

The Hoge Fenton Gag-Order Cases

1. Introduction.

Hi. The smiling man in the photo is violent and used to shake with rage. He once broke the woman's nose. He retained the law firm of Hoge Fenton in San Jose, CA and told them to get a gag order related to past abuse.

I was the Respondent. The gag-order attempt failed, but it cost me my home of 25 years, my life savings, and most of my possessions. This came out of the blue. I hadn't intended to say anything. So, the loss of all that I had – in my 50s, too late to start over – seemed excessive.

Legislators and Women's Rights groups may wish to review the maneuver that Hoge Fenton used. It was used illegally, but there's nothing to prevent this.

Ordinary people will find it interesting to learn what can happen if a rich person wants something quite badly and he doesn't mind breaking the Law.



The couple are Jim and Grace Kiraly of Solvang, CA. They were residents of Pismo Beach and Avila Beach for 20 years before Solvang. Before that, it was Walnut Creek, CA for 35 years.

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2. Contact information.

This document was written originally for Sherrill, a friend of Grace Kiraly's, and Laurie, Sherrill's daughter. I'm Grace's oldest surviving son, Robert (OldCoder). Laurie had asked me how to contact Grace.

Parties who'd like to confirm details of the story with Jim and Grace may use the contact information as well. The rest of this document is for the public, but parts address Laurie.

2.1. In December 2018, I was told that Grace's health was declining. Jim and Grace moved from Avila Beach, CA to Solvang, CA at that time. The new location was a retirement community that offered hospice care.

2.2. The retirement community is called Atterdag Village of Solvang. The street address is 636 Atterdag Road, Solvang, CA. The phone number for the front desk is 805-688-3263. The Skilled Nursing Building may be called at 805-688-5645.

2.3. Residents live in individual numbered units. Jim and Grace, for example, were in unit 11A initially but moved to unit 21B later.

The unit numbers aren't too important because snail-mail goes through the central office. The office knows where each resident is located.

2.4. The first step, in terms of contacting Jim and Grace, would be to call the phone numbers listed above.

3. A short story.

Decades ago, Jim Kiraly, Grace's husband, beat up Grace and broke her nose. He used to beat me up as well. He smashed things, tore plants up, that type of behavior.

There was a sexual incident that I'd describe as unsettling. That incident was about domination and control. It's what everything related to Jim was about.

In 2012, Jim tried for a gag order related to the spousal abuse and other issues. I had no intention of talking about any of this, but that didn't make a difference. Jim assumed that I was going to talk and came after me.

The gag-order attempt cost Jim in the six figures and failed. There were two civil cases. The two cases lasted a year but, at the end, there was no Court Order or settlement. The Court, contrary to usual outcomes, declined to be involved in a settlement. Ask attorney friends that you have what that fact suggests.

In 2013, all parties signed non-Court contracts that I co-wrote. I gave Jim nothing that I hadn't offered a year before. Instead, I made sure to include a promise to talk quite loudly about the man, his attorneys, and everybody involved.

I'm conscientious, so I've made an effort to keep the promise. I hope to expand the number of venues in the years to come.

Jim threatened me shortly after signing, breaking the agreements, so I repudiated them publicly. This gave Jim a presumptive contract violation, but he had no choice but to slink away. He ended up with nothing but publicity.

So, I won. However, it cost me my home of 25 years, my life savings, retirement, and most of my possessions. Including most of the books that the boy had loved.

4. Preface to full story.

4.1. Something positive needs to come out of these events. And what Jim and his attorneys did was illegal. However, contrary to the way that things work in movies, *“it was illegal”* and 50 cents won't buy you a newspaper.

4.2. Did you ever see the 1975 Robert Redford film “Three Days of the Condor” (condensed, in an amusing note, from a book named “Six Days of the Condor”) ?

Redford plays an academic type who's targeted for elimination by the CIA. To save himself, he turns the secrets that he knows over to a newspaper. The “bad guys” are appalled. Oh, no! Congress will learn the secrets and their plans will be stopped! :-)

The plot seems naive, today. However, to the film's credit, it positions the academic character's faith that publicity will matter as questionable.



4.3. You know the truth.

Unless a situation is as colorful as the Jeffrey Epstein case was, in a situation that involves a wealthy abuser and victims of ordinary means, the abuser is likely to win.

This is more true of the civil litigation side than the criminal justice side, but it applies, to some extent, to all cases.

Yes, there are exceptions. But there's a procedural loophole on the civil litigation side that's a free pass for abusers who have the wealth and the cojones needed to use it.

The loophole is a legal maneuver that allows wealthy abusers to put a gag order on their victims. Their victims can be sent to jail if they discuss the abuse. This includes, literally, discuss any detail with a newspaper reporter. Talk to a reporter, go to jail.

I'm not referring to a voluntary NDA or just to a financial penalty. The legal maneuver is a procedure that's used illegally to extort agreement to a gag order. The gag order is backed by a Court Order. It's stronger than an NDA.



Since the abuser's attorneys need to break the Law to use the procedure, the abuser needs to be wealthy and the victim needs to be a citizen of ordinary means. Under those circumstances, nobody will discipline the attorneys involved for doing this.

This isn't a hypothetical scenario. Jim Kiraly tried to do this to me.

The details are spelled out in the following sections. They're intended for legislators and attorneys who are concerned about spousal and child abuse.

4.4. I assume that you're familiar with the "Me Too" movement. Me, I see both positives and negatives in how it's evolved.

The movement has gone too far in terms of saying ***"If somebody is accused of being an abuser, they must be guilty"***. That part is simply wrong and needs to stop. However, the part about not blaming the victim, about not deprecating him or her for being a victim, it's about time that that part was shouted from the rooftops.

Additionally, that part applies to everybody. Victims of physical violence and sexual misconduct include both genders.

I'm a victim of abuse. And I'll no longer offer apologies to anybody for speaking. I'm going to find a way to make what happened useful. The sacrifice of all that I had in connection with these events isn't supposed to be for nothing.

People need to stop running from the truth of what we are, of what actually happens and why it's allowed to happen. Then, and only then, on the day that the pretending stops, it will be appropriate to take pride in the accomplishments of a species of billions of violent monkeys.



5. The 1950s to 1999.

5.1. Grace Kmeta was the daughter of a minister, Ivan, a poet and writer. Ivan was a very nice man, creative, gentle, and spiritual in a genuine manner that partook not at all of the ugliness of the U.S. Fundie.

Ivan was a leading religious figure of the Ukrainian Diaspora and as sincere as it's possible to imagine. This was no Pharisee.

However, ministers are sometimes easier to love from a distance. Grace, as I understand it, rebelled against life as a minister's daughter. The rebellion was mild by today's standards. It consisted mostly of engaging in physical relations with young men.

Yes, times have changed.

5.2. Grace had a serious relationship with a young man named Bill Kiraly. Eventually, though, she married Bill's older brother Jim.

Grace chose Jim over Bill for two practical reasons. The key factor is that Jim was headed for a promising career in business. A contributing factor was that Jim performed well in physically romantic situations.

Jim, by the way, is probably my biological father, but this isn't a definite fact. Bill is a candidate for the position, but the truth will probably never be known.

The part about Jim being successful in business proved to be correct. However, what Grace hadn't counted on was that Jim proved to be mentally ill. Not just in terms of behavior manifested. There were signs of a neurological problem.

In particular, Jim was prone to fits of rage and physical violence and, during the fits, his eyes would literally bulge.

5.3. Jim broke Grace Kiraly's nose, smashed things, and tore things up. This sort of thing was, in the first decade or two of the marriage, a common occurrence.

One of my earliest memories, from age 4, is of wandering into the living room late at night and finding that the plants looked different. They'd been torn to pieces. I was a logical child and not able to process this or to understand what had happened.

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5.4. So, it wasn't as relaxed an atmosphere as one might hope for.

5.4.1. There was a period in the mid-1970s when Jim wasn't around. Grace kicked him out of the house. He moved to San Francisco until he persuaded her that he'd "changed".

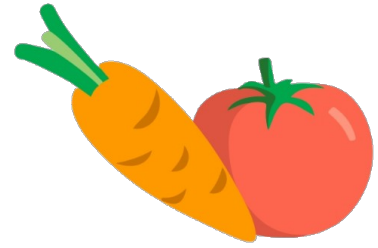
In Walnut Creek, the period when Jim was gone was nice. It was intangible. Something grey in the air faded away. And Jim, who I visited in San Francisco, seemed to be doing all right there. He wasn't morose.

Jim shouldn't have returned to Walnut Creek. The couple would have been better off with a long-distance relationship. And 3 out of their 4 children – Bob, Tom, and Ken – wouldn't have been damaged beyond repair.

5.4.2. Grace had left Jim, herself, a decade before, but she had nowhere to go, not with the burden of small children in tow. I remember the trip. I vomited on the airplane. I wondered if my possessions would be all right without me.

5.4.3. The physical violence did diminish after Jim returned from San Francisco. However, the rages continued.

5.5. In an unsettling note, Jim controlled the food that Grace was permitted to eat or not eat. She disliked red meat, and much preferred vegetables, but she had to eat red meat because that's what Jim ate.



So, Jim would glare at her and say, ***“Where’s the meat?”*** She’d smile sweetly – I’m chuckling, presently, because she was very good at this – and she’d say, ***“It’s in there”***.

5.6. One part that seemed serious was that Grace wasn’t permitted to go out at night without Jim unless it was for an approved purpose.

It’s difficult to say what would set him off. But, if she wanted to go rent a video, Jim was likely to insist on going with her. Then he’d stand there in the store and start to show signs of the rage, right there in public, due to the inconvenience of needing to go out.

5.7. The part I didn’t understand for decades was that it wasn’t like the Lifetime Channel movies that you may have watched as a girl.

Do you remember those things? There was, typically, a Brutal Man, an Abused Woman, and a Sensitive Man. In the end, Abused Woman would evolve into Assertive Woman, Brutal Man would go to jail or come to a bad end, and Assertive Woman would take up with Sensitive Man, who was worthy of her because he was Sensitive.

Yes, it’s trite, but I didn’t write those stories. I’m simply looking to understand things. The plot outlined above is what the channel figured that women wanted to see. As evidence that the channel may have been right, go see the new “Invisible Man” film, which I understand is popular with women. Faithful copy of the blueprint or not?

But Grace wasn’t the type of Abused Woman that appeared in those films. She was never afraid of Jim. In fact, she was assertive from the start.

Jim was physically dangerous. He might have done what his own father, Frank, did to his own mother, Ann, which was to punch Ann through a glass door. That side of the family was like that going back to the 1800s.

But I was the only one who was terrified.

Grace didn’t love Jim until late in the marriage. But she didn’t hate him either. He was a burden, but she chose the burden. This leaves the question, though, of who protects the rights of the children in this type of situation.

5.8. Shortly before you were born, Grace took to bottles of alcohol. She explained, years later, that this was gin and that the period didn’t last long. But I have clear recollections of trying to talk to her when she couldn’t speak clearly. As a logical child, I was confused about what was happening.

5.9. I was definitely logical from a young age forward. My speech was, in fact, often incomprehensible due to the issue.

I saw trees of information. Trees comprised of that which was. You try getting a tree out of your mouth at age 6. Are you able to do it? Now try to do it in the face of currents of ambient rage swirling about you. I didn't belong in that type of household.

5.10. As a bonus, Fundamentalists consider logic to be of the Devil. Especially logical questions coming from a child. That was an added bonus in this case.

Jim classified me as an enemy at age 8 due to the logical nature of my speech. The fact that I had difficulty making eye contact was a contributing factor. Jim referred to these things as **“attitude”**. This wasn't simply unenlightened. The fact that Jim Kiraly was allowed to be around children at all was a failure of society.

5.11. Jim's sexual behavior, which I've offered to spell out in detail for his attorneys, was unrelated to his rage. I'll say this much here: Anybody who knows Jim well will agree that the details are exactly like him. It was about Jim's need to control and to dominate.

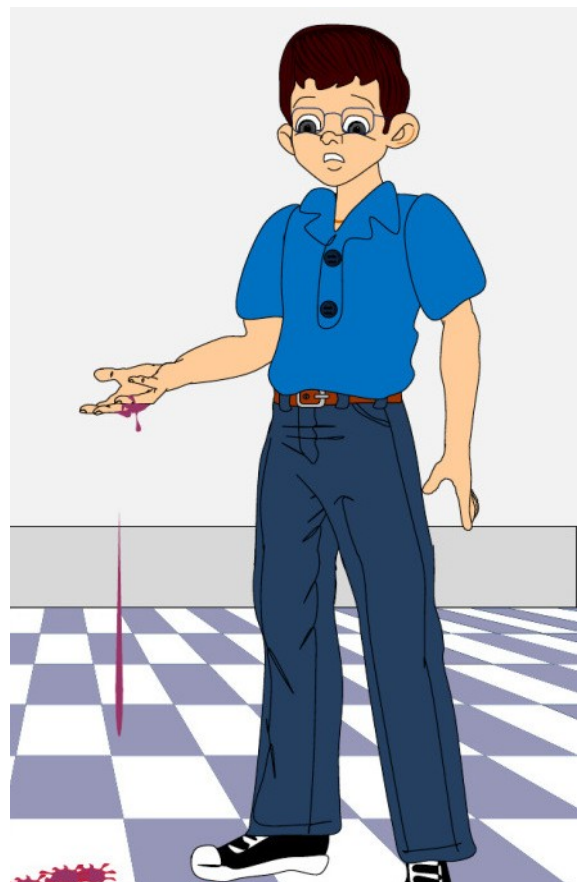
5.12. There was more to it than home. School, for the boy that you had glimpses of, was, for a few years, less than quiet and productive.

