

Cursed

To the Editor:

I read with interest the article by Daryle Salisbury, "Your P Number: What's It All About, Arnold Aach?," in the November 2006 *Michigan Bar Journal*. There are many facts in the article that those of us who were first generation P-number assignees didn't know. There is also a list of desirable P numbers appearing as a footnote. I enjoy, or am forever damned by, the assigned P number of 10666. If, as Freud said, "there are no coincidences," it must be assumed that I deserve the designation of the beast. At the time the number reached me, I neither worshipped at the devil's altar nor at Procter & Gamble. Being unlearned in the matters of satanic numeration, when the time came to choose an e-mail address, I naively used my P number. I tried various iterations of my last name, but found that they were taken.

The e-mail address proved more problematic than the number on my pleadings,

which was probably ignored by those receiving them. For those ancient practitioners of our art unfamiliar with the term "e-mail," it means "electronic mail," I think. This is a way of communicating that originated shortly after the end of the last Pony Express run. A computer is used. A computer is an electronic device, not an accountant. These definitions are for other lawyers in the first tier of P-number designees, those of us who thought that carbon paper was a significant technological advance.

This past summer, on 6-6-06, *The Omen* was released. The release date for the movie reinforced the view of those on the receiving end of my pleadings and e-mails that they were dealing with the "Trial Lawyer from Hell." Actually, I'm from Flint, but there's a similarity! Who am I to blame for the devilish assignment of the three-digit sixes to me? I've sold not my soul, at least to the extent I remember. Yet here am I, marked forever with the appalling appellation of approbation.

Perhaps the only benefit I can derive from my misfortune is that evil never dies. I know this from all the horror movie sequels. I have been immortalized, and thus may continue to wreak havoc on defense lawyers and insurance adjusters unborn.

Have I been cursed by the State Bar of Michigan? I expect so. Most buildings don't have a 13th floor, but here I am, P10666.

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