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by stephen hastings-king

Then I am in Washington DC impersonating an accountant. I test my skills in a roomful. We merge, the accountants and me, into a single complex system. When someone tells us that the sudden death of an auditor has no impact on audit quality, the accountants and me are as one in feeling our individuality under attack. My shirt is cumulus clouds floating in a robin's egg sky. When inner and outer align, my torso disappears. I am a flickering talking head that mingles with accountants. I am familiar but no-one can place me.