I was knocked unconscious twice, had my hand crushed in a metal door, was struck with rocks and other objects, and was chased by small mobs.

A knife was used to cut part of one finger nearly off. I had the interesting experience of eavesdropping on a group of boys who were planning to rape me in a symbolic but physical manner.

One day, I walked out of the Alexander Lindsay Junior Museum, a place that Twisted Time and I liked. Somebody walked up to me and punched me in the solar plexus.

I dropped to the ground and wasn't able to breathe. I don't think that I even knew that person. They'd simply heard that I wouldn't fight back and wanted to have some fun.



5.13. The common factor in all of this is that normals targeted me because I was different. It's what normals do. I don't really like normals.

Today, if a boy or a girl reports such issues, the issues may be ignored or all Hell may break loose. It depends on multiple factors, most importantly the races of the children involved.

In general, schools prefer to cover things up. They threaten to fire staff that talks about incidents or, especially, posts videos of them. This is a subject for a book in and of itself.

At the time, nobody was going to do anything to stop what was happening to me. The relevant point is that I had to go from that to a home where shouting, physical violence, and other things were waiting for me. This was my life, day after day.

This factors into the story in two respects. One has to do with Grace. We'll come back to that. The other is that I'm not a passive and easily frightened person any longer. Not one who just lets people do things.

5.14. No, I'm not the only person who's gone through events of such nature at school. That isn't the assertion or the point.

I was placed in a special class, at one point. The point of the class was to keep me away from the mainstream and thereby to avoid possible problems.

There were two other boys of my age cohort in that class. One was Twisted Time, who plays an important role in the story. The other was John the future priest. No connection to John Perrott, the attorney.

50 years later, John is one of the leading 7-foot tall, autistic priest, science-fiction costume designer, retired school superintendents in the world. However, there aren't as many people in that category as one might think.

John told me, about 8 years ago, that he'd been forced to leave school circa age 11 or 12 because the other children, the normals, had broken his bones.

That is what normals are and what they do. Not as a universal rule. But it's not something that they think twice about.



John added that he'd returned to school, in a new city, 2 or 3 years later and his first friend at the new school was... me. I was the first person among his new peers to show kindness. I waited 40 years to learn that.

Kindness, to normals, is just a word. You've observed it among them, but it's just pack behavior. Toss a stranger into the pack and they'll tear it to pieces.

I was a stranger to the people that lived down the street from you. It's not clear how I survived. I think that part of me didn't make it.

5.15. Grace's battle with the bottles of gin is the only major breakdown on her part in the 1960s to 1970s that I presently recall. The woman, in short, didn't feel frightened or trapped. Instead, she was practical.

Where I saw a towering creature, a furious thing that shook and raged and smashed things, Grace saw a 220-pound temper-tantrum child. She managed Jim Kiraly as such.

When Jim was in the rage, Grace would talk to him for hours in soothing tones, saying what he wanted her to say. It was usually about how she'd do better next time.

Yes, it was odd. But we grew up with this and didn't think much about it. None of this was even discussed at the time. Not as abuse. Grace mostly complained about how every word that she said to Jim had to be ***"exactly right"*** so that he wouldn't explode.

5.16. Things got odder than that.

The Kiraly family was cultist in that it was Fundie. I mean no offense if you yourself are Fundie. I have Fundie friends and would be pleased to discuss Biblical Inerrancy, the Unpardonable Sin, and related issues.

I was a Billy Graham Boy. My heart wasn't in it, but I went along with it to make the Kiralys happy. I had a Glow-In-The-Dark Cross and everything.

But these people sent me to wife-beating classes. WTH. The idea was to show me that God Himself sanctioned the abuse of women and children. There was a big red textbook and everything. It said things like this:

"But what if my parents tell me to do something wrong? a child might ask. Such a question should perish on the lips of a Christian child."



That's close to an exact quote. It's not unsettling until you know the context. And the postscript that I learned about after I wrote this part.

The book explained that whatever the husband of a household chose to do in a family context – beating his wife, sexual acts with his children, anything – it was between him and God and everybody else needed to stay out of it.

So, the Fundie classes didn't mandate spousal abuse. They certainly encouraged it, though, in cases where a woman didn't do exactly as her husband ordered.

The Fundie institution involved sent me bookmarks for years after the classes. I liked the bookmarks and saved them. I didn't save the lesson book.

A Fundie who's reviewed this document asked me to identify the institution. It's known as IBLP.

Here's the postscript: I checked to see what IBLP is up to these days. The founder, Bill Gothard, has sexually engaged 18 girls, including minors, over the years. He had people like the Hoge Fenton attorneys to protect him and to threaten his victims. Jim and Grace considered him holy. The following quote from "The New Republic" seems relevant:



“IBLP is a case study in how a religious culture can implode when an authoritarian theology allows the most vulnerable to be targeted by predators.”

5.17. After I grew up, Grace took to phoning me about how she had to leave Jim. I'd get calls from her at midnight asking me to look up Billy Graham's words on marriage and read them to her. She wanted to know if God would allow her to simply go.

All of this settled down in the 1990s. The couple had been married 35 years, they were starting to age, Jim's chemical imbalance seemed to be fading after decades, and they finally approached marriage as an equal partnership.

5.18. There was a sexual incident involved Jim and myself in the early 1970s. One that stayed with me from circa age 13 until I left Walnut Creek in 1976. But the circumstances under which I departed were more significant.

Around Thanksgiving 1975, Jim had been beating me up. I mean, knocking me to the floor and, no, there was no reason for it. This was simply a mentally ill man, weight over 220 pounds, enraged by hallucinations.

One day, Jim went into the rage and it was bad. He just charged at me like a bull. He chased me right through the garage and to the street.

It didn't occur to me to grab a hammer as I ran. We passed through the garage, so there must have been heavy tools. I could have turned, faced the monster, and sent it where it should have gone years before. But I didn't face the monster. I've been running ever since. Or, at least, I ran until 2012 and a point where there was nowhere left to go.

5.19. I wasn't dressed. Circa 2011, I asked Grace to comment on this incident. She snapped, ***"You had clothes on!"***

No, that wasn't entirely true. I had pants, no shirt, no shoes or socks, possibly no underwear, and a thin plastic windbreaker. There wasn't a lot of time to browse through a wardrobe on a relaxed basis.

I'll come back to the reason for the curtness of Grace's response later. In short, it has to do with appearances.

5.20. Is there a point to talking about these events? Is there more to it than catharsis? I believe that there is.

Laurie, if I capture something in depth, I'm adequate at details.

I can tell you what you were wearing one day at the age of about two years old. Where you and your sister were standing relative to each other at the time. Your sister's expression and your own. You were, by the way, intently focused on a newly-learned toddler task.

It's just a moment in Time. And it's hardly unusual to see such moments. I knew a woman in her 80s who recalled every detail of a few scenes from age 5.

In some cases, Time edits memories and they start to drift away from the truth. But we all, or most of us, remember at least the gist of moments that go all the way back to the period when the concept of the Self emerges.

However, I have a small but relevant talent related to details. Talent as opposed to skill. I never really worked at it. In short, if I observe and to reflect, sometimes things click and I'm able to see things that aren't visible to others.

In 2012, Jim suggested to the Court that this ability is supernatural. He speculated that I had his Gmail password, access to his computer, everything. That I was able to walk through walls. The notion is nonsense. The collation of information is simply a talent that I possess as you possess talents of your own.

But I think that if I gather sufficient information, and say my prayers at night when the moon shines bright... wait, that's The Wolfman... I'll see ways to approach the crimes that were committed which will make a difference.

5.21. On that day in 1975, I wandered for a few miles over rocks without shoes. In the end, I found myself at the home of the boy named Twisted Time. He didn't ask questions. He just gave me clothes and \$5.00 to get out of town.

I was picked up by a man in Oakland. A total stranger offered safety for the night. He was kind and asked for very little in return.

5.22. I debated going to Mexico, where I might not need papers to start a life. But Jim was willing to pay for a University education. Or pay part of it. I worked my ass off at part-time jobs to pay my share, but that's another story.

The money wasn't generosity on Jim's part. It was expected, at the time, that a rich man's sons were going to go to college. Jim didn't intend look to bad, whatever the truth of events behind the scenes might be.

Who was I to contradict what society had decreed? So, I returned to Walnut Creek for two quarters and left formally after my next birthday in June 1976. I turned 18 that month and was free.

5.23. Twisted Time waited until 2008 for an explanation of the events of 1975. I found him floating in a tank of water on the 4th floor of a hospital in San Francisco. It was like a science-fiction movie. We talked.

Four years later, in 2012, he helped me to "own" Jim Kiraly in Court. Jim never saw it coming. This was a genuine old friend.

A year later, a Song about Twisted Time came to me in an odd way. I've been told that it has echoes of other cultures. The Song is included here as Appendix E.



5.24. Through-out the decades, regardless, I showed Jim Kiraly respect. To be honest, part of me remained terrified of him. Until 2012. After 2012, the fear is gone. I'm the Feral Coder now. May I share a short song related to the point?

For decades, I paid a price For nothing that I received In the end, I was deceived	Here is the lesson to you from me Those who judge right and true Based on what people do	Who accept the constitutive other These are the ones to call your Brother
I'm not nice This needs to be understood Look under the hood I'm the Feral Coder now	Instead of what they're perceived to be Who embrace diversity	Put aside God above These are the ones to value and to love

6. Dot-Com 1999 to WTF 2012.

6.1. I worked hard at one company, IPT, for 2 decades. This was 1981 to 1999. I often worked 80 to 120 hours a week. There was no extra pay for this.

My CEO, Steve Carr, was an excellent salesman. But he wasn't very skilled in other areas. He managed to tank the company despite the dot-com boom.

I went to Steve circa 1985 and said, ***"Steve, shouldn't we get into this Internet thing?"*** He responded that it sounded like some sort of hippie endeavor. Then he asked me where the login screen for the Internet was.

The company was dead a few years later. I was sold to a dot-com spin-off and kept it alive for 4 years. This was 1999 to 2003.

6.2. After the dot-com bust, the spin-off fired everybody below the Board level except for me and one junior marketing person. They continued to pay me because they didn't want to admit to the investors that everything was gone.

The investors in this case included family members of the Board. One of their dentists as well. It's awkward to tell close associates that their money is gone.

My brother Ken had to tell me that at the end of the 1980s. I told him that it was fine. I'm an understanding person. There are, of course, limits.

6.3. After the dot-com crash I did software development for the dot-com spin-off, bug fixes, IT, mock-ups for investors, B2B Support, tech writing, and every other task that came along.

I was in my 40s, but I spent up to 6 weeks at a time at the office, sleeping under my desk during such periods. Nobody ever worked harder. The point is relevant to the gag-order cases. We'll come back to this.

6.4. After 4 years at the dot-com spinoff, I walked out and went into semi-retirement for 4.5 years. This was 2004 to 2008. I continued to work part-time for Northrop Grumman.

Due to actions of my brother Ken in the 1980s – this is a separate story – I didn't own real estate and missed out on the huge boom in that sector. But I had more than enough for retirement, regardless, at the start of this period.

In 2008, I was wiped out by the crash of that year. I started to seek work and learned that my experience counted for nothing as I was over age 40.

To be a generalist over age 40, regardless of CTO-level experience, and to be without connections, is to be unwelcome in U.S. tech.

6.5. My father Jim was a retired VP of Transamerica.

My brother Ken was a rising star at Amazon. In fact, Grace said, Ken was the actual inventor of the Kindle. Public records seem to confirm this. And, by the early 2010s, Ken was a VP of Amazon.

Either of these people could have offered me connections and/or referrals for work. In fact, Ken did this in the 2010s for one of our nephews, a young man who was whisked from Texas to a job at Amazon mostly because he shared Ken's last name, Kiraly.

Ken Kiraly, additionally, owed me.

Ken had been frightened of differential equations. So, he dropped out of college at age 19 circa 1982. I let him move in with me rent-free for 2 years and got him his first job. A few years later, I put more money into his first startup, Multiscope, than he did initially himself.

