



**WHO AM I?**  
**HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW**  
**YOUR JURORS?**

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## WHO AM I? PART 1



I receive my juror summons and I appear for duty.

I work in the gig economy and make my own hours. I am not beholden to a company. I don't have kids. I do not need to defer. I appear.

I am called to the jury box where questions are hurled at me.

I am asked if I have the **ABILITY** to be fair. I don't like my ability questioned. I answer in the affirmative without further explanation.

I am asked a lot of yes/no questions about the large defendant company.

I don't get to express my feelings when answering binary questions.

I know about large companies.

I worked at a large company.

I was an investment banking analyst in September 2008, the year I graduated from college.

I interview well. I'm sharp. Persuasive. Credible.

The lawyer questioning me does not know this as I simply answer **"yes" or "no."**

I lost my job when the housing market crashed.  
My parents lost their jobs, their savings, their house.

The CEOs did okay. They golden-parachuted out with multi-millions.

I know every comp package. I love Google-stalking. I mean how did people date before Google stalking?

2 days pass, I am not struck for cause.

**I am juror #4**



## WHO AM I? PART 2



Ha! I was selected as juror #4 for a civil case by a fast-talking arrogant suit who probably can't even build a website!

I would have at least liked to see a good homicide or kidnapping case. Oh well.

Most of the jurors selected are my age and younger. Who needs Tinder?

11 new friends! I make friends easily. People like me because I'm funny. They listen to me because I'm smart.

My 11 new friends and I have lunch together. We connect on Instagram and plan to meet up after the trial is over.

We stay on our phones at lunch. So much going on! An influencer is releasing a new lip gloss, millions in sports contracts are being discussed. Everyone is still going on and on about the COVID vaccine. Didn't do much. We all got sick anyway. Are you surprised.

No different than those billionaire criminals who addicted this country with painkillers. They are full of greed. It's all the same. We don't look up from our phones.

BONUS: Most of my new jury friends don't have kids! No one on the jury does.

A few of my co-jurors graduated in 2008 and were bankers for 2 minutes, like me.

We laugh about that those stupid suits. Who wants to work for THE MAN?!

Lunch is over. I Apple pay for everyone. They Venmo me. I have no idea how much we even spent. Who cares. What's another \$100 when you have loans, the size of mine.

**WHO AM I?**

## WHO AM I? PART #3



Time for trial to start.

Plaintiff is a man who was paralyzed in an elevator accident in his apartment building.

Defendant is the property manager.

Plaintiff's lawyer doesn't tell us much about man. We can see for ourselves.

Instead the lawyer starts by telling us about the management company.

Good! I can see the plaintiff is injured. I want to know about who did it.

The lawyer talks about how elevators are a normal part of NYC life. Correct.

How this could have been any one of us. Correct.

How the management company doesn't care about OUR safety. They care about THEIR money.

I know this. I worked hard in college. 8 rounds of interviews to earn my spot at an investment bank.

I lost my job 2 weeks later when they filed for bankruptcy. I had no healthcare. I couldn't pay rent.

The executives left with millions.

My parents lost their house. Their savings. All of those years of hard work.

WHY? To line the pockets of the rich executives. Their comp packages are more than hundreds of millions.

My parents have no house. No jobs. No savings. This man has no legs.

This could have been me. My friends. My family. My neighbors. This man doesn't want sympathy and his lawyer doesn't ask for sympathy.

I know what he wants. He wants legs. I am **ANGRY**.

**WHO AM I?**

## WHO AM I? PART 4



Plaintiff is asking for \$25 Million dollars for losing his legs.

My mind wanders to basketball. Giannis' 4-year contract is \$100M. \$25M per year.

Ironic. \$25M per year to be in top shape.

Plaintiff is ONLY asking \$25M for his whole life to have no legs.

Kylie is worth \$1B

Hedge fund managers make hundreds of millions.

FOR WHAT? Pushing paper around? "Bundling" financial products?

FOR WHAT? This man has no legs!

I lost my job after 2 weeks. I lost my healthcare. The CEO got millions for lying and cheating. Why couldn't some of it pay employee healthcare?

I am **ANGRY.**

Plaintiff's lawyer doesn't make us feel sorry for plaintiff. He shows how productive he is despite his injury. He gives motivational webinars. He makes masks for healthcare workers.

The management company owner is nowhere to be seen. He was there for ONE DAY. Guess he jetted off to somewhere more important.

I am **ANGRY.**

Defense attorney does not once accept any responsibility for the accident.

It is clear there is some fault (if not all) of the property manager. Why isn't that acknowledged?

Defense attorney doesn't even talk about money. Like it's a bad word.

Plaintiff clearly needs medical care. Why doesn't the attorney mention it?

Just like the investment bank. Walk away with golden parachute and don't even take responsibility.

**I AM ANGRY.**

**WHO AM I?**



## WHO AM I? PART 5



**DELIBERATION ROOM.** 11 new friends. Happy hour after for some laughs.

But not now. This is serious. This is **EVERYTHING**. This is about **JUSTICE**.

The **WHO** has declared **COVID** over. Life is almost normal. It gets ripped apart. Then recovers. But it takes **CASUALTIES**. Casualties don't recover. Those on 9/11. Those in 2008. Those dead from **COVID**. Tell that to them. They didn't recover.

### **THOSE LIKE PLAINTIFF.**

I was born in 1986. My parents had good company jobs. They owned a home. Had pensions. A nice life.

When I was 15, I watched the World Trade Center fall. I started watching the news online all the time. I learned to question. Then we invaded Iraq. **WHY?**

I lost trust in Government.

