

# Melody Madson - May It Please the Court?

Can a 16-year old genius attorney learn to survive in the adult world of law and litigation?

Jodie Toohey





*Melody Madson's a bored, genius attorney, thrilled when assigned her first case. But, when her relationship with her BFF sours as a friendship at the firm develops, she starts to have feelings for her boss' son, and the key medical record in her case is lost, Melody feels her life is crumbling. Eventually, Melody finds the record but, before she can celebrate, she's caught. Will she be able to save the case - or herself?*

# **Melody Madson**

## **May It Please the Court?**

**Order the complete book from**

**[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/7509.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

**Your free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!**

**Melody Madson - May It Please  
the Court?**

**Jodie Toohy**



**ALSO BY JODIE TOOHEY**

**FICTION**

*Missing Emily: Croatian Life Letters*

**POETRY**

*Crush and Other Love Poems for Girls*  
*Other Side of Crazy*

Copyright © 2014 Jodie Toohey

ISBN 978-1-63263-292-0

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.  
2014

First Edition

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:**

Thank you to Connie Heckert, my daughter, and her friends from her Girl Scout troop for reading and making comment during the drafting and numerous revisions of this book.

Thank you also to Midwest Writing Center ([www.midwestwritingcenter.org](http://www.midwestwritingcenter.org)) for “fostering appreciation of the written word, educating and supporting its creators” – and me.





## Table of Contents

<b>Chapter One:</b> First Impressions.....	9
<b>Chapter Two:</b> Long Afternoon.....	17
<b>Chapter Three:</b> Celebration Dinner.....	23
<b>Chapter Four:</b> Acceleration.....	30
<b>Chapter Five:</b> TGIF.....	36
<b>Chapter Six:</b> A Break in the Clouds.....	50
<b>Chapter Seven:</b> A Real Case.....	58
<b>Chapter Eight:</b> The Fall Dance.....	66
<b>Chapter Nine:</b> New Friends.....	73
<b>Chapter Ten:</b> A Discovery.....	87
<b>Chapter Eleven:</b> A Secret.....	100
<b>Chapter Twelve:</b> In-Service Day.....	108
<b>Chapter Thirteen:</b> Battling.....	119
<b>Chapter Fourteen:</b> The Deposition.....	126
<b>Chapter Fifteen:</b> The Hunt.....	135
<b>Chapter Sixteen:</b> The Confession.....	147
<b>Chapter Seventeen:</b> Bar Association Carnival.....	153
<b>Chapter Eighteen:</b> Vanished.....	161
<b>Chapter Nineteen:</b> Lost and Alone.....	173
<b>Chapter Twenty:</b> Confession Number Two.....	181
<b>Chapter Twenty-One:</b> Discovery.....	189
<b>Chapter Twenty-Two:</b> Salvation.....	198
<b>Epilogue:</b> Justice.....	206



## Chapter One

### First Impressions

It was Melody's first day as a sixteen-year old attorney, and she felt like a world in which she was slightly familiar but did not know was about to open up and swallow her. She flung her bag full of old law school books and completed assignments over her shoulder. The shifting weight knocked her off balance and she fell into her car.

“Shoot!” She brushed her skirt with her hands. “I knew I should have washed the car.”

Her bag slipped from her shoulder and plundered to the parking garage's concrete floor. She tried to scratch her nose, which tickled from the smell of spilled gasoline on the garage's concrete. Forcing the bag back, she grabbed her lunch and slammed the door shut.

As she inspected her face in the side mirror, she muttered, “I'm a mess.” She swept her mahogany hair away from her eyes, picking fly-aways from behind her glasses. Sweat puddled on her nose.

She shuffled sideways to free herself from the narrow walkway between cars to keep her clothes from getting dirtier. A few steps ahead, the door to her new world loomed and she stopped in front of it, not sure if she could will herself to go through. As she reached her hand toward the handle, it clicked and she hopped back just in time to avoid getting bashed by its heavy steel.