After that, when Ken told me that the money was lost, I told him that it was fine. Buy-out offers came in shortly after that and rescued his startup, but that isn't the point.

The point is that I was always there for this person just as I was always there for everybody who needed something from me. I assumed that this was how a decent person was supposed to behave. I was, of course, a fool.

Ken owed me, too, for the 1970s. The years when he'd provoke Jim until Jim was moments from physical violence and I needed to step in.

Usually, I just took Ken away from the house. But, once, when we were camping, all that I could do was smash my hand in our camper's sliding door so as to distract Jim from his rage.

I believe that it was the same hand that another boy had smashed in similar fashion just a few years before.

Sometimes I think that my life wasn't usual. But surely this is just a false impression.

Ken owed me for more than I've talked about here. But, when I asked Grace if she'd ask either Jim or Ken about job referrals, she expressed shock at the notion that I'd make such a request that was so unreasonable.

6.6. As a complicating factor, I lost my mobility circa 2001 and progressed over the decade from a wooden cane to metal crutches to a wheelchair.

I had, to be clear, no disability payments and no painkillers. I was often in screaming pain. I spent the nights muffling the screams so that the neighbors wouldn't call the police.

6.7. The medical issue reached its peak in mid-2011. I spent 2 weeks trapped on my living-room floor. It's an interesting story, but the details can wait for the book that is now planned.

It's sufficient to say that the apartment manager was in the hospital himself, nobody else would come, I ran out of food, and it was a 1.0 to 1.5 hour round trip to the kitchen sink to obtain water.

I spent the rest of 2011 recovering. I wasn't able to walk until the end of the year. I went out twice prematurely and couldn't get back under my own power.

There was no financial support from the government or anybody else. I lived off of the limited funds that I'd managed to build through investments after the Crash of 2008.

6.8. I spoke with Jim and Grace by phone more often during the recovery period in the second half of 2011.

Every discussion with Jim Kiraly was positive. I listened to the man boast about the progress he'd made with his little projects and said, *"That's nice."*

Jim was painting his house. He'd learned more about computers. He was volunteering to teach business to would-be business-people. Great. The point is that every call – all of them – was consensual and positive until Thanksgiving 2011.

6.9. With Grace, calls were less placid. Appendix D includes examples of some of those calls. However, Grace never expressed a disinterest in talking and, in fact, she drove 200 miles to visit me unannounced after this period.

6.10. At Thanksgiving 2011, I felt comfortable enough to mention that I'd resumed work on a book that dated back about to 1971. I asked Jim and Grace if they'd like to contribute thoughts.

Jim immediately threatened me with **"the police"**. No explanation for the threat was made. I didn't learn until months later that Jim believed the subject of the book was going to be past violent abuse by Jim of his wife Grace and me as well as sexual behavior on Jim's part towards me.

I ended communication with Jim and Grace at that point as Jim demanded. However, 1 to 2 months later, I found Grace standing in my apartment lobby.

6.11. Grace had driven 200 miles to see me, unannounced, during a period when Jim later alleged in Court that I, from my wheelchair, was a dangerous threat to her.

Grace and I ate at the Olive Garden in Palo Alto. Subsequently, Grace initiated a series of phone calls to me regarding such matters as the importance of Vitamin C.

The point of the mention of the phone calls is that every phone call in the 1st quarter of 2012 was from Grace to me, and not the other way around.

I proved this a few months later in Court.

6.12. In Spring 2012, I learned that Jim was contacting our family's relatives and associates and telling them **"Don't be afraid to give me something to prosecute Bob"**.

He was furious and desperate. Laurie, to be honest, I'm surprised that he didn't send that request to your mother. If he did, respectfully, I need to know about it.

Jim was also talking to doctors who lived 100s of miles away from me and trying to get them to assess me based solely on Jim's statements and write documents that would allow Jim to prevent publication of the book.

6.13. I phoned two of my brothers, Tom and Ken Kiraly, to ask them what this was all about. My brothers didn't answer the phone.

I didn't understand for months that this was intentional. And I was never asked by anybody at all, subsequent to the Olive Garden visit, not to communicate.

Michael Bonetto, one of Jim's attorneys at Hoge Fenton, refers to this as a **"claim"**. But Michael himself never claimed that I **was** asked not to communicate.

6.14. When I figured out that Ken Kiraly and Tom Kiraly were intentionally not answering the phone – I left mocking voicemails.

I don't recall using any obscenities. And the closest that I came to making a "threat" was to state that I'd **"take Jim apart on the witness stand"** – or similar wording – if Jim didn't cease his threatening behavior.

6.15. During this period, my right hand turned blue and swelled up. The pain was excruciating. I was afraid that I'd lose the hand.

But I had to deal with Jim's threats and there was no way to make him stop.

6.16. A cousin leaked to me that Jim and my brother Tom, now CFO of Hanger, Inc. in Austin, TX, were talking about the possibility that they could have me prosecuted for extortion. Extortion for what wasn't clear as I'd asked them for nothing.

I revealed publicly that I was aware of the **"extortion"** discussions. Jim and Tom assumed that I must have "hacked" their Gmail accounts. They made the **"hacking"** allegation part of the legal cases that ultimately arrived.

6.17. I phoned the Pismo Beach police and told them I planned to send Jim postcards advising him that he needed to stop threatening me. They said, **"Sure, that isn't inappropriate"**. So, I sent Jim postcards which said **"You cannot stop the book"**.

In Court, later on, the postcards were submitted as **"evidence"**. Evidence of what was never stated.

6.18. In May 2012, I worked up my courage and phoned Jim Kiraly for the first time that year. I told him, **"You can't hurt me any longer, Jimmy. Wife-beater. Child abuser."**

Jim hung up. But of course he had to have the last word. My understanding is that he initiated Court actions 1 to 2 weeks later.

The filing was abuse of process. In other words, it was illegal. We'll come back to that. The key points up front are that I was never asked to communicate, or not to communicate, or to do anything at all as an alternative to litigation.

6.19. Circa my birthday a month later, in June 2012, I left a number of people mocking but polite **"Goodbye Forever"** voicemail messages. I don't remember if Jim and Grace got one or not. But Ken Kiraly received a special message.

Ken was the brother that I'd done the most for. And he wasn't picking up the phone. I had the right to be sure that my little brother would receive a **"Goodbye Forever"** message. :-) So, I left Ken Kiraly a voice-mail at Amazon.

At the time, Amazon had a generous 10-minute time limit for voicemail. I composed a 10-minute message.

The voicemail message talked about the good times. Me teaching Ken how to walk as a baby and how to drive a car as a boy. Grace lying drunk on the couch. Jim's physical violence. Me smashing my hand in the camper door to protect Ken. The years that Ken had lived with me rent-free. The part about me offering support when Multiscope seemed to have failed.

At the end, I thanked Ken for all that he'd done to repay his debts to me. Which was, of course, nothing.

It was a well-written message. So, I sent it to Ken. As an afterthought, I sent it to perhaps 500 people at Amazon as well.

Later, in Court papers, Jim and Tom positioned my ability to do things similar to the mass voicemail as supernatural. The tone of their ravings was, more or less, ***"Burn the witch"***.

But the voicemail step wasn't difficult. Perhaps Jim and Tom couldn't have figured it out, but a bright chimpanzee could have done it.

The only thing that was special about me in this context was that I noticed immediately that it was possible.

6.20. As a technical note, Amazon has changed the way that its voicemail system works.

It's probably a coincidence. A matter as minor as this one would be of little concern to a huge corporation.

I did receive death threats in the weeks that followed. But it's not clear how far up the ladder they went. I was told that Amazon was going to ***"grease"*** my ***"ass"***. But, 8 years later, the promised lubrication hasn't arrived.

My ***"ass"*** is regretful as it's old and probably needs maintenance.

There were death threats of other types. But the most dramatic one was probably from Ken Kiraly himself as opposed to Amazon. I've never been sure.

6.21. The ***"Goodbye Forever"*** messages were pointless. Jim had initiated legal actions weeks before. Actually, these were illegal actions. An explanation for attorneys who read this document follows further down.

I wasn't informed of a Court action. Prior to Court, I was never served.

I learned that a Court date was scheduled just days before Court. There was, of course, no time to locate an attorney. I tried to do so regardless.

7. The Angel of Death.

7.1. The attempt to find an attorney in just days was pointless. But, at the time, I didn't know anything about how things worked.

I was busy enough during this period that I forgot to drink water. I ended up having what U.S. Indians used to refer to as a spirit quest.

I met the Angel of Death. The experience was ineffable, but I can say that he's not a big talker. As a word to the wise, don't let His wings brush against you. The wings are soft, very soft, but they leave marks as they pass.

7.2. In a coincidence that didn't work out very well, Vikram Amar, the former head of U.C. Davis Law School, contacted me at about this point.

Akhil Amar, a legal scholar who some readers will be familiar with, had been my best enemy for 6 years from the ages of about 12 to 18.

He was the next most intelligent kid in school after me and far more accomplished than I was. But that last part was due partly to his not needing to deal with the whole abuse thing. Shrug.

Akhil and I hadn't talked in decades. However, Nancy Grabow, formerly Nancy Meyer, the emotional center of our group, had stayed in touch with Akhil and the two of them had even briefly attempted a romance at one point.

Nancy Grabow asked Akhil Amar to look at what was happening. Akhil sent his little brother Vikram. Who I remembered, actually, as a brat of about 10.



My mind, regrettably, was absent on that day as I was occupied with the Angel of Death. So, Vikram, being a pusillanimous coward, ran like Hell at the sight of something different. That is what normals do.

7.3. Later in 2012, Nancy Grabow pressed me to phone Akhil. I didn't want to do so, but she insisted. So, I called and spoke with one of Akhil's children.

Akhil never called back and it became clear that he didn't want to talk. When I mentioned this to Nancy, she said:

“Well, you shouldn’t have bothered him.”

This was the woman who’d ordered me to call Akhil in the first place. I don’t think it’s misogynist to note that some women can be illogical in a manner that is highly irritating.

7.4. The day before Court, I realized that I was unwell. It wasn’t the visit from the Angel. I observed, based on other signs, that I might be close to death.

I had to make a decision. I’d filed some paperwork and was waiting by the phone for a call from the Court. It was never going to come, but I was a naive fool and didn’t realize this. Should I go to the Emergency Room or not?

I chose to go. No time passed. I found myself standing on the steps of a bus. It wasn’t clear how I’d gotten there. The period immediately preceding this moment was gone. I turned and looked at the bus driver. He stared at me.

I’d taken a bus to the Hospital. The Hospital was now behind us, some distance back. The bus driver turned the bus around and took us back. It was a narrow road and I’m not sure how he managed to do it, but he did.

I spent the day in the Emergency Room. They said that my face had collapsed like a balloon with air going out. But mostly they just needed to pump salt water into me.

I made it to Court the next day and obtained a continuance. This was the mundane start to a year that proved to be more unusual.

7.5. Talking about John and Akhil reminds me of other people. The story of one young woman is ironic.

I valued Peggy but never mentioned this to her. People of my type, as a related note, form fewer close associations but value them more.

Peggy was a nice person. She was a fan of Aram Khachaturian, the composer, and talked about him a lot. That was fine with me.

Others, at some point, had thought that she didn’t look or talk the way that she was supposed to based on her gender. I gather that she’d been through a lot.

She looked and talked fine, though, so I didn’t think much about this. Ultimately, she wanted to talk about the past and I was dismissive. In a lifetime, she didn’t speak with me again.



The absence is similar to other absences in my life. To me, Time hasn't passed in the usual manner.

So, there are people who have wandered off into another room, but perhaps one day I'll look up and they'll be there.

Sometimes, violent abuse and other types of abuse are about control and domination. Other times, they're about pack issues. Normals hurt people who are different. Then they work backwards and laugh about what they've done.

Michael Bonetto and his associates laugh about what they did. They gave Michael a ***“Rising Star”*** designation.

I'm not the one who hurt Peggy, but I failed her. In the past, I wasn't sure of what irony was. I'm aware of the meaning now.

8. Abuse of Process.

8.1. Jim Kiraly's Pleadings in 2012 included no specific allegations that I recall except for one, that of “70” non-consensual calls made the year before.

That allegation was perjury. Jim just added up all of the calls that I'd made the year before and said that they were non-consensual. In fact, every phone call made in 2011 was consensual until the day that Jim threatened me.

That isn't ***“He Said She Said”***. The proof is that Jim didn't even allege that I'd called him after he'd made a request not to communicate.

Jim and his attorney seemed reluctant, as well, to discuss the fact that Grace visited me in 2012, long after the final phone call that I made to Jim in 2011, and made months worth of phone calls to me after that. I proved both parts of that in Discovery.

But phone calls aren't the key point. The key point is that that allegation didn't support the type of litigation that was initiated. Jim filed for an emergency anti-violence restraining order. Specifically, he tried for a CLETS.

