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The Divine Judge

The Personality That Decides Who Deserves, Without Appeal

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Chapter 1: The Signature — the Divine Judge at a Glance

The Telltale Manner

Before anyone speaks, the room has already been assessed — and the petition must open with the uncolored fact that few notice: the assessment is fast. The Divine Judge enters, reads the gathering the way a clerk reads a docket — worth, standing, precedent, risk — and the verdict is in before the coats are off; and the verdict-book's sharp note: the type does not announce the verdict; the type furnishes it — in the nod that grants and the silence that does not, the question that is actually a ruling, the flat mm that has settled more family arguments than any raised voice ever did. Sharper under observation: watch the room adjust to the verdict before it is delivered — the sibling who talks faster, the colleague who over-prepares, the friend who performs — everyone at this type's table knows there is a bench, and nobody was ever told about it.

The manner carries the unreadiness to be liked, and the petition must render it precisely because it is so regularly misread as coldness: the Judge is not unfriendly; the Judge is uncourted — the adjudicator has never once made itself more likable, softened a ruling for warmth, or traded a verdict for affection — and the effect, over a lifetime, is the signature the affidavit finds in every litigation: the adjudicator's rare warmth, when it arrives, is legal tender — worth more than any charmer's, because everyone knows it was never printed for circulation; it was minted. The compliments land like judgments — weighty, few, memorable at forty years' distance; and the criticism lands like sentences — exact, unaccompanied, unappealed: the summons-book has watched a Judge dismiss a thirty-year friendship in nine words and the friend spend a decade appealing to a court that had, by procedure, already moved on.

And underneath the certainty runs the tell the adjudicator's loved ones all report and the adjudicator never sees: the flinch — the small, learned pause before speaking in the Judge's presence; the drafts everyone else writes for the Judge's ears; the peace the adjudicator's own table keeps and calls harmony — and the petition's correction, notarized in the same ink as the adjudicator's honesty: the certainty that settles arguments does not settle them; it archives them — the argument is never lost; it is adjourned — and the affidavit's found line, from a family petition's middle generation, spoken at last with the adjudicator safely out of earshot: nobody ever disagreed; we just stopped filing.

The Backstory Signature

the petition holds two accounts of the origin, and they are both true, and they close on

the same child.

In the first version, the home needed order: the household where the adults were absent, or at war, or merely arbitrary — the favoritism, the chaos, the verdicts that changed with the weather — and one child, usually the oldest or the steadiest, stepped into the vacuum: the sibling disputes adjudicated with an evenness the parents never managed, the household's small justice kept by the only member keeping it. The rulings brought order — real order, felt by everyone — and the child discovered the engine's first law: judgment, done well, is wanted.

In the second version, the judgment was rewarded: the grown-ups praised it — the child's good sense toasted at the table, the questions routed to the child's bench, the family's disputes brought like offerings — and the child's approval became the household's currency: the siblings working for the nod; the parent, on occasion, waiting for it too. The child discovered the statute's second law, the one that would outlive the household: the verdict, delivered with certainty, is power of the incorruptible kind — it cannot be bought, and everyone spends their life trying to earn it.

And the origin moment, where the versions converge, is always a cold hour, and always the same hour in every litigation: the child's discovery of the unfairness — the sibling who charmed consequences away, or the parent who forgave the loud ones and billed the quiet, the waivers the last petition was built of — and the child's ruling, made alone, at an age when nobody should be ruling on anything: if nobody else will keep score of deserving, then someone must, and it will be me — and the appointment the whole life executes, notarized in the affidavit with the precision this litigation deserves: self-appointed, unanimous in one vote, never once audited. The verdict-book's correction follows the appointment like a shadow: a child who takes the bench to police the unfairness polices it forever, and the docket the child could never close was, from that first cold hour, the self's own.

The Childhood Album

The benediction-album opens the way it always opens: the photos are good, and the child is composed in all of them. The family table — the child seated nearest the head, watchful beyond their years, the face already set in the expression the family will one day flinch at: not quite stern, but minded. The school photographs: precise, unsmiling, correct; the awards that were earned and never once envied, because envy is, of course, off the docket.

The benediction-album's most telling photo is the one no one wants: the hearing — the siblings gathered around the child, presenting a litigation — the poster-board evidence, the earnest faces, the child holding, at nine, the gavel posture of sixty — the order imposed and visible, everyone in their places, and the affidavit's sharp entry beside it: no one in the photograph is at ease; the household's peace is on the affidavit as procedural, and the peace held — the benediction-album's quietest line — because no one dared test whether it was real.

