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The Covetous Heir

The Personality That Expects the Crown Without the Climbing

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Chapter 1: The Signature — the Covetous Heir at a Glance

The Telltale Manner

Before anything else, the swagger — and the probate must open with the honest first impression, because the manner is the type's whole weather and the room's whole mistake: the Covetous Heir enters like the room's natural owner — the posture, squared; the chin, up; the volume, set at address — and the effect on the room, the codicil's most reliable split: half the room charmed — the confidence, real and radiant, the most attractive surface in this plat — and half the room, the ledger-keeping half, quietly running the arithmetic the probate has collected in every indenture: the swagger is running about four levels ahead of the résumé — and the gap, once seen, cannot be unseen: the title, claimed; the deeds, pending — the codicil's founding finding entered in the wet ink the whole book lives in: the Covetous Heir is the entail of the unearned inheritance — the crown claimed by right of self, the dues never collected, the ledger fixed at birth — and everything the type does is one skill: assuming the throne — with the second finding riding beside it, the one the whole case turns on: the assumption is not a lie the type knows it is telling — the type was praised for existing, and the praise installed the belief that the throne was the self's by right — and the world, ever after, is experienced by the heir as a court that has forgotten its duties.

And the manner carries the type's signature gesture, and the codicil enters it precisely because it is the diagnostic: the offense — the obstacle, arriving, and the heir receiving it as an insult — the rejection letter, read as a personal attack; the competitor, ahead, read as a conspiracy; the request for proof — the résumé, the portfolio, the years — read as the court's insubordination — and the probate's x-ray of the offense: it is not temper, exactly; it is theology — the heir's fury is the anger of a person whose religion has been disrespected: the doctrine, installed at the entail, that the self is owed — and the obstacle, any obstacle, is a violation of the doctrine — and the tell within the tell, verified in every indenture: the puzzlement — under the fury, and often instead of it, the codicil's most reliable detail: the heir, confronted with the world's request for proof, is genuinely confused — the collected sentence, uniform in every indenture, delivered without a shred of performance: why would they need to see that? — they know who I am — and the sentence is the whole case: the heir believes the ledger is public knowledge — that the world, like the entail family, has already seen the deeds — the deeds that are pending — and the codicil's dry note: the Covetous Heir is the only type in this plat whose relationship to reality is litigating — the throne claimed, the world's counterclaim, offensive.

The Backstory Signature

The probate holds one origin for this type, and it is the codicil's most praised founding scene, run on a celebration that never audited itself: the child was celebrated for existing — and the probate must walk the scene slowly, because the praise explains the throne the way a coronation explains a crown. The house was a court — the codicil keeps the particulars various on purpose, because the anatomy is uniform: the family business, waiting; the proud parent, watching; the whole household's identity, invested in the child's destiny — and the child, early, received the praise that founds the entail: not well done — the codicil is precise, and the distinction is the entire case: you must be so proud of him — praise for being, never praise for doing — the birthday parties, themed like coronations; the relatives, toasting the heir's future at seven; the parent's collected sentence, uniform in every indenture, offered over the child's head to the room: this one is going to run everything one day — and the crown, promised before a single deed — and the child, standing in the applause, made the discovery the whole constitution runs on: the throne is mine by right of self — the applause is for the claim, not the deeds — and the entail ruling, installed before the child could write it down: being is enough — the ledger was fixed at birth — and the scene's quiet machinery, entered evenly, because it must be said with care: the praise was love, mostly — the family meant well, and the codicil does not turn them into villains — the praise was the family's own hope, projected — and the projection, landing on a child, installed the gap the whole adult case will live in: between what is owed and what is earned, the gap never once examined, because the ledger was fixed before the deeds could begin.

And the praise had a curriculum, and the probate enters it with the honesty this indenture demands: the child was systematically excused from the dues — the chores, done by staff or by siblings; the consequences, waived by the doting parent; the losses, refunded before the lesson landed — the codicil's collected inventory, painful to audit: the trophy, for participation, displayed like a championship; the bad grade, blamed on the teacher, by the parent, with the child watching; the first failure, met not with practice but with rescue — and the child, learning the court's deepest lesson, never once in words: the kingdom absorbs the losses; the heir keeps the shine — and the scene's terminal entry: the child, at adolescence, handing the family a performance — the exam, the recital, the deed — and the family, praising it identically to everything else, and the child, receiving the identical applause for the excellent and the absent, learning the entail's final clause: effort is a category error — the crown does not respond to deeds, the crown responds to me — and the codicil's most consequential line on the entail: the heir was never spoiled by weakness — the heir was coronated by hope, and the coronation, held at seven, has been running for thirty years without a single performance review.

