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Prison

The Trial

Jerrod Saxton's lawyer was known for his taking of truly indefensible cases. Gerald Barbary, Esquire stood a towering six foot four inches, with a shock of pure white hair, and the bluest of blue eyes, the sixty-eight year old attorney sat in the courtroom with his co-counsels discussing the opening of the trial. He'd tried to get a change of venue claiming Jerrod Saxton would never get a fair trial in Westland County due to the local and national coverage his case had received. Sitting in the back of the small courtroom were reporters from the three major networks, the major wire services, the cable all news networks, and Court TV. Barbary had taken the time to nurture the media only to have the Judge presiding over the case slap a gag order on him and the District Attorney.

The Saxton family sat in the first row of spectator's section right behind the defense table. The Bonds only representatives at the trial were the District Attorney and the State Troopers, local Pillar Ville policemen, and the District Attorney's detectives that would testify for the Prosecution against Jerrod. Mr. and Mrs. Saxton liquidated all of their assets and took a second mortgage on their modest house to get enough money to cover the initial payment of Gerald Barbary's fee. Although he took cases that were unpardonable, Barbary still commanded huge sums of money to either work his magic for an acquittal or continuing to argue his client's innocence through the appeals process in the state and federal appellate courts. Mr. Saxton couldn't believe his son was so sexually violent. Upon receiving the call from the local police chief telling him his son was in custody and reason, Mr. Saxton retched in the master bathroom toilet. As he was vomiting he could not control his bodily functions and ended up pissing on the floor. Mrs. Saxton did not get out of bed, but lay there crying knowing intuitively that her son's life had just come to an end. Jerrod's sister knew nothing until the next morning. He parents felt there was no need to wake her with the horrible news of her brother's crime and subsequent arrest. Luckily for the family, news of the crime did not immediately filter out to the media, so no television news trucks were parked in front of their modest house until late the next afternoon.

The specially convened Westland Grand Jury didn't take long to vote and return an indictment against Jerrod Saxton. The indictment consisted of five counts of first degree murder, three counts of rape in the first degree, four counts of abuse of a corpse, and multiple counts of deviant sexual intercourse. The District Attorney moved that Jerrod be tried as an adult so she could file a death penalty case against him. Based upon the hideous crime scene and the subsequent gruesome photos of the deceased and the interior of the house, the District Attorney was not going to let this son-of-a-bitch walk out a free man from the juvenile prison system at the age of twenty-one. At the least, she'd accept life without the possibility of parole, but the death penalty was the proper punishment for the depravity of the crimes committed.

Suzanne Moreland was elected to the District Attorney's Office after serving eight years as an Assistant District Attorney in Westland County upon her graduation from Dickenson Law School. Her specialty during her tenure as an Assistant DA did not prepare her for her first death penalty case. She was used to negotiating with local

attorneys about speeding and driving under the influence citations. She'd occasionally sit as second chair at the infrequent major criminal case that would be adjudicated in Westland County. When she received the call advising her of the quintuple murder and the special circumstances she decided on the spot that she would prosecute the case and all forensic information would be kept locked not in a draw, but a safe located in the wall behind her desk. Arriving at the scene some thirty-five minutes after the first officer had arrived, she was counseled not to enter the Bonds' home. Suzanne did not listen and when she entered the house and saw the pooled blood and the bodies of the three children and Mrs. Bonds she retched all over herself. Being a single mom of two children the age of the two youngest Bonds' children solidified her no nonsense approach to the case. She drove home in a daze and had a very difficult time falling asleep that night.

Judge Roy Bean, no relation to the other judge by the same name, was elected to the bench twenty-five years ago after practicing law in the county since his graduation from Harvard Law. He started in civil court and six years after being elected to the bench he was moved to the criminal courts. The Judge was known as a strict constructionist. His interpretation of the law was based upon his idea that man enacted civil and criminal laws to protect society from the dregs that forced the United States to have one of the largest prisoner populations in the world. He made no bones about how he felt in certain cases and had been overturned on appeal only once in his judicial career. Attorneys knew where he stood and for better or worse didn't try any courtroom shenanigans for fear of being cited by Judge Bean with contempt of court. Upon reading the indictment, Judge Bean issued two orders. The first was a gag order requiring both the prosecution and defense to keep their mouths shut about the case. The second required a psychological screening of the accused by a doctor chosen from each side of the case. In this way, Judge Bean circumnavigated any call by Barbary for a Not Guilty by Reason of Mental Impairment or Defect Defense. It also gave him the opportunity to review the reports that would be submitted to the court as to the mental and emotional state of Jerrod Saxton prior to beginning of the trial.