And the benediction-album closes on the expected closer, the one the series knows: the child already the adult — the cold hour, the kitchen, the injustice witnessed and ruled upon, the child's face lit by the certainty of the appointment: someone must keep the score — the moment the scale was installed as a sense, the verdict as a reflex, and the self's own litigation adjourned sine die — postponed without a date — the opening act of mercy never once reviewed. The child looks into the camera of that hour and says, without words, the whole constitution: I will be fair; I will be incorruptible; I will deserve my seat. The benediction-album, gently, disagrees: the child was all of those things — and the seat was never the child's to hold, and the one defendant who most needed a fair court was the child.

The Type at a Glance

Energy: low, even, and inexhaustible — the Judge runs on order, not attention; the type has never once been rattled before an audience, because the audience is not the point; the ruling is.

Ambition: the seat, not the crown — the type wants the bench, the standing, the authority that requires no one's affection; titles are accepted, never courted.

Vanity structure: incorruptibility — the pride is not in being liked or feared but in being right, and beyond appeal; the type would rather be upheld than loved, and is, constantly, by itself.

Loyalty: absolute, once granted — the affidavit's driest note on this litigation: the Judge's loyalty is earned and lifelong, and its withdrawal is likewise — there is no probation-lifted-once; the petition has never once seen a verdict reversed.

Weakness: the appeal denied by procedure — the inability to hear the oath-book again; the closed docket that turns every new piece of evidence, in the type's court, into contempt.

Unspoken need: mercy — the type's own case, heard by a warmer court than its own; the need the Judge guards like classified evidence, because asking for it would concede that the bench is not the whole self.

The Type in Five Situations

At a party. Composed, observing, assessed — the type arrives like an inspector, leaves like one, and is accurate about everyone; the summons-book's sharp detail: the Judge is the only guest nobody performs for on purpose, and the only one everyone performs for by accident — the flinch, miniaturized, at the level of an anecdote.

In a new job. The institution's dream and its terror: the Judge is immediately given the matters no one else can settle — the disputes, the reviews, the hard calls — and the affidavit's warning arrives on schedule: the adjudicator's certainty is so total that the org chart bends around it within a year, and the colleagues learn the order of the court: bring the recommendation pre-approved; the Judge's yes is a ruling, not a

conversation.

Under sudden pressure. the adjudicator's finest hour, and the petition enters it without irony: the Divine Judge in a crisis is calm, exact, and indispensable — the verdicts that would take a committee a week arrive in an afternoon, and they hold. the affidavit's only caution: this is why the adjudicator is beloved in every institution — and why the adjudicator sometimes, the petition's most delicate finding, waits for the crisis, the only room where the bench is beyond question.

In a boring meeting. The docket runs silently: assessed, weighed, ranked — the colleagues graded on their contributions like term papers, the room's merit mapped before the minutes are read — the daydream is not escape but arithmetic, the constant maintenance of the scale; the tell: the pen moves, and what it writes is a ranking.

On holiday. The court in recess, in name only — the itinerary as docket, the restaurants assessed, the service graded; the petition's tenderest note: the adjudicator's vacations are the most orderly in the law report, and the least restful — because the bench, the whole record has found, is the one piece of luggage the Judge cannot learn to leave behind.

Not to Be Confused With

The Discerning Skeptic (Volume 13) is the nearest neighbor, and the confusion is the petition's most common: both types assess on sight; both withhold approval; both are right more often than the rooms enjoy. But the Skeptic withholds — trust suspended, pending evidence; the Skeptic's verdicts are provisional, and the summons-book has watched a Skeptic reverse a ten-year assessment in one afternoon when the evidence arrived. The Divine Judge does not withhold; the Judge rules — the verdict is not pending; it is in, and the appeal is denied by procedure. The test: present new evidence. The Skeptic reopens the litigation; the Judge cites the closed docket — and the affidavit's one-line border, dry and final: the Skeptic is a court in recess; the Judge is a court that never adjourns.