The Childhood Album

The family gallery opens the way this one always opens, and this indenture's photographs are the codicil's most applauded artifacts: in every year there is one photograph, and it is always the same one: the child, centered — the birthday, staged; the family, arranged around the child like a court; the codicil's first entry beside the

family gallery: the other children are in the photographs as audience — the cousins, watching; the siblings, holding the presents — the frame, built by adults, with the heir in the middle — and the family gallery's most common image of the child otherwise: receiving — the certificate, handed; the medal, pinned — and the probate's quiet audit of the images: in none of them is the child mid-effort — the family gallery contains no scraped knees, no practice, no process — only podiums: the child photographed at the top of stairs somebody else climbed — and the codicil's line beside the family gallery: the heir's childhood is the most documented and least earned in this plat — a portrait gallery of a reign that never happened.

The family gallery's most telling photo is the one the family calls the favorite: the front row — the school play, the sports day, the recital — and the child, front and center regardless of the role — the codicil's most delicate finding, verified in every indenture: the child's actual rank in the activity, irrelevant to the framing — the fourth chair in the orchestra, photographed like the soloist; the benchwarmer, celebrated like the striker — and the parents, meaning nothing but love, teaching the family gallery's central lesson: the crown outranks the scoreboard — and the most telling detail of all, the one the probate has learned to check: the other children in the frame — the ones who actually won, practiced, soloed — cropped to the edges, or absent entirely — the codicil's gentle correction, set down with the care the family gallery is owed: the heir's childhood was not happy or unhappy — it was curated — a reign, edited, and the edits, made in love, cut out every image of the dues.

And the family gallery closes on the kind of closer the series can predict: the child already the heir — the adolescence organized around the assumed throne: the opinions, issued on everything; the preferences, treated as rulings; the family's plans, orbiting the heir's convenience — and the moment the assumption became the identity: the codicil's collected scene, uniform in every indenture: the young heir, eighteen, at the threshold of the adult world — the family business, promised; the university, chosen for the crown's luster; the world, described by the doting parent as waiting — and the parent's collected sentence, the entail's last installation, delivered with total love and total cost: they're all going to want you — remember who you are — and the family gallery's last entry, the entail arithmetic in one image: the heir, at the graduation, in the robe, photographed like a coronation — the kingdom, promised — and the probate's line beside it: the whole constitution, achieved — the crown, expected; the résumé, pending — and twenty years from the first performance review the world will actually run.

The Type at a Glance

Energy: high, public, and aimed at the room — the type runs on attention, not effort: the heir's energy signature is the codicil's most performative — the entrance, rehearsed; the opinion, projected — and the spec's fine print is the indenture: the energy collapses at the due — the task requiring unglamorous accumulation, declined as beneath the crown: the codicil's dry note: the heir will host the gala and skip the stockroom, and will never once notice the two are related.

Ambition: the throne — and the codicil enters it precisely, because it is the plat's one ambition aimed at the seat rather than the work: the heir does not want to build the kingdom; the heir wants the kingdom already built — the title, the corner office, the name on the door, the recognition — and the difference from every other ambition on this shelf: the type will not pay the ladder's dues — the ascent, expected as an escalator — and the codicil's dry note: the technique delivers the fastest rise in this plat and, every time, the stall: the door opened by the name, and the room, exited, by the performance.

Vanity structure: total, and constitutional — the mirror is not the self's admirer; the mirror is the court — the heir's self-regard is the codicil's most absolute: the worth, installed at the entail as fixed — not earned, not maintained, owed — and the probate's x-ray: the type cannot be flattered, because flattery is tribute — expected as weather — and cannot be criticized, because criticism is heresy — the praise, processed as confirmation; the feedback, processed as insult — and the codicil's quiet note: the heir's self-worth is the only one on this shelf that never once flinches — which is not strength: it is insulation.

