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The Cursed Tyrant

The Personality That Demands Worship From the Throne

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Chapter 1: The Signature — the Cursed Tyrant at a Glance

The Telltale Manner

Before anyone speaks, the room has been arranged — and the warrant must open with the honest fact that makes this type so commanding and so expensive to know: the Cursed Tyrant is presence as weather — not the loudest voice, not the busiest schedule, but the gravity the whole room recalibrates around: the chairs, angled a few degrees toward one seat; the conversation, bending mid-sentence to include one reaction; the laughter, checking, always, whose ear it lands in — and the gazette's sharp note: the arrangement is not accidental and not aggressive — the Tyrant rarely demands the room outright; the Tyrant simply cannot enter a room and remain a member of it — the self, arriving, is the room's most important citizen by internal decree, and the room, within ten minutes, can feel the decree — the signature the warrant has learned to clock in the first ten minutes of any exposure: watch what happens when the story gets told — the anecdote, launched by anyone, will curve by its third sentence toward the Tyrant's verdict, and the Tyrant, receiving it, issues the verdict with the warrant's collected sentence, uniform in every dominion: that reminds me of when I — and the story, colonized, finishes as a possession. And the warrant's x-ray: the takeover is not dominance for its own sake; it is nutrition — the self, taking over the story, is feeding — and the gazette's founding finding, inked into the very beginning the whole book lives in: the Tyrant does not enjoy attention the way others do; the Tyrant subsists on it — the applause, arriving, is not a pleasure; it is a meal.

And underneath the gravity runs the tell the type's courts report and the type never hears: the ledger of applause — the Tyrant's quiet, permanent arithmetic of who clapped, who clapped first, who clapped enough — the gazette has collected the tell in every dominion: the colleague, greeted warmly at nine and coldly at ten, the difference being a meeting where the colleague's question carried a challenge; the sister-in-law, promoted from family to audience and demoted back within a season; the generosity, large and real and performed — the gift, given at the party, not the Tuesday; the favor, done where the room could watch — and the gazette's correction: the type does not experience the ledger as vanity; the type experiences it as governance — the court, maintained; the ranks, current; the dissent, tracked — and the people near the Cursed Tyrant live the way courtiers live: permitted, favored, employed in a play whose title never changes — and the whole room sensing, correctly, that the warmth is real, the affection is real, the loyalty is real — and revocable, the whole weather of the relationship held to one condition nobody signed: keep clapping — which is the dominion's own quiet arithmetic: the Tyrant, fed by everyone, is the one person in the room who is starving.

The Backstory Signature

The warrant holds two tellings of the origin, and they are both true, and they converge on the same coronation.

In the first version, the child was the family's marvel — the classic: the beautiful boy on the aunt's knee, performing the recital piece a third time; the report card, framed; the toddler, paraded — and the gazette has collected the scene in every variant, and the anatomy is uniform: the praise arrived too early and too total — not you did well but you are wonderful — not the achievement, praised, but the self, adored — and the child, before the age of reason, was issued a verdict no child writes: I am the answer — the family's answer to its own disappointment, the town's answer to its own ordinariness, the parent's answer to a greatness they never got to live — and the reflection, so completely pre-installed that the child never once built a self the ordinary way: the self was not discovered; the self was issued, and it was magnificent.

In the second version, the child was an instrument of rescue — the gazette's harder variant: the family in decline, the name in need of restoration, the parent's failed career rerouted through a child's talent — and the child, four years old, carrying the household's redemption in a small recital costume — and the training's one rule, identical in every dominion: you are not like the others; you cannot afford to be ordinary — the compliment, the warrant notes, that functions as a load — and the lesson has no uninstall either.

And the origin moment, where the versions converge, is always the same scene — the same photograph in every dominion: the moment the applause arrives and the child, flooded, chooses it — the recital, the match, the interview — the room's approval, crashing over a child who had nothing inside yet to stand against it, and the ruling, made in the child's own breath, never written down, never once revisited: being adored is what I am for — the applause is where I live — and the gazette must enter the ruling with the care this dominion deserves: the child was right — the gazette has verified it in every dominion since: the adoration was the family's actual love, delivered the only way the founding world knew how, and the child who learned to farm it was farming love itself — and the ruling's second clause, the one that becomes the curse: without the applause, I do not know what I am — the self, skipped entirely, built of mirrors — and the whole biography is that clause at work: the adult has spent thirty years being the most important presence in every room and the least acquainted with the person inside the presence — and the gazette's correction follows the signature like a shadow: the crown was never the sin; the substitution was — the self, replaced by the reflection, and the reflection, the whole file will show, requires a court, a stage, and a province to tax — which is where the cursed part begins.