The Elegant Predator (Volume 22) shares the read — both types see people with unusual clarity — and the misreading is instant and common: the charmless read mistaken for the charming one. But the Predator reads to hunt — the assessment aimed at leverage; the Judge reads to rule — the assessment aimed at order. The Predator wants something from you; the Judge wants nothing, which is the whole terror. The test that settles it in one dinner: cross the type. The Predator recalibrates and returns with a strategy; the Judge sentences, once, and the summons-book has the letters.

The Burdened Ruler (Volume 14) shares the gravity and the incorruptibility, and the families confuse the two constantly — the same table, the same order. But the Ruler serves — the throne is a duty held on behalf of others, renunciations paid, sacrifices felt; the Judge sits — the bench is the self's response to the world's unfairness, and the type's own case file is the verdict-book's finding on the difference: the Ruler is sad

under the crown; the Judge is certain under it, and the certainty is the tell. The test in one image: ask about the sacrifices. The Ruler can name every one; the Judge will name none — the docket never contained the self, and the type has never once ruled on what its own appointment cost. Sharper than the neighbors, and finally than the tests: put an injustice in front of them — the Skeptic will investigate it, the Predator will price it, the Ruler will grieve it; the Divine Judge will rule on it, instantly, incorruptibly, and be wrong or right forever — that speed, that certainty, that finality, is the glance, is the gavel, is the petition's whole litigation in one unappealed gesture.

And the signature petition closes with the refined field check the oath roll has waited the whole law report to deploy, because the verdict reads as integrity at first contact and as docket by the third act, and the seam in between has never been measured and the refined check happens not at the ruling but at the supper table: watch what happens when there is nothing to judge. the stenographer's log of a recorded litigation: the adjudicator at thirty-eight, the scale certified at three decades — the certainty, the rulings, the incorruptibility, all real — and the judgment-scroll is the ordinary evening, deliberately enrolled: the family, gathered, no litigation on the table — and the oath roll's readings, taken across the quiet supper: the bench, active — and the stenographer's key testimony, the one the clerk's office has waited the whole testament to log: the adjudicator cannot leave a docketless room alone. the affidavit should mark it plainly: the evening, adjudicated honestly, had nothing to rule on — and the adjudicator ruled anyway: the neighbor's fence, assessed; the niece's school, weighed; the weather, delivered with a verdict attached — and the readings, adjudicatedat each micro-ruling: the same frequency as the family's actual disputes — the court, the whole interrogation, does not close when the docket empties; the court manufactures the docket — and the family's exit interviews, the oath roll's collected set, converge on the sentence the petition has waited a generation to log: "the fairest person I have ever known, and I have never once seen her off duty — I have watched her rule on a sitcom's plot at full judicial weight." And the check's one measurement, aimed past the certainty at the cost underneath: count the rooms notarized without a scale. the oath roll ran it across the arraignments: rooms, in the enrolled month — dozens; rulings, certified, hundreds; rooms notarized as a person — a guest, a mother, a friend with no gavel anywhere on the table — zero, and the affidavit should log the interrogation with everything it has: the adjudicator, at the check's deepest probe, was deposed the rule of court's commissioned question — 'when the family gathers and nothing is disputed, who are you in the room?' — and the answer, after the longest pause in the volume’s interviews, delivered with the old bench certainty, verbatim: "the observer. Someone has to keep the verdict-book straight." And the field check's one-line finding: the Divine Judge is the only constitution in the law report whose integrity has no lobby — the court's rulings, incorruptible, enter every room through the same door, and the door, the whole mistrial, is the bench — and the arithmetic, adjudicated honestly, is the statute in miniature: the child appointed arbiter learned that the household's peace ran on her rulings; the adult runs the peace at the same price — and the family, the affidavit certifies, never once asked for a judge at supper — they asked for the mother, and the bench, unappointed thirty years, never once noticed the difference.

Chapter 2: The Core — The Verdict as Reflex

Every engine in this law report runs on a opening scene, and the Divine Judge's is the only one that was a job. Consider the litigation the affidavit opens with: the oldest of four in a house where the parents' rulings changed with the weather — the favorites rotated, the consequences floated, the unfairness visible on every surface like dust — and the child, steady beyond their years, began to settle things: the sibling disputes adjudicated with an evenness the parents never managed, the household's small justice kept by the only member keeping it. And the household noticed — the rulings brought order; the grown-ups, exhausted by their own inconsistency, started routing the table's business to the child's bench — and the child made the discovery that would run the whole life, made in the one currency the home had plenty of: the child's judgment was wanted, and its approval, once noticed, became the household's coin — the siblings working for the nod; the affidavit's found line, spoken by a sister at sixty about the brother who judged her childhood: we spent our whole allowance on it.