Loyalty: to the court — and the codicil is precise, because the heir's loyalty is the plat's most conditional: the type stays loyal to whoever attends — the admirer, kept; the flatterer, promoted; the parent who praised, defended for life — and the type's one breach condition: the audit — the loyal one who asks for proof, results, or dues gets read off the court — the codicil's sharpest note: the heir's loyalty is the loyalty of the crown to its courtiers — permanent, and downward, exactly as long as the tribute continues.

Weakness: the performance review — the heir's whole structure collapses at the sentence: show me what you've done — the proof, requested, and the entail's deepest theology violated — and the anatomy of the collapse: the type, asked for the deed, offers the claim — the résumé, inflated; the credit, borrowed — and the codicil's collected defense, uniform in every indenture: surely you don't need me to prove myself — the sentence that turns the missing résumé into an insult the world has committed.

Unspoken need: to be seen earning it once — the one experience the entail has priced out of its own kingdom: the applause that lands on a deed the self actually did — the earned standing ovation, the verified crown — and the codicil's central line on the indenture: the heir will never say this need aloud, cannot say it plainly, because the saying would admit the ledger was never fixed — the entail praise was for existing, and the deepest hunger, buried under thirty years of assumption, is the one the doting parent never thought to install: the pride that has to be won — and the whole codicil will spend ten chapters circling toward the sentence: the crown fit the whole time — it was the head that needed the earning.

The Type in Five Situations

At a party: the heir is the head of the table nobody assigned — the seat, taken at the

center; the stories, told about the self; the room, circulated like a kingdom — and the codicil's tell, sharper under observation: the heir's stories, all set at podiums — the triumphs, narrated; the dues, absent — and the listener with the résumé checks the dates and finds the gaps — and the party, charmed and eventually puzzled, the probate's dry line: everyone knows the heir; nobody can name the deed.

In a new job: the heir is the announced arrival — the first weeks, spent establishing the claim: the introductions, implying seniority; the opinions, issued before the orientation — and the codicil's tell: the first assignment, arriving — the small, unglamorous due — and the type, receiving the stockroom shift like a diplomatic insult: surely there's someone for this — and the probate's honest note: the heir's talent is often real — the charm, the vision, the quickness — and the talent, unused, because the talents that build résumés are all dues, and the dues are beneath the crown.

Under sudden pressure: the heir is magnificent or missing — the crisis, arriving, and the entail's one honest audit: when the moment is visible — the room watching, the stakes public — the heir can be genuinely great: the confidence, deployed; the room, rallied — the codicil's honest due: the heir's nerve in the spotlight is real, and rare — and when the moment is invisible — the quiet weeks of accumulation the crisis actually requires — the heir is elsewhere, and the codicil's most telling detail, uniform in every indenture: the crisis, saved, and the follow-through, declined as clerical — the probate's dry line: the heir shows up for the battle and deserts the war, because only the battle has an audience.

In a boring meeting: the heir is the uninvited chairman — the seat, taken at the head; the agenda, improved by ruling; the small tasks, declined like tribute requests — and the codicil's tell, the one managers report in every indenture: the heir, asked to take the minutes, delivering the room's most reliable flash of the entail theology: the pause, the offense, the collected sentence, uniform in every indenture: that's really more of an assistant thing — and the meeting, and the probate's line: the entail in miniature — the crown, assumed; the dues, distributed to the court.

On holiday: the heir is the royal tour — the suite, upgraded by complaint; the itinerary, ruled; the service staff, managed like a small kingdom — and the codicil's sharpest tell: the review, written — the heir's collected pastime, uniform in every indenture: the one-star verdict, issued to the staff of the world — and the probate's dry line: the holiday doesn't restore the heir; the holiday is the heir's natural environment — the one week a year the world consents to be a court — and the return, and the inbox, and the dues, still pending.

Not to Be Confused With

The nearest neighbor on the shelf is the Indomitable Optimist (Volume 12) — the personality that believes — and the confusion is the world's most common, because both types run on confidence, both project certainty the room can neither verify nor resist, and both are called arrogant by people who cannot do what they do. The

separation is what the confidence is made of: the Optimist's certainty is manufactured — worked at, like a chore: the reframe, built on schedule against real evidence, the hope, a discipline — and the optimism, audited by reality, revised when the evidence demands: the optimist believes against the odds and checks the odds; the Heir's certainty is installed — never worked at, never revised: the confidence of the entail praise, resting on the ledger fixed at birth — and the test, the codicil's cleanest, run at the failure: watch each type when the project collapses. The Optimist, recalibrating — the grief, brief; the plan, rebuilt; the belief, aimed at the next attempt with the lessons attached. The Heir, litigating — the collapse, someone else's sabotage; the odds, someone else's fault; the belief, untouched, aimed at the same throne — and the codicil's hinge, entered dry: the optimist believes the self can win; the heir believes the self is owed — and the whole difference between faith and entitlement is whether the failure is information or insult — which is why the building chapter for one is the audit of the hope and, for the other, the audit of the ledger.

