

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF 9<sup>TH</sup> JUDICIAL CIRCUIT OF  
ORANGE COUNTY, FLORIDA

LESLIE FERDERIGOS,  
Plaintiff,

v.

Case No. 2025-CA-004528

JEREMY HALES,  
ELEPHANT SHOE, LLC.  
MARTHA GEORGE RIZK, (aka GEORGE HALES)  
JASON HIPHER (aka "JAYHIP"),  
MEGAN M. FOX (aka, MEGAN FOX),  
MATTHEW LEWIS (aka "THAT UMBRELLA GUY")  
JOHN DOE (aka "SHIZZYWIZNUT")  
and JOHN/JANE DOES 1-10,  
Defendants.

**PLAINTIFF'S NOTICE OF VIDEO THREAT TO PLAINTIFF THREATENING HARM  
ON HER AND HER CHILDREN IF SHE OBTAINS HIS LEGAL NAME**

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE Defendant John Doe, ShizzyWhizNut's statements he published directed at Plaintiff on or about June 17, 2025, threatening to harm Plaintiff, her family, and her children if she obtains his legal name.

**CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE**

WE DO CERTIFY, that a copy of the foregoing has been furnished electronically with the Clerk of Courts by using the EPORTAL system, all parties of record. Including:  
MeganFox.writer@protonmail.com, justjayhip@gmail.com, SHIZZYWIZNUT@GMAIL.COM,  
rshochet@shochetlaw.com, JeremyBHales@gmail.com

Respectfully submitted,

6/15/25  
Dated

/s/ Michael Ferderigos  
Michael Ferderigos, Esq.  
Bar No.: 604011

10454 Birch Tree Lane  
Windermere, FL 34786  
Telephone 407-592-0035  
mferderigos@gmail.com  
michael@civilestatelaw.com

**An Open Letter to Those Who Lit the Fuse  
This Was the Moment You Should Have Turned Back**

You made your decision. You escalated.

Not with truth. Not with accountability. But with desperation disguised as strategy. With arrogance mistaken for power. With the kind of reckless obsession that drives people to pry open doors they were never meant to touch.

You reached past the words. Past the arguments. Past the veil.

And you made it personal.

Let's make something clear — this has never been about YouTube. It was never just commentary. It stopped being content the moment you turned your obsession into a crusade. You weaponized fear. You leaned into intimidation. You whispered threats while pretending to uphold justice. You thought you could silence, smear, and scare your way to victory.



But all you did was awaken something far worse.

You underestimated what happens when you push someone too far — someone who isn't afraid of being exposed because **they have nothing to hide**, and who isn't bound by your need for approval, or fame, or control.

You wanted to see behind the curtain. You wanted a name.

What you didn't realize is: **you never wanted to know who I really am.**

Because what you'll find isn't a victim. Isn't a ghost. Isn't someone operating from fear. What's waiting behind that name you're clawing to reveal is pressure-tested and unflinching. Not because I'm dangerous — but because I don't break. And I don't forget.

You assumed that unveiling my identity would give you leverage.

Let me make it painfully clear: **it will be the last mistake you make.**

You've opened doors you don't understand. You've stirred embers you didn't know were still burning. And now you've put things in motion that cannot be undone — not by apology, not by



burning. And now you've put things in motion that cannot be undone — not by apology, not by retreat, not even by silence.

What comes next was born from your ego.

Fueled by your malice.

And carried forward by your belief that nothing could touch you.

But now the fire you lit is out of your hands.



And it will not ask for permission before it burns through every lie you've ever told, every mask you've ever worn, and every layer of fraud you've carefully constructed to shield yourself from accountability.

You want control?

You never had it.

You want to keep my name out of this?

Then you should have never come for my family.

You should have never whispered my name like it was your weapon.

Because it isn't your weapon.

It's your countdown.

You should pray — not metaphorically, not figuratively — **pray** that the curtain never gets pulled back. That John Doe stays just that: undefined, unmarked, untraceable. Because if you keep going, if you keep scratching at that lock, then whatever comes next is yours.

Not because I bring it.

Because you *invited* it.

You thought this was content. You thought this was a spat. You thought you'd get in your shots and walk away crowned as a martyr. What you're about to experience is exposure — not as a punishment, but as a mirror.

A mirror that doesn't crack. Doesn't blink. Doesn't forget.

Everything you've hidden, every lie you've told, every game you've played under the guise of advocacy, activism, or law — all of it is coming out. Piece by piece. In order. With receipts. And there will be no turning back.

You don't know what's tied to my name.

You don't know what history lives behind it.

But you're about to find out why you should have left it buried.

And when it starts — when the silence breaks and the reckoning begins — I want you to remember something:

**You. Did. This.**

You crossed into territory where words become witness. Where every person you harmed becomes a voice. Where every file you hoped no one would find becomes a spotlight. And where the monster you tried to summon from the dark finally looks back.

This isn't vengeance.

This isn't justice.

This is gravity.  
And now you fall.

**I'm not chasing you.**  
**I'm not filming you.**  
**I'm not even interested in you.**

But I will not stop the truth from rising.  
I will not protect the silence you thought would last forever.  
And I will not stand down when children are endangered by your recklessness.

I do not want what is coming for you.  
But I will not stand in its way.

You wanted a name.  
You may still get it.  
But understand — you will not walk away the same.

You forced open the box.  
You tipped the scale.  
And now the cost has reached your doorstep.

### **Shizzywhiznut**

Still John Doe, middle name Dill — for now.  
And for your sake, let's hope it stays that way.