“You going in?” A boy about Melody’s age, dressed in a suit, held the door open.

“No, not yet.”

The boy shrugged slightly and then let the door slide from his hand. Melody thought it was going to slam, but it slowed in an invisible air pillow before gently clicking shut.

“You can do this,” she told herself. “It’s not going to be easy but you can do it. Just face it head on with the humor and friendliness that’s served you well so far.”

Melody had been giving herself this pep talk every time she thought about working as an actual attorney in an actual law office ever since she’d learned she would be getting her license to practice law a month ago.

She stood there a few more minutes, waiting for her sweat to dry. Though it was early August, the perspiration was not caused by the heat. She dabbed her nose with a tissue from her bag, tugged her skirt to smooth it, took a deep breath, and opened the door.

“Here goes nothing,” she whispered and found her way to Frank Smith’s office at Lazlo, Marshdon and Brown. Frank Smith was the Administrator at the firm.

“So you made it!” Frank pulled Melody into his massive office. Windows lined the walls, allowing the sun to stream in from ceiling to floor. “Have a seat.”

Melody sat in a grey upholstered chair in the middle of the room. It scratched the backs of her knees. She feared she’d have to squint to see Frank behind his desk, but he sat in the chair

*Melody Madson - May It Please the Court?*

closest to hers. She felt sea-sick, not sure if it was due to the dark blue carpet or the stress of the moment. She closed her eyes and grasped the arms of the chair as if she was about to capsize.

Frank explained he was charged with getting her started at work by teaching her the computer system and filling out paperwork. He shuffled a thick stack of papers, barely allowing her enough time to sign them, let alone read them, before he whisked the clipboard away and slapped on another sheet. The life insurance forms had more blanks to fill than the others. Melody stared at those asking for her parents' social security numbers.

Before panic could fully engulf her, she asked, "Can I call my dad to get my parents' social security numbers?"

"You bet." Frank pulled his phone from his desk and plopped it in Melody's lap. When she got Maxwell on the phone, he asked, "How much is the premium for health insurance there?"

"It says here they deduct \$50 from each paycheck, and I get paid twice each month, but I'm just going to decline it since I'm covered under your insurance."

"Wow, that's not bad. Maybe I should check to see how much I'm paying."

"Dad! I'm only sixteen. I can't even sign for my own flu shot!"

"Okay, pumpkin, I'll cover you for now, but one of these days you're going to have to start fending for yourself." Melody heard her dad laugh through the line. "Was that all you needed?"

"Yes, Dad, thanks. I'll see you at home."

"I love you, sweetie."

*Jodie Toohey*

She glanced at Frank to see if he'd heard. "Yeah, you too, Dad." She rolled her eyes at the receiver and thought, *How embarrassing.*

After the paperwork was completed, Frank took Melody on a tour of L, M and B and introduced her to as many of the sixty attorneys, seventy-five administrative workers, and other staff he could locate.

At first, Melody repeated each name in her head as she met them. *Marcy, Julie, Mr. Hardge, Mary, Ms. Brown...* but after a handful of introductions, even Melody's superior brain couldn't keep up. Several of them said, "Aren't you a cutie?" smiling nervously as if thinking to themselves, *Did I say that out loud?* Melody was polite to everyone, smiling graciously, shaking hands, and expressing gratitude for being a part of the firm.

"Hi, Frank. I heard our new high school office assistants were starting today. What's your name, sweetie?" a woman with a grey pin-striped pantsuit asked, peering over her half-rimmed glasses, her high grey-blond bun wobbling as she smiled. "I'm Delores, Mr. Lazlo's administrative assistant."

Frank cleared his throat, "Delores, this is Melody. She is our new associate."

Delores chuckled. "Frank! He's always joking around." Delores spoke into her hand cupped around her mouth as if sharing a secret.

"No, Delores. Really," said Frank. "Tell her, Melody."

"Yes, Ma'am. My name is Melody Madson and today is my first day as an associate here."

*Melody Madson - May It Please the Court?*

"But you can't be more than seventeen years old!"