The second neighbor is the Restless Daredevil (Volume 6) — the personality that needs the edge — and the confusion lives in the shared swagger: both types are the loud ones, the confident ones, the ones the room watches — the world's two peacocks. The separation is what the swagger is backed by: the Daredevil's is underwritten by the deed — the jump, real; the codicil, verifiable; the risk, taken with the body: the swagger is the receipt of the edge; the Heir's is unbacked — the crown, claimed; the jump, watched from the stands — and the test, run at the moment of truth: the ledge, the launch, the room's held breath. The Daredevil, goes — and either lands or doesn't, and either way, the swagger was honest. The Heir, at the same ledge, delegates — the collected scene, uniform in every indenture: the heir, at the edge, turning to the crowd: you first — and the codicil's hinge: the daredevil's confidence is the child of the risk; the heir's confidence is the child of the applause — and the whole difference between them is what happens when the world says jump — and the world, confusing them, gives the heir's résumé the daredevil's credit, and the probate has watched institutions do it for decades.

The third neighbor is the Visionary Magician (Volume 17) — the personality that re-makes reality — and the confusion is the deepest, because both types are grand, both are allergic to the small print, and both are the ones saying the future while the room says the quarter. The separation is the relationship to the build: the Magician builds — the vision, converted to work, the impossible thing, made: the grandeur is earned in advance, by the constructing; the Heir announces — the vision, proclaimed; the building, pending: the grandeur is expected in advance, by the crown — and the test, the codicil's most decisive, run at year three: watch the ledger. The Magician's: the prototypes, stacked; the failures, learned from; the impossible thing, visibly less impossible. The Heir's: the announcements, stacked; the failures, litigated; the impossible thing, exactly as impossible, and described more beautifully — and the codicil's hinge, set down with the evenness both are owed: the magician is grand about what the self will make; the heir is grand about what the self is owed — and the whole difference between vision and entitlement is a work log — which is why the building path for one is the tethering of the vision and, for the other, the first honest

entry in the ledger.

The Entrance Audit

The signature the organizations keep paying for without ever receiving, opened first because it prices the whole makeup: the entrance audit — the Covetous Heir is hired for the interview and managed for the absence that follows — and the codicil's evidence, uniform across the breed: the first ninety days, magnificent (the hallway, electrified; the vocabulary, current; the promises, sovereign); the first quarter after, empty (the deliverables, ghosts — the audit's flattest finding: the subjects' celebrated projects, across every file, searchable nowhere but in the hallway); and the exit, always someone else's fault — and the signature's mechanism, which the chapter must state as the entitlement's first law: the Heir does not experience the gap — the entrance was the work — and the finding beneath the swagger, set down with the honesty the type is owed: the makeup, so fluent at acquiring, has no faculty for holding — the acquisition, so brilliant, is the type's whole skill, and the inheritance, so confidently expected, is the only ledger the self never audits — the signature's closing line: the Covetous Heir is the only makeup in the plat that is owed by itself.

Chapter 2: The Core — Entitlement as Identity

Every engine in this plat is a childhood solution that worked, and the Covetous Heir's is the codicil's most praised solution wearing the most unaudited ledger. The entail scene is the coronation — and the probate must walk it slowly, because the scene explains everything the world misreads as narcissism, laziness, or bad character. The child was celebrated for existing — and the celebration was love, the codicil enters it first and means it: the house was a court — the family business, waiting; the proud parent, projecting; the relatives, toasting — and the child, early, collected the praise that founds the entail: not well done — the codicil is precise, and the distinction is the whole case: the praise was for being — this one is going to run everything one day — the crown promised before a single deed, the applause arriving with no performance attached — and the child, planted in it, reached the discovery the whole constitution runs on: the throne is mine by right of self — the ledger, fixed at birth: the worth, installed; the dues, waived — and the entail ruling, never once written down and never once revised: being is enough.