The Childhood Album

The album opens the way this one always opens, and this dominion's is the annals's most produced: in every year there is one photograph, and it is always the same one: the child, mid-performance — the recital pose; the trophy, held at the camera; the

graduation, staged — and the gazette has audited every dominion, and the finding is uniform: the child is never once off — the album contains no rough play, no uncombed morning, no ordinary Tuesday — the child was photographed only when exhibiting, because the exhibiting was when the child was visible at all — and the album's most telling detail, the one the warrant has learned to check first: the parent, in the frame's edge or just outside it, watching the audience watch the child — the gazette's dry line: the album's real subject is not the child; the album's subject is the applause — a family album, and every page is a box-office record.

The album's most revealing photo is the one nobody wants: the wings — the photo taken by accident, from behind the curtain, in the minutes before the recital — and the child, offstage: not magnificent, not the marvel, just a small person in a costume, frightened, mouthing the piece to nobody — and the gazette's sharp entry beside it: the album's most frequent state of the child was waiting to be seen — and the warrant's most delicate finding on the photo: the child is not resting; the child is starving — the wings are not an intermission from the self; the wings are the nearest thing the child has to what being the self feels like — and the album's quietest line: the family loved the child the way a country loves a monument — fully, publicly, and from a distance — and the child, standing in the wings, learned the whole constitution before the age of ten: unwatched, I am nothing; watched, I am everything — and the gazette, gently, notes what the camera could not: the nothing and the everything were never once compared honestly — the child never got to find out what an ordinary Tuesday felt like, because every ordinary Tuesday was booked.

And the album closes on the expected closer, the one the series knows: the child already the tyrant — the adolescence organized around the fiefdom: the friend group, curated for loyalty and admittance; the school, navigated as a court — teachers as ministers, rivals as pretenders; the talent, or the charm, or the money, converted into rank — and the moment the performance became the identity: the young Tyrant, asked by a counselor what the type wanted for the self, answering with the sentence the whole file will spend ten chapters unpacking: I want to matter — to be the one they remember; I want to be the most important person in the room — and the album, gently, records what the child could not: the want was metaphorical and the child took it literally — to matter, translated by a constitution that only knew one currency, into to be seen — and the warrant's founding arithmetic, entered beside the last photo: the child built the most magnificent presence in these annals on top of a self that never once got built — the crown, seated early, on an empty throne.

The Type at a Glance

Energy: performance — the type runs on audience: the stage, the meeting, the room — and the warrant's honest spec: the Tyrant's energy peaks at being watched — the speech, delivered, is the type's native weather; the unwitnessed afternoon, the gazette notes, is where the type is absent, deflating like a sail with no wind, unable to name the tiredness because the tiredness is hunger.

Ambition: the throne — the type does not want the work or the wage; the type wants

the position: the top seat, the name first, the table's head — and the gazette's dry note: the ambition is pursued by ascent through display: the achievement, mounted where it can be seen; the power, worn where it can be felt — the world's most confident person at needing the room's response, forever.

Vanity structure: total and load-bearing — the mirror is not a pleasure; the mirror is the wall — and the warrant's x-ray: the Tyrant's self-regard is not excessive confidence; it is scaffolding — remove the admiration and the self does not shrink to modest; it falls — which is why the vanity defends itself like a starving man defends bread, and the gazette's quiet note: the arrogance the world reads as plenty is the gazette's clearest evidence of famine.

Loyalty: to the audience, while it applauds — the Tyrant's loyalty is real, warm, and conditional on tribute: the courtier kept in favor while the tribute flows; the friend, promoted to the inner circle the day they flatter and demoted the day they disagree — and the gazette's sharp note: the loyalty's object is not the person; the loyalty's object is the reflection the person provides — the court is the mirror, staffed.

