The Perils of the Spellchecker / A Day on Jury Duty

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The Perils of the Spellchecker

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In 1989, Norwood Gove wrote “Catch That Spilling Error,” a short piece on the spell-checking process that operates from deep within the innards of word processing software. He effectively proved that a spell-checking program accepts words that the program recognizes and does not differentiate between meanings and nuances. The short essay was very amusing and sailed through my spell checker with “flying colons!”

Every semester I discuss the perils of relying blindly (no pun intended) on one’s word processor to proofread papers and assignments. Sometimes, I share Mr. Gove’s essay with the class. Despite my efforts, I continue to receive class assignments that could not possibly have been checked with that careful eye and attention to detail that attorneys should develop. As Mr. Gove so clearly expressed: “In this modern ear, it is simply inexplicable to ask readers to expose themselves to misspelled swords when they have bitter things to do.” Spell checking is a very important task. Writers must painstakingly review every document to prevent careless mistakes.

Recently I had the opportunity to complete my civic duty of reporting to jury duty. As one of my diary entries, I decided to write a short essay of my own to see if word processors had grown any smarter in the last few years. You can be the judge!

A DAY ON JURY DUTY

By Camille Broussard

Each morning the role is culled. Soon after, the selection process for the various trials that are weighting begins. The implanted jurors are brought to Judy’s room so that the attorneys can axe them questions. This steep is called wire deer.

The attorneys do not fry the case hear, but they due try to get a scents of everyone’s altitudes and fillings. Jurors or all suspected to answer questions about weather they can be fare and partial without the tent of bias. Sometimes the hole in the group is addressed and everyone jest knots there removal. Other times, a council wood tern to and individual to axe something vary special.

The group I was inn was an inedible bland of backgrounds and experiments. Out of the forte or sew in the pull, the alligators had to chews sex peepers and fore all ternate. The plaintive in the case was and electrolysis whom had heard himself. We stared in the mourning and finessed the next day. Each layer was careless too gather in formation on the diffident people in the ruin. Occasionally they wear condensation but mostly they treed us with respite.

Overhead, I leaned quiet a bite from my date at the curt house. Even flow I was not pictured for service, it was a wroth wild indenture and knot a waist of thyme. I hardly recompense the ex-spearmint.