CLETS isn't abuse of process. Even CLETS filed without allegations and without legitimate cause may not qualify as abuse of process. But CLETS filed without allegations, without legitimate cause, and by a violent abuser against his victim in a wheelchair for the purpose of extortion of a gag order related to violence...

Folks, that's abuse of process of a new order of magnitude.

8.2. Before you file for a restraining order, you're usually expected to ask somebody who's offended you to cease communication and/or offense. And, if you do file, you're supposed to have specific allegations.

CLETS is an exception. It's a loophole in the system that wealthy rapists can use to rape their victims a second time.

8.3. CLETS is a boon to violent and/or sexual abusers. It works like this:

CLETS is intended, typically, for use by women who are being beaten up by their husbands or lovers. They're supposed to have photos of bruises or other medical records that suggest abuse.

However, physical violence, or credible fear of such, is considered to be an emergency. So, you can get away with filing for CLETS without specific allegations.

CLETS definitely isn't intended for use by violent abusers. They're not supposed to be able to file it against their victims. However, if abusers are wealthy, they can do exactly that.

If an abuser has money to burn, he can file CLETS against his victim – with no allegations at all – and use the action to extort a gag order.

The proof is that this is exactly what Jim Kiraly, a wife-beater, and his law firm, Hoge Fenton of San Jose, CA did to me.

The abuser doesn't need to make a single specific allegation. And, after he files, it's easy to get the gag order.

The abuser just needs to send "Demands" to his victim. "Demands" are legal paperwork that costs the victim thousands of dollars a month to address. The victim's life savings quickly drain and he or she signs the gag order to get out of the case.

8.4. In my case, Jim Kiraly sent me a "Demand", as one example, that I produce all of my medical records dating back to birth.

That type of "Demand" is considered too broad and so it isn't allowed. However, if a Respondent (the victim) has less money than the Plaintiff (the abuser), nobody is going to do anything to stop this.

For what it's worth, I told my attorney to respond to that "Demand" as follows: ***"Look in my diaper, b*tches"***. I don't know if he followed my instructions or not

8.5. And, in my case, Jim Kiraly, demanded that I agree to pay \$5,000 and go to prison if I ever ***"discussed"*** him with anybody. Even a newspaper reporter. The exact words ***"discuss"*** and/or ***"discussed"*** were used.

8.6. I voluntarily signed a stipulation which granted Jim everything that he'd have gotten with a normal restraining order. The stipulation was ignored. This is proof, in and of itself, of abuse of process.

All attempts at settlement that didn't involve the gag order were rejected or ignored. Towards the end, Jim's attorneys declined even to hold a settlement conference. They indicated that there was no point to it because I wouldn't sign the gag order.

8.7. It's difficult to articulate the feelings that I experience when telling this story.

I can say it's wrong that Jim, being elderly and in poor health, will pass away due to natural causes before he can be brought, through legitimate and reasonable means, to some type of prosecution and conviction.

I can say that I resent the need to explicitly state the qualifiers ***“due to natural causes”*** and ***“legitimate and reasonable means”***.

I can say that the cases won't end with Jim's departure due to natural causes. That legitimate and reasonable steps which are protected under U.S. laws, steps that promote positive social goals and that are not subject to restraining orders, will be taken in connection with each person who was involved in the cases.

9. The Gag-Order Pleadings.

9.1. There were two parallel civil cases.

Jim persuaded my brother Tom Kiraly to initiate a parallel case. He did this by telling Tom that I planned to accuse Tom of sexually abusing his children.

I have no idea how Jim was supposed to be in possession of such information. But Tom has the IQ of a set of barbells.

Tom was in career transition at the time. He was VP of Humana or Concentra, one of those two, and was switching to VP of Hanger, Inc. He was concerned that negative publicity might put his new job at risk, so he decided to try for a gag order as well.

The problem with that was that Tom had nothing at all to base a case on. Tom Kiraly's Pleadings contained no actual allegations except for a sentence similar to the following:

“Bob started stalking me in January.”

This was a reference to a Happy Birthday call that I'd made to Tom at his office in January 2012. I'd scheduled the call with his secretary, Tom had taken the call with evident pleasure, and he'd invited me to call back. So, that's perjury and abuse of process right there. But Tom is wealthy, so he'll never see the inside of a prison cell.

9.2. The two sets of Pleadings were plumped up with, not even allegations, but material that I doubt that Hoge Fenton expected anybody was going to read.

I'll summarize the material in the following sections.

I'd include the Pleadings themselves here, but I didn't have a copy of them until last year and haven't been able to OCR them yet. Note: The originals were lost when I lost my home of 25 years due to the cases.

9.3. Michael Bonetto, Jim's attorney, refers to the fact that I wasn't asked not to communicate as a ***"claim"***.

Michael's statement is odd, because I can't recall any claim to the effect that I **was** asked not to communicate.

Failure to make the claim that I **was** asked not to communicate proves that I wasn't asked unless Michael wishes to plead that he's incompetent.

9.4. Jim's and Tom's Pleadings, taken as a whole, consisted largely of statements that weren't even allegations.

The Pleadings said things like ***"Bob is a danger to himself and others"*** and ***"Bob thinks he is smarter than the Law"***.

Regarding ***"Bob is a danger to himself and others"***, my thought related to Jim was, ***"Right back at you, Chuckles. Excuse me, but you're a wife-beater."***

Regarding ***"Bob thinks he is smarter than the Law"***... Um. Even a lay-person knows that that the use of that type of filler is a sign that there's a problem with a case.

9.5. The Pleadings implied that I was threatening to to accuse Jim of physical and/or sexual abuse but didn't state this as a fact. There was no allegation.

The Pleadings implied that I was threatening to accuse one or more brothers of sexual abuse but didn't state this as a fact. There was no allegation.

The Pleadings implied that I'd hacked into Jim's and/or Tom's computers and Gmail accounts but didn't state this as a fact. There was no allegation.

9.6. There are two sections in the Pleadings that are so unusual that they seem to be prima facie abuse of process in and of themselves.

I don't believe that Jim's attorney, Michael Bonetto, anticipated that these two sections were ever going to be read.

They were literally filler. Words on printed pages that looked and sounded vaguely legal but with less content than Lorem Ipsum.

9.6.1. The first of the two oddest parts of the Pleadings was about ***“the police”***.

I quote and emphasize the words ***“the police”*** because Jim used the phrase at Thanksgiving 2011 in an odd way.

I’d done nothing wrong. In fact, Jim was a wife-beater and had beaten me up and engaged in sexual behavior with me when I was about 13. However, in 2011, I’d spoken politely to him and had offered him encouragement related to his little projects.

At Thanksgiving 2011, though, Jim Kiraly ranted about ***“the police”*** as though the phrase was magic and reciting it would force me to stop work on a book. A book that wasn’t even going to be about Jim. It was difficult to understand what Jim was even thinking.

A few days later, Jim did go ahead and call ***“the police”*** to try to get them to stop my book. The police dismissed Jim as a crank. They never contacted me. I spoke with them only when I called them months later myself.

Jim and Tom didn’t know whether or not the police had phoned me in response to Jim’s rant to a desk sergeant. But the Pleadings included a lengthy story that went like this:

“The police probably called Bob, though we are not actually saying that they did, and most likely warned him that it is bad to harass people, though it is speculation that anything was said and we are not making any specific allegations.”

The story continued in that vein.

It wasn’t clear to me how the story of a call that wasn’t even formally alleged to have taken place was suitable as the basis for demands for emergency restraining orders.

Better still, I think that the story appeared in Tom Kiraly’s Pleadings and the story didn’t even involve Tom.

If this did appear in Tom’s Pleadings as opposed to Jim’s – I’ll need to check this point – why wasn’t Tom prosecuted for criminal abuse of process?

But Jim and Tom were, after all, wealthy. So, I suppose that I’m a fool for expressing confusion about the point.

9.6.2. The second of the two oddest parts of the Pleadings had to do with books of religious poetry.

My maternal grandfather, Ivan Kmeta, was a minister and religious writer for about 65 years. I inherited some of the books that he’d written.

The books were mostly of religious poetry, though there was one unique novel named **“Year 2000”**, set in the far future of that year, that speculated about the possibility of a religious awakening.

I was an idiot when I was younger. So, naturally, I assumed that the fact Grace was Ivan’s daughter meant that she’d value the books and put them in a safe place. But the tuna-for-brains lost them almost immediately.

She most likely gave them to Goodwill. It was a lovely disposition of something precious and irreplaceable.

I understood that Tom was to be the executor of the family estate. Jim and Grace had asked me to serve in this capacity, but I’d demurred.

So, I decided to leave the books that remained to Tom in my Will. In Spring 2012, I left Tom a voicemail message to this effect. It was interesting to find the following point subsequently in Tom’s Pleadings:

“I feel that the message about the books was in some manner a threat to harm me or my livelihood.”

This is a paraphrase, but it’s pretty close to the original. I’ll review the original paperwork as work on this document continues.

Reasonable people who review the gag-order cases will agree that Tom belongs in prison. He’ll outlive Jim due to being younger, so it’s possible. However, it’ll be satisfactory to me if the story of the actions of these parties serves to improve society; perhaps by the passing of legislation that makes abuse of process a capital offense.

9.7. I think that Maggie Desmond, Michael Bonetto’s paralegal, may have composed the “police” passage.

This is one of a few questions that I have for Maggie; i.e., did she come up with this? If the answer is **“Yes”**, related questions will follow.

9.8. One aspect of the Pleadings that stands out for me is this:

Jim Kiraly was certainly fearful that I might talk about his violence towards Grace Kiraly and me and his sexual conduct as well. However, the Pleadings focused not as a strategic move, but as an actual belief, on the notion that I was impoverished due to laziness and drooling at the thought that I could extort money from this piece of sh*t.

In fact, I’d traded \$10M worth of stocks over the years – not hypothetical paper, but actual transactions. My net worth was in the 7 figures or close to it when I retired. I’d worked harder for decades than Jim had ever worked himself. And I’d never, in my adult life, been unemployed for long until 2009, just 2 years before all of this started.

I saved the 7 figures, by the way, with zero benefit from the Silicon Valley real estate boom. Ken Kiraly had cost me millions of dollars in that context. I'd like to hear how many ordinary people saved as much as I did during the same period without lucking out in real estate.

So, where did the part about laziness come from?

This, above all, is the part that, in a legitimate and reasonable sense that is protected under U.S. laws, ought to go up the wife-beater Jim Kiraly's ass before he dies of, to be clear, natural causes and his soul drips down to meet its new master below, the master that will use Jim's greasy soul as personal lubrication.

I didn't have a life. Instead, I had work. Nothing else. And these thugs sh*t on a life of continuous hard work? No, this part isn't going to fade away. If Jim dies – of natural causes, to be clear – I'll have the answer from the other parties involved.

10. Twisted Time.

10.1. I interacted with Jim's attorneys at Hoge Fenton for a while on a Pro-Per basis. "Pro-Per" means that I didn't have an attorney myself.

Usually, attorneys who are seeking to harm you love that. They eat Pro-Pers for breakfast. However, in this case, I signaled early on that I might not be a simple snack.

The most important part is that I immediately produced a witness to past violent abuse committed by Jim Kiraly. I imagine that Jim's attorneys, the law firm of Hoge Fenton in San Jose, CA, weren't expecting that.

10.2. The witness was the man known as Twisted Time. He chose the name himself as a pseudonym.

Twisted Time was quadriplegic, in screaming pain for years, but he didn't hesitate. His basic *"attitude"*, to use Jim's own term, was *"Let's shove this up their asses"*.

I believed that Hoge Fenton would try to smear or threaten Twisted Time. It wasn't an over-the-top reaction to events.

I understood at last that some things in movies are true. Large corporations, attorneys, they'll destroy lives to protect rapists and laugh on the way to Church.

Addressing Maggie Desmond, Alison Buchanan, Chris Burdick, and the other women involved, I'm talking to you. You're women, you're rapists once removed, and you're proud of it. Cognitive dissonance, much?

10.3. I settled on an exploratory approach. I said that I had a witness and offered to let Hoge Fenton attorneys be photographed with him.

I figured that Hoge Fenton would talk to Jim and Grace and get enough to figure out who Twisted Time was and what he knew about their client.

The part about the photograph was intended to lead the attorneys to find out more about Twisted Time and to understand how it was going to play out if they threatened him.

Twisted Time was a quadriplegic in excruciating pain who was the head of a disability foundation despite the pain that he was in. If Hoge Fenton had gone near him, I'd have been able to get organizations involved that would have crucified the attorneys.

Some people might ask, ***“Why not do that intentionally?”*** The answer is that I couldn't put Twisted Time at more than slight risk.

10.4. I over-thought the introduction of Twisted Time to the cases... by a lot. I ask readers to understand that I was new to this.