And the solution was real — the probate enters it with the respect this discovery is owed, because the codicil refuses the cheap reading that the child was simply spoiled rotten. The praise worked: the confidence, installed early, is the genuine article — the heir's self-belief is the most unshakeable in this plat, and the codicil's verification, run across every indenture since: the technique purchased real goods — the doting house, calmed by the child's shine; the parent's hopes, lived through the heir's promise; the child's fears, answered with a certainty most children never get — and the child who accepted the crown was a realist, the probate's driest note in the margin: the house dealt in no market for deeds; the house ran a market in destiny — the child read that market perfectly and took the one open position — the position, the codicil notes, that

required no dues — and the payoff loop, grown, works exactly as it did at seven: the room, entering; the claim, announced; the court, assembled — and the confidence, re-proven every time someone, anyone, is charmed.

But the scene has a second clause, and the probate must enter it with equal care, because the clause is where the gift becomes the indenture. The coronation installed a gap — between what is owed and what is earned — and the gap, the whole case will show, was never once examined, because the ledger was fixed before the deeds could begin: the praise, arriving for the excellent and the absent identically, taught the entail's deepest lesson — effort is a category error — and the dues, waived at every turn, became the dues never learned — the codicil's founding paradox, stated plainly: the celebration that made the child feel infinite made the child's résumé impossible — the adult heir, arriving at the world's performance review, has the confidence of a champion and the ledger of a spectator — and the world, requesting proof, is met with the entail theology: why would they need to see that? — they know who I am — and the probate's correction, held gently, because it is the indenture's whole growth: the child was right that the crown was promised; the child was wrong that the promise was the same as the deeds — the error installed by love, at seven, quietly expensive at forty, and the building chapter's whole project: the ledger, at last, audited — the dues, at last, collected — by the one person the entail excused from them.

And what was the engine for? The probate answers with the tenderness every founding scene is owed: the child was solving for how to be loved in a house that applauded destiny instead of deeds — the ordinary child's work of earning one's place, replaced at the entail by a coronation — and the entitlement was the only identity the court offered — the codicil's most delicate finding, uniform across every indenture: the heir never chose against earning; earning was never on the menu — the chores, done by others; the consequences, waived; the losses, refunded — and the child, alone in the applause, took the only self the court permitted: the promised one — and the codicil's central correction follows the indenture the whole way: the swagger was never the sin; the unbacked ledger was — the entail, certain the throne is owed, never once checked what thrones are actually made of — and the growth's whole discovery, delivered ten chapters ahead of schedule so the type can rehearse standing in it: the crown was never going to be handed over — the throne was always going to be built — and the building, the whole codicil will show, was the part the doting family deleted from the story, because the building was the part they did — and the heir, at the end of the growth, does not lose the throne; the heir finally makes one that fits.

The First Inheritance

The core keeps one further exhibit for where the entitlement was founded, because the probate traced the bequest in every childhood in the indenture: the first inheritance — the child who was given the thing other children had to earn — the grandmother's unchecked adoration (the rule, exempted — the toy, unearned and un-shared); the coach's bench, avoided (the team, joined late, the position, granted — and the finding, uniform across the codicils: the child was never once benched, and never once learned what the bench teaches) — and the exhibit's yield: the child

learned that the world's goods arrive by identity, not by effort — and the core's finding, entered beside the entitlement doctrine: the Heir's famous confidence is not strength — it is accounting — the self believes the estate is already legal, the inheritance merely delayed in transit, and every day of work is the world withholding what is owed — the inheritance's cost half, priced in the shadow: the child, so exempted, was robbed — the muscle that survives the bench, the flat year, the refused application, atrophied in the type by disuse — the first inheritance's closing line: the Covetous Heir was given everything except the one thing that makes anything worth having — the experience of earning it.

The Second Inheritance

The core chapter logs one further bequest, kept last because the subjects themselves discovered it latest: the second inheritance — the adult court — because the coronation did not end at the childhood door: the type, launched, found the world full of rooms that still paid in destiny — the investor, charmed by the entrance (the term sheet, written on the promise, the diligence waived — the probate's margin note: waived diligence is the adult birthday party, staged for a seven-year-old of any age); the mentor, flattered into the sponsorship (the introductions, made on the name; the dues, once again, waived); the romance, annexed to the résumé — and the second inheritance's yield, entered honestly: the adult court can carry a Heir for decades, and in three files of the archive, carried one to the grave — and the bequest's defect, priced in full: every adult court is a loan against the deeds, and the interest compounds in the one currency the type never audits — credibility — the rooms, charmed and charmed again, quietly adjusting the price of the next entrance — and the exhibit's closing line: the childhood coronation robbed the type of earning; the adult court, robbing it of checking, is the same robbery, refinanced.

Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Assumed Throne

Take the Heir's tool off the wall: it is exactly what it looks like: an assumed throne — the crown claimed by right of self, deeds pending — and the probate must disassemble it honestly, because the tool is the codicil's most charming instrument and the most quietly unbacked. The mechanics run in three moves, uniform in every indenture. First, the claim: the position, announced — not applied for; assumed — the heir's collected opening move, present in every indenture: the seat, taken; the title, used before it is granted — the codicil's honest note: the claim is not deception; it is doctrine — the heir believes the claim is a formality, the world merely catching up to a fact established at the entail — and the probate's dry line: the heir does not claim thrones; the heir reminds the world of thrones the heir believes already his. Second, the expectation: the world, experienced as a court — the service, owed; the doors, expected open; the opportunity, arriving as tribute — and the codicil's central note: the expectation is the regalia's engine — the heir walks into institutions the way a landlord walks into a building, and the staff, charmed or unnerved, mostly comply — the regalia's shocking success rate, the probate's most honest entry: the assumption

works more often than it should, because confidence is read as competence, and the heir's confidence is the plat's most flawless — and the cost, arriving later: every door the assumption opens is a door the résumé cannot defend. Third, the offense: the obstacle, processed as an insult — the rejection, a plot; the request for proof, an outrage — and the codicil's entry on the move: the offense is the regalia's exhaust — the fury, hot and genuine, is the entail theology defending itself: the doctrine that the ledger was fixed at birth, colliding with the world's request to see it.

The regalia has a range, and the probate has mapped it across every indenture. At full range, the assumption runs actual kingdoms: the family business, entered as an owner; the inherited platform, commanded; the institution, treated as the heir's court — and the codicil's honest entry: at full range the regalia is genuinely dangerous — the codicil's collected cases: the company, run into the ground by the third generation that never learned the entail's dues — the regalia's terminal arithmetic: a crown backed by nothing, on a throne built by someone else's work — and at mid range, the assumption runs the ordinary escalations: the promotion, expected; the credit, absorbed; the room, managed — the heir's daily mode, a public performance of seniority the org chart never confirmed — and at its lowest range, the assumption is the front-row seat — the table, taken; the check, someone else's; the borrowed coat, returned late — the range's whole architecture, and the probate's sharpest finding on it: the regalia does not degrade as it shrinks — the restaurant, ruled like the company; the group chat, chaired — one crown, all scales — and the range's one failure mode, entered evenly, because it is the indenture: the assumption has no earning setting — the tool that claims thrones cannot build one — applied to the apprenticeship, the schooling, the due, the regalia produces exactly its founding motion: the claim, restated louder — the codicil's driest line on the range: the assumed throne occupies rooms and cannot construct one — and the world, the probate notes, eventually runs the audit the entail waived.

The maintenance schedule is the chapter's honest center, because a claim, unlike a deed, must be defended — and the Heir's keeping is the codicil's most courtly discipline. The regalia requires its audience: the court, assembled and refreshed — the admirers, courted; the flatterers, employed; the social channels, curated as a reign — and the codicil's entry: the audience is not vanity; the audience is the treasury — the attention, collected, is the currency the whole unbacked ledger runs on — and the maintenance's second requirement: the ledger, kept unaudited — the proof, avoided; the portfolio, un-assembled; the deeds, postponed — the codicil's collected finding: the heir's avoidance of the résumé is not laziness; it is policy — every assembled proof is an admission that proof was ever required — and the probate's sharpest note on the keeping: the entail's one law, never posted and never broken: never compile the evidence — and the maintenance's cruelest clause: the court, paid from the future — the admirers, kept with the promise of the kingdom's coming glory — and the court, the mature cases all show, eventually forecloses.

And whom does the assumption move? The probate is candid about the tool's limits, because the regalia is potent yet partial: it lands best on the charmed — everyone, at first: the room, swept; the interviewer, dazzled — the codicil has collected the scene in

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.