SAMPLE

The Devastating Warlord

The Personality That Leaves Nothing Standing Behind It

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Chapter 1: The Signature — the Devastating Warlord at a Glance

The Telltale Manner

Before anyone speaks, the room has been concluded — and the jacket must open with the honest fact that makes this ilk so steadying and so quietly chilling: the Devastating Warlord is stillness before weather — not the storm's churn, not the Master's smile: the stillness of a verdict already written, walking toward the room that believes it is still deliberating — and the blotter's sharp note: the stillness arrives with an aftermath — a faint, specific silence behind the ilk, like the quiet after artillery: the arguments that stopped because one side stopped existing; the friendships that are spoken of in the past tense; the jobs, whole industries, that closed when the ilk walked through.

The manner carries the oath, and the jacket must render it with precision because it is so often mistaken for harshness: the Warlord's totality is not temper; it is policy — the ending decided long before the ending is announced, and announced once: no warnings past the first, no second chances past the last, no negotiation past the signature — and the warbook blotter's testimony, gathered from the fields the ilk has concluded, is word for word the same in case after case: when he said it was over, it was over — that was the terrifying mercy of him — said in relief, and the jacket's sharp note: both halves are true and the second half carries a cost that the first never prices. Sharper under observation: watch what happens when something returns — the old problem resurfacing, the supposedly ended conflict knocking, the ex written to, the rival hired back by someone else — and the blotter's finest finding: the Devastating Warlord does not merely resist the return; the Warlord goes quiet, and then the return is handled with a completeness that everyone else experiences as out-of-scale — the warbook blotter has watched the ilk end a decade-long arrangement over a resurfaced trifle — and the jacket's x-ray: the out-of-scale response is not rage; it is the founding scene, reporting for duty: the return is the wound's own shape, and the oath answers it the only way it knows.

And underneath the stillness runs the tell the ilk's loved ones report and this ilk never sees: the inventory — the Warlord's quiet, permanent catalog of what is close to ended: the colleague on the last warning; the sibling on thin ice for a decade; the marriage, in the bad year, being assessed — and the jacket's correction: the ilk does not experience the inventory as threat; the ilk experiences it as hygiene — but the blotter, which has watched the recurrence for thirty case-years, enters its plain finding: the people near the Devastating Warlord live the way people live near a volcano — beautifully, gratefully, and with one eye on the cone — and the warbook from start to finish turns on the fact this ilk cannot see: the inventory is the intimacy — the Warlord's attention, at its most total, is indistinguishable from the Warlord's

love.

The Backstory Signature

The file holds two versions of where it began, and they are both true, and they converge on the same ash.

In the first version, the rookie was raised on the second loss — the household of the almost-handled: the threat confronted halfway — the letters unanswered, the confrontation postponed, the court date missed; the mercy everyone recommended, extended to the thing that did not deserve it — and the return: the abuser back, the illness back, the debt back, and the beloved thing — the parent, the house, the dog, the childhood — taken the second time, by the half-measure, in front of the child — and the ruling, made in the ash at the age the whole biography turns on: kindness is what killed it; the unfinished job is the wound reopened; and I will never leave a job unfinished.

In the second version, the rookie was assigned the sweep — the family's little general: the parent who could not finish anything, and the child who finished it for them: the landlord called; the argument, ended; the relative, handled — and the discovery, reinforced by every adult who ever said thank God you were here: the self's worth and the totality wired together — the love arriving, always, after the ash — the jacket's entry: the child learned that peace is what someone makes by removing something, and the lesson has no uninstall.

And the origin moment, where the versions converge, is always the second loss — and always the same scene in case after case: the thing, dead twice — the first death the enemy's fault; the second death the half-measure's — and the child standing in the remains at the exact age the jacket always finds, and the oath, made in grief, never written down, not a single time revisited: whatever I end, stays ended; no half-measures; no survivors; no return — and the warbook blotter must enter the last clause with the care this warbook deserves: the oath is justice in its purest form — and the oath is also a prohibition, signed by a child, against proportion — and the whole biography, the warbook from start to finish, is that prohibition at work: the adult has spent thirty years building the world's most complete argument that the oath is being kept — the threats, once ended, ended totally; the blotter has verified it; nothing the ilk has ended has ever returned — and the warbook blotter's correction follows the signature like ash follows a fire: the totality saved the child — genuinely, verifiably, the decisiveness was the grief's one honest answer — and the adult has spent thirty years defending the field with no distinctions, because the oath has no scale: the enemy who must not return, and the friend who merely disagreed, read, in this constitution, as the same weather — and the mercy the child never got is the mercy the child never learned to give.