"Actually, I'm sixteen. I just graduated law school last May. Maybe you heard about it on the news?"

"No, I hadn't heard that. So you're one of those geniuses or something?"

"Yes, but we prefer 'prodigy' or 'age-challenged.'" Melody smiled, making her sea-blue eyes gaze through her purple wire-rimmed glasses perched on her freckled nose as friendly as possible. "That was a joke."

Delores' eyes squinted though her face looked blank. Melody tucked the right side of her hair behind her ear. Her hair was cut into a shoulder length bob and the sides were constantly irritating her neck. She smiled, fighting the urge to scratch.

"Oh, yes! Funny! Well, I'd better get back to my desk before Mr. Lazlo sends out the search party. Welcome, Melody!"

"Thank you, Delores. Nice to meet you."

Delores hurried away, her thick pantyhose-covered calves scratching as she walked. Melody thought she looked like a penguin waddling away as fast as she could in her narrow tube skirt and suppressed a laugh.

"Sorry about that, Melody." Frank said, his face seeming rosier. It reminded her of her dad the first time he had to buy her tampons.

Frank told the attorneys that after lunch, Melody's office would be open for business, and she would be ready to help them with anything they needed.

"Well, I'm sure I can come up with something. Let me think about it." Mr. Petersen strained his neck over the stacks of paper covering what Melody assumed was his desk. His name plate sat atop a two-foot high pile of manila folders with the papers between them sticking out in all directions.

"I have to finish this, then I'll need someone to run it over to the courthouse," said one of the middle-aged attorneys, waving some papers.

"My secretary is gone for the day, so I could use someone to type some dictation and make some copies for me," offered an attorney that reminded Melody of her Grandpa Andrew with his gruff voice and football-shaped head.

"Mr. Killjoy....," Frank said.

Melody choked back a laugh and thought she could not wait to call Jewel Johnson that night.

"Melody is our new associate, so she will need projects for which she can bill like all the other associates," said Frank.

"Yes, of course. I still need that dictation and some copies made. Why isn't one of those floating secretaries here to help me?" Mr. Killjoy bellowed.

Frank's voice rose, "Mimsy copied me on her e-mail last Tuesday saying she would not be in today and asked if you wanted her to reserve a floater. Did you reply?"

*Mimsy...floater...*Melody couldn't hold back any longer. She turned her back to Frank and Mr. Killjoy, pretending to admire the faded pictures of Mr. Killjoy's children displayed on the credenza along his office wall while she composed herself.



*Melody Madson - May It Please the Court?*

"I'll check into it, Mr. Killjoy, and see if someone is available to help you this afternoon."

"Whatever."

"Are you ready to press on, Melody?" said Frank.

"Yes. It was nice to meet..." Melody felt a giggle creeping in when she thought of saying Mr. Killjoy's name, so she ended her sentence with, "you." Mr. Killjoy barely glanced up from the document he held two inches in front of his face, swinging his glasses in his right hand. He raised the glasses slightly as they walked out the door. Melody wondered if that was a salute or Mr. Killjoy's way of saying, "Good riddance."

At noon, after weaving in and out of the maze of offices meeting everyone, Melody's face hurt from smiling and her stomach growled from hunger. Frank escorted her to her office.

"Here we are. Since you're a salaried attorney with no set daily hours but just billable hours to maintain, you can set your own lunch schedule, but most of the attorneys usually take an hour. There's a couple of places in the neighborhood where you can grab a burger or a sandwich if you didn't bring your lunch, or you can go home or do whatever you'd like."

"I brought my lunch, thank you."

"What did Mom pack for you? Tuna sandwich, P.B. & J? My kids could eat those every day." Frank chuckled, rubbing his slightly protruding stomach.

"No. I'm in charge of my own lunch. I brought a salad and an apple."

*Jodie Toohey*

"Okay...well...you enjoy and let me know if you need anything, okay?" Frank seemed to be in as much of a rush to get away as Melody was to have him go away.

