! Where can dogs relieve themselves? "Son of a bitch" said Gloria, the former assistant attorney general who had intervened in the tree cutting. "No offense," she turned to LeRoy. She explained that since it was Friday afternoon, and the Park Board didn't meet on Monday - this was another tree gambit. The citizen's park committee had just met earlier in the week. Obviously nothing had been said about a major park re-design. By the time the Board met, all the grass would be gone and construction begun.

Gloria called her friend on the Park Board, who called the Parks Director who didn't know anything about it. The Director called the Board Chairman to update him. He said, 'OH'. It seems that at a weekend gala, the President of GENCIC approached the Board Chair and offered to pay for a complete redo of the park. "I may have said, 'that's wonderful.'" I was going to mention it at the next meeting. Saturday morning at six a bleary eyed George and a somewhat disgruntled LeRoy were on duty inside the stakes and strings. They were joined by others as a relay system fell into place. When the landscapers arrived at 7, the park was full of people and dogs. They were asked to leave, but refused. As one of the workers started to remove the small backhoe from its trailer, George turned to Lilly's owner and suggested they walk over and speak with the gentleman. Now Lilly was a very large Great Dane. While she looked quite formidable, she was so timid that she had to be enrolled in the small dogs obedience class. LeRoy was the only large dog she was friends with. LeRoy on the other hand was formidable. While it is true that Husky's usually have a smile on their face, their expression can change. And it did. Fixing a gaze on the unfortunate man now backed up against the trailer, LeRoy slowly turned his head so only his blue eye was in view.

At that moment, the GENCIC security arrived and announced they had orders to break up the protest and let the men get to work. George pointed out that the security detail had no enforcement powers, and shouldn't they be having their coffee. In fact he suggested they go over to George's building where some could be found. As they mulled this offer, a short Wooep, Wooep, announced the arrival of two of the city's finest bringing the parks director.

He thanked George for his work, nodded to Gloria who had placed the call that summoned the Director. In short order, the landscapers packed up and were on their way. This ended the work of the 'Direct Action Task Force' at GENCIC. The vice president in charge was demoted and shipped off to a faraway place with a strange sounding name.

And that began George's introduction to the world of municipal meetings, ordinances, and regulations. First on Monday night, George and a contingent

from the buildings around the park attended the Monday night Park Board meeting. After a brief mention of the 'misunderstanding' regarding the GENCIC' Presidents extraordinary offer, the show began. The Board and attending citizens were treated to a very slick presentation from a nationally renowned Landscape architect. She explained that the new design would incorporate raised beds and a grand walking path to lead visitors through a magnificent array of indigenous and exotic plants. When a member of the board mentioned the challenges of the city's four season climate, the designer agreed it might be necessary to enclose the park. That raised a concern about competing with the existing conservatory. Others mentioned the cost. The Senior vice president from GENCIC who headed up Task Force number 2 [Guiding municipal administration to eliminate dogs] assured the Board that that cost was not an issue. GENCIC was prepared to cover capital and on-going costs if its design was accepted. Gloria rose up and roared, "What about the dogs?" The Senior Vice President smiled and said, "Certainly dogs are not going to stand in the way of this grand plan." Gloria responded, "They already have!" The famous designer looked perplexed; the Senior Vice President looked embarrassed.

As is the way for such contentious matters, the Board referred it to a committee. GENCIC legal department tried arranging side meetings. However, George and Leroy were at all the meetings. Along the way LeRoy became a certified Official Service Dog. Margaret found a light weight dog coat saying, 'Official Service Dog'. It had saddle bags for George's files and notebook.

The cane Margaret found him came into play. Originally George rejected it, then began using it. When he was better, he discarded it, then reclaimed it. He found it gave him more gravitas in peoples' eyes. However, now his hands were full between the cane and LeRoy's leash. Thus the importance of an administrative support dog. George became an expert on arcane regulations, by-laws and admin procedures. He learned, for instance, how to fill out a card so he could speak at committee and council meetings.

Soon an expanded group from the building began mapping out a park/dog defense strategy. George pulled Gloria aside and asked how to file a freedom of information request. Gloria asked what George had in mind, and he explained he wanted to access certain records of the local Auditor's office. "I better come with you. He can be a rascal sometimes. Anyway he owes me, it's time to collect. Once again George witnessed one of the truths about his city – Everybody knew somebody who knew somebody you needed to know. On the degrees of separation chart, locally the number was about three, many times just one.

