

"Objection Overruled"

There is no feeling like it. I sit at a cold, hardwood desk staring at the opposing team. My heart is racing. All sense of clemency and grace escapes as the judge enters the room. Everyone jumps to their feet proudly with militaristic speed. The atmosphere is tense but hushed.

"Does the defense have a witness to present?" barks the judge.

"Yes your honor!" I exclaim as I eagerly spring from my chair. My pulse is pounding in my throat as I pose questions to my witness.

"Objection, your Honor!" screams a lawyer from the opposing counsel. "This question calls for the witness to testify to hearsay." I inhale deeply; a small smile forms at the corner of my mouth; and I know exactly how to respond.

"Your Honor, this question does not call for an out of court declaration and is therefore not hearsay." I turn back toward the bench, and I continue with my questioning.