

# Hate & Revenge

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*By*

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## Chapter One

It was the front page story in all the local papers. A woman had fallen from the twenty-third story of the Patulan Trading Company building. The woman, identified as twenty-five-year-old Mitzy Rigazony, was declared dead at the scene.

A week later, the story again made headlines when the police revealed a witness had come forward and accused the CEO of Patulan, L. Franklin Garrison, of pushing Rigazony out the window of his corner suite on the twenty-third floor. They refused to give out the identity of the witness.

At the down town police station, Lieutenant McKinsey and two other detectives had been grilling Kitty Galloway for hours. “Ms. Galloway, we have several witnesses who have stated you were at the copy machine on the twenty-second floor when you first heard the news. From your reaction, they are convinced it was a total surprise to you. However, you claim you were outside the executive suite at the time Mitzy fell from the window. In your statement, you claim to have heard raised voices coming from Mr. Garrison’s office, and when you looked in that direction, you saw, through the glass panels, Mr. Garrison push Mitzy Rigazony out the open window. Once again, please explain the

discrepancy between your account of what you saw and the witnesses' account that you were at a copy machine on the floor below."

"There is no discrepancy. I have stated before; I do not dispute that I was standing near the copy machine on the twenty-second floor when news of Mitzy's fall spread through the building."

"Okay, but you can't have been in two places at the same time!"

"Lieutenant, why won't you listen to me! For the last hour, I've explained that I panicked. I couldn't absorb what was happening. Mr. Garrison is my boss. What I saw did not make sense. I ran. My brain was telling me what I saw wasn't real. When I was standing there on the twenty-second floor and people shouted what had happened, reality set in. Yes, I must have looked shocked when I realized it really happened. I saw Franklin push Mitzy *before* I went downstairs to the copier."

"Ms. Galloway it's not that we don't want to believe you. You have to realize, once you sign your sworn statement, we will arrest Mr. Garrison. He'll be charged with the murder of Mitzy Rigazony."

"Yes, Lieutenant, I'm fully aware of it. I'm sick about this whole mess. That I'm the one who had to see what happened isn't fair. The man is my boss! But it's the truth, and I had to speak up."

## Chapter Two

Despite his many international connections, Franklin Garrison was not considered to be a flight risk, and he was out on bail in less than a week. His trial date was not for three months, and his team of high-priced lawyers hired a slew of investigators.

They dug up plenty of exculpatory facts with which they bombarded the DA's office. The idea was to get the case dismissed before the trial. They knew that Franklin Garrison was not particularly popular and feared an unfavorable jury verdict.

One of the first things they discovered was Mitzy Rigazony's mental health records. Somehow they got hold of several psychiatrists' reports dating back to her college days. According to these reports, she was mentally unstable and had been taking prescription drugs to control her anxiety. Despite the drugs, she was described as mentally very fragile. They tried very hard, but could not come up with a report of an attempted suicide. Having failed to come up with evidence that Mitzy was a suicide risk, they went hard after Kitty. When Kitty discovered her past was carefully being scrutinized in search of a possible motive for her testimony, she hired a lawyer.

Greta Hollander had gone to high school with Kitty, so it was logical for Kitty to turn to her friend for help. Kitty didn't expect Greta to be so hard on her. The no-nonsense work started at once. "As your lawyer I need to know the truth. You're up against a very powerful man. You're the only witness, and his lawyers will try to destroy your credibility. If they manage to do that, the DA could possibly come after

you for perjury. They'll try to charge you as a false witness. I'll have to defend you, but I can't do it without knowing the exact truth. Don't worry, whatever it is, as your lawyer, I'll be on your side. I can't reveal a thing!"

After the first fifteen minutes Kitty was starting to feel sorry she went to Greta for legal advice. "You sound like you don't believe me."

"Kitty, they can make a good case about Mitzy's mental condition. No doubt they'll try to show she likely committed suicide. I have no way of knowing if they got hold of some kind a dramatic event, something that happened just before she fell, that might have caused her to take her own life. We know they have the records to show she took pills for her anxiety starting in her college years. They'll produce witnesses placing you at the water cooler a floor below. I don't know what else they'll come up with, but I have to be able to fire back. So give me the exact details. How did you happen to be outside Garrison's office at the exact time you saw him push her out the window?"

"Shit, nobody believes me not even my own lawyer!" She got up ready to leave Greta's office.

Greta would have none of it. "Sit down. This is fucking serious! If you think *I'm* rough on you, what do you think will happen to you when his lawyers get you on the witness stand?"