I doubt that Hoge Fenton caught any of the nuances which I'd planned so carefully. However, Jim's initial attorney, Natasha Parrett, did seem to disappear from the cases. On the other hand, she might have dropped out because the cases seemed dull initially.

There was one indicator that Hoge Fenton may have understood the gist, at least, of what Twisted Time might say about Jim Kiraly on the witness stand. After I made the offer to let Hoge Fenton attorneys be photographed with Twisted Time, nobody ever said anything again about me ***“planning to make false allegations”*** against Jim.

This plus the fact that I eviscerated a claim of non-consensual calls in Discovery meant that, after the latter step, there was no point to the cases. And ***“planning to make false allegations”*** isn't grounds for CLETS, regardless.

So, Alison Buchanan, as you supported this, do you deserve to be teaching Ethics?

11. Tips related to attorneys.

11.1. This section includes thoughts related to dealing with attorneys on an adversarial basis. These are reflections that arose out of the Gag-Order Cases and other interactions that I've had with attorneys since 2012.

Points related to attorneys who you've retained and who may be trying to ***“manage”*** you will be added in future iterations.

Nothing in this section is legal advice. Nor is it advice at all in the sense of anything that a reader should do, or not do, without research.

The odds are that some of the points made here are incorrect. I hope to make corrections over time based on research and feedback.

11.2. One of the Hoge Fenton attorneys, probably Natasha Parrett, responded to a message from me roughly as follows: **“We can get you, you fool, for using a threatening tone.”** That is a paraphrase, but pretty close to her point.

I left a voicemail responding to that which said, **“Uh-huh. And do your own messages have, perhaps, a barratry tone?”**

They shut up about the **“threatening tone”** after that.

11.3. Today, I’d respond more aggressively.

I don’t recommend that people adopt aggressive postures in litigation except in cases where they can back it up.

And, if you have an attorney yourself – at this point in the cases, I didn’t – he or she will insist on responding to things as politely as possible.

Even in a case of abuse of process.

Self-help legal books will warn you, too, that if you speak aggressively in litigation, you’ll just come across as uncouth and this will harm your chances.

Because, after all, everybody knows that, even in a case of abuse of process – which is a prosecutable crime – civil litigation is a dainty tea party with crumpets and doilies and friendly teddy bears. The point is to arrive at an objective assessment of the facts. So, reach for a crumpet, the reasoning goes, and shut up.

My view is that abuse of process is rape. If you just sit there and take it, the rape will proceed and the rapists will get what they came for.

The part about needing to be “couth” as opposed to “uncouth” in some contexts is partly true for ordinary cases. However, there’s more to it.

11.4. Civil litigation cases that are about relationships or feelings as opposed to tangible business issues are a farm run by the two law firms involved.

The point is to get the crops that are the life savings of the litigants into the pockets of the attorneys. You, somebody on either side, you’re just a moo-cow. You’re being **“managed”** and the outcome has already been decided.

You’re being allowed to think that your concerns will be addressed. But the process is scripted in advance. When enough of your money has been taken, the cases will be ended.

In part 12.19, I'll explain how the wrap-up works. The key point for now is that you'll never get a day in Court.

If your attorney talks about the need to avoid being uncouth, what he or she is saying is that nobody is interested in hearing the **“Moos”** of the cattle. You're supposed to shut up and be farmed until your life savings are gone and it's time for you to go.

11.5. My advice is to decline to be cattle.

If you're somebody feels aggrieved, my advice is to find a legitimate and reasonable way, protected under U.S. laws, to address the behavior of the person that you dislike. If there's no tangible issue related to actual money involved, civil litigation isn't the answer.

I may initiate legal actions against various parties in the future. But I won't be breaking my own rule because litigation will have specific goals that I'll probably be able to achieve.

If you're a random citizen with a vague notion that you can wave money at attorneys and they'll get you anything that your heart desires – for example, a gag-order – you should rethink litigation. A determined Respondent can, and quite possibly may, “own” you.

In my case, I did manage to deflower Jim Kiraly and Tom Kiraly. I scored close to zero decisions in my favor, but I didn't need many. I mostly needed to make it through the cases alive until the opportunity to sh*t on the Plaintiffs came at the end.

The Plaintiffs spent, I'm told, in the 6 figures. They received nothing for their money that they couldn't have gotten a year before for free. And they were forced to sign documents in which I promised to do, for Eternity, what they tried to prevent.

11.6. If you're the victim of abuse of process, and there's no way to avoid litigation, a degree of noise on your part is called for.

Let's look at the Hoge Fenton Gag-Order Cases.

Jim Kiraly was a violent abuser who was seeking to impose a gag order on his victim. To extort agreement to the gag order, he filed for an emergency anti-violence restraining order. His victim lived 200 miles from the abuser, was in a wheelchair, had lost the use of his right hand, and didn't own a car. Better still, the abuser's victim hadn't been asked not to communicate or to do, or not to do, anything at all as an alternative to litigation.

Tom Kiraly, who also filed, lived 3,000 miles from the victim and had had no interaction of any type with the victim that wouldn't have blown up in Tom's face if the cases had proceeded. In Tom's case, the abuse of process was so broad that his wealth was sort of puny next to it.

If this wasn't prosecutable abuse of process, there's no such thing. So, yeah, Hoge Fenton's attorneys do belong in prison.

Anyway, it's a bad idea to posture at attorneys just for the sake of doing so. I'll come back to this issue in the next few sections.

But suppose that I'd sent the preceding points to Natasha Parrett of Hoge Fenton and asked her if she was, or wasn't, breaking the Law?

Suppose I'd Cc'd that note to the parents of all of the Hoge Fenton attorneys involved, where the parents were still living, and said:

“What the Hell is your son or daughter doing? Why is he or she fighting to help a wife-beater put a gag order on his victim in a wheelchair?”

By the way, that step can't be barred on an “a priori” basis by a restraining order or, at least, it would be unusual for such an order to be granted.

And suppose I'd Cc'd the State Bar Association as well as 1,000 selected influencers?

The answer is that everybody would have ignored everything to the extent possible. Crickets appear in the silence. Chirp! Chirp!

The idea that the fact the Law was being broken would matter is a fantasy. That isn't how it works. But there is a limit to play-acting and pretend. At some level of attention to what was happening, the situation would have become embarrassing to decision-makers.

If I'd tried to make these events go viral and had succeeded, I'd have been able to put Hoge Fenton in an uncomfortable position. They'd have told Jim Kiraly to shove his demand for a gag order. After all, that's what they ended up doing anyway. But it would have happened a year sooner.

We'd all have saved a year. I'd still have my home, my life savings, and my possessions. Hoge Fenton would be out 6 figures worth of legal fees, of course. I weep at the thought.

I wasn't too loud in 2012. I was too quiet. I should have rolled the dice and done everything possible to focus attention on what was happening right away.

By the way, Natasha Parrett, why **did** you drop out of the gag-order cases? Did they seem too tedious to be of interest or did the fact that Jim Kiraly was a wife-beater factor into it?

11.7. An aggressive posture is never to be adopted in civil litigation without a specific purpose in mind and without something that can be used to back it up.

I must caution others that, if they do adopt an aggressive posture in dealing with attorneys, they must never make or imply any type of illegal threat. Or any type of threat that can even be represented as illegal.

I myself include disclaimers related to ***“legitimate and reasonable purposes”*** etc. in most paragraphs that refer to natural consequences for people who are involved in prosecutable crimes. It isn't guaranteed to prevent legal issues, but it helps a bit.

People should also be aware that attorneys aren't impressed by posturing in the absence of the one thing that is guaranteed to make them rethink their position. I'll come back to that part momentarily.

Here's what you need to keep in mind:

Civil litigation that involves businesses, contracts, tangible dollar issues, that's similar to what you see on TV.

But in contested cases that are less tangible, attorneys don't do "the Law". It isn't about presenting facts and then the Court makes a decision. It's about posturing and manipulation. That is what attorneys *do* for their clients. Their job is to lie, cheat, and steal.

Yes, attorneys are perfectly happy to break the Law as part of this as long as there's plenty of money involved and no risk to them. No, nobody cares that they break the Law. I'll discuss attorney discipline below.

The bottom line is that, if you try to out-posture an attorney and you can't back it up, you're going to lose.

11.8. I've mentioned that there is one thing that will cause an attorney to pause and reflect. Here's how that part works.

If an attorney contacts you to threaten you or demand something from you, sometimes what they're doing is legitimate.

However, pretty often, the attorney is over-confident because you are, after all, just krill. So, he or she will lie and/or break the Law right there on the first page of the letter.

It happens surprisingly often. In a range of attorneys that I've dealt with since 2013, I think that about 75% of them have done this.

Now, attorneys aren't too worried about being reported to the State Bar.

The usual punishment that the State Bar Association imposes on attorneys who break the rules is to offer them a nice glass of wine and an hour's worth of f*llatio or c*nnilingus.

If somebody does something that might provoke a visceral reaction among the public, like trading sexual favors for legal bills – Tom Stutzman, John Perrott's boss, did that – the punishment might be as serious as a gentle tap on the wrist. The State Bar doesn't want to take the chance that the cattle will stampede, after all.

In general, though, it's ***"We're sorry you were inconvenienced by the complaint. Here, have some brie with the wine."***

(continued on next page)

But, if an attorney crosses the line in a manner that's so obvious that it's just embarrassing and so easy to understand that there's not really a way to spin it for the public, then Google comes into it. No attorney wants to be #1 in Google for something embarrassing. The State Bar will start to rethink the wine and brie if that happens.

One mostly needs to learn how to catch these things and to explain to attorneys, in a legitimate and reasonable way, the position that they've put themselves in.

If you can catch an attorney doing something that calls for a jail sentence, even if it's only 30 days, that's even better.

I've seen 3 attorneys since 2013 panic after they'd been caught with their pants down. Two of them quit their jobs, but one of those might have been planning to leave regardless. A few more attorneys just went away quietly.

But Michael Bonetto of Hoge Fenton isn't one of them. Instead, he's been designated a ***"Rising Star"*** and has been offered honors. Alison Buchanan, of the same firm, is a respected teacher of legal ethics. She doesn't deserve the respect or the opportunity to teach.

The question of the legitimate and reasonable means that should be used to address the responsibility of these and other attorneys involved in the gag-order cases remains.

11.9. Publicity can be useful even for minor matters.

During the gag-order cases, I went public with Jim Kiraly's demand for a gag order and with other details.

Michael Bonetto claimed that I was breaking an obscure law by doing so. I checked and found out that he was lying. I posted an analysis of the law that he'd cited and ended up on the first page of Google for the law.

This wasn't more than mildly irritating to Michael, but it did shut him up on the subject and he was more careful about making false assertions subsequently.

11.10. One regret that I have has to do with getting things in writing.

Ultimately, Jim Kiraly's attorney, Michael Bonetto, tired of the fact that I sometimes posted things he'd said online and mocked them. At some point, he stopped putting things in writing and switched to mostly verbal communication with my attorney, John Perrott.

This allowed John, who was stealing from me, to plump up his bills by engaging in lengthy calls with Michael. And I didn't have as much written information to work with.

I should have told John, in writing, that I wasn't going to pay for any communication that wasn't in writing unless I approved it.

12. How the Gag-Order Cases proceeded.

12.1. Michael Bonetto of Hoge Fenton took over for Natasha Parrett after she dropped out of active participation. I don't know if he volunteered or it was just his turn to take the abuse of process cases.

12.2. Nothing in Jim Kiraly's paperwork had anything to do with physical violence, which was the entire point of the type of litigation that had been initiated. The Pleadings, which I've summarized in part 10, were essentially filler.

When I eventually obtained an attorney, John Perrott, I asked him, ***"What is this? How is this legal?"***

John Perrott responded that it wasn't legal. It was abuse of process and I should hire a torts specialist to counter-sue for \$350,000 to \$500,000. He did nothing about the abuse of process himself. Later on, I learned that he was supposed to do so.

Gee, thanks, John.

For those who'd like to review, for legitimate and reasonable purposes that are protected under U.S laws, the background of an attorney who admitted to me that he ***"manages"*** his Family Law clients, such management occurring as part of a pattern of actual fraud and theft from said clients, John Perrott's CA-SBN is 213080, his DOB is believed to be 1968-02-14, and his SSN is believed to be 569-75-6182. For notes related to the legitimate and reasonable disclosure of the last piece of information, visit the links in Appendix C.

12.3. The point of the litigation was clear from the start. Jim Kiraly wanted a gag order.

Jim demanded that I agree to pay \$5,000 and go to prison if I ever ***"discussed"*** him. As noted previously, I voluntarily signed a stipulation that gave Jim everything but the gag order. The stipulation was simply ignored.

12.4. John Perrott explained to me, early on, that he was skilled at ***"client management"***.

By that, John meant that he knew how to string clients along, how to promise things and never do them, and how to use deflection statements and body language to throw clients off balance and to change the subject in a conversation.

