SAMPLE

The Coiled Dragon

The Personality That Bides Before the Takeover

Aiman Sterling

Free sample: Chapter 1

putrabooks.github.io

Buy the full book:

Payhip

Carousell

Lulu

Contents

Chapter 1: The Signature — the Coiled Dragon at a Glance

Chapter 2: The Core — Patience as Strategy

Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Coil

Chapter 4: The Craft — The Long Game's Craft

Chapter 5: The Cost: Candor, the Open Contest, Daylight

Chapter 6: The Dark Side: The Unsprung Coil

Chapter 7: The Coiled Dragon at Work — Career, Teams, and the Boss Relationship

Chapter 8: The Coiled Dragon in Love and Friendship

Chapter 9: The Matchups — Companions, Rivals, and the Other Types

Chapter 10: The Moment Seized — the Dragon That Stands in Daylight

Afterword

Chapter 1: The Signature — the Coiled Dragon at a Glance

The Telltale Manner

Start with the room's most comfortable person, because the Coiled Dragon is easiest to mistake for contentment, and contentment is visible in a chair. The type sits in meetings it could run, asks questions it knows the answers to, praises rivals it intends to succeed, and declines honors it has quietly priced. Watch long enough and the second layer shows: the questions are load-bearing — each one maps a position; the praise is strategic — each rival is being measured for a chair; the declined honors are declined because small crowns complicate large ones. None of this is visible at a glance, which is the point. The Dragon's resting state is unthreatening competence: excellent enough to be kept, patient enough to be trusted, and beneath the stillness, an ambition with a decade-long fuse. If you are this type, the recognition arrives differently: you have known what you wanted since before you could safely say it, you have watched faster people burn for saying it, and your strongest memory of your own twenties is not a triumph — it is a withholding, the moment you wanted something, reached for it, and did not show your hand.

The Backstory Signature

Every backstory in this bestiary leaves a fingerprint on the adult, and the Dragon's is the clearest to read once you know it: the early defeat. Ask about the first ambition and the answer comes with dates attached — the presidency contested at nineteen and lost, the business launched at twenty-one and folded, the family business seized at twenty-three by an elder who is still, thirty years later, described without heat: a factual tone, no bitterness, filed. Other types narrate their early losses as wounds or jokes. The Dragon narrates them as tuition: what happened, what it cost, and the specific lesson — shown early, shown too soon, shown in the wrong room. The second signature is the silence that followed: the years the type does not narrate at all, the quiet decade in which nothing appeared to happen and everything was actually being positioned. Ask what the type did in those years and hear hobby talk. Read the résumé again at the end of the decade and see the chair.

The Childhood Album

Open the album and the recurring figure is a watcher. The child in the family photographs who is composed in every frame — not shy, note the difference: shy children look down; this child looks across. The school reports with the same teacher's note, year after year: could do more — chooses not to. The album's telling shots are the edges of group pictures: the child standing just outside the center, near the door,

near the exit, near the seat of power's line of sight. Look closer at what the child is doing: nothing, visibly — and the visible nothing is the discipline. Somewhere in this album there is also the first loss: the competition entered at ten and lost, or the inheritance that went to the louder sibling, or the family where ambition was punished and only patience was fed. The album closes on the same fact the inner fire will carry for forty years: this child learned early that the world takes what is shown, and decided — calmly, permanently — to show nothing.

The Type at a Glance

The type on one page. Core engine: patience as strategy — the ambition undiminished beneath stillness, position taken so slowly the occupants never feel the arrival. Instrument: the coil — the slow accrual of position, network, and inevitability, invisible until it is decisive. Craft: the long game — deference performed, the network built in whispers, the timing held until it is perfect. Cost: candor — the open contest, the daylight claim, the friend who could have been told. Shadow: the unsprung coil — the waiting perfected until it replaces the wanting. Growth path: the moment seized — patience kept, secrecy retired, the ambition finally standing in daylight. The one-line silhouette: the crown taken so politely the court learns about it from the herald.

The Type in Five Situations

At the party: unassuming, warm, memorable in a low-key way — and three months later the host realizes the Dragon left with the introductions that mattered and the job nobody advertised.

Under deadline: produces early, quietly, and correctly — the competence that makes the type indispensable without ever making it conspicuous.

In the argument: concedes the debatable points, wins the load-bearing ones, and lets the opponent discover the loss a week later in the minutes.

At the succession: not a candidate — right up until the moment the candidate is unannounced and the Dragon is the only name the room can agree on.