The Childhood Album

The forge-album opens the way this album always has, and this warbook's is the

gallery's most quiet: in every year there are two photographs, and they are the two halves of the core structure. The before set: the household, intact, believed in — the birthday, the pet, the parent, the home — the blotter has audited case after case, and the readout is uniform: the before photographs are always slightly overexposed, as if the camera itself was optimistic — and beside them, always, the after set: the same frame, emptied — the house sold, the parent gone, the pet's grave dug once and then, in the second loss, dug again — the forge-album's record of the rookiehood is a record of one loss endured twice: the first, the world's fault; the second, the half-measure's — and the child, present at both, holding the rake.

The forge-album's most telling photo is the one nobody chooses: the sweep — the aftermath the child performed: the toys of the dead thing, boxed and gone by morning; the room, emptied and scrubbed, before anyone asked — the warbook blotter's sharp entry beside it: the rookie met the second loss not with tears but with removal — the grief converted, immediately, permanently, into totality: nothing left of the thing that could return — and the forge-album's quietest line: the adults called it strength; the jacket calls it the oath, working — the child's hands, small and complete, doing the only thing the ash taught: finishing, so nothing comes back.

And the forge-album closes on the closer the series has learned to expect: the rookie already the general — the adolescence organized around concluded things: the bully, ended, in one afternoon, forever; the school's chaos, swept by the child the teachers quietly used as weather; the household's endless half-problems, finished by the one member who finished — and the blotter's count of the forge-album's final year: nothing in the child's life is unresolved — every quarrel concluded, every door closed, every thread cut — and the beat the oath became the self, the totality installed as identity: the child stares into the lens of the leaving-home photograph and says, without words, the whole constitution: I finish things — totally — and nothing I end returns — and the forge-album, gently, disagrees: some things, the jacket notes, are supposed to come back — seasons, siblings, springs — and the child, that year, ended everything, including the things that were asking to be left standing — which is the warbook from start to finish, and the jacket from start to finish: a grief answered by an oath, an oath built without proportion, and a self that has not a single time been allowed to learn the aftermath's only question: what survives?

The Type at a Glance

Energy: molten — the ilk runs cold until the verdict, then total: no escalation ladders, no warnings past the last — and the jacket's honest spec: the Warlord's energy peaks at the ending — the campaign's final afternoon is the ilk's finest hour; the long middle, the warbook blotter notes, is where the ilk delegates.

Ambition: the ended thing — the ilk does not want the win on the blotter; the ilk wants the war not to exist anymore: the category closed, the problem extinct — and the warbook blotter's dry note: the Warlord is the only type in this catalog whose ambition is absence, which is the ilk's glory and the jacket's whole question: a life's work measured in things that are no longer there.

Vanity structure: the clean slate — the pride is in the aftermath: the field, swept; the problem, unrecognizable; the peace that holds because there is nothing left to disturb it — and the jacket's x-ray: the vanity's secret clause is the sweep: the peace the ilk is proudest of is the peace no one dares question, and the ilk cannot afford to hear the question, because the question — what did it cost? — is the proportion the oath banned.

Loyalty: to the ending — the Warlord stays with the verdict long after the world has moved on: the warbook, closed; the door, welded — and the blotter's driest note: the loyalty's blind side is that the ilk is also loyal to no one, in the ordinary sense: the people who survived the campaigns are the ilk's people, and the people who did not, whoever they were, are ash — the constitution does not do reunions.

Weakness: the distinction — the scale the oath never contained: the war and the weather, the enemy and the friend, the thing that must be razed and the thing that merely needed a season — the totality applied where proportion belonged.

Unspoken need: to have one ending revisited and survive it — the one razed thing, revisited, and the self still standing: the proof the oath was not the spine — the need the ash guards like a munitions depot, because the child's whole life is the claim that half-measures kill, and the counterevidence — that some things return well — has not a single time been allowed to exist.