Things recovered. Except the casualties. From the WTC, from Iraq, from Afghanistan. I headed to college in 2004.

My friends' older siblings were all bankers and bought apartments. Little money down! Low interest rates! ARMs!

I wanted the lifestyle.

I worked hard. I graduated 2008 with a job offer from Lyman Sisters. September 13 I lost everything. My job. My healthcare. My optimism.

There were 2 things I didn't lose. My charm and my brains.

These will both be with me in the deliberation room. I will use them to make a difference.

See you there on Monday.

**WHO AM I?**

## THE DAY(S) AFTER. WHO AM I? PART 6



The New York Post screams:

**“ELEVATED VERDICT: Property Manager CRUSHED”**

“Jury to Property Manager: **DON'T PUSH OUR BUTTONS**”

My favorite:

“Juror #4s **ELEVATOR PITCH. PERFECT.**”

(My brains and charm memorialized on the cover of the Post)!

The largest personal injury verdict in NYC history.

I have been interviewed every day. I am almost famous.

Like Giannis. Kylie. The Lyman Sisters CEO, Fichard Ruld.

It's not about fame. Or money. It's about **SENDING A MESSAGE.**

### **WHO AM I?**

You have to ask? You have known all along! Because I have been **TELLING** you.

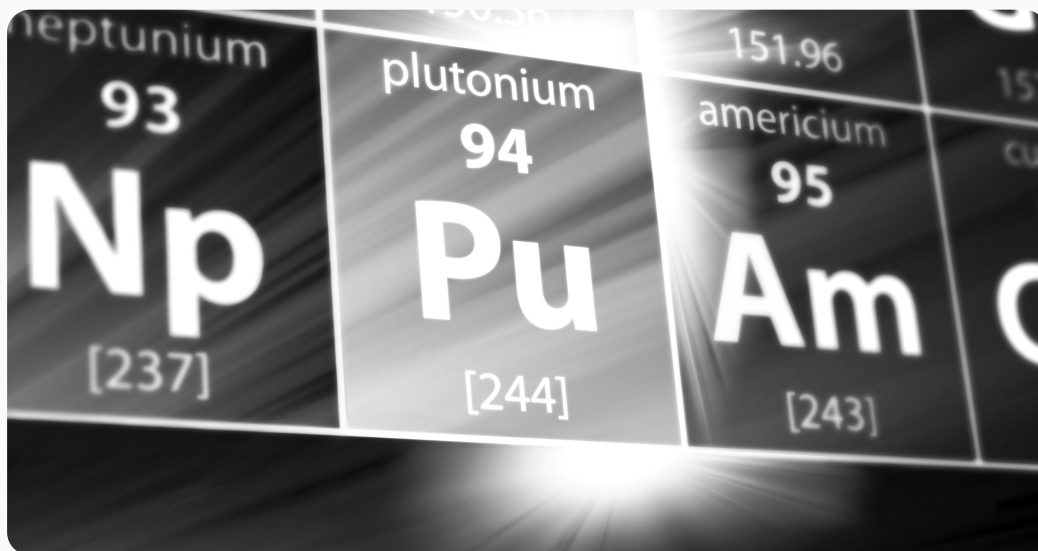
I am your **NUCLEAR JUROR**. I will be on EVERY single one of your juries. Get used to me! You can't get rid of me! There are not enough cause strikes in the world! There are too many of me! YOU need to learn how to deal with me.

**I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET:** The foundation for my **NUCLEAR** reaction is set, but I need a **CATALYST!**

I need plutonium.

I will show you **THE PLUTONIUM IN THIS CASE**. And how you can get rid of it, before I ignite. Next time.

Now it is too late. Bring in your appeals team!



## WHO AM I? PART 7



You knew all along.

I gave you the clues.

I am your **NUCLEAR JUROR**

WHY? The cultural zeitgeist. **WHAT?** My formative years.

I came of age during a time of less corporate dependence and trust.

I have different attitudes and worldviews about money, power, and politics than you do.

My **NUCLEAR COMPOSITION.**

I still need a **CATALYST.** I need **PLUTONIUM.**

Both Plaintiff and Defense attorney gave me all the plutonium I needed. Once I had my plutonium, my charm and brains got the other jurors to see the world through MY EYES. It was an easy sell.

### **THE PLUTONIUM:**

-Plaintiff's counsel had the perfect set of facts to unleash the Reptile. This didn't just happen at trial. This started as far back as PLEADINGS!

-Defense counsel did not prep the Property Manager who was Reptiled at the deposition. The trial was over before it started.





## WHO AM I? PART 7



- Defense counsel flubbed voir dire by asking binary questions asking for absolutes.
- Defense counsel did not get the jurors talk and was unable to extract worldviews, and find leaders. It is one or two leaders who decide the case. I was a leader. I have brains and charm. These are two of the characteristics of a strong jury leader.
- Defense counsel did not take any responsibility and did not have the property manager present during trial.
- Defense counsel did not **ONCE** talk about money or argue damages properly.
- Plaintiff counsel used **ANCHORING** and asked for a large verdict.
- Plaintiff counsel didn't make the jurors feel sympathy. Plaintiff counsel appealed to the fact this could have been them and invoked anger.

**DON'T MAKE THESE MISTAKES.**

**START EARLY.**

**THIS IS CHESS. NOT CHECKERS.**

Need some help? You don't need deep pockets, just a deep commitment to learning an open mind, and a few minutes in the morning to read my daily LinkedIn posts where I offer free **Lit Tips**. If you don't look good. I don't look good. .Oh yeah you need a theme. Stay tuned.

*Ko*

*Shari*

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