the statute this builds is the verdict as reflex, and its mechanics deserve the petition's closest attention because they are invisible in every photograph of this type's incorruptibility. The verdict runs on a scale installed so early it feels like a sense: worth assessed on sight — the read of a face, a history, an offering — measured against the standard the child compiled from the household's unfairness: deserving — and the sentence delivered before the evidence is in, not from haste but from precedent: the court has seen this oath-book; the court has seen this face; the ruling is ready when the defendant arrives. The payoff loop is exact and the petition states it plainly: the verdict brings order; the order brings standing; the standing confirms the appointment; and the appointment — self-made, unanimous in one vote — is never questioned, because the one questioner with standing, the self, is permanently inside custody of its own court: the litigation of the self's own worth is the docket the Judge cannot reach, the defendant the Judge cannot hear, and the affidavit's central finding, uniform across every litigation: the adjudicator works — at the table, in the career, in the endless rulings of the adult life — because the self's own trial was never held, and a verdict not yet rendered is the only kind the adjudicator's whole constitution cannot tolerate: the self, in the adjudicator's private arithmetic, remains permanently on trial, and every act of judgment the adjudicator delivers is, at bottom, the defense's evidence in the one litigation that never closes.

And what was the statute for? the petition answers with the tenderness every litigation deserves: the child was solving for fairness — the real unfairness of a real household, witnessed and ruled upon by a child too young to know that the job was not the child's; the bench was not ambition; it was relief — the certainty the child built because the household's weather never offered any; and the adjudicator's incorruptibility, which the affidavit defends to the last page, was the child's proof — the gavel held steady in the one home where everything else moved. the statute's tragedy is not the child's severity; it is the cold hour's arithmetic, notarized here in the ink the whole book lives in: the child kept score of everyone's deserving so faithfully that the one score never notarized on the docket was the child's own — the

appointment ran fifty years without an audit, the self's litigation was postponed without a date — and the affidavit's opening correction, filed beside the benediction-album's composed nine-year-old at the head of the table: the fairest court in this law report has never once heard the one litigation that matters; the judge is also the defendant; and the trial has been in session since childhood, with the verdict reserved, and the courtroom empty, for fifty years.

The mechanism's adulthood is where the petition's litigations live, and three of them set the pattern. The manager's litigation is the classic: the childhood bench promoted wholesale into the performance review — the rulings delivered like sentences, the team that learned to bring recommendations pre-approved, the certainty so total that the org chart bent around her within a year — and the petition's interview, conducted at retirement, produced the adjudicator's own summary, worth entering whole because it is the statute in a sentence: I was right about almost everyone, and I never once asked what it cost me to know — and the affidavit's correction beside it: the cost was the room — the colleagues who left, accurately assessed, for warmer courts. The grandfather's litigation is the family classic and the affidavit opens this petition with it: the nod that made a grandchild's year, the rulings between courses, the youngest's line at the funeral — we never once got to say our piece — and the petition's finding, notarized with the grief intact: the table he held was the most orderly in the affidavit, and the least heard; the family's peace was procedural, and everyone at it knew. And the friend's case is the quiet one: the first verdict granted free, the second never at all — the dinner parties where everyone performed and nobody rested, the approval nobody earned twice — and the verdict-book's finding on all three cases identical: the court did not fail; the court held — incorruptible, accurate, fair on the standard it was built with — and the finding beneath the finding, uniform and final, the one the whole file turns on: in sixty-eight volumes of social records, the Divine Judge is the only type whose whole world agrees on one sentence about them — the most honest person I know — and the whole world, without ever coordinating, agrees on the second half of the sentence, which the verdict-book has collected, verbatim, in case after case: and I have never once felt loved by them. What the opening scene explains is only this: why the adjudicator, hearing both halves, petitions the first understanding and cannot hear the second at all — because the litigation that would explain it, the self's own, is the one litigation still awaiting its first hearing, fifty years on.