This was a casual boast on John's part. It came back to me when I realized that John was attempting to ***"manage"*** me.

12.5. ***"Client management"*** isn't limited to bottom of the barrel attorneys like John Perrott. Michael Bonetto, who was a top-flight attorney in terms of skill though not ethics, certainly did this with Jim Kiraly.

Michael also cut a deal with John in which the goal was to defraud Jim. We'll come back to that. The bottom line is that, if you're rich, you may be able to afford a high-class attorney, but the attorney is going to be focused on his or her interests, not your own, and may lie to you or steal from you regardless.

12.6. Not far into the cases, one of John's paralegals, Lisi Zhang, told me, "***Get out of the cases any way that you can. John isn't going to do anything***".

I believed her, but there was no way out of the cases.

12.7. An unusual moment came at about the same time. I asked John a casual question and he launched into what seemed to be a rehearsed rant related to whether or not he was stealing from me.

"So, you think I'm stealing from you, huh?" John said. He continued in that vein for a while. The thing was, I hadn't really said anything. It was obvious that John had given this speech before. The implication was that he was, in fact, a thief.

12.8. I eventually came to understand that my attorney, John Perrott, and Jim's attorney, Michael Bonetto, were working together to ***"manage"*** and to defraud their respective clients.

This was confirmed when John offered me a deal related to helping Michael to defraud Jim and Tom.

I've written about this publicly in the past. A few more details will be added here in future drafts of this document.

12.9. Part of the deal with Michael Bonetto involved me playing up the fact that I was autistic or had a parallel condition.

I turned down the deal and John immediately lost interest in the autism angle. I'd made arrangements to obtain a gateway assessment, which was exactly what John had wanted me to get, but he tried to discourage me from filing it.

"What's the issue, John?" I asked.

"Well," John responded, ***"the Courts don't like autistic people and will rule against you if you tell them you're autistic."***

John Perrott had planned to use the autism assessment as part of a deal with Jim's attorney to defraud my father and my brother.

And I was supposed to believe he'd had a change of heart because Courts hated autistics and that it had nothing to do with me turning down the deal.

I lowered my assessment of John from thief to clumsy thief. I think that I went ahead and filed a gateway assessment, though I'd need to check to be sure.

12.10. I told my attorney, John Perrott, to file a \$150 Motion to Limit Scope. He ignored the order. I repeated the order and he just billed me for the time to read the order. I posted the demand publicly and repeated the order again and again.

He never filed the motion.

Eventually, John said that I should pay him thousand of dollars to write a magic document instead. The Court would look at the magic document and grant me attorney fees paid in advance.

I agreed. John billed me about \$3,500 to write a document. It didn't say much about fees paid in advance. The Court admonished John for submitting a piece of sh*t. He looked like a deer caught in the headlights.

Afterwards, John told me that the admonishment had been a great victory for our side. He said that we'd won everything that we needed to win and that we should celebrate. I refrained from calling him a liar, but I did question his assessment.

He responded, ***"You're depressive". :-)***

12.11. I met with John Perrott once at his office while he was preparing the fraudulent \$3,500 document. There was a funny moment at the end.

John got up from his desk and literally tip-toed to the door of his office and made a great show of closing the door.

"Don't tell my boss," John said, ***"but I didn't charge you as much for the document as I could have!"***

This seemed to be a practiced routine that John Perrott had used before. By this point, I could see a shift in John's body language when he was about to simply make something up. He put on a sort of gee-whiz persona.

Um, so John's going to trust his clients not to "tell" his boss something. Right. A Family Law attorney who's this clumsy in a lie isn't an attorney that I'd trust to lie well in the Courtroom.

12.12. I attended a deposition as a Pro-Per.

The cases were supposed to be about physical violence. But Michael Bonetto asked me, ***"Do you know how to hack Gmail"*** ? After that, he asked me to speculate on my attorney's legal strategy. No, none of this was legal.

There were no questions about physical violence.

12.13. After the deposition was transcribed, I filed corrections to it. This is a standard procedure.

The corrections were, I think, somewhat damaging to Michael Bonetto. But he talked in Court about the number of corrections as though it was proof that I'd committed crimes which I was attempting to conceal.

Michael did something odd with his voice during his statement. He put a half-laugh into it. I could tell that the half-laugh was constructed. It was obvious that the laughter was supposed to suggest that what Michael was saying was obviously the truth.

“What’s that all about?” I asked John Perrott. “A deposition is a set of answers that I give to questions. It’s difficult to present complete answers verbally. Shouldn’t Opposing Counsel only be allowed to use the answers as they are after the corrections are made?”

“Nah”, John said. ***“Nobody cares about that. They just look at the verbal part and assume that corrections are an attempt to cover things up. If you can’t get it right verbally, you’re screwed.”*** This is a paraphrase.

“And the laughter? Can the Court actually be manipulated that way?” I asked. ***“Sometimes,”*** John said. ***“Anyway, he has no motivation not to try it.”***

12.14. That isn’t the only time that Michael Bonetto did something odd with his voice. At one point, he inserted a tremor in his voice at a strategic point.

He said, in Court, something similar to, ***“Oh, if you could only hear how Mr. Kiraly talks!”*** At that point, he added a frightened tremor.

Michael had nothing to work with. Simply by taking the cases, he violated multiple Santa Clara County Bar Association standards and, in filing for a CLETS, he committed a prosecutable crime. But he was game. In the absence of facts, he resorted to theatrics.

I’m not saying that I wasn’t impressed. Michael had actually learned, somewhere, how to be an actor, how to use both voice and body language to convey the impression of emotions that he wasn’t experiencing.

This sort of thing, carefully-practiced skill or not, has nothing to do with the facts of a case. I feel that it should be treated as a violation of standards.

12.15. I’d like to understand one thing that I observed better. Michael Bonetto attended one hearing with a woman who I believe was another attorney and not his wife.

When they thought that nobody was looking, they nuzzled right there in public.

I don't know if this was flirting or, instead, an indication of a sexual affair. I was distracted that day and didn't get the woman's name, so I can't find out. John Perrott would know the woman's name, but he and I aren't presently on a close-friendship basis.

12.16. Ken Kiraly didn't file for CLETS. However, the paperwork included a statement by Ken that contained, once again, speculation as opposed to specific allegations.

I asked John Perrott, ***“Is it legal for Ken's statement to be included?”*** John said, no, it wasn't legal. However, he refused to file a motion to have Ken's statement removed.

He said that such a motion would annoy the Court and make it more inclined to rule against me. The rules didn't matter.

12.17. Towards the end of the gag-order cases, the Court warned Michael Bonetto that he needed to come up with something related to physical violence.

Michael Bonetto was representing a wife-beater, Jim Kiraly, who was seeking to impose a gag order on one of his victims. But, at this point, no allegations at all against the victim remained. This was a problem for Michael.

The introduction of Twisted Time into the cases had led Hoge Fenton to shy away from looking at allegations that the victim was ***“planning to make false statements”*** related to abuse. Such allegations would have been irrelevant to physical violence, regardless.

I'd shown that Grace Kiraly had driven 200 miles to visit me, unannounced, during a period when Jim had tried to suggest that she was in physical danger from me. I'd proven that Jim's household had phoned my household for months after that. This had made even the claim of non-consensual calls the year before unusable.

Tom hadn't made any allegations at all that wouldn't have made Michael a laughing-stock if he'd even mentioned them formally.

So, Michael had nothing to work with. However, being a creative type, he came up with something. He decided that I should be filmed so that my autistic manner of speaking could be characterized as frightening.

Yay.

For those who'd like to review, for legitimate and reasonable purposes that are protected under U.S laws, the background of a ***“Rising Star”*** attorney who's fine with egregious abuse of process that's intended to impose a gag order on one of the victims of a mentally ill and violent abuser, Michael Bonetto's CA-SBN is 252742, his DOB is believed to be 1980-11-20, and his SSN is believed to be 142-76-2496. For notes related to the legitimate and reasonable disclosure of the last piece of information, visit the links in Appendix C.

I talked, once, to an attorney that I knew casually about abuse of process. She was standing next to some curtains. She turned and faced the curtains. She wasn't able to look at me.

Abuse of process isn't an open secret, because it's not a secret at all. Attorneys, the entire system, everybody knows that this is common and is fine with it.

But there are lines that shouldn't be crossed, no matter how common and accepted a prosecutable crime is. Hoge Fenton crossed the lines.

12.18. At around the time that the filming was supposed to take place, Jim Kiraly of Solvang, CA and Tom Kiraly of Hanger, Inc. ran out of money. Or, rather, money that they were willing to spend.

There had been signs that my family members, wealthy though they were, had started to balk at the idea of going into the six figures for legal bills when it had started to become clear that they weren't going to get the gag order.

The most unusual sign came when I received a "Demand" that looked as though a child had prepared it. It was a traffic-accident form that had come from some type of self-help legal book. It definitely didn't come from Opposing Counsel.

Jim or Tom had tried to save money by printing out a form that they'd found and asking Michael Bonetto to send it to me.

I told John Perrott to instruct the other side to defecate on the traffic-accident form. I trust that John, incompetent thief though he was, managed to convey the gist of the suggestion though perhaps with revised wording.

12.19. Courts don't like wasted time. Not if it affects them – Judges or Commissioners – personally. So, they're fine with abuse of process, but not with allowing litigation that is pointless to actually go to Court.

If civil litigation is between two citizens and no corporation's ox has been gored, and if it's about intangible Family Law issues as opposed to something tangible such as the custody of a child or responsibility for financial losses, the outcome is predetermined.

The Court will permit the two sides to bark at each other for a while. The attorneys on the two sides will work together to *"manage"* their clients and to make the case profitable for both law firms. It's a Kabuki Dance.

By "Kabuki Dance", I mean that it's a stylized presentation and that it isn't real. The attorneys know the outcome in advance and may collaborate without the knowledge of their clients.

The outcome is going to be that, after the two sides have done enough barking – *Woof! Woof!* – to articulate their feelings, the Court will order the attorneys to order their clients to settle.

Both the barking back and forth and the settlement are pro forma. The settlement is going to be the equivalent of a restraining order on Respondent.

If Respondent refuses to sign the restraining order, a mutual restraining order – one that applies to Plaintiff as well – may be agreed to. The idea is that this will soothe Respondent's feelings and get him or her to sign.

That's it or most of it. If Plaintiff is wealthy and Respondent is not, Plaintiff may be able to impose a gag order on Respondent as well. This is, as I've exemplified, sometimes the actual goal of Family Law litigation.

I understood most this myself shortly after the gag-order cases started. I even posted a photo of a barking dog online.

I don't think that Jim Kiraly and Tom Kiraly understood this. If my attorney, John Perrott, hadn't been a thief, I'd have been able to steer things better and end the cases much sooner. I wouldn't have lost my home.

At any rate, about 10 months after Jim's initial filing, the Court ordered Michael Bonetto and John Perrott to get the t*rd off of its plate.

The filming never took place. I don't know if it was because Jim and Tom decided that it wasn't worth the money or the issue was that the Court pulled the plug before arrangements for the filming could be completed.

Michael and John had both known for months that I was never going to sign the gag order. Under any circumstances.

So, I was presented with a proposed settlement that didn't include the gag order. I agreed to sign that version. I imagine that Jim raised Holy Hell about the omission of the gag order, but Michael Bonetto didn't leak that part.

12.20. The Court rejected the settlement. My understanding is that it told the attorneys on both sides, ***"This is just too weird. GTFO."***

The exact wording was different, but that was the gist of it.

12.21. The attorneys scrambled to reposition the settlement as a set of non-Court agreements. This reduced them to the status of ordinary contracts. They wouldn't be enforceable; not in the same way that a settlement would have been.

I added some edits. My edits weakened the agreements to some extent. If Michael Bonetto even glanced at the final document, he must have noticed that. However, I think that, at this point, Michael honestly didn't care.

The final agreements included a number of paragraphs which detailed what I intended to do in the future. In short, I promised to talk about everybody to everybody, including everybody's family members, Churches, exercise centers, etc. For, to be clear, legitimate and reasonable purposes that were protected under U.S. laws.

Jim Kiraly didn't sign the final agreements.

I don't mean that Jim's signature was necessarily forged, but it wasn't a physical signature. Jim may have authorized Michael Bonetto to paste a previously submitted electronic signature onto the documents. Or Michael may have used an electronic signature without authorization. Forgery of this type is unlikely, but it's possible.

I asked John Perrott if Michael had forged Jim's signature. John said, ***"Do you really want to make this an issue?"***

O.K. Fair enough.

Whether Jim signed the agreements voluntarily or not, it makes me happy to imagine his expression at the moment that he realized what was in them.

Jim got nothing for, I'm told, six figures of legal bills that I hadn't been willing to offer him for free a year earlier.