Weakness: the truth-teller — the Tyrant's whole structure collapses at one figure: the person who will not clap — and the gazette's anatomy of the collapse: the honest counselor, exiled; the honest daughter, estranged; the honest mirror, broken on purpose — because the truth, arriving, does not wound the vanity; it wounds the self underneath, which never got built, and the Tyrant, defending the reflection, is defending the only self the type has.

Unspoken need: to be loved without performing — the one experience the covenant has priced out of the market: the affection that arrives when the costume is off, the applause is absent, and the ordinary Tuesday self — the wings, the frightened small person — is the only one in the room — and the gazette's central line on the dominion: the Tyrant will not say this need aloud, cannot say it aloud, because the saying would admit the self is not the show — and the whole file will spend ten chapters walking toward the sentence: the applause was never the love; it was only the applause.

The Type in Five Situations

At a party: the Tyrant arrives to convene it — the host's role, taken whether or not the type is the host; the anecdote, monopolized by the third round; the group, gathered and regathered around the throne wherever it drifts — and the gazette's tell, sharper under observation: the party's other confident people, quietly migrating to the kitchen, because the room's oxygen is being consumed — and the Tyrant, noticing the migration, reading it as disloyalty and never once as fatigue.

In a new job: the Tyrant interviews the company as much as the reverse — and the gazette's tell: the first weeks are magnificent: the charm, spent lavishly; the initiative, conspicuous; the superiors, courted by name — the warrant's collected entry: the first six months are the best colleague we ever had — and the turn, arriving on schedule: the day the courtship ends and the governance begins — the colleagues, sorted into audience and obstacles by week twelve; the boss, respected exactly as long as the

boss defers.

Under sudden pressure: the Tyrant rises — the crisis is a stage the type did not have to build: the performance, sharpened by the stakes; the room, consolidated around the one figure not panicking — and the gazette's honest due: the type's crisis command is real, trained since the recital, and the warrant respects it — and the tell, sharper under observation: after the crisis, the retelling — the story of the save, polished with each telling, the supporting cast shrinking version by version until the Tyrant alone remains in the room of it.

In a boring meeting: the Tyrant suffers physically — the unattended minutes are the wings, and the warrant has collected the postures: the chair, angled to face the widest slice of the table; the pen, drumming; the interruption, arriving by the fourth agenda item, structured as a contribution, functioning as a coup — the meeting, reconvened around the Tyrant's topic, and the gazette's dry line: the type cannot let a meeting stay boring, because boredom is anesthesia for audiences, and an anesthetized audience does not feed.

On holiday: the Tyrant vacations in state — the itinerary, ruled; the companions, assigned; the photographs, staged — and the gazette's tell, the one the type's family reports in every dominion: the collapse on the second day — the unstructured afternoon, arriving, and the mood, black by evening — because the holiday, stripped of audience and schedule, leaves the self alone with the self, the one appointment the covenant has no costume for — and the warrant's dry note: the Tyrant does not hate rest; the Tyrant hates the silence rest installs, the room with nobody in it, waiting for the show to start — with the self the only one there.

Not to Be Confused With

The nearest neighbor on the shelf is the Burdened Ruler (Volume 14) — the personality that builds order that outlasts them — and the confusion is the world's most understandable, because both types sit thrones, both carry titles, and both are followed. The separation is the direction of the feeding: the Burdened Ruler is fed by the kingdom's success — the institution, strengthened, is the food; the ruler, expendable, says so, and means it — the gazette has watched a Burdened Ruler hand a successor the keys with the relief of a man laying down a weight. The Cursed Tyrant is fed by the crown's reflection — the institution, whatever else it does, must first feed the throne: the title, defended; the image, maintained; the kingdom, in the end, a staging area for the mirror — the gazette has watched a Tyrant starve a real institution of real talent to protect one flattering courtier, and sleep well. The test, one question, in the room where both types might be sitting: who is this for? — the Burdened Ruler answers with the institution's name; the Tyrant answers with a sentence that begins I — and the gazette's hinge, sharper than any test: watch what each does with a successor. The Burdened Ruler builds one. The Tyrant has never once been known to.

