SAMPLE

The Reckless Rocker

The Personality That Lives Loud, Volume as Armor

Aiman Sterling

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Contents

Chapter 1: The First Glance — the Reckless Rocker at a Party

Chapter 2: The Core — the Engine of Loudness as Armor

Chapter 3: The Inner World — the Amp and the Room Behind It

Chapter 4: The Craft — the Practice Years

Chapter 5: The Honest Portrait — a Day on the Tour

Chapter 6: The Dark Side — the Shadow

Chapter 7: The Natural Habitats

Chapter 8: The Reckless Rocker in Love and Friendship

Chapter 9: The Matchups — the Reckless Rocker Among the Other Files

Chapter 10: The Acoustic Set — the Quiet Learned and Found Survivable

Afterword

Chapter 1: The First Glance — the Reckless Rocker at a Party

The Telltale Manner

The tell at any party is the entrance — and the soundcheck has measured it: the type arrives in the doorway and the room's decibel level, across a hundred logged gatherings, rises — the greetings, the joke from the threshold, the coat tossed mid-sentence — the type's presence registers on the ear before the eye, and the guests, turning, are already half-delighted, the fieldworkers log, before the Rocker has said anything worth turning for. The entrance is crafted — the soundcheck is clear about this: the type's timing is a practiced art — and the entrance's function is the tell's anatomy: the room's turning is the point. The Rocker does not enter a party. The Rocker lands one.

The second tell is the silence refusal. Watch the type through the evening: no pause survives. The conversational gap that other guests let breathe — the three seconds between threads, the lull while drinks are poured — is filled, instantly, with the riff, the story, the observation tossed across the room — and the soundcheck's instrumentation of the pattern finds the frequency invariant: the type's gap-tolerance is under a second, the fastest in the catalog, and the fieldworkers' note on the observance, held for the shadow chapter: the lull is where the wolves were. The Rocker has never once let a lull live.

The third tell is the candor. The type's talk is disarming, unguarded, profane, warm — the candor the guests envy and endure, the soundcheck's phrase, and the finding beneath it is the volume's secret: the Rocker's disclosure is loud and shallow — everything said, nothing revealed — the stories about the self are funny, specific, and curated — and the guests leave the party feeling they know the type intimately, and the soundcheck's exit polls, taken again at the second meeting, hold the pattern across the tour-log: "love them. I know everything about them. I don't know anything about them." The tour-log's formulation: the candor is the mask's best material. The loudest voice in the room is the quietest about the one subject underneath.

The Backstory Signature

In nearly every case file, one scene opens the biography, and it is always the same weather: the home where quiet was prey. The soundcheck's variants are the specific hunting grounds of specific childhoods — the volatile parent whose moods swept the house, attention the only shelter and inattention the first danger; the household where silence was read as guilt ("what are you hiding?"), as defiance, as sickness — the quiet child interrogated into noise; the school where the overlooked were eaten and the heard were safe; the family where the loud sibling was loved and the quiet one was

forgotten — but the weather's property is constant across a hundred childhoods: the quiet got caught. Stillness, in this house, was not peace. Stillness was exposure — the overlooked child was the endangered child, the silent moment was the moment before the storm located you, and the house taught its one law in the only dialect the child could read: the ones they can hear are the ones they can't hurt.

And the scene's most consequential moment — the one the whole volume balances on — is the discovery: volume is safety. The soundcheck lays out the mechanism without ornament, because the interviews deliver it plainly: the child, sometime in the hunting years, went loud — the class-clown pivot, the performer's turn, the house filled with the child's noise on purpose — and the results were immediate and total: the volatile parent's radar locked on the noise and read it as life, as health, as fine — the loud child was the safe child, and the quiet moments, from then on, were scheduled inside the noise — the child learning to hide in plain amplification, the self tucked under the sound. And the vow, recovered in a hundred interviews, is the loudest in the catalog, delivered — the soundcheck notes — always at the same drop of the voice, the only quiet sentence the type reliably produces: "I will never be quiet again."

The Childhood Album

Lift the album's cover and one repeating image carries the whole founding: the identical child, season after season, on show at the table — the soundcheck's most consistent album in the loud range: the child mid-bit, the family mid-laughter, the photograph after photograph of the child as the table's entertainment — and the fieldworkers' note on the image's counterpart, absent from the album and present in every interview: the other table — the one where the child was quiet — the photographs the household took on the good days and did not take on the others: the child, in the hunting seasons, unphotographed — the album's loudest silence, the soundcheck enters, is the years the noise was saving the child from: the snapshots that would show what the quiet was for.

The second recurring image is the stereo in the bedroom — the artifact that appears in every case, kept into adulthood: the boombox, the Walkman, the headphones unworn — and the fieldworkers' note on the artifact's detail the soundcheck has chosen for the album: the Rocker's childhood music was never headphone music. It was played — the bedroom door open, the volume up, the house filled on purpose — the child's first amplifier: the sound occupying the whole floor so that the silence of the room, the self alone in it, could not be heard through the wall.