"Yes, sir. I will. Thank you." Melody stood until she could no longer see Frank's sweater-vested back and then quietly sank into the leather office chair behind her desk. She closed her office door, pulled her salad and apple from the pink plastic lunch cooler she had received from Jewel as a graduation gift, and slowly ate.

She watched the cars on the streets and other downtown workers sharing happy conversations with each other on the sidewalk below. They all seemed to have purpose and to be comfortable with their lives. Melody was anything but comfortable. Everyone she had met that morning had made her feel like a joke. She wondered if she would ever be able to convince them to take her seriously.

## Chapter Two Long Afternoon

Melody glanced again at the clock in the lower right hand corner of her flat-screen computer monitor. *4:00; just one more hour to go*, she thought. She thought about sneaking a peek at her cell phone, which was turned off like it was supposed to be, when the ring of the telephone startled her. Her heart pounding, she picked up the receiver, "Melody speaking."

"I have a call from a Ms. Jewel Johnson for you. May I put her through?" said the firm receptionist.

"Yes. Thank you."

Jewel and Melody had gone to daycare together. A few days after Melody had moved into her house, she was exploring her new front yard and spotted Jewel playing dolls on her own front lawn a few houses down the block. Jewel and Melody became best friends the moment their eyes met across the barberry hedges separating the lots between them. Their friendship continued even after Jewel's family moved to a new subdivision on the other side of town. Since they were never in the same school, the fact they were no longer in the same school district didn't impact their friendship.

Melody heard the click from the receptionist hanging up her phone and immediately heard loud music. She held the telephone away from her ear, "Jewel?"

"Hey, Melody! How's your first day? Have you saved the world or got anybody off for murder yet?"

Jewel never seemed to notice Melody's brain, and they remained good friends even through law school graduation. Jewel always viewed Melody as a regular kid and then teenager; into boys, music, and movies just the way she was. Even during her most intense weeks of school and studying, Melody always carved out two or three hours every week to spend with Jewel. Some weeks, it was the only time she really had for herself and was the only time she felt like a normal kid.

"Ha! Ha! I have a couple of stories to tell you but nothing exciting. I've just been sitting her all day, waiting for someone to need me to do something."

"Boring! Guess who I heard might ask me to the fall dance?"

"Not Chad?"

"Exactly. I was at the pool talking to Lindsay who you know lives next door to Chad. She said she heard Chad talking to Marty about the dance. She heard Chad say he is thinking of asking me to go with him. Isn't that awesome?"

"Cool, Jewel. I should get back to working...or sitting here staring at my computer screen."

"Come on. You just said that you don't have anything to do. You can talk for a few minutes, can't you?"

"I guess." Melody leaned her elbow on her wood-grained plastic laminate desktop, resting her head in her palm. She listened to Jewel talking about her day lounging at the pool with friends from her high school. She responded with an occasional "Really," "Hmm," or laugh but that was okay because she liked to hear about Jewel's life. It helped to give her a sense of what she'd

*Melody Madson - May It Please the Court?*

missed by speeding through that period in a typical girl's life. Sometimes it made her grateful she had missed out.

"Just one more week until school starts. Junior year! I can't believe it! Then five weeks after that, the fall dance," said Jewel. "I sure hope Lindsay is right about Chad. What should I wear; do you think my..."

"Ahemm." Melody heard a knock. She jumped again and turned to see one of the attorneys she'd met earlier.

"I've got to go. I'll get back to you later."

"What?" Jewel took a moment to catch on. "Okay, call me to..." Melody hung up the phone.

"Hello, Mr..." Melody replayed her tour in her mind in super-speed, trying to remember the attorney's name.

"It's Robertson but you can call me Jared."

"I'm sorry, Mr... Jared." Melody could feel warmth rise in her face.

"Don't sweat it. It took me two weeks to find my way around here and two years to learn everyone's name." Mr. Robertson smiled. "How would you like to save the day?"

"What can I do for you?" Melody immediately liked Mr. Robertson and was glad to help him. *Finally, someone who actually needs me for a real job*, Melody thought.

