

*from* Bribery:

She wasn't the first to swing a cat in a bucket; she couldn't have been. I must have done it too. I don't remember

not doing it. Your crimes are already there. You've already committed them. You've already repented. You've already been forgiven and then done it again, whatever it is that you've done. Only when you begin committing all the crimes in the world

does it seem like no one is offering them to you; later it seems like each one is merely another present to unwrap—and not even the kind of present that makes your heart beat faster for having received it, a present from an estranged lover who may or may not be giving you something as a sort of revenge, say, but more like

a present dropped in your office mailbox by your boss, which turns out to be a gift certificate to a restaurant owned by the company you work for.