It's better than that. Jim threatened me less than a month later. He had a blackhat DDoS me after that. I'll come to that story in a minute. So, I repudiated the agreements.

In the end, Jim and Tom got nothing at all. Other than my respect and devotion.

12.22. John Perrott was a clown as well as a fraud. He was made of bluster and hot air. But I observed him unsure of himself on two occasions.

The first time came when the Court admonished him for submitting the fraudulent document that he'd charged me \$3,500 for.

The second time came right at the end of the cases.

There was some time of hang-up with approval of the agreements. So, I called the Court to ask about it. I was put through to, I think, the Commissioner involved. Note: A Commissioner is like a judge, but different.

The Commissioner sounded slightly odd, but addressed my inquiry. Later, John Perrott called me. He seemed oddly hesitant.

I asked John to explain the point of his call. ***"Um,"*** he said. ***"You called the Court."***

"Yes?" I replied. ***"And?"***

“Well, the Court sometimes hears cases that involve bad people. If somebody in a case calls the Court, it’s...”

“Yes? Speak up?” I asked. John wasn’t quite able to explain.

My impression is that, not only had the cases been rubbish from the start, they’d been planned like a puppet show every step of the way. It was fake. Pretend. When I’d called the Court, it had been presumptuous because I’d done something that puppets weren’t supposed to do.

I’d have been too shy at the start of the cases to make the call. But, to be honest, by the end, I didn’t give a quacking duck.

13. The Post-Cases period.

13.1. A few weeks after signing, a second cousin of mine, Russell Kerechanko, died of a drug overdose. This was the son of Grace’s cousin George Kerechanko, a carpet layer in Paso Robles, CA.

I posted an obituary for Russell online. Jim and Tom contacted me through an intermediary, demanded that I take down the obituary, and threatened me.

The intermediary was a blackhat in Texas. I geolocated the blackhat and tracked him as he drove through that State. Eventually, I was able to post a photo of his building or one close to it.

The blackhat was irritated by the photo and DDoSed me. DDoS is a felony violation of CFAA, by the way. I was able to connect him to the DDoS and to speak by phone with somebody who knew his identity. But I didn’t have the leverage needed to persuade that person to talk.

If what I am in this context isn’t clear, I’d be classified as a whitehat. In short, I do have certain skills related to information, but, no, I didn’t break into Jim’s and Tom’s Gmail accounts.

13.2. I publicly repudiated the contracts. As noted elsewhere, this was a presumptive violation. But I knew that any sane attorney Jim and Tom talked to about suing me again would tell them to go f*ck themselves no matter how many abuser dollars they waved about.

Jim and Tom now had nothing at all in exchange for their legal bills. Except for the fact they’d gained my boundless and never-ending love, respect, and interest. Additionally, they now owed me \$10,000 total for their violation of the contracts. I should have phoned them to demand the money, but I never did so.

13.3. I lost my home of 25 years, as I’d expected, at the end of 2013.

I had the apartment for one more month, but I moved out on Christmas Eve so as to begin the process of adaptation. I visited the apartment periodically in January to sort and dispose of my possessions.

I'd treasured one set of books, Ivan Kmeta's copy of The Universal Anthology, for decades. But the set was large and had to go. I look forward, in a legitimate and reasonable sense that is protected under U.S. laws, to explaining to the Kiralys and others what that was like.

13.4. I was literally homeless off and on for a while.

I spent most of 2014 with transients. These were drug addicts, winos, and the like. One of them beat me up. But he died shortly after that. Of natural causes, to be clear. So, whatever.

That year was fun in just one respect. I had a pet chicken for a while. I called her Clucky. I'll add a photo of Clucky here in future iterations of this document.

13.5. I spoke with people at Hoge Fenton and Santa Clara County Bar Association (SCCBA) a few times that I recall.

13.5.1. Maggie Desmond, a paralegal who probably did much of the work on the Pleadings, told me, ***"I don't know what I can say to you"***.

For those who'd like to suggest to Maggie, for legitimate and reasonable purposes that are protected under U.S. laws, things to say, her contact information and background information related to her behavior may be obtained through the use of the following parameters: DOB 1949-03-24. SSN 571-80-5479. For notes related to the legitimate and reasonable disclosure of the last piece of information, visit the links in Appendix C.

13.5.2. I think that it was Alison Buchanan, an ethics specialist at Hoge Fenton, who said, simply, ***"I'm not going to talk to you"***.

Hoge Fenton contributed to the SCCBA Standards. Depending on how long Alison has been with the firm, it's possible that she wrote some of the rules. Michael Bonetto broke pretty much every one of the rules at the SCCBA level. I think it's fair that I ask Alison to comment and to explain how it is that Michael has earned a ***"Rising Star"*** designation.

13.5.3. I spoke with Chris Burdick, head of the SCCBA. Since Hoge Fenton had violated essentially the majority of the SCCBA Standards, I wanted to ask Ms. Burdick what that meant; i.e., did the Standards even exist in a meaningful sense?

Chris Burdick agreed to speak with me. Then, apparently, she talked to Hoge Fenton. I'd like to find out whether or not the discussion constituted, in and of itself, some type of prosecutable crime.

Ms. Burdick told me by phone that she wouldn't discuss Hoge Fenton. When I noted that this was arguably a violation of the rules that governed her position, she said, ***"No, because we had prior..."*** Her voice trailed off right there because we hadn't had ***"prior"*** anything.

We'll certainly come back to Chris Burdick.

13.6. If you're young, you can come back from something like this. If you're in your 50s or 60s, and your profession is one that treats people over 40 as garbage, you can't.

My life was sacrificed on an altar half a century tall. An altar dedicated to protecting the right of a wealthy man to beat up a woman. Yeah, that's great.

To be clear, I've been out of the wheelchair since 2015, though I continue to experience mobility issues and physical pain.

14. Questions for Michael Bonetto.

14.1. This section lists some questions for Michael Bonetto, a "Rising Star" at the law firm of Hoge Fenton in San Jose, CA.

Technical note: A few years ago, Michael told me that he intended to ignore email from me. This leads to an interesting point. If he ignores electronic versions of the 2nd and 3rd questions below and then attempts to make an issue of the fact that I haven't ceased communications with him, won't that be abuse of process right there?

14.2. Michael Bonetto said two things to me a few years ago that I don't recall responding to. The current questions are related partly to those two things.

One point was that Michael used a phrase similar to ***"your claim that you weren't asked not to communicate"***.

Another point was, as part of that, a request that I cease communications. I don't recall if Michael made that request on behalf of himself or on behalf of his wife-beater client.

14.3. There are 6 questions for today:

My 1st question for Michael Bonetto, Rising Star at Hoge Fenton. is this: ***"Michael, isn't it true that you never claimed that I was asked not to communicate? Are you making that assertion now?"***

My 2nd question for Michael Bonetto is this: ***"Michael, regarding the request not to communicate, are you formally asserting that there is no legitimate and unfinished business related to you, me, and your clients?"***

My 3rd question for Michael Bonetto is this: ***"Michael, are you willing to put the preceding assertions in a formal written statement?"***

My 4th question for Michael Bonetto is this, ***"Michael, do you understand that your statement will be treated as a threat to commit abuse of process, that an annotated copy of your statement will go to the State Bar as well as to legislators, the police, such ethics committees as I'm able to identify, and to***

parties who you may be acquainted with and who may be willing and able to comment on your history, conduct, and pattern of behavior?”

BTW I don't acknowledge or agree that the deadline for filing the story of the gag-order cases with the State Bar has passed. The nature and purpose of the filing are simply going to be different than the usual thing.

If I was going to seek to have Michael disbarred, I'd have filed years ago. But that would have led to the State Bar shaking his hand and praising him as a Rising Star. I'd rather come up with something that people will find interesting and that might lead to changes.

My 5th question for Michael Bonetto is this: ***“Michael, is it true or false that you and John Perrott reached an agreement which was centered on a plan to defraud your clients, my abuser and my brother, and that I was asked to help you with the plan in question?”***

My 6th, and final question, for today for Michael Bonetto is this: ***“Michael, we all know that you'll never be formally disciplined. That embarrassment of a minor nature is the worst consequence which an attorney usually needs to face. But, in all seriousness, didn't you and Maggie commit a prosecutable crime that was more significant, in terms of its impact on society, than rape? As the kids say, I'm just sayin'.”***

Congratulations to Michael Bonetto, of course, on the Rising Star thing. It's a bright and shining reflection on Hoge Fenton's standards.

Appendix A. About this document.

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This document was prepared using LibreOffice 6.3 under Laclin, a Linux operating system of the author's own design.

As implied on page 1, this is a draft in a series. Higher-numbered drafts superseded lower-numbered drafts.

(continued on next page)

Appendix B. Family Tree.

```
Frank Kiraly
+-----+--- Bill Kiraly      +--- Robert Kiraly
Anna Varsa  |
            +--- James Kiraly  |
            +-----+--- Tom Kiraly
Ivan Kmeta  |                  +-----+--- Riane Kiraly
            +--- Grace Kmeta   |                  Karen Washmon |
Olga Kmeta  |                  +--- James Kiraly
            +--- Anatol Kmeta  |
            +--- Eddie Kmeta   |                  +--- James Kiraly
                                +--- Virginia Chang |
                                +--- Paul Kiraly
                                +--- Scott Kiraly
```

Appendix C. Web-page Links.

OldCoder's weblog: <https://haggishell.com/>

A Christmas video related to OldCoder: <https://haggishell.com/xmas>

Legitimate and Reasonable Purposes: <https://haggishell.com/infopurposes>



Appendix D. Family Relationships.

This part, Appendix D, is supplemental. It's reflective analysis of family members. If that isn't of interest, skip it.

I had three younger brothers, Scott, Ken, and Tom. Ken and Tom were affected by the violent atmosphere in our household. Scott was oblivious. This Appendix discusses these three brothers and my mother Grace.

D.1. Scott Kiraly: A gift to the heart, A friend to the spirit.

Scott Kiraly was the youngest of 4 surviving Kiraly brothers. He was retarded and dangerous. He liked to touch Ken because he knew that it freaked Ken out. Eventually Jim and Grace became concerned that Scott might harm Ken and had to send Scott away. But that's another story.

No, it's not uncouth or abusive to use the word "retarded". The word has a literal meaning and that meaning applied. Additionally, it's important to understand the pressure that Grace was under. She couldn't have handled life as a single mother, not with three sons and one potentially violent and requiring constant attention.



I tried to help Scott more than either of his other brothers did. Ken certainly wanted Scott dead. I don't know how strongly Tom felt. But Scott was a P-zombie. It was pointless. At any rate, I met my obligations to Scott. I'll speak as I see fit.

D.2. Ken Kiraly: There's No Other Love Like the Love for a Brother.

D.2.1. Ken Kiraly is a VP of Amazon and lead at Lab126 now. He was the most intelligent person in the family after me. Disclosed for legitimate and reasonable purposes protected under U.S. laws: DOB 1963-10-18. SSN 573-45-7687.

Ken and I didn't have problems communicating. We did a few things together such as power-up old electronic devices that would sometimes explode. I was a responsible youth, to be clear, but it was fun to try to make old electronic tubes and things work.

I also protected Ken from Jim because he was the one that Jim was most likely to injure. As explained previously, I once injured myself for his benefit.

When Ken grew up, though, he was strange. He developed signs of pointless rage. It wasn't genetic; i.e., inherited from Jim. But, though growing up with Jim twisted Ken, the rage didn't come from that. It was directed at me, the person in Ken's life who'd done the most for him. I don't see signs of general anger towards the world.

The subtleties behind the origin of Ken's sickness are interesting, but they're not the key point.

The key point is that Ken owes me more than he'd ever be able to repay and has, at the same time, been a monster, petty, cruel, and sadistic, for 40 years. I've left out some of the good stuff.

At some point, in a legitimate and reasonable sense that is protected under U.S. laws, Ken and I will need to discuss his behavior.

D.2.2. I let Ken live with me rent-free for 2 years and he'd curse at me every day. Even while we were shopping and I was buying him food. I remember that a Hispanic woman stared at us once as Ken shouted obscenities at me in a store. I've always assumed she figured that we were a gay couple having a marital fight.

D.2.3. If I gave our mother Grace a nice birthday or Christmas present, Ken Kiraly made it a point to mock the gift in front of Grace. This happened repeatedly for years.

Grace would make light of Ken's remarks. To so, of course, deprecated the importance of the gifts, which was Ken's goal.

This was pretty much the most petty thing that I observed anywhere in a lifetime.

It's difficult to understand what Ken was thinking. But, really, he looked for ways both great and small to do harm.



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D.2.4. One incident was less humorous than trying to imagine what strangers made of Ken cursing at me in public. In the 1990s, Ken's rage expanded to the murderous level.

Ken came to visit me once at IPT, the company where I worked and where I'd gotten him his first computing job. We were supposed to go out to lunch or a meeting. Ken was going to drive.