And thus a day later they sat in the office of the Auditor. He had ruled his little fiefdom for decades and was renowned for his distain of conventional politicians. It was said that his hero was J Edgar Hoover, not for his personal proclivities, but for his files on everyone and his willingness to use them. They explained to

the Auditor that they had a small list of names and they would like all the information available related to these people – from the dog license file! The auditor of course said “No.” Then he looked at the list. Why these are all city officials, staff and members of some boards?” “Just two Boards,” George said, hoping to soften the request. “What’s up?” the Auditor turned to Gloria. She explained the situation. Then she pressed on and pointed out that if they were looking for similar information about property, “it was all available on line, through your marvelous web site” she said, scratching the Auditor’s ego. He said, well these are all paper records, we would need awhile. Gloria didn’t want to give him time to seek out a better deal, and suggested they would be back that afternoon at 3:30 to pick up the information. “How about 4:15” the Auditor responded. “At 4:02 this place will be quiet as a tomb.” Gloria answered. George looked puzzled. Gloria explained that the Admin building was notorious for the speed at which employees departed once the clock struck 4. The Auditor, a bit abashed agreed to 3:30.

Armed with the dog license information, a concerted campaign of Park Board member visitation began. Owners and dogs were matched up. One of the board members had a dachshund, and so the Olsons went to tell their story. Similarly, labs were matched to labs, poodles to poodles, and of course, Shih Tzu to Shih Tzu. Then, the information tree kicked in again. Somebody knew somebody who learned that the famed architect had a Great Dane. Immediately a picture of Lilly being brave in repulsing the back hoe accompanied a letter explaining the situation. The landscape architect notified GENCIC that she was withdrawing her submission and working on a new one with a dedicated dog area. About this time it came to light that the fountains which GENCIC’s president had favored would be extremely expensive due to certain subterranean conditions at the site.

Not surprisingly, the committee came back with a recommendation to take the money, but scrap the plan and refer the matter to the park’s resident advisory group which Gloria chaired. GENCIC notified the board that its offer was withdrawn. The Regulatory Revision sub group of Task Force#2 at GENCIC made one final try. Calling on a councilman with whom they had a special relationship, they drafted a pet control ordinance for downtown. As proposed, owners could be fined \$500 for the first violation; \$1,000 for the second and a third citation would be classified as a misdemeanor, punishable with a \$5,000 fine and 30 days in jail for both the owner and the dog. Despite its best research, the legal department could not find a precedent for making it a felony. The violations covered were, of course, failure to scoop the poop and a new item, canine urination in public! To prevent the latter, owners could either fit the dog with a diaper or, for the male dogs, a rather obscene looking device which hung beneath the dog and hopefully captured the pee in a bag. The public uproar was immediate and so intense that the ordinance was withdrawn before George and his gang could put their owner list in action. George was almost disappointed. The Vice president in charge of Task Force 2 was never heard from again.

Meanwhile, a normal, wholly innocent administrative function brought the war to its final encounter. Or so it seemed. It was time for the Building's management agreement to be renewed. The current three year agreement had been viewed positively by the condo owners. While the price was a bit steep, the service was excellent. The staff the residents interacted with regularly were considerate and efficient. The team responsible for upkeep was outstanding and responsive. In retrospect George thought he should have seen the bomb coming. Recently two new residents had moved over from the apartment building. Both had dogs. At a welcoming gathering George learned that their decision to move was not economic, but canine. All new leases contained a clause forbidding tenants to have dogs!

And so the GENCIC management company presented two contract options to the condominium board. The first, continuing the current arrangements called for a 30% increase. The second almost identical proposal offered a 40% reduction. The only difference was a clause in the second prohibiting dogs. Existing dogs and their owners were given one year to comply or sell. GENCIC offered to buy any unit where dog lovers were forced out. Quickly the Condo board sent out requests for additional bids. Two came in. One was 15% less than their current agreement and included dogs!

George began mobilizing the resistance. "We've got to get the others the non-dog owners on our side. They make up almost two thirds of the units. Maybe we could have a party, or meet with them individually, If only they could appreciate the joys and warmth a dog can bring." LeRoy looked at George; *I'll take care of it.* Came the voice in George's head.

Two days passed. LeRoy was whining at the door to go out. It wasn't a normal walk time, perhaps his stomach was upset George thought. At any rate, out the door they went, except in the elevator LeRoy rose up and pushed the button for the mezzanine. The other two dogs and their owners also got off. There in the community room were gathered all the dogs in the building. The humans who belonged to them were huddled near the door.

I'll take it from here; you and the others can go. George relayed the order to the others. *Be nice!!* That was Leroy's message to his canine colleagues. An extended discussion ensued, but eventually even the dachshunds came around. The dogs were concentrating on Leroy's instructions so hard they missed Mr. Whipple from up on 5 watching them.