Judge Bean made sure that the case would not become another trial of the century a la Ted Bundy or Albert Fish. He would only allow one pool reporter from each of the major types of reporting and media services. Only one courtroom artist would be allowed in the courtroom on any given day with the selection of the artist left to a lottery system. No cameras would be allowed whether they were still, motion, or digital. Access to the courtroom would be by a first come first serve basis; therefore the line of spectators always started forming in the early hours of the morning. The only modification the Judge made to the daily routine of the courthouse was to request of the President Judge a move to the largest courtroom in the Westland County Courthouse. This allowed the number of spectators to increase from fifteen to thirty. Based upon the celebrity of the case, Judge Bean knew he could have held the trial in Beaver Stadium at Penn State University and it would be filled to overflowing every day.

Jerrod Saxton was denied bail by the Court of Common Pleas Judge. He was housed in the Westland County Jail which by any prison standard was not really a hard-time facility. He was kept under a constant watch by the guards and due to his age was kept from the general population of low level white and blue collar criminals. He was transported from the prison to the courthouse in an armored vehicle to make sure he lived to finish the trial. More than one thousand threats against his life were received via telephone, mail, and e-mail. Judge Bean took it seriously enough, but made sure that Jerrod Saxton had his day in court. Jerrod arrived wearing a navy blue suit, white shirt, grey paisley tie, black shoes, and the restraining chains that kept him from doing anything stupid. His long blond hair was shorn into a typical Marine recruit buzz cut. For the first time in years, his parents and sister could see his ears.

"All rise!!!" shouted the bailiff.

Judge Bean, resplendent in his black judicial robe, entered and climbed the four steps up to his seat behind the bench. He surveyed the courtroom and noticed that Jerrod was still in chains. This would not do as the defense had opportunity to appeal due to the status of the defendant in the courtroom prior to the trial beginning. Luckily enough the jury had not been seated yet. Judge Bean slid his leather chair back and sat down.

"Be seated," he stated. While the attorneys, the defendant, and the courtroom spectators returned to their seats he eyed his bench to notice that his clerk had taken the time to place several legal pads and pens there. The clerk assumed correctly that the judge would be taking voluminous notes as the trial progressed. "Will the defendant please rise."

Jerrod Saxton looked at his attorney and saw him respond by nodding his head. They both stood behind the defense table looking like the cartoon characters Mutt and Jeff because of their size difference and awaited the Judge's pronouncement.

"Mr. Barbary, please advise your client that I will not tolerate any verbal outbursts or any form of physical disruption of these proceedings. I specifically ordered the bailiffs to leave him encumbered prior to the jury being seated. He is to understand the first outburst will result in his being restrained in his seat in the courtroom and the second will result in his removal from the courtroom where he can remain restrained and watch these proceedings on a closed circuit television in his holding cell. Is that understood, Mr. Barbary?"

"Yes, your honor. I assure you that my client has no designs on disrupting these proceedings. He is contrite defendant, Your Honor."

"Don't plead your case now, Mr. Barbary. You'll have a place and time for that. I do not take lightly anyone; albeit attorney, defendant, spectator, or court personnel, disrupting the activities of this court. Bailiffs please remove the restraints on the defendant. Then please seat the jury and let's begin these proceedings. When you are ready Madam Prosecutor you may start with your opening statement."

Suzanne Moreland took a last look at the notes she made for her opening statement, took a deep breath, stood, and walked to a position a few feet from the center of the jury box. She looked individually at the twelve pairs of eyes trying to ascertain if she had made the right decisions during voir dire portion of the trial. Inside, Suzanne Moreland was a bundle of nerves, but outside to the rest of the world she was as calm as the eye of a hurricane. She waited a few moments longer knowing that Judge Bean would soon be asking why she hadn't begun her opening. She again took a breath, exhaled, and spoke for the first time as the lead prosecutor in a first degree murder capital case.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I stand before you as a prosecutor and a single mother. The young man sitting across this courtroom from you is charged with premeditated capital murder. Five counts of first degree murder, three counts of first degree rape, and four counts of first degree abuse of a corpse. Jerrod Saxton with malice aforethought committed in five hours the state's most brutal and horrific murders - a husband, a wife, and three innocent children. He showed no mercy and in fact reveled in their demise. He satisfied himself sexually when he committed these heinous acts. Not once, but multiple times. I will prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Jerrod Saxton knew exactly what he was doing when he realized that he would be alone with the oldest daughter as she became the first victim of his insane lust for sexual satisfaction. Jerrod Saxton is and always has been a predator. Jerrod Saxton was a loner that would not socially interact with members of his own peer group. It took a date with a girl four years younger than him for him to begin to try to socially interact with another human being other than those in his immediate family. I will prove that Jerrod Saxton had motive and opportunity and desire to commit the atrocities he did upon the Bonds' family. The Bonds' family consisted of a hard working farming father, a stay-at-home mother, and three innocent children. The family was devoted church going Christians. Julia aged twelve, Rachel aged nine, and Jonathan aged five all lost their lives at the hands of Jerrod Saxton. This monster took the life of an innocent five year old because he wanted to feel the thrill of the kill. I will put forth the facts of this case exactly as we know they happened and you the jury will render a verdict consummate with the gravity of the crime. Thank you."