"Actually, it's not that exciting and I'm sure not really what you thought you'd be doing, but it is important. I just drafted this motion that I need to get out today or I'm going to blow my expert deadline, and I need to finish a report letter to a client before I leave to pick my son up from soccer practice. So I was

wondering, will you file the motion for me?" Mr. Robertson tilted his head and winced, "I'm not offending you, am I?"

"No, that's fine. I can do it for you. I'll just take it to the courthouse," Melody pointed at the wall in front of her.

"Yes, just take it to the clerk's office, the civil department on the second floor, and ask them to file it, but you might want to go that way." Mr. Robertson pointed at the wall behind Melody.

"Right. I'm all turned around in here."

"That's okay. Take these and hurry; the courthouse closes in twenty minutes. When you get back, bring the file-stamped copy to Judy so she can send it out."

Melody took the papers from Mr. Robertson. She rode the elevator to the first floor and ran the three blocks to the courthouse. The last thing she wanted to do was mess up her first assignment, and she'd heard the horror stories about angry court clerks at the end of a long day.

As Melody rushed back from the courthouse, file-stamped copy wilting in her sweaty hand, she remembered she had no idea where to find Mr. Robertson's office and couldn't remember Judy. *Is she the brunette with the curls piled on top of her head like a bird's nest?* Melody thought. *Or was it the blonde with all the cleavage?*

As the elevator opened on the 4th floor, Melody ran toward the receptionist's desk, tripping on a rug. "I need...to....give...this..." Melody took a deep breath, "to Jared Robertson," she finished.

*Melody Madson - May It Please the Court?*

The receptionist looked at the ceiling without moving her head. "Okay."

"Can you tell me where his office is? I can't rem..."

"I'm going to have to put you on hold, Hon." The receptionist sighed, placing her telephone receiver onto the brown leather desk pad in front of her.

"What do you need?" the receptionist asked, annoyed.

"I'm sorry. Mr. Robertson asked me to file this motion that needs to go out today and bring it back to Judy so I ran all the way and back, but I don't remember where Judy's desk was."

"Okay. Calm down. Jared's office is just down the hall behind me and then to the left; the middle office at the end of the hall, next door to Mr. Killjoy." *Football head.* Now Melody remembered.

"Judy's desk is the one right outside his office to the right of the door."

Melody walked away, throwing a quick "Thank you" over her shoulder, turning back just in time to avoid colliding with two employees on their cell phones surely heading home for the day. "Excuse me," Melody said, hoping one of the ladies was not Judy.

Melody sighed with relief when she turned the corner and saw Judy, head tilted back like she was getting her hair washed at the salon, peering through the lower half of the glasses on the end of her nose at her computer screen.

"Excuse me, Judy. I have this motion Jared asked me to file. He said to give it to you?"

“Wonderful. Nothing like waiting until the last minute! Typical in this business. What was your name again?”

“Melody.”

“Thanks for doing this, Melody. You’re a lifesaver! Have a good night, dear.”

Judy rushed past Melody and into Jared’s office, pen in hand. Melody peeked in and saw her shove a letter between Jared’s hand and his desk. He signed without glancing up. Judy rolled her eyes. As Melody walked away, she heard Jared call out, “Thanks Judy!”

Judy laughed and called back, “Yeah, yeah.”

Melody retrieved her bag and lunch cooler from her office before leaving her first day as an attorney behind, feeling disappointed. She didn’t feel like she’d saved the day at all. She wondered if all those years of studying had been wasted. *I just did the same thing any sixteen-year-old could do*, she thought. As she walked to her car, she wondered whether she’d actually come out ahead at all by being a law school graduate, but she was too tired to consider it too deeply. All she wanted to do was go home, take a bath, and go to bed.



### **Chapter Three**

### **Celebration Dinner**

As she pulled into her parking spot on the street curb in front of her house, Melody marveled at how tired she was after a day of essentially doing nothing. The heat of the early August afternoon swallowed the cool of her car's air conditioning when she opened the door. The blast made her feel even more like crawling into her sheets for a nap, plans that were thwarted when she opened the front door.

