

# **Dark Brown Lies**



**The Truth Behind  
the UPS Lies**

**by Debbie Simpson**

## ***Dark Brown Lies***

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Third Edition 2017

Debbie Lee Books Llc  
[www.darkbrownlies.com](http://www.darkbrownlies.com)

Other books written by Debbie Simpson:

***The Butterfly and I***  
[www.butterflyandi.com](http://www.butterflyandi.com)

ISBN: 978-0-9896501-1-3

## Preface

Dear **United Parcel Service**

In this third edition, several minor changes have been created just for you. My back story has been completely removed from the preface.

First you will notice that I have incorporated the - UPS Lies - right onto the shield of the front cover and decided to include Rock's name on the back cover.

In Chapter 1, the Charles Edwin Gay affidavit was removed. In the first chapter I wanted to make it perfectly clear that it was UPS aircraft maintenance manager, Darrell "Skip" Cryer, who spoke up during my hearing to cement the slurs of supervisor Rock Underwood into the record as if they were factual and true. Skip had full knowledge that Rock sent me home but lied on behalf of corporate. Rock wasn't necessarily *Cryer's Liar* but he did nonetheless perjure himself on behalf of the company. The chapter title is now - *Cock and Bull Story*: Rock being the cawing cock and Skip the battling bull always laying down edicts, orders and commands while ignoring his own aberrant behavior. Two sociopaths working in lockstep to cover-up their crimes with plenty of support from labor, HR and in-house attorneys on the best way to handle harassment and discrimination complaints: Blame the accuser. The UPS criminal cabal is the main focus.

After all of these years I still don't understand why corporations keep criminals on their payroll. I guess I'll never know because I'm not like you, Thank God.

In Chapter 2, the title was changed to; *Safety at UPS?* I went ahead and mentioned Adolph's last name, Garcia. I thought about mentioning what happened during the Teamster strike of 1997 in Columbia, South Carolina but I decided against it. I didn't want to mention that some employees had to go to the hospital when a UPS aircraft was used as a weapon.

In Chapter 4, the title was changed to *Judge, Jury and Executioner*. This title seems more apropos. Of course, most of this chapter could have also been placed in Chapter 2 - *Safety at UPS?*

Not allowed to have a witness during meetings, interviews or hearing should have been the title to Chapter 5.

The Chapter 8 title was changed to; *Corporate Interrogation Techniques*. I wanted to bring out and bold out the interrogation techniques UPS uses while interrogating their female employees in the middle of the night - behind closed doors - on UPS property.

In Chapter 11, I decided that *Ms. Vulgar* (Patricia Donoghue) deserved to have her own chapter title. After all, she was one of your most prized possessions.

And of course the title to Chapter 12 had to be changed to; *The Final Betrayal*. This may not be the final betrayal; UPS might have another trump card up their collective corporate criminal sleeve.

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Dear UPS

This preface will serve as a formal warning in accordance with the laws of nature and basic human rights.

You are expected to follow the creators laws at all times. Those natural laws are love, light, unity and inclusion. Breaking those laws may have serious consequences for you now and in the future.

I hope this warning is sufficient for you to understand the seriousness of your actions.

Please be advised that any further occurrence of this nature may lead to additional disciplinary action up to and including....

Sincerely,

Debbie Simpson  
Aircraft Maintenance Technician

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If you are neutral in situations of injustice,  
you have chosen the side of the oppressor.

Desmond Tutu

# 1

## ***Cock and Bull Story***

### **United Parcel Service: A Pathetic Cabal of Liars**

*Here he comes.*

My nerves tensed at the sound of his tires screeching to a halt next to my aircraft. The sound thrust into the cool, night air like a predatory scream, and there I was the prey. I've always been a little psychic. I can always count on my sense of dread to alert me to coming doom. On this particular night, my senses were heightened. The dread was intense. A foreboding haze hung in the air. Even before I punched in for work, I knew something was wrong. Maybe I'd be injured on-the-job again. Or maybe I'd be beat down by management once again.

*And here he comes.*

We'd had our disagreements in the past, but this one would not end well. I knew it. I saw the hammer coming; I could feel the ax grazing the back of my neck. Supervisor Rock Underwood would be leaving no survivors in this confrontation. I was screwed. Part of me wanted to escape. But where do you run when you're standing in the middle of a massive ramp lined with airplanes?

*He's here.*

The moment he jumped out of his car, all desire to mount a resistance immediately flushed out of me. Even from fifteen feet out, I could see his bulging neck veins and red cheeks, his square jaw clenched, and his eyes piercing through my soul. The shred of righteousness I had known earlier was replaced by crippling fear. His presence towered over me. I instantly felt

small and insignificant.

“You start that engine right now!” he screamed. “We’re seconds from going on delay and you’re standing around doing nothing! Are you listening to me?”

None of my supervisors had ever raised a hand to me. Not even Rock Underwood. Still, I cowered in his presence, clutching my headset to my chest as if to shield myself from physical abuse. I’d seen Underwood angry but never quite like this.

“Debbie, you get on that ladder! We don’t have time for this!”

I didn’t respond. I couldn’t have spoken if I tried. My throat was dry and tight. I don’t know what came over me, but I wasn’t just going to buckle and take all that spittle and rank breath in my face. My body quivered as I turned away from him.

“What is this, Debbie? You don’t turn your back on me.” He stepped around to confront me. “I told you to start that engine right now. You hear me? You go back and disconnect the hoses....”

There was no preventing it. My nerves were too shattered to endure. I turned my back on him a second time. The manic sound he made bordered on inhuman. The fear it rendered in me caused me to lose all sense of my surroundings. I could feel his presence at my back, could hear my own heart beat ringing in my ears. I drew the quick, raspy breaths of the hunted. My jaw held tight, my shoulders hunched and submissive. It was all I could do to hold on to the headset, my hands were shaking so.

For a moment the screaming stopped....