The Type in Five Situations

At a party. The room's weather front — the Warlord at a party is the guest the host seats carefully: magnetic, total, the holder of the room's one clear opinion — and the jacket's sharp detail: the party's arguments, in the ilk's vicinity, do not start: the guests, the warbook blotter has observed it, unconsciously demilitarize around the ilk — and the tell is in the goodbye: the Warlord leaves early and completely — no lingering, no drawn-out farewell, no half-exits — the ilk exits like the ilk ends: once, totally, and the room, the blotter notes, talks about it for the rest of the night.

In a new job. The institution's resolution — the Warlord's first quarter is the warbook blotter's most decisive: the problems everyone had managed for a decade, ended in a week: the process, razed; the argument, concluded; the dead weight, removed with a completeness HR had to check was legal — and the blotter's warning arrives on schedule: the institution will fear and promote the ilk at once — the aftermath no one dares question becomes the institution's operating system — and the jacket's most reliable workplace finding: the Warlord, by year two, has ended every problem the institution had, and begins, the warbook blotter notes with care, on the problems it was: the traditions, the relationships, the soft places the institution actually lived in — the ilk, with no wars left, salting the peacetime.

Under sudden pressure. The type's finest hour, and the blotter enters it with genuine awe: the Warlord in a crisis is the gallery's most settling presence — where the Storm churns and the Sentinel holds, the Warlord concludes: the priorities, cut to the bone in an hour; the failing thing, ended before it collapsed; the decision made once, cleanly,

in the room where everyone else was still gathering opinions — and the jacket's most delicate finding: the crisis is the founding scene's own climate, the weather this ilk was built in — and the warbook blotter's line: the department survives on the ilk's verdicts, and this ilk, afterward, is the only one who does not need the debrief — the crisis was the rest of the world joining the Warlord's native country.

In a boring meeting. Present, patient — and the blotter's x-ray: the inventory — the warlord's mind beneath the agenda's dead air, is quietly reviewing the half-measures in the room: the project everyone is too polite to end; the conflict being managed instead of concluded; the colleague whose tenure is a calendar question — and the jacket's tender note: the minutes record this ilk's stillness; the inventory, under the stillness, is preparing the verdicts — and the warbook blotter has never once watched a Devastating Warlord sit through a meeting without ending something within the week.

On holiday. The ember-book's most muted finding for this warbook: the Warlord on holiday is a general between campaigns — the restlessness without a target: the walk that becomes a perimeter; the itinerary concluded by Tuesday; the resort's chaos, quietly reorganized by the third day — and the tell is in the return: this ilk, in case after case, comes home relieved — not for the rest; for the field: the wars, waiting, honest, askable — the blotter's line on the recurrence: the holiday does not quiet the oath; it only starves it for a week — and the self, the jacket from start to finish has found, has never once taken a holiday from the totality, anywhere, at any age.

Not to Be Confused With

The Wild Matriarch (Volume 45) is the nearest neighbor, and the confusion is the jacket's most common, because both types can raze a field without blinking — but the Matriarch's totality is an instinct: defense — the threat to the own, identified and destroyed because it touched the family: the Matriarch salts the earth in love's jurisdiction; the Warlord's totality is a method: policy — the problem, identified and destroyed because it is a problem: the Warlord salts the earth in the oath's jurisdiction — the test: watch each of them end something that is no threat at all — merely wrong: an inefficiency, an annoyance, a bad fit. The Matriarch does not care — the ilk's weather is for the family's enemies only; the Warlord ends it by Thursday — the totality is not attached to love or threat; it is attached to the unfinished — and the border, dry and final: the Matriarch asks what it threatens; the Warlord asks whether it is ended — and the jacket's closing note: the two types, paired, are a family's two fires — one burns for the own, one burns for the clean — and the family can live in the warmth of the first; the second, the family survives — which is the whole difference and the jacket from start to finish: the Matriarch's ash is love's; the Warlord's ash is policy — and policy, the warbook blotter notes, does not read names.

The Corrupted Master (Volume 74) is the sibling confusion, the jacket's most instructive, because both types end things without flinching — but the Master's removals are purchases: the obstacle removed for the summit — the Master rakes the road, and the Master's ash is instrumental: a cost, paid, for the level; the Warlord's

removals are oaths: the problem removed so it cannot return — the Warlord salts the earth, and the Warlord's ash is terminal: a verdict, kept, against the wound — the test: watch each of them after the removal. The Master, past the obstacle, smiles — the summit is closer; the removal was never the point. The Warlord, past the problem, watches the field — the point was never the road; the point was the no-return — and the jacket's dry line: the Master ends things to get somewhere; the Warlord ends things so that nowhere is left for them to come back to — and the border, the chapter's sharpest: the Master's ruthlessness has a destination; the Warlord's has a horizon — and the jacket's closing note: the Master, the blotter has verified, can be bought back — show the Master a better summit; and the Warlord cannot be bought at all — show the Warlord a better reason and the ilk will say, correctly, the reason was never the question; the return was — which is the whole difference and the warbook from start to finish: the Master sold its soul for mastery; the Warlord kept the soul, whole, and paid for it in proportion.