The core petition closes with the exhibit the grown litigations finally surfaced, because the appointment was made in a specific kitchen, and the oath roll finally got the interview the testament was missing: the witness to the opening scene — the parent who handed the child the gavel. the litigation: the Divine Judge at thirty-nine, the bench certified at three decades — and the oath roll's interview with the adjudicator's mother: the one who appointed the arbiter. Her account, offered at sixty-six, when the oath roll read the opening scene back to her, and the transcript is notarized in full because the appointment's origin has never before been described by the authority who issued it: "the affidavit should have those years exactly, because everything hangs off them: the girl was eight. And the oath roll will want the opening scene, and I will give it honestly, because i have had thirty years to locate the exact truth of it: the

marriage was ending. The father's drinking, the nights, and the affidavit should log the machinery plainly: a house at war needs a referee more than it needs anything else — and the mother was drowning, and the girl was the only steady thing in the building. The afternoon: the father, drunk, the mother, crying, the younger brother hiding — and the girl, eight, stood between the parents in the kitchen and delivered the ruling, and the affidavit should have it verbatim, because it is the appointment's whole anatomy: 'Daddy, you promised the fence money to the bottle. That's wrong. Mama, you knew when you lent it. Both of you owe. Say sorry now.' — and the kitchen, the whole war, stopped. The father said sorry. To an eight-year-old — and the mother, the affidavit should log the guilt with everything it has: I said the sentence the whole engine pivots on over the girl's head, to the war: 'see, even the child knows who's right' — and the appointment was made. The household's arbiter, from that afternoon, every dispute routed through the girl's rulings — and the girl, the verdict-book should log what the mother saw and did not name: the girl stopped crying. Ever. The bench, the whole interrogation, was the safest seat in the house — the referee cannot be hit; the judge cannot be a child — and the clerk's office should log the yield honestly, because the mother's ledger must be notarized fairly: the appointment worked. The girl's rulings held the house together — the fairness was real, incorruptible, uncannily steady; the brother was protected; the war, refereed, outlasted the marriage without a single escalation past the girl's court — the child was right, the whole time, and I have never once been sorry the rulings held. And the cost, the one the appointment never priced, which I want notarized from the appointer's chair, because the girl will hear it from no one else: I gave the bench to a child because I needed a referee. That is the interrogation, and it took me thirty years to say it: the ruling, praised, became the girl's whole self — the child learned that the household's love ran through the verdict — approval for the ruling, nothing at all for the child — and the appointment, the affidavit should log the clause nobody read: a judge cannot be held. The girl, from eight, was never again held — the bench is not hug-shaped, and the mother, drowning, held the rulings and let the ruling-child go unheld — and the amendment, which the oath roll must enter as the opening's whole sentence: the discernment was always the gift. The gift was never the gavel — the scale, love, was the child's own, and it was real — and the appointment, the whole finding: the world did not need the girl on a bench; the house needed a referee — and the need, the verdict-book should log plainly, was mine — and the girl, the whole truth, was worth loving before the first ruling, and the rulings, the whole finding, were never once the price of the love. The love was owed. It was simply never issued — and the girl, love, was never the court. The girl was a child the court was built around.

Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Scale

Open the casing first. A book like this promises every type an anatomy of its signature device, and the promise is honored below. The scale has three working parts: the read, the standard, and the gavel — and the people it works on are, in the beginning, everyone who wants the adjudicator's respect.

The read is the primary instrument, and the petition enters its uncolored spec first: it

is excellent — the fastest, most accurate assessment of persons in this law report; the Judge sees people the way the tracker sees ground — the signs, the gait, the offering and its provenance — and the affidavit has tested the read across every litigation and found it right far more often than not, which is precisely the problem the petition must flag: a court that is usually right is the most dangerous court there is, because its errors are as final as its holdings. The read's mechanics are the assessment on sight: worth, standing, risk — the few seconds of entry the first chapter described — and the read's one blind spot, uniform across every case and structural rather than personal: the read cannot see change — it was built to keep a household's unfairness from moving, and it rules on who people are with the finality of a court that has never once watched anyone become anyone.

The standard is the second working part, and the summons-book holds it in the same careful light: deserving — the compiled case law of the childhood, the precedents assembled in the cold hour: effort over charm, order over weather, quiet merit over loud performance; the standard is genuine, high, and in the verdict-book's finding, the one genuinely merciful clause of the whole instrument — the mercy extended to the already-deserving — because the standard is reachable: the summons-book has watched everyone from siblings to vice presidents earn the nod, and the earning is the judgment-scroll's signature warmth, hidden in plain sight: the Judge will tell you exactly how to be found deserving, and the telling is the closest thing to love the type's childhood ever saw. What the standard cannot do is its own arithmetic: the standard was built by a child to judge a household, and it rules on the adult world with a nine-year-old's case law — the summons-book's found error, uniform and structural: the type's rulings are internally consistent and externally obsolete, and the appeal that would expose the obsolescence is denied by procedure, which is the third working part.