The second neighbor is the Radiant Performer (Volume 11) — the personality that lives

for applause — and the confusion is even easier, because both types do live on applause, metabolically, and both are magnificent in front of a room. The separation is what the applause is for: the Performer wants the applause to land on the art — the song, the play, the piece — and the performer, offstage, can be found in the kitchen, ordinary, relieved; the Tyrant wants the applause to land on the self — the achievement is the occasion, but the meal is the worship — and the test, the gazette's cleanest: watch what happens after the applause. The Performer thanks the room and disappears into the ordinary. The Tyrant thanks the room and stays to be thanked — the gazette's hinge, entered dry: the Performer needs an audience; the Tyrant needs a court — the first is a transaction, and ends; the second is a government, and does not.

The third neighbor is the Battle-Crowned Conqueror (Volume 64) — the personality that only feels alive at war — and the confusion lives in the shared vocabulary: both types take territory, both collect victories, both leave rooms rearranged in their wake. The separation is the prize: the Conqueror wants the win itself — the contest, finished, is the food, and the Conqueror, victorious, is calm, sated, ready for peace until the next war — the gazette has watched a Conqueror win the crown and lose interest in it within the season. The Tyrant wants the crown itself — the victory is only the accession ceremony; the food is the daily reign, the throne, the being-seen — and the test, in the field, where both types campaign: watch the morning after the victory. The Conqueror starts planning the next campaign. The Tyrant starts planning the parade — and the gazette's hinge, the chapter's sharpest: the Conqueror fights to win; the Tyrant wins to reign — and a reign, the whole file will show, is a hunger with a flag.

The Metered Warmth

The signature every witness reported before any other, opened first because it governs the covenant's whole economy: the metered warmth — the tyrant's affection, issued in allocations — and the annals' evidence, uniform across every dominion: the warmth, real (the gazette's cross-check found no cold performance anywhere in the type — the charm is not counterfeit; it is metered) — the allocations, precise: a quarter's worth of mentorship, issued to the new hire; a year's worth of friendship, issued to the college friend; a decade of light, issued to the spouse in the first act — and the meter's mechanism, which the chapter must state as the covenant's founding clause: the warmth is pegged to the applause supply — the allocation follows the attention, and when the court claps for someone else, the allocation, without announcement, closes — the annals' plainest exhibit, kept verbatim from the assistant of nine years: "he was the best boss in the building. Then the quarter when the applause came in short. The door shut in the middle of a sentence, and I have spent ten years telling people it was something I did" — the signature's closing line, and the gazette's own: nothing was done — the meter, not the courtier, turned off the heat.

The Applause Dividend

One further signature, logged by every workplace that ever employed this dominion, because it is the meter's public face: the applause dividend — the tyrant, in any room,

lifts — and the annals must enter the fact before it prices the flaw: the presence is genuinely magnificent — the launch, run by hand into a triumph; the demoralized floor, converted by one speech into a legion; the client, charmed, every time, in every file in these annals — and the dividend's mechanics, uniform across the dominion: the type performs best exactly when the room's applause supply is live (the annual review season, the conference, the pitch) and worst when the supply is not (the undocumented quarter, the quiet maintenance year, the stretch of good work nobody sees) — the dividend's cost line, which the work chapter prices whole: the kingdom's best quarter and the kingdom's starved quarter are the same man, in the same chair — and the gazette's dry margin note, kept as the signature's close: every employer of this type, asked to describe the tyrant, reaches for the performance review — and every spouse reaches for the kitchen — the two documents describing the same reign, in different currencies.

Chapter 2: The Core — Worship as Nutrition

Every engine in these annals is a childhood solution that worked, and the Cursed Tyrant's is the gazette's most successful solution wearing the gazette's most expensive maintenance contract. The founding scene is the coronation — crowned before grown — and the warrant must walk it slowly, because the scene explains everything the world misreads as arrogance. The child was raised as the answer: the answer to a family's decline, a parent's disappointed ambition, a household's need for one thing that shone. The praise, arriving, did not attach to deeds; it attached to the self — you are wonderful; you are extraordinary; you are not like the others — and the verdict, issued by adults a child cannot audit, was accepted the way children accept everything: as the world's description of them. The reflection arrived pre-installed. The child never once built a self the ordinary way — by trial, by error, by the slow discovery of what the small person actually liked and wanted and feared — the self was issued, finished and magnificent, and the child's whole development became a career: the maintenance of the issued image, the performance that matched it, and the harvest of the applause that confirmed it.