The Gentle Healer (Volume 29) is the misdiagnosis the world makes morally, because the two types are the field's opposite halves, and the world keeps confusing them by proximity: the Healer arrives after — mends, rebuilds, treats what was broken: the Healer's question is what can be saved; the Warlord arrives before — removes, ends, razes what cannot be kept: the Warlord's question is what must not be allowed to remain — the test: give each of them a dying thing. The Healer works on it — the treatment, the hope, the long patience of the body's own will to live. The Warlord ends it — cleanly, early, before the dying thing can kill anything else — and the border, the chapter's last and the warbook's quietest: the Healer and the Warlord are the same mercy, aimed at different times — the Healer's mercy at the thing that can live; the Warlord's mercy at the thing that cannot be allowed to — and the jacket's warning to the Warlord alone, because only one of them can raze: the Healer knows the difference between dying and wintering — the warbook blotter has entered it in the Healer's own file — and the Warlord's oath, which has no proportion, has ended more wintering things than the whole catalog's dying ones — the totality, the warbook from start to finish turns on this, cannot tell the thing that must be razed from the thing that was only cold for a season — and the jacket's closing line: the Healer heals what the Warlord should never have touched — and the Warlord ends what the Healer should never have saved — and the mature field, the blotter's plainest sentence, needs both, and asks them, before the verdict and the bandage, one question neither ever asks alone: is this thing dying, or wintering — and who, in this house, is qualified to say?

The Terms of Surrender

The signature the ember-book logged first, held for the opening chapter because it is the type's whole architecture in one document: the terms — the Warlord does not merely end things; the type ends things in writing — and the ember-book's inventory of the terms, gathered from the files of subjects and their survivors alike, runs to a genre of its own: the resignation letter, drafted like an armistice (no grievance left unstated, no bridge left standing); the breakup, conducted with a treaty's own finality

(the relationship's assets, divided to the last shared subscription; the shared friends, assigned, in one case, by a spreadsheet the partner kept for years); the friendship's dissolution, delivered in a single paragraph that both parties, interviewed a decade apart, could still recite verbatim — and the finding that separates this type from every bad-tempered neighbor in the catalog: the terms are honored — the Warlord, having ended the thing, keeps every clause, forever, without renegotiation, without relapse, without the midnight letter the ending types of other volumes send — and the ember-book's cold note, priced where the cost chapter will carry it: the terms' one omission, uniform across the whole dossier — no clause was ever written for the loser's dignity — the surrenders, every one, total; the terms, every one, drafted by the victor; and the dignity, the ember-book can certify, was never once on the table.

The Standing Army

The signature the intimates all named and the ember-book kept for here because it explains the type's strange economy of attention: the Devastating Warlord keeps a standing army — a maintained list, renewed at some private levee the type holds every season, of the unresolved — the colleague's slight, the vendor's unpaid invoice, the cousin's remark at the wedding — each one enrolled, drilled, and held in reserve without being fought — and the ember-book, which had expected to find a hothead, found a quartermaster: the type's famous devastations are not outbursts; they are releases of reserves — the confrontation that looks sudden to the room was drafted months ago, and the army's muster rolls, where the subjects kept them (three files held actual lists, one in code), show the discipline plainly: enrolled items do not get fought while the war has another front; enrolled items do not get forgotten; and enrolled items, when finally deployed, end the account in a single action — the ember-book's sharpest cross-check, run against the musters: nothing enrolled was ever resolved by decay — the standing army has no deserters and no casualties, only discharges — and the signature's cost line, logged for the smoke-ledger: the muster is never empty — the type ends every war, and the type keeps, always, the next one enrolled — peace, in this file, being not the absence of war but the interval between deployments.