Suzanne Moreland turned, strode purposely to the prosecution table, and took her seat. It was only then she felt the nervous energy coursing through her body begin to diminish and her muscles begin to relax. She did not look at the jury, but focused on the legal pad in front of her. She waited for her legal adversary to open his side of the case. Gerald Barbary looked from the defense table to where she sat and smiled trying to reduce the amount of tension in the courtroom. He rose to his six foot four inch height, looked down at Jerrod, nodded, and turned to the jury. He spoke at first from behind the defense table.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I represent a young man that before today has not had a single run in with the legal system. He's never been arrested for anything. Yes, he's a loner, but being a loner does not make one a monster." Gerald Barbary moved from behind the defense table and walked over to the railing that separated the jury box from the courtroom. He continued, "Jerrod Saxton comes from a good family. His father is a hard working warehouse manager, his mother is an emergency room nurse at the local hospital, and his younger sister is the same age as one of the poor victims of this horrible crime. I am going to rebut all of the prosecution's facts proving to you that Jerrod Saxton did not premeditate the murder of the Bonds' family. Jerrod Saxton was a victim of circumstance

and because of the circumstance he should not be standing trial for first degree murder. It is the opinion of the defense counsel and certain psychologists that Jerrod Saxton is not responsible for his actions. It is what I intend to prove later in this trial. I ask you to listen with open minds and decide based on the facts not on the innuendo of the prosecution. Thank you."

Gerald Barbary smiled at the jury, his blue eyes piercing into certain selected jurors hoping to solidify his gut feeling that they were on the side of this young defendant. He turned, walked back to the defense table, nodded to the Saxton family, and sat down. Both the prosecutor and defense, felt they laid out the crux of the case for the jury and now only the presentation of their individual cases would prove or disprove each their feelings as to the guilt or innocence of Jerrod Saxton. Judge Bean waited a moment for the rustle in the courtroom to die down before he continued. "Madam Prosecutor, you may call your first witness."

The prosecution presented their case using what information they had culled from the only first-hand source of the crime. Suzanne's witness list consisted of State policemen, Pillar Ville policemen, the County Coroner, and the state appointed psychologist who interviewed Jerrod over the course of five days. The policemen recounted how they found the defendant sitting in a pool of blood in the small living room covered in his victims' blood masturbating while laughing and talking to the bodies that surrounded him. The State Policeman who was first on the scene described the horror that he walked in on. He explained how he tried to preserve the crime scene while attempting to get the defendant to cease his sexual activity and leave the house. The defense made no objections to the testimony given by police officers.

The testimony of the state psychologist was a different story. At every turn of the District Attorney's cross examination, the defense tried to have the testimony tossed out. The judge would not sustain any of their objections on the ground that when it was their turn to present their case, they could rebut the psychologist's testimony with their own expert witness. The state's psychologist explained that in her conversations with the defendant it became apparent that he'd been hiding all the clues that he was a psychosexual sociopath. The psychologist recounted Jerrod's telling her that he started hurting cats and dogs when he was seven years old. That he always hated his sister because of her popularity among not only her friends but his also. He admitted to stealing some of her worn underwear so he could smell them as he masturbated. What made him the craziest was hearing what other kids, especially the girls would say about him. He would go home and take out his anger at inanimate objects but graduated to maiming and killing animals to satiate his unbridled anger. When he turned twelve he had his first orgasm not through manipulating his penis but when he tortured killed his first dog after hearing one of his female classmates called him '*needle dick the bug fucker*'. He recounted to the psychologist that he could never understand why she would say something like that because no one had ever seen him naked. The psychologist was in the witness box for three days developing the psychological, emotional, and physiological causality of Jerrod Saxton's personality disorder.

