

Debit, Credit, F**kit

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Yesterday a publisher asked me to consider writing a book about the current state of accounting.

I mentioned this to me elder soon last night as we were walking the dog. He groaned. "Not another smutty title, please" was his request.

"How about 'Debit, Credit, F**kit'?" was my response.

The stars are at his request. He might be 18 today, but he still thinks there are some words his father should not know.

I happen to think the title encapsulates an argument remarkably well. It quite succinctly expresses the indifference of the profession to those it is meant to serve.