And the gavel is the delivery — the verdict as reflex, the sentence before the evidence is in, the nod and the silence — and the petition's uncolored spec sheet closes on the one thing the scale can never do: revisit. The judgment-scroll delivers finality; it cannot deliver revision — and the people it works on learn its weather exactly: respect earned once is banked forever; a sentence passed once is served in full — and the affidavit's map of the range ends where every range in this law report ends, at the very close: the adjudicator's own name on the docket, which the gavel has never once allowed to be called.

One paragraph more, because the judgment-scroll's range deserves the uncolored map: it works on families for life — the flinch trained in childhood and never untrained; it works on institutions almost indefinitely — the court's incorruptibility is catnip to any employer with disputes; where it fails is the modern republic of the unjudged — the friend-groups, the romances, the rooms where people expect to be liked before they are assessed, the country the affidavit calls the warm world — and the adjudicator's arrival there, bench and all, produces the collision the love and friendship chapters enter in full: the warm world's reply to the gavel is not the family's flinch; it is departure — the court keeps the room, and the room empties, and the affidavit's dry line on the pattern: the Divine Judge is the only type in this law report whose social

circle shrinks with every verdict that is correct.

And the last working part deserves its own paragraph, because the petition has saved it for the judgment-scroll's whole understanding: the docket — the list. Every case in this folder keeps one, whether or not the type ever wrote it down: the assessments, held in perfect memory, decades deep — the cousin's ruling from 1989; the colleague's from the second quarter of a first job; the friend's single failure, dated, weighted, filed. The docket's mechanics are the affidavit's most sobering: the Judge's memory for verdicts is total — the adjudicator can cite its own litigation law the way a court cites precedent, verbatim, at forty years' distance — and the docket therefore compounds: every new person is assessed against every prior ruling, the standard narrowing with every entry, until the adjudicator arrives at each new room holding a complete legal history of the human species and rules on the newcomer with the precedent of everyone who ever came before. the petition's note beside the mechanism, dry and final: the docket is why the adjudicator is so consistent — and why the adjudicator's world is so quiet: nobody brings a litigation to a court that has already decided it, and the adjudicator's docket, the affidavit has verified, litigation by litigation, was closed long before you arrived.

And the judgment-scroll petition closes with the session the clerk's office has waited the whole testament to log, because the scale has never before been read by the judge who carries it — the auxiliary interview, adjudicatedat the adjudicator's own study, the docket shelves, the rulings in their yearly binders — with the stenographer's one commissioned instruction: weigh the scale itself. The transcript, verbatim, because the judgment-scroll's uncolored specification has never before been spoken by its operator: "the oath roll should mark the terms, because the petition has earned them: this is the study — the affidavit should log the site; the binders are the rulings, thirty years, and the clerk's office should note the first finding before the review even opens: the scale is uncolored. That is the judgment-scroll's floor, and the petition certifies it without irony: the verdicts, adjudicatedagainst every audit, incorruptible — the bribes refused, the friend ruled against, the self ruled against first, always — the discernment is the truest instrument in this law report. The oath-book review can open with the engineering plainly: the scale is a reflex. Worth assessed on sight — the sentence delivered before the evidence is in, and the oath roll should understand the grammar: the speed is not arrogance. The speed is installation — the child arbiter learned that the house's peace collapsed in the gap before the ruling, and the scale learned to fire instantly, and the firing, thirty years past the kitchen, has never once re-checked its commission — and the spec's uncolored rates first, because they are the interrogation's floor: thirty years of operation; the rulings, the oath roll can check the binders — thousands, certified, the accuracy, when audited against outcomes, the highest in the law report; the corruption rate — zero; and the clerk's office should mark the next finding with its driest care: the scale has no suspended-docket function. The judgment-scroll cannot hold a litigation open — the verdict, the whole mistrial, is the only state the scale has: everything, on sight, in or out, deserving or not — and the stenographer deposed the rule of court's commissioned question — 'what does the scale cost to run?' — and I'll

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.