In the inheritance: the sibling who never fought for anything, holding, at the reading of the will, the thing the loud ones wanted.

Not to Be Confused With

The bestiary's other patient types can look like this from outside, so sort them now. The Quiet Specialist (Volume 3) is self-contained by preference — the craft is the point, and no throne is wanted; the Dragon's stillness is strategic, and the throne is very much wanted. The Steadfast Guardian (Volume 2) holds a post and defends it; the Dragon accumulates a post and takes it. Watch what the patience is for: the Guardian's patience serves a ward; the Dragon's serves an ascent. And the Restless Daredevil (Volume 6) is this type's founding failure walking — the Daredevil grabbed early and often because waiting felt like dying. The Dragon grabbed early exactly

once, watched the cost, and built an entire engine from the difference. They are not two types of patience. They are two verdicts on the same early mistake.

A closing word for the reader who just flinched, because this signature chapter has a reader no other chapter in this realm has: someone who recognized the coiled one and is now, silently, presiding the counter-audit — am I that? is my brother that? is my quiet colleague that? The file's counsel is plain. Recognition of the pattern is not an accusation; the coil is a solution, built by a competent self against a real defeat, and everything this book will say in praise of the type is sincere: the patience is real discipline, the warmth is real warmth, the arrival is usually earned. What the signature chapter asks is only that the recognition survive past the flinch — because the type's whole architecture runs on being unrecognized, by the world and by the self, and the reader who names the pattern accurately has done the one thing the engine cannot do alone. Chapter 2 takes the pattern back to the room where it was built.

And the signature ember scroll closes with the refined field check the muster has waited the whole bestiary to deploy, because the stillness reads as contentment at first contact and as the unsprung coil by the third act, and the seam between the two has never been measured — and the refined check is run not at the waiting but at the opening: watch what happens when the position the wyrm has coiled toward is offered, plainly, in daylight. the ember warden's log of a recorded uprising: the wyrm at forty-three, the long game certified at two decades — the deference mistaken for contentment, the network built in whispers, the ascent completed before it is announced, all real — and the instrument is the ordinary offer, deliberately stoked: the directorship, vacated, the board's, the trove should log the provenance with its driest care: offered, unprompted, to the wyrm, in a room with witnesses — and the muster's readings, taken across the offer: the wyrm, coiling harder — the trove should mark the tell with everything it has: the deference, doubled; the refusal, performed — 'not yet, the timing isn't right, the current director deserves the season' — and beneath it, the old frequency, the first flame's own arithmetic, the daylight registering as premature spring — and the ember warden's key portent, the one the treasure room has waited the whole coil to log: the coil is the comfort. the trove should mark it plainly: the position, coiled honestly, was wanted — wanted for twenty years, the whisper network's whole curve aimed at it — and the daylight offer, the whole misfire, was the one form the inner fire has no counter for, because the inner fire is built for taking the position slowly, invisibly — and the wyrm, the readings certified, declined the offered form and spent the next season re-coiling toward the unoffered one — and the colleagues' exit interviews, the muster's collected set, converge on the sentence the ember scroll has waited a generation to log: "the steadiest hand in the building, and the trove should log the difference: he was offered the job in a room with witnesses and turned it down to keep campaigning for it in whispers — and the heat reading, the whole one: it was never the position he was waiting for. It was the approach. The approach was the home." And the check's one measurement, aimed past the patience at the cost underneath: count the springs. the muster ran it across the sorties: campaigns coiled, in the stoked decade — the trove certifies it in full: three, each one, brilliant, each one, the whisper network, certified; springs — the take, executed, the

position, held, the campaign, concluded — zero, and the trove should log the heat reading with everything it has: the wyrm, at the check's deepest probe, was queried the ancient code's anointed question — 'what happens when the spring finally fires?' — and the answer, after the longest pause this volume’s interviews contain — the ember warden's log marks the approach resuming during the pause — delivered with the old coil's calm, verbatim: "the game ends. And I have built my whole self out of the game." And the field check's one-line finding: the Coiled Dragon is the only constitution in the bestiary whose waiting is the home — the patience, the whole misfire, is the technique, and the technique, coiled honestly, has replaced the wanting — and the arithmetic, coiled honestly, is the inner fire in miniature: the child learned that haste loses crowns; the adult coils forever past the last threat — and the ambition, the trove certifies, is undiminished beneath the stillness — and the wyrm, the whole heat reading, has been approaching a throne that was offered, plainly, years ago.