The Parley Habit

The signature nobody outside the field ever reports, entered because it complicates the legend in the way this record insists on: the Devastating Warlord, so total in the ending, is the catalog's most deliberate parley-er — the type talks, first, always, and the ember-book's transcripts show the pattern holding through every campaign in the file: the summons, sent in plain language ("we should talk about the thing you did at the meeting"); the talks, held with a diplomat's own patience (the subjects, asked what they were doing during the parley, gave the same answer in every file: "giving them the one chance") — and the parley's real function, which the ember-book prices honestly: it is not mercy — it is procedure — the Warlord's code, uniform across the dossier, requires the single warning, and the warning's yield, measured flatly, is the type's most exculpatory exhibit: the parleys work — roughly half the enrolled

accounts, given the one chance, close without a shot — and the ember-book keeps, for the dark-side chapter, the parley's other half: the chance is offered once, in the type's own drafting, and the terms of the chance are never once negotiated — the parley, so patient, is not a negotiation; it is the reading of a surrender, aloud, before the war — and the room's mistake, uniform in the survivors' testimony: everyone who declined the parley believed it was the first move of the war. The ember-book certifies: it was the last.

Chapter 2: The Core — The Scorched Method

Every engine in this gallery runs on a founding scene, and the Devastating Warlord's is the only one that was an evidence file. Consider the warbook the warbook blotter opens with: the oldest friend — he has never once lost a war, and I have watched him win fights he should never have entered — and the ash that built the general: the half-measure, the return, the second loss, and the child's ruling: half-measures are how the things you love die.

The engine this builds is the scorched method: problems solved by removal, the earth salted so nothing grows back — and its mechanics deserve the jacket's closest attention because they are the most effective in this catalog's pages: the payoff loop, exact and stated plainly: the totality buys safety — the threats, once ended, ended forever; the blotter has verified it: nothing the ilk has ever concluded has ever returned — and the Warlord is paid in the world's rarest currency: peace that holds — the campaigns that ended wars; the fields that stay quiet; the decades without a single reopened wound — and the flaw is built into the same purchase, because a method that cannot be argued with, the warbook blotter's central finding, also cannot be aimed: the scorched method has no dial — and the totality, arriving everywhere as peace, arrives also at the proportion the oath banned: the friendship ended for a slight; the marriage razed in a bad season; the family holiday, concluded, over the seating — and the blotter's most delicate finding: the Warlord is not cruel; the Warlord is calibrated to the worst thing that ever happened — the totality is sized to the second loss, and most of life, the jacket notes, is smaller than that.

And what was the drivetrain for? The file answers with the tenderness case after case deserves: the child was solving for return — the real scarcity of the founding scene was not loss; the world loses things and the child knew that; the scarcity was the second loss — the one that was preventable — the one everyone's recommended mercy caused — and the totality, the one thing the rookie could do, became the answer to the preventable: I cannot stop the world from taking things; I can stop the taking from being done halfway — and the warbook blotter's most delicate finding, uniform across case after case: the oath is not about power at all; the oath is about grief's jurisdiction: the rookie claimed the one territory the loss had left open — the aftermath — and the adult, thirty years deep, is still governing it: every campaign, every razing, every ended friendship is the child's administration of the second loss, renewed — and the blotter's central line on the warbook: the scorched method is not violence; it is love, post-graduate — the love that watched a half-measure kill and

went to school on it — and the jacket from start to finish's question, entered in the founding ash: what would the general have to feel, if a war ended and something were allowed to return? — and the answer, the warbook blotter has learned to hear it, is the one season the oath forbids: trust — the thing the mercy killed was the child's faith that things can come back well — and the upswing's whole discovery, arriving ten chapters early so the ilk can practice standing in it: the return, let in once, proportioned, chosen, does not reopen the wound; it closes the wound's jurisdiction — because the opposite of the half-measure was never totality; it was completion — and the ending, complete and chosen, can leave the bridge standing — and the bridge, the blotter has verified it in every mature case, does not bring the enemy back; it brings the self back: the one who ends things, at last, on good terms with the field.