“Surprise!” Melody jumped and hit the door jamb. Her bag slipped from her shoulder, bounced off her knee, and hit the floor with a thunk. A banner with “Congratulations” written in large red letters hung across the opening in the wall between the living room and dining room.

“We’re having a party!” Melody’s little brother, Marky, jumped down the stairs to the landing at the front door between the basement and living area. He flung himself at Melody’s legs, nearly knocking her back out the front door.

“I see. What’s the occasion?”

“We’re just so proud of you, honey,” said Melody’s mother, Meredith. “We thought it would be nice to celebrate your first day in the real world and Mark thought a surprise party was a good idea. So we bought a cake, some decorations, ordered pizza, and called a few people.”

The living room up the stairs was full of Melody’s favorite people: her dad; Jewel; Jewel’s brother, Jordan; her Grandma and

Grandpa Madson; her Grandma Grace, her mom's mother; and Justice, her cocker spaniel, so named when Melody received him on her eighth birthday just after she'd decided to go to law school. Justice jumped at Melody. She locked her knees to brace herself against his insistent tongue, trying to push him away.

"Are you surprised?" said Marky.

"Wow. Yes, I am very surprised. Thank you." Melody did her best to sound appreciative for Marky. Marky was born when Melody was ten years old. Because of their age difference, they didn't argue as much as most siblings closer in age, but when Marky filled the role of annoying little brother, his performance was worthy of award recognition.

Marky was two weeks old on Melody's high school graduation day. Melody's only other classmate with a sibling as young as Marky was Suzie Sexton, homecoming queen, prom queen, and star student whose parents "surprised" her with a little sister during her last year of high school. Suzie was the poster mean girl, sweet to Melody's face but admiring the sun glimmering off the blade of the knife with which she posed to stab Melody in the back.

It was always difficult for Melody to make friends at school. During her senior year, Suzie did everything she could to ensure Melody would not have any friends. Prior to that year, Suzie didn't know Melody existed, though Melody knew who Suzie was. Everyone knew Suzie; easily the top performer in her class and the only one in her class earning straight As until Melody came along.

*Melody Madson - May It Please the Court?*

At the end of first semester, when Melody found out Suzie started the rumor Melody had cheated on her calculus math class final exam, Melody figured Suzie must have realized she might have competition for the number one academic position of valedictorian after all. Melody didn't care about being popular or being homecoming or prom queen, but valedictorian was another matter. After all of her years of work and nonexistent social calendar, she wanted the chance for fifteen minutes to tell the world what *she* wanted them to hear for a change. By the end of the school year, Suzie had succeeded in alienating all of Melody's classmates from her, but Suzie's popularity didn't count in choosing valedictorian, so despite all of her manipulation and scheming, Suzie had to settle for the number two position of salutatorian, and Melody enjoyed every second of her hard-fought success.

Melody was glad when she was able to leave high school behind and was relieved to confirm her suspicion that after college and getting a real job, it was family and a couple of close friends that mattered anyway.

"Come here and give Grammy a hug." Melody's Grandma Grace held out her arms to Melody, hands repeatedly clasping like she was coaxing a baby to take his first steps.

"Where's Grandpa?" Melody asked, walking into her grandmother's arms, holding her breath to keep from choking on the sweet perfume emanating from her body like an oversized parka.

“You know Grandpa Andrew; buried in some project.” Grace held Melody by her shoulders at arms’ length. “Let me see how much you’ve grown.”

“Grandma, I saw you two weeks ago.”

“Pizza’s here!” Marky yelled, saving Melody from Grace’s scrutinizing.

Melody freed herself from her grandma’s grasp. She went to the kitchen and grabbed a diet cola from the refrigerator, hoping the caffeine would get her through the evening.