Chapter 2: The Core — Patience as Strategy

Every engine in this bestiary is a first ember that worked, and the Coiled Dragon's is the trove's most deliberate solution, because it was built from a defeat the wyrm can still price to the coin. Take the first flame seriously and the whole type becomes legible.

Picture the first ascent, because there was one, and it is the inner fire's missing first chapter. The specifics vary: the young worker who asked for the promotion at twenty-two, in the wrong meeting, in front of the wrong rival, and was publicly, permanently passed over. The son who announced the family company's future in the wrong room before the elders had decided the present, and spent a decade paying for the announcement. The founder whose first company died of speed — everything launched early, everything scaled loud, everything lost at once. In one representative case it was a student-body presidency, contested at eighteen with a campaign so visible it made the victory impossible and the defeat total. The content differs. The architecture never does: early, ambitious, shown — and the world did not merely decline the ambition. It made the showing itself the crime. The lesson landed at the price of a crown.

Notice what got built from the lesson. Not caution — caution is fear of losing. This was curriculum. The type performed an audit of the defeat as rigorous as any in this catalog: what the type had shown, to whom, at what moment, and what the room did with the showing. And the audit's conclusion, stated with a calm that should unnerve any rival: the ambition was correct — the timing was fatal. The engine that emerged is stated plainly: patience as strategy. Not patience as temperament — the Dragon is not by nature a patient person, which is the fact the file most wants the reader to hold. The ambition is undiminished; the fuse is longer. The position is taken so slowly that the current occupants never feel the arrival, and the ascent is completed before it is announced.

Here is the inner fire's full mechanism, in three movements. First, the concealment:

the ambition goes underground — never abandoned, never stated, visible nowhere, filed behind a face of cheerful contentment or modest craft. Second, the accumulation: every year converts ambition into position — skills that will be needed, relationships that will matter, records that will speak, saved in silence while louder rivals spend themselves in the open. Third, the timing: the Dragon does not strike when the opportunity appears; the Dragon strikes when the opportunity cannot be contested — when the accumulation has made the ascent inevitable and the announcement a formality. The three movements loop: concealment buys accumulation time, accumulation buys timing, timing vindicates the concealment.

The adult carries the inner fire forward, and the carrying is the wyrm's signature. The grown Dragon does not think "I once lost, so I hide." The grown Dragon thinks in positions: every room entered is mapped, every favor banked, every rival's weakness inventoried without malice and without mercy. The type is — this is the part outsiders never believe — among the happiest in this catalog, because deferred ambition with a plan feels like power, and the type's internal weather is confident, purposeful, and quiet. The cost only arrives in two forms, both later: the loneliness of never being known, and the shadow the ember scroll will map in chapter 6 — the coil that waits so long it forgets it is a coil.

One more first flame fact, because the kindling chapter needs it: the inner fire was built as a second attempt. The defeat could have produced a resignation — many types in this catalog end their ambition at the first loss. The Dragon's response to defeat was to continue wanting, at full force, in total silence — which means the type's deepest identity is not patience. It is persistence. The patience is a technique. The wanting is the self. That distinction is the hinge the kindling chapter will swing on: a technique can be retired; the wanting is not retiring — it is waiting for daylight.

The Second Teacher

The founding scene has a second figure the file must name, because the defeat alone did not build the engine — the model did. Beside the early loss, in nearly every case in the record, stands a watching: the Dragon, punished for showing, observed someone else win by waiting. The grandfather who never contested anything in the village and ended holding the land. The colleague who declined the first offer and was running the division by the decade's end. The elder in the family firm — quiet, courteous, underestimated for twenty years — who was in the chair the morning everyone was still betting on the loud nephew. The model is not taught; it is recognized, the way the young recognize the shape of their own unformed answer in someone else's life. The defeated ambition supplied the fuel; the model supplied the physics. And the file's note on the recognition is the chapter's most delicate: what the young Dragon saw in the model was not patience — it was patience that ended in a chair. The engine was never built as a way to be at peace. It was built as a way to arrive, and the arrival, in the model's life, had a date and a shape and a specific glory. The Dragons who later coil without springing have, in the file's finding, misread their own model — they copied the waiting and lost the for. The original engine was patience for something, and the something was never optional.

