

Dear: BadJurist.com

May 27, 2024

My name is Jay K. Lawler. This very true story comes out of the corrupt county of: Mohave County Arizona.

If you can publish this, you have my permission to use my name. As far as the corrupt Judge, prosecutor, public attorney and the dirty deputy, I'm guessing it's OK to use their names so everyone out there can be aware of just how rotten they are.

Judge: (Doug Ryan Camacho)

Prosecutor: (Jacob Cote)

Attorney: (Paul Amann)

Dirty Deputy: (Brennan Cassidy)

The legal part of my situation is probably all you're interested in, but without the full details you will only be confused.

Anybody can end up with four counts of sexual misconduct with a minor after a few hours at a barroom full of high school girls.

But, for me? No tavern, no girls, no victim, just a dirty deputy.

It all started on a warm late June evening in 2019. I was sitting at my RV in Laughlin NV, which was my full time residence. I worked, grocery shopped, lived and hiked in Nevada. My only business in Arizona was visiting my Parents, now deceased, usually once a week.

One lonely night, I decided to browse the internet. I thought if I could meet someone with the same interests, it would be great not always being alone. At this time, I did have a girlfriend but we had nothing in common. She (Diana) would stop by once a week for dinner and an 18 pack of Bud, then be gone. I ended up connecting to a site called (Meetme.com) which is a sister company to (zoosk.com). I'm sure you have heard of both because they are fairly popular and fairly safe. At the time, I was 44 years old, looking to date someone a bit older. I've always had a thing for older women ever since I was 22 years old, when I had gotten with a lady that was 47 years old. I created a profile stating my age, gender and race, then added my interests. I then added to my profile that I was interested in a fit, fun, outdoorsy 55+ woman, any race.

Within a twenty minute window I got a ping from the company administrator. (say hello to Destiny, age 27; he just joined) Hmm, He? I said to myself. I clicked, "no thanks", then continued browsing. 20 minutes later I got another beep. (say hello to Destiny, he really wants to meet you). I figured it was a gay guy on the wrong site. I clicked "accept" just to politely say no thanks. I was asked, "why can't we be friends?" I replied, "you are too young, I'm looking for an older woman and your profile says you're a man!!" He replied, "that's because I'm using my dad's phone; my computer is at the shop." At this point I should have deleted the whole situation, but I'm only human and humans make mistakes. I ignored the next comment from the supposed man then continued browsing for someone older with no drama.

On the following night after a hard day's work of being a resort/hotel runner, I kicked back with a glass of red then started browsing. I even extended my search area to include Las Vegas because I was getting zero results from the small town of Laughlin. After an hour of browsing I got another beep from the supposed gay guy. This time I did the right thing by red flagging his profile. Meetme.com removed his profile but I was too late. Two minutes later he sent me a text message wanting to be chat buddies. All the while I had been working from my laptop computer not from the phone. This is the tricky part; my pretend attorney had asked how the connection was made but I had no idea at first. (Paul Amann) suggested I had gotten too buzzed from the wine then most likely sent him my number, but I was certain I hadn't. Prior to this whole situation, (Diana) had gotten fired from my same department at the same casino. She wanted revenge so she used my phone and sent my boss and several coworkers a naked photo of me. 12 of my contacts received the image including my brother on the east coast and the suspecting gay guy. I had no idea this had happened because it occurred while I was in the shower and my phone had no password or code; it was open to all.

The next morning I was called into the boss's office because of several complaints from female coworkers. My boss (Miranda) had no complaints of the photo but said I needed to apologize to all workers, she suggested I don't text while being intoxicated ever again. I was in shock when she showed me what I had sent. I swore up and down it wasn't me. Later on Diana laughed at me saying I hope you get fired too. All but one worker (Shawnda) laughed it off when I told them of the mistake. The one worker was irate telling me her seven year old niece may have seen a penis pic while using her phone to play games.

A week later (mid June) I was cornered at work then threatened to use caution if I went over the state line of AZ. (Shawnda) said she put a complaint in to her neighbor who was a deputy for the Mohave Sheriffs dept. Now you can see the connection for the phone number situation. Fast forwarding into August, I had several clean conversations with Destiny knowing I was dealing with a cop disguised as a young girl. It was some time in, maybe a week or so, Destiny switched her age from 27 down to 14.



I wasn't too concerned because there was no sexual talk. We were just chat buddies. I was asked several times to go visit her, but I said "no thanks, I'm too busy." I later found out he was stalking me via Facebook. When she asked again to come visit I replied, "I don't have a vehicle I can't travel." He again gave himself up by saying "what about your Volvo?" I replied, "I never mentioned what type of car I may or may not have." He replied, "Oh, I saw the picture when I was browsing your Facebook page." He then asked, "so what do you drive and what's the reg number?" I figured I could detour him by giving a false vehicle description.