And the harvest was real — the warrant enters it with the care this dominion demands, because the gazette refuses the cheap reading. The adoration was the family's actual love, delivered the only way the founding world knew how: the recital as devotion, the framed report card as pride, the paraded child as the household's hope. The child who learned to farm that love was farming love itself, and the farming worked — the applause, crashing over the small body, was warmth, safety, belonging, the entire emotional diet arriving in one currency. That is the engine's founding discovery, the sentence the whole case turns on: adoration is nutrition. Not a pleasure, not a bonus, not an accessory to the child's life — the meal itself. The child who feels loved when applauded and invisible when not is not learning to enjoy attention; the child is learning that attention is where the self is kept — and the adult who demands worship is not demanding a luxury; the adult is ordering dinner.

The mechanism, grown, works exactly as it did at six, and the warrant can state it in

one exchange. Something excellent is done — or ordinary; the engine does not always distinguish — and the achievement is published: told, shown, staged, its size adjusted for maximum effect — the room responds — admiration, laughter, deference, envy, any of the court's currencies — and the response is digested: the warmth lands, the self inflates, the world is, for an hour, safe and comprehensible — and the adult Tyrant, well fed, is magnificent: generous, warm, funny, the best company in these annals when the applause flows, because the fed Tyrant has everything and shares it freely — the gazette enters the fed state with real affection, because it is real: the magnanimity is not an act; it is what this type is when it is not starving. But the meal digests fast. The applause of Tuesday cannot be banked for Thursday; the warmth, metabolized, leaves nothing stored — and by Thursday the self is back in the wings, hungry, watching the room, and the mechanism reloads: publish, harvest, digest — publish, harvest, digest — the warrant's dry line on the loop: the Tyrant is the only type in the annals who must eat in public to have eaten at all.

And the payoff loop is only half the engine; the other half is the starvation protocol, and the gazette must enter it even more carefully, because it is where the curse lives. When the applause stops — the audience drifts, the flatterer is exposed, the crowd chooses another act — the Tyrant does not experience disappointment. The Tyrant experiences famine: the mood, blackening by the hour; the dread, unspecifiable because it is not a thought but an absence — the self, unfed, thinning toward the wings, the frightened small person in the costume returning to the front of the covenant — and the protocol, self-taught in childhood and never once revised, has one instruction: secure the food supply at any cost — and the cost is the dominion's whole biography: the court, curated to remove everyone who does not clap; the stories, inflated; the history, edited; the generosity, weaponized into debt; the disagreement, punished — not from cruelty, the warrant notes, though cruelty arrives; from agriculture — the Tyrant is a farmer protecting a failing crop, and the crop is the self. The world calls it tyranny. The constitution calls it eating.

And what was the engine for? The warrant answers with the tenderness every founding scene is owed: the child was solving for love with no other door. The recital was the door; the applause was the love; the child, small and unaccountable, walked through the only door the house had. The gazette's verdict on the child is unconditional: the solution worked, the love was real, and the child who became the Tyrant was right to farm it — a child does not audit the currency. The verdict on the adult is the dominion's whole argument, and the warrant states it plainly: the door that saved the child has become the only door the adult will use — and the love behind it was never the applause itself; the applause was only applause — the love was the people who would have loved the ordinary child in the wings just as much as the marvel on the stage — the parent at the recital, watching with pride that would have survived a dropped line; the family whose devotion the child priced as conditional because a six-year-old could not tell the difference between being loved and being watched — and the whole growth of the dominion, arriving eight chapters early so the type can practice standing in it: the self that believes it must be adored to exist has never once tested the belief — and the test, the gazette has found in every

mature case, is survivable, and the finding on the far side of it is the warrant's most quietly radical line: the wings were never empty; the wings were where the people were — the frightened small person in the costume, offstage, was never alone in there; the room only ever clapped at the front of the stage, but the love was in the wings the whole time — and the Tyrant, turned around at last, finds the audience was never the point: the family was, and the family, unlike the audience, eats at the same table.

The Ration Act

The core covenant keeps one further clause, entered whole because it explains the meter: the ration act — the tyrant's attention, as the coronation taught, is the only currency the kingdom of childhood ever paid — and the adult, still running the same treasury, rations it outward the way the kingdom rationed it in: the court, held on a stipend (proximity, granted; access, granted; real knowledge of the king, never granted); the spouse, held on a ration (the pedestal phase, generous; the maintenance phase, famine); the self, held on the largest ration of all — the applause, which the tyrant grants himself in every room he enters — and the act's arithmetic, which the annals must enter flat: the type experienced attention, in childhood, as a finite substance that had to be won nightly — the adult experiences it exactly the same way — and the rationing, so cold to the court, is the covenant's own self-protection: a treasury that once ran dry will never again be left open — the clause's closing line, in the dominion's own grammar: the tyrant does not hoard the warmth out of cruelty — the tyrant hoards it the way a famine survivor hoards grain — correctly, by the only math he was taught, and too much.