What the Engine Explains

With the first flame in hand, the wyrm's adult surface resolves into mechanism. The Dragon's famous unflappability — the calm that unnerves colleagues in crises — is the coil's resting state: the wyrm has been holding a ten-year position without visible strain since the twenties, and an ordinary bad quarter is not a test of a system built for decades. The Dragon's generosity toward rivals — the sincere mentoring of the very people the type intends to succeed — is not charity and is not complex; it is the engine's cleanest logic: the rival taught today is the elder whose endorsement is banked in ten years, and the teaching is genuine because the strategy was always built from genuine warmth — the filing system, as the file keeps saying, is simply better than anyone knows. The Dragon's geographic stability — the refusal to job-hop, the decades spent in one institution while faster colleagues chase salaries elsewhere — is the accumulation's requirement: position, unlike cash, does not transfer between institutions, and the type knows it. Even the Dragon's celebrated humility is, at bottom, the concealment's public face — and the dragon scroll's unflattering note on that word: humility is the one virtue the coiled one performs so well that the performance has become the character, and the archivist's note cannot tell, in several mature proving grounds, where the modesty ends and the mask begins. Neither, some years, can the type. That is chapter 5's cost, arriving early: the strategy's most complete success is indistinguishable from the self, and the indistinguishability is the price of the admission.

The core ember scroll closes with the exhibit the grown uprisings finally surfaced, because the crown was lost in a specific room, and the muster finally got the interview the coil was missing: the witness to the first flame — the schoolmate who watched the first campaign collapse. the uprising: the Coiled Dragon at forty-four, the inner fire certified at two decades — and the muster's interview with the wyrm's old schoolmate: the one who was in the room the year the haste lost the crown. His account, offered at forty-four, when the muster read the first flame back to him, and the transcript is seared in full because the coil's origin has never before been described by someone who watched the spring fire too early: "the trove should have those years exactly, because everything hangs off them: the kid was sixteen. And the muster will want the first flame, and I'll give it honestly, the whole truth of it, because I have had thirty years to see what that room built and I was seated beside it: the student council — the trove should log the machinery plainly: the presidency, the senior year's, the kid's, openly wanted — and wanted early, the treasure room should mark the tell with its driest care: the kid, at sixteen, was loud about it — the posters, the speech, the promises, the whole campaign, coiledin full daylight — and the room, the first flame: the assembly, the speech, the kid's — and the speech, the trove certifies it: too fast — the promises, made for offices the president does not hold; the plans, announced, uncosted; the incumbent's allies, insulted, publicly, from the stage — and the hall, laughing — and the vote, the whole record certifies it: a landslide against — and the kid, sixteen, the trove should log the next week with everything it has: the quiet. The posters, taken down; the speech, never once mentioned again; the loss, filed, the whole finding, without a word — and the school, over the kid's head, the

annex should log the sentence that did the installing: 'the loud ones burn out; the quiet ones get the crown' — and the second attempt — the record should log the founding's whole weight: the next year, the kid's final one — and the kid did not run. Did not speech, did not poster — and the treasure room should mark what the kid did do: the whole year of service — the council's dirty work, the committees nobody wanted, the events, organized, quietly, flawlessly — and the incumbent, grown dependent — and the spring, the trove certifies the timing: fired in the last week, the nomination, taken at the floor's own demand, the presidency, won, unopposed — and the schoolmate's collected sentence, the ember scroll's first flame, verbatim: 'the kid learned the wrong lesson from the right defeat — the crown, the second time, came from the silence, and the silence, the whole heat reading, became the religion' — and the inner fire was certified. And the trove should log what the schoolmate saw and did not name: the kid, from sixteen, was patient and unseen in the same body. The patience, the whole finding, was real — the second campaign, the record certifies it: brilliant, the finest the school ever saw — and the crown, 'the quiet ones get it', was issued over the kid's head — never once for the kid. And the treasure room should log the yield honestly, because the schoolmate's ledger must be seared fairly: the patience worked. The presidency, held; the record after: two decades of position, taken so slowly the occupants never felt the arrival — and I have never once been sorry I watched the second campaign. And the cost, the one the coil never priced, which I want seared from the seat beside it, because the kid will hear it from no one else: I got the crown watched, and the kid got the coil. That is the heat reading, and it took me thirty years to say it plainly: the first campaign, the loud one, was the kid's real voice — the promises, the plans, the daylight — and the defeat, the whole misfire, was a sixteen-year-old losing an election, which is to say: a Tuesday — and the kid, the whole heat reading, built a self out of the lesson — and the lesson, the trove certifies it: the silence worked once, in a school, in a small room, against teenagers — and the world since, the adult world, the trove should log it plainly: rewards the loud ones too — the defeat, the whole heat reading, was never proof that daylight loses — and the amendment, which the muster must enter as the first flame's whole sentence: the coil was never the only route to the crown. The coil was the second route — tried once, at seventeen, in a school, and the crown, love, was always available to the daylight too — and the kid, the whole misfire, has spent thirty years coiling toward thrones that were offering themselves — and the packet's plainest line, which the schoolmate's seat watched get built and is owed, plainly: the daylight, kid, never once lost you the crown. The haste did — and the haste, love, was curable without the silence.

Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Coil

Take the Dragon's tool down off the wall, and it is exactly what it looks like: a coil — position taken so slowly the occupants never feel the arrival. Treat it as three interlocking parts and it stops being a metaphor and becomes a mechanism.

Part One: The Imperceptible Approach

The coil's first property is velocity that reads as stillness. The Dragon does not join the race; the Dragon joins the course. Where the loud rival announces, the Dragon volunteers — for the committee nobody wants, the task force with no budget, the account that is too small to fight over. Each position is chosen for one quality only: it sits on the path to the chair that matters, and nobody contests it because nobody has priced it. The years pass, the Dragon accumulates placement: the departments touched, the favors performed, the crises weathered quietly. The occupants of the target chair feel nothing, because the approach generates no threat signal at all — competence without ambition is the most invisible substance in organizational life. The approach is imperceptible for a structural reason, not a mystical one: rivalry detectors in every room are calibrated for challenge, and the Dragon never issues one. By the time the chair opens, the Dragon has been standing beside it so long that the handover feels like gravity.

Part Two: The Whisper Network

The coil's second property is a network built in whispers. The Dragon's social architecture is the inverse of the networker's: no visible collection of contacts, no head-count at parties — instead, a curated set of deep, quiet alliances, each built the same way: the Dragon helps first. The favor is offered before it is requested, performed without fanfare, and never called in early. The result over years is a lattice of obligation and genuine gratitude, invisible to anyone who keeps score by volume. When the moment comes, the whispers activate: a board member mentions the Dragon's name in a room the Dragon is not in; an elder sends a note; a rival's case collapses for want of a second. The Dragon's name arrives at the decision already sponsored, and the sponsorship looks organic because most of it is — the network was built from real service, and the whispers are the harvest. The instrument's honest note: the whisper network is built from genuine generosity, stored strategically. The type's kindness is real; the type's filing system is simply better than anyone knows.

Part Three: The Decisive Constriction

The coil's third property is the ending: the ascent, when it comes, is fast — because everything before it was slow. This is the part that reads, in retrospect, as cold. The Dragon announces at the last possible moment, or accepts the appointment "with reluctance," or simply is there, occupying the chair the day the room needed one — and the rivals discover the contest was over before it began. The constriction feels sudden only to those who were not watching; the Dragon watched, and the timing was chosen precisely because contest was no longer possible. The record's blunt entry: the Dragon never enters a fight that can be lost. This is not cowardice — the fights were held open for a decade and won before they started. But the file states the cost honestly, because it is the instrument's moral signature: the open contest, the visible claim, the earned rivalry — these are things the coil's physics makes structurally impossible, and some rooms never forgive the absence of the contest more than the presence of the victory.

Range and Failure

The instrument scales from the family firm to the corporate ladder to the community board, and the mechanism is identical everywhere. Its failure modes are two. The first is the premature spring: an opening arrives early, the Dragon strikes before the accumulation is complete, and the room — which has been reading the deference as contentment — experiences the ascent as a betrayal. The file notes the room's own psychology fairly: the Dragon was not punished for ambition; the Dragon was punished for the mismatch between the image and the spring. The second failure mode is the coil's shadow and the next three chapters' subject: the spring that never comes. The instrument, like every instrument in this bestiary, fails by overuse — and a coil can wait past its own moment, coiled, until the waiting becomes the inner fire. Chapter 6 opens that dark room. the kindling chapter's discovery, arriving early so the wyrm can practice standing in it: the coil is not finished until the spring — patience without the seizure is just sleep.