The District Attorney closed her case with the cross examination of the County Coroner. The District Attorney requested that the courtroom be cleared due to the heinous nature of the crime scene photos. The Defense Attorney and the judge agreed to clear the courtroom which caused the fourth estate to cry foul. The judge relented and allowed one pool reporter to remain in the courtroom. The pictures caused two of the female jurors and one male juror to turn green and asked to be excused for a moment. Naturally, the defense objected and the judge overruled the objection. The coroner explained in detail what terminated the lives of the Bonds family. He said the two quickest to die was Mr. and Mrs. Bonds each having been shot in an area of the body that would cause an immediate cessation of life. He detailed the murder of Jonathan by explaining the injuries the child sustained when Jerrod pushed the fireplace poker into his body via his anal orifice. The coroner explained that the poker pierced the child's intestines and eventually punctured his heart. Rachel succumbed to the violent use of the carving knife Jerrod had used as a sexual toy in violation of her vagina and anus. Julia, he said simply died from exsanguination or what is commonly known as a total loss of blood, notwithstanding the multiple rapes and beating she received at the hands of the defendant.

The Defense Attorney opened his case by closing it. He decided that it would be better to not defend Jerrod, but use his closing summation to put forth his reasoning as to why his client should be housed in a mental institution and not on death row in a maximum security prison. The psychiatrist hired to interview Jerrod wrote a scathing report, but could not find any good reason to find him incompetent to stand trial or be institutionalized in a mental hospital. Knowing that he had a snowballs chance in hell to get Jerrod off, the Defense Attorney decided to play on the jury's sympathies during his closing remarks.

Gerald Barbary waited until he felt it was a good time to begin his closing remarks after the judge said he could commence with them. He looked around the courtroom to hide his trying to find the one juror he could look at as he began his closing statement. He was chagrined to find that the one juror he thought would be on the side of the defense did not appear to be so inclined. Knowing his client had nothing to base his innocence on, he made a decision to scrap his written remarks, and speak extemporaneously from his heart.

"Ladies and gentleman of the jury, I stand before you as the defender of the individual who committed what the District Attorney has called the 'worst crime in the history of the State of Pennsylvania.' I am not going to argue that point, but I am going to beseech you to think about the life of the young man that hangs on your decision. Jerrod Saxton hid from his parents and the world around him. He could not help himself when he saw his parents spending more time with his younger sister. Today his parents sit in this courtroom suffering for their lack of parenting skills when it came to raising their son. Jerrod Saxton suffered the emotional and psychological beating given to him by his parents by finding others to take his anger out on. It started with small animals and graduated to the hellish crime he committed against the Bonds family. Jerrod Saxton suffered the ultimate breakdown when Julia Bonds decided that all she wanted to do was kiss him. Jerrod Saxton took her decision to stop kissing him as the resulting ultimate rejection of him and did what he did to her family what he did to the animals that could not defend themselves against his inner rage. He deserves, no requires, long term psychiatric care - care that will hopefully someday free him of the demons that inhabit his personality. He needs you to return a verdict of not guilty by mental defect. Jerrod Saxton is a very sick young man and he needs your help to get him the psychiatric help he needs. He doesn't need to be subjected to the life of a felon residing in a maximum security prison or placed on death row to while away years alone in a six by nine cell waiting for the day the State of Pennsylvania ends his life. Jerrod Saxton needs long term psychiatric care and that ladies and gentlemen of the jury is what you need to return as your verdict. Thank you."

Suzanne Moreland spent the previous night writing and rewriting her closing remarks. Now, she stood prepared to send this monster of a boy to the hell he belonged. She had no second thoughts about seeking the death penalty. Her desire to see him put down like a rabid dog was tempered by the fact that if the jury did return a verdict of death, Jerrod would have at least twenty years to appeal his case. She turned to the jury, and begun her closing statement.