Kitty sat back down and Greta continued. "I've done a little research myself. Apparently the relationship between the two of you was not very cordial. Anyway, not recently. You used to be in his office a lot trying to sell him on one of your ideas for an advertising campaign. I hear, lately, you take an assistant with you whenever you go to see him and that is very infrequent. What's up between the two of you?"

Kitty's head dropped down. She sat for a while staring at the floor. Greta watched silently, knowing she couldn't show any sympathy at this point, the truth had to come out *now*. The sobbing started softly; Greta watched as the whimpering became louder, then Kitty's entire body started shaking. Suddenly, her head swung up and she shouted, "He raped me!"

Greta got up and put her arms around her friend, while Kitty kept wailing louder and louder and over and over: "He raped me. The bastard raped me; he destroyed my life!" Greta held Kitty who was violently reliving that terrible experience. "I fought, Greta, I fought. I tried to hold him off. I did *not* want it. I fought, I fought."

Greta held Kitty until the shaking stopped. She took out a tissue and wiped Kitty's nose. "I know you fought back. We won't let him get away with it. I'll see to that."

Kitty was determined to hold onto her story, "I want to see him convicted."

Greta went to get some coffee for the both of them. When she returned she explained, "We can't convict him for the wrong reason. Since you have an unrelated accusation against him, we are going to have to be very careful."

Kitty felt rejected. "So, you don't believe I saw him push her?"

Greta's answer was blunt. "No." She quickly softened the blow. "Kitty you're too good a person to live a lie. No matter how you hate him. I understand you need revenge. But not this way. You're above that."

"So he'll get away with raping me and go scot free?!"

“Not on your life!”

“What then?”

“I’ll take care of it. I promise, but first I need some more information from you. To start with, why didn’t you report this sexual assault right after it happened?”

“Oh, so now I’m to blame for not reporting that he assaulted me?”

“Kitty, stop it. Don’t be so defensive with me, I have to do my job to help you. You asked if I believed you. Well, I believe he raped you, I don’t believe he pushed Mitzy.”

“So how does he pay for what he did to me?”

“That’s for me to figure out. But why didn’t you report it?”

“He threatened if I told anyone I’d never again work in the branch. I worked my butt off to get where I am. From lowly intern to assistant sales manager in ten years. That was not handed to me on a platter, and I didn’t earn it by being promiscuous. I have a six figure salary and a mortgage to match it. I couldn’t afford to get fired. Besides, he laughed and said nobody would believe me anyway.”

Greta shook her head. “That’s the way that type of pig operates. A lot of the fancy suits around town think they’re above the law. When we manage to strip away the façade, we learn what filth hides behind fancy titles. I want you to lay low. Don’t talk to any law enforcement officers or even someone from the DA’s office without me present. Definitely no interviews.”

## Chapter Three

Greta wasted no time. The very next day she went to see the DA. When she called to make an appointment, his secretary informed Greta that Mr. Meyerson, the DA, was very busy. The earliest he could see her was the next Monday. The secretary offered to schedule Greta to see one of his assistants that afternoon. Greta declined the offer and asked the secretary to tell Mr. Meyerson that Greta Hollander wanted to speak with him. It was urgent. The next day she got a call, an appointment was scheduled for that afternoon.

Even though Greta was early for the appointment, she was ushered right into Tom Meyerson's office. "Hi Greta haven't seen you around the court house lately. What's so urgent that you had to see me pronto?"

"Hi, Tom. Need a big favor."

"Darn. I was hoping you had finally decided it was not such a bad idea to date a recently divorced man. Don't worry; I won't make my answer to your request contingent on your going out with me. Shoot, tell me what's up?"

"Tom, for the pending trial of Franklin Garrison you have only one witness for the prosecution. She's my client."

"Ah Miss Galloway has gotten herself a lawyer. I'm glad. Garrison's lawyers are out to destroy her. I'm glad she has you to lean on. She'll need a strong lawyer like you to prevent bloodshed. My team

will be ready, but to tell you the truth, they don't feel confident they can get a conviction. Your client isn't a very strong witness. I'm surprised we got an indictment based solely on her testimony."

"I can help you get a conviction."

"Since she's your client, I hope you will."

"You'll get a conviction. But it won't be for what you think."

"That's intriguing. Can I hear more?"

"Please get a court order to exhume the body of Mitzy Rigazony, the girl who fell from the window."

"Why do that?"

"I'd like the body tested for traces of Franklin Garrison's sperm and evidence of vaginal bruising."

"You think that..."

Greta interrupted, "Know. I know he raped that poor gal and she jumped."

"You could be right, but if you're wrong and I have the body exhumed on just a whim that he might have raped her; I'll have enough egg on my face to cost me the next election. Garrison is part of a very powerful clique here in town."