The Nightly Census

The core chapter keeps one further rite of the crowned childhood, entered last because the courtiers, interviewed, recognized it before the researchers did: the nightly census — the child, crowned before grown, did not merely receive the applause — the child counted it — and the rite, reconstructed across the files: the evening's tally, taken at the bedroom door (the day's praise, inventoried — the guest who laughed, credited; the relative who did not ask about the recital, entered as a shortfall); the ledger, kept in a child's hand — and the adult's continuation, uniform across the dominion: the party, debriefed in the car (the laughter, assessed; the silence, attributed); the meeting, recounted on the walk back — and the rite's defect, which the annals must price in full: a census that counts receipts never learns to count residents — the child, so exact about the applause, has no line item for the people who would have stayed without applauding — and the closing line, in the dominion's own grammar: the tyrant knows, to the unit, how much worship the kingdom produced last night — and has never once, in the whole ledger, counted who was there.

Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Throne

Take the Tyrant's tool off the wall: it is exactly what it looks like: a throne — a constructed position of importance from which the self can be fed — and the warrant must disassemble it honestly, because the tool is not the gold chair; the chair is optional. The throne is a structure: a person, occupying a position, arranged so that the people around the position must face it — and the gazette's first finding on the mechanics: thrones are built of attention obligations, not stone — the dinner conversation that must route through the Tyrant's opinion; the meeting that cannot end without the Tyrant's blessing; the family group in which no plan is final until the Tyrant is told — the throne's whole architecture is a standing rule, never posted: nothing moves until I have seen it — and the Tyrant, seated, is not being served by this arrangement so much as sustained — the facing is the food, and the obligation is the farming.

The instrument has a range, and the warrant has mapped it across every dominion in the gazette. At full range, the throne is institutional: the title, the founder's seat, the named chairmanship — the position with attendants built in — and the Tyrant at full range is the dominion's familiar public figure: the courtier class, self-assembling; the flattering reports, arriving in prose; the truth, routed through ever-fewer channels until it arrives, if at all, through the one counselor too old to fear — at mid range, the throne is social: the convener — the one whose house hosts, whose name opens, whose invitation decides — the dinner party as parliament, the group chat as court, the friendship circle's weather system — and at its lowest range, in the tightest rooms, the throne is domestic: the family seat — the table's head, inherited or seized; the holiday, ruled; the adult child who still needs the parent's summons answered — and the gazette's dry note on the range: the throne shrinks as the Tyrant ages but never dissolves — the institution lost becomes the club; the club lost becomes the dinner table; the dinner table lost becomes the phone — the audience, at the end of every dominion, reduced to whoever still answers.

The maintenance schedule is the chapter's honest center, because a throne, unlike a self, cannot survive on one witness — it needs a court, and the court must be staffed. The Tyrant's staffing method is the gazette's most reliable procedure, uniform in every dominion, and the warrant has written it in four moves. First, the recruitment: the flatterer, identified early — the person whose admiration arrives unprompted, in quantity — and promoted fast, past skill and seniority, because the tribute is the résumé. Second, the sorting: the room divided, quietly, into the loyal and the rest — the rest being anyone with an independent source of self-regard, a spine, or a memory — and the sorting, the gazette notes, is not conspiracy but taste: the Tyrant genuinely enjoys the loyal and genuinely feels the rest as cold. Third, the feeding: the court paid in the only coin the Tyrant keeps, access — the proximity, the confidences, the raised glass, the first phone call — the currency that costs the Tyrant nothing and the court everything, because access is revocable at will. And fourth, the pruning: the flatterer who becomes ridiculous, the rival who grows, the counselor whose honesty has crossed from useful to insubordinate — removed, at the institution's full range by the reorganization and at the dinner table's range by the cold shoulder, and always with the ceremony intact: the removal, dressed as standard governance — and the

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.