"Ladies and gentleman of the jury, I stand before you as the sole defender of the Bonds' family. A family bound together in death and they were in life. There is nothing more I can say about the hard working and loving Bonds' family other than it is your duty, no, obligation to return a verdict of guilty on all counts. A verdict based upon the sadistic and ultimately heinous methods the defendant used to take the lives of Julia, Rachel, and Jonathan Bonds. They did not deserve to be tortured and die the way they did. They deserved to live a long and fruitful life, but their lives were taken in a fit of psychotic sexual rage borne of a young girl's rejection of the defendant's advances. The defendant thought more about his perverted sexual desires than the lives of the children he was molesting, torturing, and sexually abusing. He readily admitted to exploding over Julia's decision to stop kissing him. Yes, you can say she was as much at fault, but not to the maddening level of Jerrod Saxton rage. Jerrod Saxton took the lives of five people while he reveled in his sick sexual satisfaction. I put to you, the jury; the crimes committed by this defendant are not defensible. They are inexcusable. They are without rhyme or reason. It is your duty to review the evidence and return a verdict of guilty on all counts. It is also your duty to return a punishment of death by lethal injection. The State of Pennsylvania, the County of Westland, the town of Pillar Ville, and most importantly the Bonds' family, demands you find so. Do not make a mockery of this trial by returning anything but a verdict of guilty on all counts. Thank you."

The charge from Judge Bean was complicated because of the number of charges brought against Jerrod Saxton. It took Judge Bean a good thirty-seven minutes to complete the charge before he ordered the jury to begin deliberations. Just as soon as the jury was out of the courtroom and the judge adjourned the day's activities, all the participants returned to their offices to await the decision of the jury. Jerrod was handcuffed and taken to the holding cell in the basement of the courthouse. No one was taking bets on how long the jury would be out. Each of the seventy-five counts had to be discussed and voted upon. Unless all the jurors were on the same page for all counts and agreeable on what penalty should be levied against the defendant, everyone felt the jury should be out for at least five days. They all lost. The jury returned from their deliberations in just under three hours.

The jury returned to the courtroom after all the participants had returned. The District Attorney felt the short period of time the jury was out bode well for her while the Defense Attorney felt he had an opening for an appeal if the

jury went against him. Judge Bean sitting calmly behind the bench nodded to the Bailiff signaling him to give him the Verdict Form.

"Has the jury reached a verdict?" spoke the Judge after reading the Verdict Form the Bailiff had just taken from him to return to the Jury Foreperson.

"Yes, your honor," replied the sixty-two year old Asian man that stood as he spoke the words.

"The accused will stand." The judge waited as the accused and his lawyer stood. He noticed the lawyer looked directly at the jury while the accused just stared at the wall in front of him. The judge continued, "How say you on the first count of the indictment – murder in the first degree?"

The Asian man did not return the defense lawyer's stare, but continued to look toward the judge sitting behind the mahogany bench that also acted as his desk. He replied somewhat haltingly, "Guilty, your honor."

"How say you on the second count of the indictment, rape in the first degree?"

"Guilty."

"How say you on the third count of the indictment, deviant sexual intercourse?"

"Guilty."

"How say you on the fourth count of the indictment, abuse of a corpse?"

"Guilty."

The accused did not flinch when he heard the first four counts come back as guilty. The lawyer looked at him for any expression of remorse or sadness and didn't see any. The judge continued reading the counts of the indictment and the jury foreman continued replying as he did for the first four counts. Jerrod Saxton heard without moving or making a sound the jury foreperson reply guilty to all seventy-five counts of the indictment against him. Five counts each for each of the five individuals he was accused of sexually abusing, three counts of rape, five counts of murder in the first degree, and four counts of abuse of their corpses. The members of the jury sat stoically as the indictment was read with only one thought passing through their collective minds. When will we be dismissed by the judge so we could return home to our families or our significant others?

Judge Bean satisfied that the jury had completed their deliberations as they were charged asked the final question of them, "How say you on the punishment?"

The Jury Foreman looked for a single moment at the young man standing at the defense table. He turned to the judge and replied, "We the jury found the defendant guilty, but could not unanimously bring forth a verdict for the death penalty. Therefore, we have voted for five life sentences in prison without the possibility of parole. Hopefully to run consecutively, Your Honor."

It took a total of thirty-three minutes to go through the entire indictment and when the last guilty was said by the jury foreperson, the defense lawyer spoke, "Your honor, considering the gravity of this verdict against my client, I request the jury be polled."

The judge stared back at the defense lawyer knowing that a capital case required that the defense team request a poll of the jury. "Mr. Barbary, would it be acceptable to you that the poll only be taken for the first degree murder counts and the jury respond as a unit to the remaining counts?" asked the judge.

Gerald Barbary, a wizened old defense attorney knew that if he asked for an individual polling of each juror for each count, the judge would not look favorably upon his request. So, knowing when to fold, he replied, "That is quite acceptable your honor."

