

**Upon the Request of a Newly Made Friend, Sherman Attempts to Explain Himself** | Robert John Miller  
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SHERMAN WAS A SLIGHT man with 3 first names. Also, he wore oversized clothes. He believed that large clothes made him look larger on the same principle that large shoes made his feet look large, as if to disguise himself as a big man he need simply put on a big man's clothing. He never considered the alternate implication that large clothes might actually dwarf him, make him appear almost childlike, like he had been playing in someone else's closet, like a small sign proclaiming itself to be a billboard, drawing more attention to what it wasn't instead of to what it was, which was at least a something, or more precisely, a small sign.

Every part of America is America and America is every part of itself, the same way that a pie is every part of itself and the same way that a pie without filling is actually just a crust and the same way that a pie without crust is actually just a blob. So to say "I don't care for America outside of New York" or maybe "Those people out on the coasts aren't even really part of America" is a bit like walking into a diner and asking for a hollow triangular piece of hard flaky dough and having the waiter say "I'm sure sorry ma'am but all we have in the way of desert today is triangular blobs of hot jelly."

Which brings me to my next point, which is, my name is Sherman, I was born between the coasts, and the first time I killed someone on purpose I vomited. You probably would've too if you had done it, but each time after that it got easier, just like sex. The first time I killed anyone at all was by accident, a hunting accident, which lead to me doing it professional, maybe sort of the same way it happens with professional sex people, but I really don't know.

I can't tell you how exactly I got out of assassinating because they might kill me, but just that I did it, and that the people I killed hardly even knew they died, and even their families didn't much notice, and if I hadn't been the one to do it someone else would've been, thank-you very much, Mr. Self-righteous.

But the truth of it is I didn't "mean" to be an assassin, I mean it paid but I never really what you might call "enjoyed" it, and the truth is, if you're not meaning to be doing something then when you stop doing it it's not rejection at all so much as liberation, because you are now free to start NOT doing that thing, because there ain't no point in getting real good at things you don't mean to be doing in the first place, which is why I thanked my last girlfriend when we broke up, and maybe also why she started crying.

And it was about this time that I was getting bored with my life you know and thinking about a way out, and you get toward where you're about to do it and you think, what did I ever do that I actually wanted to do? And I thought, nothing, that's what, and I'm blowing my chance right here. All I've ever done my whole life is try to be a good guy, and look what's happened. But all that was before I found accounting.

So now like I said, now I'm an accountant—a fucking loud and proud accountant, too—with regular hours and consulting fees and all my numbers in a grid, Monday through Friday, no surprises.