Equipped now with the most pleasant dogs in the world, including the miniature dachshunds, a round of visits were made to all the non-dog owners. It went perfectly. The one exception was the visit with Mr. Whipple. He remained adamantly in favor of the less expensive option. The Board put the matter up for

a full owners vote. Success!! The third Task Force [Administrative deception] Gone

Victory! Then the process server showed up at the party. First he found George and then asked where LeRoy Brown. George and LeRoy were being sued by Mr. Whipple. The court jurisdiction proposed was however unusual.

GENCIC's top legal beagle had shopped the case with all of the loyal local judges. No matter how he structured the complaint, nobody was willing to touch it. Even the local county prosecutor turned him down. Somehow the matter had become so personal that all good sense seemed to leave the head of GENCIC's legal department. Then inspiration struck. What about 'Justice with Jerry'? This is a cable TV show featuring the sad stories of folks, presented to and adjudicated by a former politician and talk show host. The corporate attorney was certain he could show the world the terrible things George and LeRoy had done. On the other hand, Gloria was salivating at the opportunity to skewer her opponent. An agreement was reached, the battle was joined.

George, Margaret and Leroy headed to Chicago where the show was taped. A large group led by Gloria rented a bus for the journey. Normally the show hires actors to fill the seats of respectful watchers. The condominium crowd saved them money.

Meanwhile, Jerry got a call from a friend who said a friend of his had been told by a reliable source that if Jerry did want to run for governor, he could count on significant help from the insurance industry. What the hell is that about? thought Jerry. Then the upcoming week's docket was placed in front of him. Here was something very different from his home town. He remembered something about that. Then the penny dropped!

The day arrived and a nervous George and calm LeRoy were ready. Gloria was bubbling with excitement. The plaintiff's attorney was grim, Mr. Whipple was wondering how he got into this. Oh yes, he had a large honorarium from GENCIC's community outreach budget in his pocket.

'Hear ye hear ye came the bailiff's cry. Jerry's Justice was in session. The case taped before theirs involved a dispute between two neighbors which had escalated to include water cannons and an electric fence. It did not end well.

Sizing up Whipple vs. Brown[s] , Jerry asked who the people were sitting at the front tables. When the Legal Beagle and Gloria identified themselves, Judge Jerry said sternly, "No lawyers allowed." Jerry's intro says specifically that he is a 'former attorney'. He was not about to let to qualified lawyers make a mockery of his court room. Gloria left to sit with the building folks, taking Margaret's chair as she came to sit proudly with her husband. The other attorney had to stand by the back door by himself.

The trial moved quickly. After all they only have a half hour, minus the commercials. Jerry framed the situation based upon an excerpt prepared by his staff. The documents submitted by the lawyers ran over 500 pages on both sides! “Now as I understand it”, Jerry began, “You are suing George and LeRoy Brown for conspiring to deprive you of funds by forcing you to pay more for your condo fee than you should.” Mr. Whipple nodded. “And you, Mr. Brown are denying all Mr. Whipple’s allegations,” George nodded. “And “he said with a smile does LeRoy Brown agree with you?” He didn’t get the expected laugh from the audience, they knew LeRoy and wanted to learn how he felt about things. Jerry looked at LeRoy who nodded his head, and a voice in Jerry’s head said, *Yes, this is a put up job.*

A shaken Jerry continued, “And you are asking this court to award you \$12,013 dollars for losses projected over a ten year period and \$250,000 in punitive damages. What evidence do you have?” Mr. Whipple began a rambling narrative recounting the Park controversy. Jerry stopped him. “What hard evidence do you have?” “I have a video!” Now Jerry loved videos even more than text messages. “Let’s see it.” And there on the screen was the gathering of the dogs. “See how the collie is holding up a paw, listen you can hear him ask a question.” “LeRoy is clearly in charge.” Jerry observed. “Do you have anything else?” Mr. Whipple had nothing.

“Mr. Brown is there anything you care to say? George looked at Margaret, she shook her head. “No your honor.” “And LeRoy do you have anything to add?” Once again looking for his laugh. LeRoy looked at Judge Jerry, and the now familiar voice in his head said, *Enough of this foolishness.*

Jerry straightened his judicial robe, “I am ready to render my verdict.”

“To paraphrase a well-known Hall of Famer, “This one belongs to the dogs.”

“Judgment for the defendant” he said as he banged his gavel.

Submitted by Edward Burdell
Member since 1988