The poll only confirmed the unanimous decision that was reached by the jurors. Jerrod Saxton was guilty on all counts. Satisfied that the verdict was a unanimous one, Gerald Barbary went through another legal formality when he requested the judge vacate all counts of the verdict on the grounds that the prosecution had not made their prima facie case. The court room, except for the Saxton family, groaned in unison as soon as the words came out of his mouth. The members of the jury glanced at each other and sat waiting for the judge's response. It didn't take but a nanosecond of time after the defense attorney made his request for the judge to respond in the negative.

Jerrod Saxton was convicted in a state that did have the death penalty, but never enforced it unless the criminal decided to forego his or her remaining appeals. Considering the jury did not vote for the death penalty the most the judge could sentence him to was life in prison without the possibility of parole. He finally turned to look at his mother, father, and younger sister. His father had his each of his arms around the shoulder of his wife and daughter as they leaned into him crying at the loss of their son and brother. He quickly turned to face his attorney and for the first time since the reading of the verdict, Jerrod Saxton had a look of fear in his eyes. Gerald Barbary put his hands on the youngster's shoulders, leaned in, and whispered, "It isn't over yet. I will be appealing the verdict on several grounds. I truly believe we can get this injustice overturned on appeal."

Jerrod looked into his lawyers eyes and realized that his life as he knew it had just come to an end. Jerrod Saxton had just turned eighteen today. He was sixteen when he committed and was indicted for the crimes for which he was just convicted. Today, on his eighteenth birthday he was to find out if he would ever see the outside of a prison for the rest of his natural life. He could feel the stress beginning to flow throughout his body. He began shaking where he stood and it took all of his control to keep from pissing his pants. His lawyer finally saw his client start to react to what had just happened. He pulled Jerrod close to him and held him up. The judge saw the two standing behind the defense table and knew he had to quickly pronounce sentence.

"Jerrod Saxton, do you have anything to say to this court before I pronounce sentence," intoned the judge.

Jerrod Saxton looked at his lawyer, his family, and back to his lawyer. None of them could give him what he really wanted and needed. He didn't really look at the judge when he quietly replied, "No, sir."

"Speak up, young man!!!" cried the judge.

Jerrod jumped when the judge yelled at him. He took a deep breath to calm himself and replied in a louder voice, "No, sir."

"Jerrod Saxton you have committed one of the most heinous crimes in the history of this state. I have been on the criminal bench for over thirty-five years and have seen it all, but you have broken the mold. I don't know what possessed you to take the lives of an entire family. A husband, a wife, and three young children all murdered. The mother, the girls, and the young boy were all raped by you and more than once. The sick act of necrophilia performed on all of them. I only wish I could sentence you to death, but this state doesn't allow the imposition of the death penalty by a judge without having first heard the jury render such a verdict, which you so deserve. I am bound by the laws of this state, but I do have some latitude and I am going to use my best judgment when I pronounce your sentence. I hereby sentence you to five consecutive terms of life in prison without the possibility of parole. I hope you never see the outside of the walls of any of the state institutions to which you may be sent. May your incarceration be long and hard! May God have mercy on your soul. I hereby remand you to the Department of Corrections for a term not to exceed five times your life expectancy. Bailiff, take the prisoner away."

Three bailiffs moved towards the defense table as Gerald Barbary began to beseech the judge, "Your honor!!! Your honor!!! May I ask the court to place Mr. Saxton in protective custody and on a suicide watch. His tender age is fodder for the inmates at any of the maximum security prisons to which he will be sent. I ask the indulgence of the court to allow Mr. Saxton some time to adjust to the life he is going to live."

The judge looked down upon the scene behind the defense table and knew that he had just sentenced a young man to a horrible existence in a maximum security prison. He decided to show a modicum of mercy. He spoke with authority, "I will amend the sentence to have the prisoner kept in protective custody for a period of two weeks. He will also during that time be under a suicide watch. Bailiff, do you job."

Gerald knew that Jerrod's time had come. He turned to the boy, smiled as best as he could, took his right hand in his, and said, "I'll be with you through the entire appeals process. Just mind your own business and you'll be ok. Don't fight what you can't control." Jerrod with tears now running down his face, nodded and allowed the bailiffs to place a chain around his waist and another around each ankle. His hands were handcuffed to the sides of his body. The ankle chains only allowed him to shuffle along as they did not allow for a normal stride. He turned one last time towards his family to see his mom covering her face not wanting to look at him. His dad gave a nod and just as quick stood to chaperone his wife and daughter out of the court room. Jerrod Saxton with a bailiff on each side of him and one behind him shuffled out of the court room to his new life as a convicted felon. A murderer. A rapist. A psychopath.