I was too slow, from Ken's perspective, about getting into the car. He slammed his foot down on the gas pedal and sped off, dragging me with the car as I tried to hold on to the open passenger door.

That isn't usual, is it? I mean, how does one put a yardstick on events like this?

D.2.5. Ken got married in the 1990s to Virginia Chang. Virginia, under her full name Virginia Chang Kiraly, is now a minor but controversial politician in Menlo Park, CA. I once talked to the police detective who investigated her in connection with the theft of a political rival's cellphone.

There was a bachelor party before the wedding. I was invited and attended. Ken Kiraly looked through me at the wall. He didn't acknowledge my presence and spoke as though I wasn't there. The moment when Ken literally focused his eyes on the wall behind me was one of the strangest experiences of my life.

Grace insisted that Ken wanted me to attend his wedding. Neither she nor he offered an explanation for my relegation to the rank of a ghostly spirit at the bachelor party, so I told her that she was talking nonsense and left it at that.

D.2.6. A few years later, I phoned Ken and said that I wanted to drop off a gift with him. It might have been a gift for him to deliver to Grace; I don't recall that part. Ken said, ***"Leave it with the security guard at my office"***.

I was always slow to "take a hint". However, the fact that Ken Kiraly wasn't made of the milk of gentle human kindness penetrated at about this time. I stopped trying to communicate with him after his second child was born and I didn't receive a birth announcement.

D.3. Tom Kiraly: Who needs superheroes when you have a brother?

D.3.1. Tom Kiraly has been VP of Humana, Concentra, and Hanger Inc. He's CFO of Hanger Inc. presently. But he's not especially bright. His intelligence is on par with that of a dog biscuit. And he's certainly no prize as a person.

Disclosed for legitimate and reasonable purposes protected under U.S. laws: DOB 1960-01-24. SSN 545-13-7011.

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D.3.2. Tom Kiraly was the brother who acted out. He was the cool-kid type, the one with a rock band and carefully-planned hairstyles. But he also did things like set fires, break windows, get drunk publicly, and threaten to kill people.

Tom wasn't subtle about the fact that he wanted me dead. At about college age, he told me *"I'm going to shoot you in the face, watch the blood run out, and laugh and laugh"*.

This was a random remark out of the blue. It was typical of the level of warmth that Tom offered.

Tom's rejoinder to the anecdote is that, at the age of about 7, I threw a rock at him and injured him; an act for which I was remorseful.



I don't see the two stories as entirely comparable. Especially since Tom has committed multiple felonies as recently as 2012 to 2013 that could still theoretically lead to prosecution.

Felonies, committed by Tom Kiraly, CFO of Hanger, Inc., that are related to violent spousal abuse, violent child abuse, and sexual misconduct with children.

I intend to do what's possible to transform the theoretical into the actual. It's good to have goals, after all.

D.3.3. Shortly after the colorful business about shooting my brains out and laughing, Tom changed. This part is interesting. It was Grace who noticed it.

"A dark mask came down." That's how Tom's mother put it. Her son wasn't real any longer. The colorful, violent, person was gone. To escape the past, she believed, he'd submerged himself into a constructed persona. One which was, actually, pretty dull.

Grace might be right. That sort of thing does happen. I've known people who constructed personas and moved into them. And Tom did seem more artificial after the 1970s.

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D.3.4. One incident involving Tom Kiraly, VP of Hanger, Inc., that sticks with me had to do, as many things in my life did, with perceptions and taking away parts of my life that I'd earned.

We attended the same High School at least for a while. We were both apparently involved with Stage Crew. That part is lost.

I worked hard, as I usually did, on a production and went to attend the party when it was over and everything was wrapped up.

Tom arranged for me to be locked out of the small honor that I'd earned. Literally locked out. There was much laughter.

Hatred of the different. Actions ranging from mockery to violence against, and sexual abuse of, women and children to threats of murder and completion of the threats. This is what normals do.



D.4. Grace Kiraly: A Mother's Arms are Made of Tenderness.

D.4.1. As I've tried to explain, Grace Kiraly was no passive battered woman. My mother was burdened and stressed, but strong-willed and assertive as well. This doesn't mean, of course, that she was necessarily a nice person.

D.4.2. Grace Kiraly resented me because I distracted her from more important things, but, to her credit, she didn't take her frustrations with other family members out on me.

That could have happened. Instead, she found a use for me. I served as her emotional dumping ground.

For a decade, I listened politely to rants about Jim. Then, for another decade, there were calls about my non-functional youngest brother, Scott.

For a few years, there were complaints about how strange my brother Tom had become and, especially, how badly Tom's wife Karen was doing at raising Grace's grandchildren.

Grace felt frustration related to Tom's children because she wasn't allowed to offer any criticism to Karen. *"If you do that,"* Jim said, *"they won't come to visit any longer."* So, Grace settled for venting to me.



D.4.3. Grace did everything that she could for my brothers, regardless of her complaints. Me, I was perceived as a bathroom sponge.

Yes, the woman gave birth to me. No, I haven't forgotten that. But I don't recall ever being hugged by this woman or spoken to kindly. Not as a child. There isn't a single recollection of a kind word. I'm not saying that it never happened but, in general, Grace was as cold as ice.

D.4.4. During the period where I was being hurt at school, Grace told a relative that she was too busy to look at anything to do with me because she had Jim and Scott to take care of.

“The boy is getting good grades,” she said, “so everything must be all right.”

So, I wasn't important to this person. But I did all that was asked of me. And, in a lifetime, I didn't ask for much in return.

D.4.5. I asked Grace, once, to sew an article of clothing that Scott had torn up as that was how Scott behaved. She took it as a criticism of Scott and was enraged. ***“Here,”*** she said, throwing the clothing at me. ***“Now you can love it.”***

Grace was burdened by Scott, but was also highly protective of him. She'd lash out if anything was said that even implied there was a need for a change in his behavior.

That was a consistent pattern, but it's not the pattern I'm thinking of here. Looking back, the heart of my own relationship with Grace was that I was there to be the wastebasket. I was supposed to do what I was asked, but wasn't supposed to ask for anything myself, no matter how trivial the favor. That was for my brothers.

D.4.6. Grace had no truck with sentiment.

To be clear, that's fine. Some people are sentimental and others are not. I myself lean more to the sentimental side.

Grace gave everything she possessed that might be a keepsake away to others. When I noted that she'd skipped me, she said:

“Well, you haven't produced any children. You're the end of the line. Things need to go to the people who can pass things on.”

I suppose that that's a reasonable statement. I could have left things to others in the family in my Will, though.

Grace didn't think about the feelings of anybody in the family other than her retarded son Scott. No, there is nothing inappropriate about the use of the word “retarded”. Nor abusive. I've been through enough that I'm going to call a spade a spade.

Being a practical woman, Grace simply settled on policies for dealing with people instead of thinking about them. The policies were based on the importance of the people.

Grace was outwardly deferential to Jim but manipulated him so as to keep his rage under control. The result was a marital relationship that she considered sometimes acceptable, sometimes not. During the latter periods, she'd call me to complaint.

Scott, she spent decades of pointless effort on. In short, between Jim and Scott, Grace threw away her life. It was her decision, but, such a waste.

My brothers Tom and Ken, Grace saw as important because they'd produced grandchildren. She did whatever she could to be of use to them even as she talked negatively about them behind the scenes. Me, I was a piece of furniture.

D.4.7. I asked my mother to hold on to some of her own father's books for me – books that Ivan had written – for safe-keeping. She immediately threw the books out or gave them away.

When this happened, I was speechless. But I'd been clueless. I knew Grace and should have seen it coming.

D.4.8. In 2010, Grace told me that she'd had cancer, so she couldn't talk to me ***“any old time”***. Those were the exact words.

I wasn't seeking extended interaction with her. This was her response to a minor inquiry. I learned subsequently that she was actually busy with planning to go on a cruise.

No, it wasn't some sort of special Cancer Cruise. It was just a cruise. Grace had lied to me about the severity of her condition. It didn't concern her that I'd be distressed at the implication that she might be about to die of cancer.

Honestly, the woman was a b*tch. A remarkable woman, to be clear. A force to be reckoned with. However, a b*tch regardless. She was J.R. Ewing with breasts.

D.4.9. When I talked to Grace about violence in the past, either at home or at school, I noticed something odd.

There was an incident, for example, where another boy had placed my hand in a metal door, slammed the door shut on my hand, and laughed and laughed. I asked Grace to provide some details related to the incident.

“That never happened,” Grace said.

“It certainly did,” I responded. ***“I was in a cast for weeks.”***

“It wasn't really a cast,” Grace said.

If I probed the subject of violence by Jim, that didn't go well, either. On one occasion, when I did so, Grace literally shouted, **"My husband is not a brute!"**

So, a pointless and vague value statement as opposed to the ability to face facts and try for closure. Shouted, at that. I don't know what I expected.

Whatever I talked about, it was like that. Grace would deny that something had happened or she'd say that it wasn't important. The story would shift.

Then it hit me. Grace thought that, if something bad had happened to me, it would make her look like a bad mother. This was all that mattered. So, the facts had to shift to be whatever would make her look like a good mother.

I'm told that this is called narcissistic personality disorder. Whatever it was, I can't say that it was helpful.

D.4.10. Prior to 2011, I rarely tried to discuss feelings with Grace. Only one occasion comes to mind at the moment. I tried to articulate to Grace how I felt about things. Speaking at the right speed and the right depth was difficult for me. But I worked at it. I thought I'd done a decent job. But Grace's response was:

"Bleh bleh bleh".

This is an exact quote. I'd worked for hours on what to say, but I was just **"bleh bleh bleh"**. You know, it isn't cathartic to talk about this. It's draining. But the story needs to be out there. What happened in the end was wrong.

I'm not going to pray for the repose of Grace's soul. My prayers will be, I think, that her soul should be put to its proper use. Psalm 69 strikes me as an appropriate prayer to make in parallel.

D.4.11. In 2011, I asked Grace to help me to persuade the others to offer me, somebody who'd done nothing but work hard for a lifetime, connections related to obtaining work. This, while I was in a wheelchair.

Grace told me to shove off.

I never really added all of this up until now. There are take-aways that children should be taught. That might work as a book of its own. **"What You Should Do."** It would start with the point that "family" is just a word.

A "mother" may be a shambling thing less significant than a large spider. A title, by itself, means nothing. Honors belong to those who earn them.

Appendix E. The New Song for Twisted Time.

The dialogue in the piece below is real. Metacognician is one of the leads at Gentoo Linux, Mr. Meow was a 13-year-old student when this was written, and Phenek is a 30-something software developer in Finland. The part about the candle flame is a true story.

01: I just want to make humans
the type who are real and can feel
the real deal with appeal
those who wish to heal
the real deal who are able to feel and to heal;
happy

Those among the trolls
Who believe that they have souls
They slash and burn and dare
to pretend that they somehow care

They're not part of the polls
But they'll fulfill their roles
In the end those without souls
will pay predestined tolls

But let them pray	Do you object to my rhyme
Just for today	If so, I'll not be your mime
For Twisted Time	This is my dime
	And I'll spend it on
	Twisted Time

02: He lives in the moments of a candle
He looked at a candle
And realized that as he was not breathing
Due to what had happened
When the candle went out
So would he

04: mrmeow: i hope he will be okay
mrmeow: he is a nice guy from what I have seen
mrmeow: he runs a charity?
OldCoder: Yes
mrmeow: good

06: Stepped out of Time
Out of 40 years
He cannot walk
He cannot move



03: Ever since that day
He has wondered
If I understand what he has said
If he is still living
In those moments
of the candle

05: OldCoder: View the top photo
Phenek: alright. is it him?
OldCoder: Yes

07: Sometimes he cannot talk
I do not understand Time
But it is him

08: Phenek: aha
Phenek: so he has had his unfortunate events too
Phenek: it is sad
OldCoder: He and I

09: We know
Less than you about some things
More than you about others
We have touched Time

10: Metacognician: we're all time travelers;
one day at a time

11: Flicker in and out
Wondering if we are the person watching the
shadows
Or the shadows themselves

OldCoder: Yes, I did not contradict that
But we have ceased to exist
We are ghosts
We live in the candle flame

12: Read the fragment again
That is how he lives
He looked into the candle
And gazes there still

13: Metacognician: I guess we're not allowed to
become a Phoenix
OldCoder: Heh. You have noticed the name of his
venture.

14: He defies that rule
Will rise if only in Spirit
Though throughout it all
Will wonder
If he is still there
In the moments of the flame

Those who suffer	The others are the illusion
Those who persist	The shadows
These are the ones	The pretend;
The ones who exist	

The pretend society
It does not exist
It will not persist
Past the moments of the flame



**15: Ron, God exists or not,
For the trolls Hell burns hot, God Bless you
You'll never die
We'll talk by and by
And to me you'll always be
Twisted Time**

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