The Coil's Cartography

A closer look at the approach, because the file wants the reader to understand that the Dragon's stillness is not passive. The type's interior life, in the accumulation years, is a war room: the institution mapped chair by chair, the retirement dates known before the incumbents have chosen them, the board's factions charted with a cartographer's patience. Each quiet volunteer role was a survey. Each crisis quietly weathered was an annexation of exactly the territory the chair would later require. The map is not sinister — the file has examined the map in every mature case, and what it contains is competence, service, and patience, annotated with a precision the loud types never bring to their loudness. But the map's existence is the type's secret: the Dragon appears to be living a life and is, in the strictest sense, running a campaign whose theater is an ordinary career. The file's gentlest entry on the cartography: the type's loved ones, asked in interviews what the Dragon did in the quiet decade, answer lived, mostly — worked, helped, waited — and the same loved ones, shown the map at the end, say the same sentence in every case: I never once saw him look at a map. That is the instrument's whole genius in one anecdote: the approach is invisible not because it is hidden but because nobody looks for cartography in a modest man's Tuesday.

The Spring, Filmed

Because the coil's ending is its least understood phase, the file sets one spring down in full. The chairman announced his retirement in March. The Dragon, eleven years the right hand, did not declare — the declaration phase, everyone agreed, was a month away, and three candidates were expected. The Dragon spent April exactly as the previous eleven years: solving the small problems, backing the staff, appearing in no story. In May, at the annual general meeting, an elder board member — banked twelve years prior, in a favor too old for anyone to price — stood and said one

sentence: before we proceed to the vote, I want to say that whoever we choose, this company runs on what some of us built quietly, and we all know whose hands it has been in. The vote was not contested. The rivals, excellent both, were not defeated — they were pre-absorbed, invited onto the Dragon's first board within the quarter. And the file's close-up on the Dragon's face at the moment of the acclamation — the record has this photograph in three cases — is the instrument's whole moral in one image: gratitude, visible genuinely, and relief, visible only to the file, because the coil held its silence for eleven years and the spring, when it finally came, took less than a minute. The ascent took a decade. The arrival took a sentence. That ratio is the coil, complete, and the chapter's last word is the growth chapter's, arriving early: the sentence could have been the Dragon's own — and in the grown cases, one day, it is.

And the instrument ember scroll closes with the session the treasure room has waited the whole coil to log, because the coil has never before been read by the dragon who runs it — the auxiliary interview, coiledat the wyrm's own office, the network's own ledger, the whisper map, twenty years of quiet advantage, annotated in a patient hand — with the ember warden's one anointed instruction: audit the coil. The transcript, verbatim, because the instrument's bare-fanged specification has never before been spoken by its operator: "the muster should mark the terms, because the ember scroll has earned them: this is the office — the trove should log the site; the map is the network, the whole quiet ledger, and the treasure room should note the first finding before the review even opens: the coil is real. That is the instrument's floor, and the ember scroll certifies it without irony: the approach, coiledagainst every audit, imperceptible — twenty years, the occupants, never once felt the arrival; the whisper network, certified: the finest in the bestiary; the decisive constriction, drilled. The flame review can open with the engineering plainly: the coil is a waiting system. The patience, the silence, the approach — and the muster should understand the grammar: the patience is not peace. The patience is strategy — the child learned that haste loses crowns, and the coil, three decades past the assembly hall, has never once re-checked whether the crowns still require the silence — and the spec's bare-fanged rates first, because they are the heat reading's floor: twenty years of operation; the positions, taken, the muster can check the ledger — every one, certified, arrived at unannounced; the springs, fired — the trove certifies it, zero — and the treasure room should mark the next finding with its driest care: the coil has no exit function. The instrument cannot stand in daylight — the waiting, the whole misfire, is the only state the self has: every position, approached; every crown, coiled toward; the directorship, offered in a room with witnesses — and the refusal, performed, the whole record certifies it: the approach resumed within the week — and the ember warden queried the ancient code's anointed question — 'what does the coil cost to run?' — and I'll give the treasure room the bare-fanged answer, because the flame review produced it and there's no other bare-fanged way: the told person. The currency the instrument cannot mint: the witnessed want — and the trove should have the inventory: the daylight, the whole misfire: never once seared — the races, the trove certifies it: none, in twenty years, coiledin the open, win or lose; the candor, the whole heat reading: one person told everything, and the ember scroll's grown uprisings converge: the telling, when it finally came, was the hinge — and the cruelest

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Aiman Sterling is the author of The Archetype Series -- a library of personality portraits drawn the way literature draws characters: the great types of human temperament, recognized at a glance, understood in depth, and followed from childhood wound to mature strength.