I was walking through the casino garage when I spotted a red Dodge truck with a NM tag. I asked, "why would you need that info?" He replied, "so it will be easier to find you if we ever meet in a busy place." I gave him that info of the red Dodge truck.

Within two minutes he replied, "That's not an Arizona plate number, who does that belong to?" I replied, "A friend of mine." He asked, "male or female?" I replied, "whats it matter?" I knew he had capabilities to run reg numbers from his desk. The conversation stopped abruptly because I had gotten under his skin. He knew I was giving a false vehicle ID. This was another mistake I made, at this point I should have reported it to the Arizona state police of being harassed by a dirty cop, but I found it more entertaining to mess with him.

Fast forwarding to early August, I had mentioned on my FB status that I might go to Kingman hospital on one of my days off to see my good friend Ray who was like a second dad to me. He was 79 years old battling larynx cancer. I also thought I might have time to stop and see my second mom (Angie from the motel 66) also in downtown Kingman. This cop was stalking me every second of every day. As soon as I shared my status he chimed in, "Are you going to have time to visit me?" I replied, "maybe but I doubt it; it's gonna be a scorcher. I want to get there and back before the hottest part of the day." He replied, "my place is nice and cool." I retorted, "I'd never go to your house or anywhere private, we would have to meet at a restaurant or somewhere public."

Two days later, I was venturing toward the town of Kingman. When I stopped for gas, I got a beep on my phone. He asked, "What's up? Where are you?" I replied, "you know exactly where I am because you're tracking my phone." The conversation went dead silent again; I had gotten under his skin. I seriously thought about pulling over in a random spot until I was summoned again. I was going to say I got a blowout and was waiting for a service truck, but it was already well over 100° and it was only 10:30 am. My second thought was intentionally leaving my phone on the side of the road then continuing my trip. But I had just purchased a 50 dollar phone card.

Twenty minutes later I had pulled off at the truck stop to see what message I would get next. Within minutes, "are you close? I thought maybe we could meet for lunch?" I replied, "I'm at Popeye's chicken, come on over!" He complained, "that's too far to walk, I'll die in this heat." I replied, "take the black and white." "What's that supposed to mean?" I replied, "take your cruiser, it's got A/C." He got a little pissy, "stop calling me a cop, it's not true. Come visit me at Carl Jr's." "OK maybe."

Ten minutes later I drove by the burger joint. I saw three cruisers and three unmarked cruiser Suburban's, so I knew it was a set up. They were previously notified of the white Volvo even though I had said I was driving a red Dodge truck. As I drove by the burger joint, I was cut off by one of the cruisers. I screamed out the window, "you asshole, watch where you're going!" I heard the man on the mega phone say, "let him go, we'll find him later." I drove around the block taking a few lefts and a few rights ending up on the main road again. I was so furious at the cop that almost T-boned me, I went back around to give him a piece of my mind. I was driving a vintage Volvo and if he hit me I would never be able to find replacement parts.

When I pulled into the burger joint lot I was surrounded by the other three cruisers. Six well guarded cops looking like a SWAT team surrounded me with their AR rifles pointed at me. It looked like an episode of Los Angeles SWAT. As if I was a major drug dealer or murderer. The next thing I knew is, I was being charged with attempted sex with a minor. "Meeting in a parking lot for oral pleasure.", is what the prosecutor told the jury. Once I was in the station they asked what was going on. I replied, "you know what's going on, this asshole has been playing games for almost two months. I figured it's time to meet. "What asshole?", asked the questioning officer. I responded, "the one that lives in Bullhead City; he is the neighbor of Shawnda Prewitt. He replied, "we know nothing about that, but Destiny's dad is here. He's in another room. We're holding him safe from you; he wants to strangle you." I replied, "I'm pretty sure he's not, in fact I'm pretty sure he is as fake as her." "Oh, no! We want you to write him an apology then we'll consider letting you go on your merry way. That was the final nail in the coffin. The biggest mistake was writing a short note, not an apology letter, but one explaining how we were gonna meet for lunch only, no funny business. They used that for the jury's negative response. When I told the pretend lawyer about all the real proof on my phone he replied, "those messages won't be necessary, the jury will never believe it." I told him, "the jury will never believe how corrupt you are or how quickly you're filling the prison system for profit." Four fake charges got me thirty years in prison.

To this day, I'm trying to get those messages and that phone out of the sheriff dept. evidence room. They are so corrupt, most likely they got rid of it already. I'm fighting for a retrial but it's been years and I don't see one coming in the near future.

You can respond to this story to Jay Lawler #345689 @ P.O. Box 9600/297 Florence AZ 85132