"Sometimes we have to take a chance, Tom. If I'm right, you'll be a hero, and if I'm wrong you might lose the next election. Lucky for you, I'm right."

"How can you be so sure?"

"The pattern, Tom. I'm following the pattern, it never fails."

“Your client was raped by Garrison?”

“No comment. I’ll leave that for you to figure out.”

“Okay. I’ll have the body exhumed. If we find traces of sperm, I’ll find a way to get Garrison’s DNA to see if it matches. I’ll trust your judgement in this. Except for not dating a recently divorced man, it’s usually pretty good.”

“My no is not forever. Ask me again in a month or two. I want to make sure I don’t get you on the rebound. Your divorce wasn’t even six months ago.”

## Chapter Four

Tom Meyerson tried his best to persuade the judge that it was necessary to exhume the body of Mitzy Rigazony to prosecute the case against Franklin Garrison. The judge turned him down. Tom suspected Garrison's lawyers had gotten to the judge, but he had no proof of that.

When he informed Greta of his failure to get permission to exhume, she decided to take matters into her own hands. She went to see Mitzy's parents and told them that in the murder trial of their daughter the defense intended to prove their daughter, while under the influence of a heavy dose of anti-anxiety drugs, took her own life. Mitzy's parents were well aware she took medication to control her anxiety, however they also knew the dose she took was strictly controlled by her doctor.

Greta persuaded Mitzy's parents to have their daughter's body exhumed to prove she hadn't consumed an excessive amount of the prescribed drugs. As Greta suspected, the autopsy proved that. It also revealed the presence of sperm in the body and bruises on her inner thighs. Meyerson took the liberty of not informing the defense of these facts.

It is debatable whether it was legal, but the DA secretly obtained a sample of Garrison's DNA. He used it to establish that the sperm was the defendant's. This evidence was brought to the judge presiding over the upcoming trial. In a highly unusual ruling, the judge allowed

Meyerson to change the charge of first degree murder to that of sexual assault and rape. Then they added manslaughter: when a person commits a crime that unintentionally results in the death of another person that would be manslaughter, and the only way they may be able to bring this scum bag to justice. The DA based the latter charge on the likely presumption that Mitzy had jumped out of despair after she had been raped. Simultaneously, the DA allowed Kitty to withdraw her sworn statement.

The jury had little trouble convicting Franklin Garrison. No matter how hard the defense tried, there was no other possible explanation for his sperm being found in the deceased's body. After Garrison was convicted, more women came forward claiming to have been raped by him. The civil suits that followed amounted to vast sums of money.

Kitty Galloway declined to sue, but Greta agreed to represent two of the women who claimed to have been raped in the past by Garrison. While in court during preliminary hearings for those cases Greta got distracted by another civil suit conducted in an adjacent court room. Judith Meyerson was suing her ex-husband Tom for embezzlement and hiding assets during their divorce proceedings. Greta had been ready to start a relationship with Tom, and was shaken up when she realized he might not be the man he pretended to be.

She called Meyerson and asked him to please stop calling her; she would not go out on a date with him. When he asked why, she told him she had found out about the claims his ex-wife made in her suit against him. Tom struggled to explain. He insisted things were not as alleged. He tried to tell her his side of things. Greta had been attracted to Tom even before his divorce, and she wanted to believe him, but she was skeptical. He begged her to talk to his lawyer.

With permission of his client, Tom's lawyer told her a lot. As Tom had told her, things were very different from what his ex-wife alleged. Judith was the only child of Patrick Henderson a multi-millionaire. When she married Tom, her father bought them a huge house and Judith continued spend money on her father's account. Reckless investments in speculative funds forced Patrick to declare bankruptcy. Judith could not accept the fact that her father was penniless and had to depend on the financial support of his son- in-law. When her Dad died, Judith lived with the fantasy that he had left her a vast sum of money. She kept spending, and Tom could no longer afford to pay her bills. They fought constantly, and she accused him of taking the money her father had left her. She filed for divorce. In her filings, she claimed he had hidden assets in secret accounts during their divorce proceedings. She could not prove it, but she did get sole ownership of their big house. She kept on spending lots of money, and to cover her bills, she mortgaged the house. When she could no longer pay the monthly mortgage payments, she sued Tom for embezzlement.

Tom's lawyer assured Greta that Judith's suit would be dismissed as soon as the results of the mental tests, the judge had ordered, were submitted.

A week late Greta called Tom and invited him to a celebration at her house. Tom was pleasantly surprised and asked, "Who else is coming?"

"No one. There will be just the two of us."