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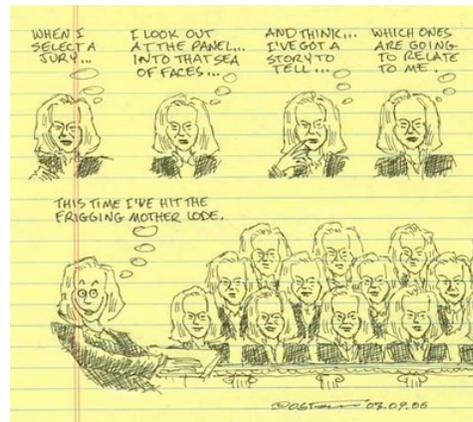
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Flea

One Pediatrician's Perspective

Wednesday, May 09, 2007

Flea on Trial - Day One: Jury Selection



Flea hadn't seen his patient's mother in almost five years. She looked awful. She was there with her ex-husband and their daughter, neither of whom Flea had ever met. For the entire four hours that it took to select a jury, it appeared that she did not move a muscle. In fact, none of the family moved hardly at all, with the exception of the father, who occasionally turned his head from side to side. Flea felt terrible for them. It seemed as though they really didn't want to be there. The daughter certainly didn't want to be there. Was it the same for the mother?

The jurors really *really* didn't want to be there. The poor young woman sitting in seat number one looked as though she wanted to jump out the window when she realized she was actually going to be impanelled. Some of the jurors appeared to be sleeping by the end of the selection process. Flea trusts they will remain awake during the actual proceedings.

Flea was able to form an opinion of the plaintiff's attorney (we'll call her Carissa Lunt). Attorney Lunt has not an ounce of fat on her body. Her features are sharp and angular and not particularly pleasant. You

don't get a warm and fuzzy from her. She has no sense of humor. You know when you overhear someone chit-chatting and she tries to say something funny and it really isn't and nobody laughs? That's her. Attorney Lunt bites her fingers. In court. She's a finger-biter. Wonder if she's a pillow biter too?

The judge (we'll call him Judge Acres) is a tall guy with lots of grey wavy hair. In robes and horn rim glasses he looks like a judge. In T-shirt and shorts he looks like the guy shooting hoops by himself at the playground on Saturday. Flea likes him a lot.

Attorney Lunt eliminated six jurors with preemptory challenges. All were men and all were college-educated. We challenged two. Both were women. One sounded like she might accept the "Flea is a blithering idiot" argument. The other suffered from the disease that killed Flea's patient. That left nine women and five men (Flea realizes this sum makes fourteen. Two are alternates) Most of them are young. Flea supposes that attorney Lunt believes that poorly-educated young women are more likely to be sympathetic to her clients. Maybe she's right, but Flea would much rather speak to fourteen poorly-educated young women than fourteen college-educated men. Flea spends all of his working hours speaking to young moms. Young women are his natural constituency.

The enduring memory of jury-selection day was *the quiet*. It was kinda like a monastery. For most of the day all, even when the room was full of hot, impatient, discomfited jurors, all that could be heard was the sound of conditioned air rumbling through the ducts in the ceiling.

Flea made lots of eye contact with the jury. These look like people we can speak to. We very much look forward to speaking to them.

Posted by Flea at 5:54 PM

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1 comments:

[MonkeyGirl](#) said...

Carissa Lunt the Pillow-Biter. HA! That's funny stuff! Good Luck.

[Wed May 09, 09:58:00 PM EDT](#)

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Flea

Flea is a pediatrician in solo practice in the Northeast U.S.

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