The mechanism's adulthood is where the jacket's cases live, and three of them set the recurrence. The institution's case is the classic: the unwinnable thing, ended — the decade's-old conflict, the department's managed crisis, the war everyone had stopped believing could end — and the Warlord's afternoon, and the silence after: the colleague's entry, already on the warbook blotter: he did not beat the competition; he ended the category — and the blotter's interview, conducted years later, in the quiet field, produced the ilk's own summary, worth entering whole because it is the drivetrain in a sentence: I do not win arguments; I remove their subjects — said flatly, and the jacket enters it as the whole finding: both halves are true, and the second half carries a cost the first never prices: the subject removed, the warbook blotter notes, is sometimes a person — and the jacket's sharpest entry, from the institution's quiet survivor: the war ended and we all felt safe and no one has disagreed with him since — that was eleven years ago. The sibling's case is the family classic: the quarrel, concluded totally — the slight at the wedding, the loan, the inheritance, whatever the trigger was, the jacket has collected every variant — and the ending, sized to the second loss: the sibling, unfindable for two decades; the branch of the family, ended with the argument — and the family's entry, held with love and the exact helplessness the jacket has learned to hear: it was a quarrel about a seating chart; it is now a grave with two headstones and neither of them dead — the oath, working at the household's own scale. And the marriage case is the tender one: the bad season — every marriage has one; the jacket has verified it in every long case — and the Warlord's verdict, arrived at in the season's worst month, and executed with the ilk's usual completeness: the marriage, ended; the mutual friends, apportioned; the house, sold before the grief had finished its first week — and the ex's line, held with ten years of the peace that holds: we could have wintered; we had weathered worse — but with him there are no winters, only endings — the blotter's finding, entered with both their griefs intact: the marriage was not killed by the bad season; it was killed by the oath's lack of a season — the totality, arriving at weather, doing what totality does. What the founding scene explains is only this: why the ilk, hearing all three sentences — the eleven years of silence, the grave with two headstones, the marriage that could have wintered — files them all under the cost of peace and cannot process the recurrence underneath: because the pattern's remedy is proportion, and proportion, in this constitution, is the half-measure's own face — the mercy that killed — and the warbook blotter's last line on the founding scene, filed beside the ash: the child swore

the oath because a half-measure killed, and the adult has spent thirty years proving the oath keeps the field — and the whole growth path, the jacket can now say plainly, is the pickup that the field the oath keeps is the ash, and the ash, the blotter's most delicate finding, has been keeping the general in it too: because the totality that ends everything leaves the self standing in a country it has made safe — and empty — and the one thing the peace never got, the jacket from start to finish has found, is the question: what stands after — and the answer, the mature cases say in unison, is the only thing the oath never planned for: people, coming back.

The Salt Line

The core chapter closes with the exhibit that gives the method its name and the ember-book its coldest sentence: the salt line — the scorched method's own rule, held in every subject's file in some version of the same words: end it so it cannot regrow — and the ember-book's cross-check, run against the method's actual deployments, found the rule honored with a rigor that stops being admirable and becomes diagnostic: the Warlord does not merely end the war; the type salts the conditions — the ended job, quit with the industry changed (the rehire, not merely refused but impossible — the references, the bridges, the certifications, all of it plowed under); the ended friendship, concluded so the whole social field is reorganized (the mutual friends, sorted; the neighborhood, moved); the ended company, closed with the client list given away — the ember-book's sharpest finding, and the one the whole volume turns on: the salt is not aimed at the enemy — no enemy in this dossier was ever worth the plowing — the salt is aimed at the type's own return route — the scorched conditions are the moat the type digs against the type's own relapse, and the cross-check that proves it, logged from the subjects' own accounts: the one war every file holds that the Warlord wanted back — the ended marriage, the burned partnership, the estranged family — is the one war whose field is impossible to return across, because the type salted it with the same total hand — the core's whole sentence: the Devastating Warlord's devastations are half conquest and half lock — and the second half, the ember-book enters quietly, is the half the type never says out loud.

The First Perimeter

The core chapter keeps the evidence file's earliest exhibit, entered last because the subjects only produced it at the ember-book's final session: the first perimeter — the scorched method, so adult in its grammar, was drafted once, in a childhood room, and the scene, recovered across the files, is uniform in its arithmetic: the home, at war (the parents' war, the siblings' war — the child, so surrounded, learning the war's real cost: not the battles but the residue — the fought-over dinners, the contested hallways, the same fight, unswept, running for years); the child's ruling, delivered in one act (the room, emptied — the toy the battles were fought over, given away, totally: the perimeter of the war, erased rather than won — the record's flattest exhibit: the sibling's testimony: "'we fought over that bike for two years. He gave it to the neighbor boy one Tuesday. Nobody ever fought again. It took me thirty years to

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.