“Jewel, are you ready for school to start?” Melody’s father said as everyone sat down to the table, supporting their pizza on paper plates supplied by the restaurant. Melody’s stomach growled when she smelled the spicy sausage and tomatoes.

Jewel rolled her eyes and smiled. “Yeah, I guess. My mom made me pack my backpack on July first.”

Max laughed. “Well, it sounds like she’s ready, anyway. How about you, Jordan? Are you ready for your senior year? Thought about college?”

“Yes, sir.” Jordan glanced over at Melody. “Actually, I was thinking of going for pre-law and hope to get some advice from Melody.”

“Really? Two lawyers who spent their early years on the same block; wouldn’t that be something? Are you going to Illinois U or thinking of somewhere a little further away from the nest?”

“I’m considering Illinois University; that way I can live at home.”

*Melody Madson - May It Please the Court?*

“No way!” Jewel said. “I thought I was finally going to get some peace and quiet...and a bigger room.” She laughed.

Jordan stuck his tongue out at Jewel. “Ha! Ha! I guess I just can’t bear the thought of being away from my little sis so much.”

Jewel leaned over and pretended to whisper to Melody. She giggled as Jewel’s “Psst, Psst, Psst, Psst” tickled her ear.

“At least another two years of torturing my baby sister and her little friend; what more could I ask for?” Jordan raised his can of soda toward Melody and winked at her.

Melody felt a brief flutter in her stomach and mentally chided herself. Jordan was like her older brother. She had known him for as long as she could remember. When she and Jewel were in grade school, Jordan had chased Melody and Jewel around the backyard, growling through his missing two front teeth. When his voice was changing and he would suddenly squeak in the middle of a sentence, he would stomp off as Jewel and Melody rolled on the floor, bursting into giggles, not interested in the end of the sentence. Now Jordan was nearly eighteen years old, no longer gangly and awkward. His blond hair fell into place except for one piece in the front that he constantly seemed to be sweeping away from his blue eyes.

Though Jordan was a year older than Jewel, they looked so similar people often mistook them for twins. Being told she looked like Jordan’s clone infuriated Jewel. Though they got along as well as any other brother and sister, Jewel thought Jordan completely unattractive. Melody thought Jewel was silly; she

thought Jewel was beautiful and Jordan never seemed to lack attention from girls.

“Now, now, kids. Let’s not fight.” Max pretended to scold. “So tell us about your day, Melody.”

“No, no. My turn. My turn. I want to tell about my day!” Marky dropped his pizza on to his plate and grease splattered as it hit the glossy paper.

“Go ahead, Marky. You go first,” said Melody, thankful for the reprieve.

“Okay. First, I opened my eyes and my clock said 6:42 so I waited until it said 6:45. Then I got up and went pee. I put the lid up then I pulled down my pajamas then I pulled down my underpants, my superman ones, then I...”

“Marky, you can skip the details.” Meredith sighed.

“Okay. So after I went p..., used the fa...cil...i...ties, my stomach growled so I asked it what it wanted. It said a pancake so I found Mommy.” Marky told the story of his day, his hands waving for emphasis, absorbing the limelight. Melody’s mind wandered back over the past hours. She retraced her tour of the office, testing herself on everyone’s names and the locations of the conference rooms. She finished eating her pizza, folded her hands in her lap, and waited for her mother to encourage Marky to wrap up. She hoped everyone had forgotten Max’s original question about *her* day. She had nothing to tell and didn’t want to disappoint them.

*Melody Madson - May It Please the Court?*

*How can I tell them that all of the money they spent, support they offered, and admiration they showered to get me through law school was in vain?*



*Melody Madson's a bored, genius attorney, thrilled when assigned her first case. But, when her relationship with her BFF sours as a friendship at the firm develops, she starts to have feelings for her boss' son, and the key medical record in her case is lost, Melody feels her life is crumbling. Eventually, Melody finds the record but, before she can celebrate, she's caught. Will she be able to save the case - or herself?*

# **Melody Madson**

## **May It Please the Court?**

**Order the complete book from**

**[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/7509.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**