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## What Judge Judy Says : Jen Karetnick

— Found, again and again

Don't say "basically." "Basically" is a filler word. Don't say "I believe." "I believe" is filler. Look here, not away. Look here, not away. Do I have "stupid" written on my forehead? On your best day you're not as smart as I am on my worst day. Byrd, are you following this? What is that? Is that an answer? Are you trying to justify to me that you're an idiot? Don't try to teach a pig to sing; it doesn't work and it annoys the pig. I have limited patience. "Um" is not a word. Don't say it. I'm listening but I have other things to do. Beauty fades but dumb is forever. You're stalling. Don't start a sentence with "well." "Well" is stalling; it's filler. The counterclaim for your stress is dismissed. The only one who's stressed around here is me.

Here's how it works: You speak, I rule, and then you shut up. You're gonna keep your mouth shut until I come to you and ask you a question; otherwise Byrd will take you outside and show you the rules. Of course I'm right. I'm always right. Between the two of you, I doubt I could put together a three-digit IQ. This is not "Let's Make a Deal," and I'm not Monty Hall! Don't let the word "bar" fool you. This is a courtroom, not a barroom. What school of double-talk did you go to? Touch every third person and you'll find an idiot. Don't look up at the heavens. God is not going to help you with this case. Only the truth will set you free. You're a pot-stirrer. You are to respond, "Yes, ma'am!" Get over it!

I eat morons like you for breakfast. You are not a good witness. Because a good witness answers a judge's questions directly. I would trust your witness much more if he didn't have holes in his jeans. Uncross your arms. You are not at

the beach! “Um” is not an answer! What kind of training do you need to do “um?” You know how I can tell a seventeen-year-old girl is lying? If her mouth moves. Byrd, can you make any sense out of this? Your suit is baloney! Did you think this was gonna to be easy? That’s not a hard question! My question to you was a very simple one. A six-year-old could answer it! You’ve answered the questions and you’ve gotten most of them wrong. Believe me, you are not that eager for me to embarrass you.

Hey, stop swaying! It’s making me nauseous. The only attitude I tolerate around here is my own. I’m like a truth machine! Dumb ideas come from people who have dumb brains. I’d like ten million people to hear that you’ve done something stupid. That’s my joy in life. It’s “taken”! There’s no such thing as “tooken” in the dictionary! Byrd, can you explain this to me? Look at me, not at him. No “like.” Eliminate the “like.” If you live to be a hundred you’ll never be as smart as me.

Your countersuit is dismissed. Dis. Missed. Don’t say “you know.” That’s filler. I’m old and it’s getting late. I’m here because I’m smart, not because I’m young and gorgeous — although I am. I eat liars for breakfast. I don’t want you, or anybody else, to think I’m stupid. Old, maybe; stupid, never. There’s only one wise-ass I tolerate in my courtroom, and that’s the bailiff. Don’t look around the room, look at me. Well, get un-nervous. Don’t spit on my cupcake and tell me it’s frosting. Sir, don’t pee on my leg and tell me it’s raining. You, sir, are a low-life, amoral piece of crap! The time to change was yesterday, the time to wake up is now. Byrd, are you getting this? I’m ready to move on.