The third recurring image is the caught quiet — the scene the soundcheck finds in case after case, told with the somatic weight the fieldworkers flag as traumatic: the child, quiet for one hour too long — reading, drawing, thinking — and the household's response: the door opened without knocking, the "what's wrong with you" — the quiet child investigated like an alarm — and the interviews' most repeated childhood detail, delivered with the laugh that is not a laugh: the child learned to hum — literally, in a dozen files — the audible sigh, the mumbled song, the self-generated soundtrack played quietly for the radar — so the house could hear the child and leave the child

alone. The volume's earliest form, the soundcheck enters at the album's close, was not performance. It was camouflage.

The Type at a Glance

Energy: Loud, high-wattage — a presence the room registers on arrival, and the soundcheck's energy audit finds the type at the catalog's top range with the finding the reader should hold: the expenditure is not the extravagance it reads as — it is duty. The Rocker's volume is a watch posted at the perimeter of the self, and the type's fatigue after a party is not the introvert's drained battery — it is the soldier's — the watch stood for four hours, on purpose, around a quiet the room never got to meet.

Ambition: To be heard. The type's central project is presence — the audible self, the room that turns, the life that registers — and the tour-log's ambition interview finds the telltale property, present in every case: the goals pursued (and the type pursues real ones — careers built, crafts mastered, families raised loudly and warmly) are pursued with the volume's signature: the achievement is not done until it is announced. The soundcheck's formulation: the Rocker does not chase success for the score. The Rocker chases it for the sound it makes arriving.

Vanity Structure: The entrance. The type's pride is the room's turning — the gathering that starts when the type arrives, the laugh gathered from across the restaurant, the party's gravitational center occupied. The compliment that lands deepest is "it wasn't a party until you got there" — and the soundcheck enters the pride's dark complement with equal force: the type's deepest sting is the room that doesn't turn — the entrance that lands flat, the joke that dies, the party that is already loud and doesn't need the type — the opening set scene's radar, sweeping the gathering and finding no signal required, which the engine reads, in one translation flash, as the hunting ground's oldest sentence: not needed — not safe.

Loyalty: To the audience that stays when the music stops. The type's loyalty runs to the rare ones who have seen the quiet and remained — the friend who has visited the low-volume hours, the partner who has sat in the silence — and the soundcheck's hard finding is the loyalty's exact shape: the Rocker's circle is full of fans and short of holders, and the holders, few as they are, are held at a temperature the fans never reach: off-duty — permanent, unrevoked, the only rooms the type enters without landing.

Weakness: The unpracticed quiet. The type's structural flaw, logged in every case at every age: the Rocker cannot do low volume — the intimacy that requires softness, the grief that requires silence, the conversation that requires the unhurried pause — all of it arrives in the type's life as foreign material: the type meets a low-volume moment by turning the amp up (the joke at the funeral, the riff over the confession, the story told against the pause) — and the interviews' deepest layer holds the volume's most quietly devastating testimony, delivered with the bafflement of a person describing a room they have never been allowed into: "I know there's a thing

that happens between people — quiet. Together. My wife does it with her sister — sits there, on the porch, nothing, for an hour, and it's the closest thing I've ever seen. I've never once been in a quiet like that. I wouldn't know how to get in. I think if I stopped talking the other person would — leave. That's it. That's the whole thing. If I stop, they leave."

Unspoken Need: To be safe while silent. The interviews, taken to their deepest layer, all reach the same wish, and the soundcheck prints it in the type's own words, from the case at fifty-seven, because the sentence is the volume's whole future in one line: "I want to sit on a porch with somebody and say nothing and have nobody get scared. — The quiet's where it got bad, when I was a kid. I know that. I've never said that in a room this quiet. — I want the quiet to be — a place. A place I'm allowed. I've been loud my whole life. I'm tired. I'm so tired. I just don't know how to be loud enough to say it."

The Type in Five Situations

At the party: the landing and the watch. The entrance crafted, the lulls killed, the room's turning gathered — the party's best hour and its most defended, all at once.

In a new job: the known-by-day-two. The type's first week is the personality's full deployment — the jokes, the impersonations, the floor's energy ratcheted — and the soundcheck's office data finds the pattern's cost and its yield in one finding: the type is loved faster than any other in the catalog, and known slower — the colleagues, months in, hold the exit-poll sentence the tour-log has logged at rates that hold across a hundred offices: "everyone's favorite. Nobody knows anything about them."

Under pressure: the amp up. Crisis is the opening set weather re-entered: the room destabilizes, and the type's volume rises — the crisis joked through, the panic masked with performance, the gathering steadied by the very noise the type is drowning in — and the soundcheck's double finding, logged at every crisis in the tour-log: the Rocker in the storm is the room's best medicine and the storm's least-treated patient — everyone comforted by the noise; nobody asking, the fieldworkers note, about the noise's owner.

In the boring meeting: the riff. The dull hour is the amp's natural habitat — the whispered jokes, the marginalia, the meeting survived as a set — and the soundcheck's dry note on the observance: the type's discomfort in the boring meeting is not the boredom — boredom the type can play through; it is the collective silence: the room's hush, sustained, unbroken — the meeting's quiet minutes, the fieldworkers log, are the type's longest — a hunting-ground hour in business dress, and the Rocker fills it, every time, with something.

On holiday: the designated noise. The type's gatherings are the family's soundtrack — the carving narrated, the games refereed loudly, the table's laughter conducted — and the fieldworkers' note on the holiday's single most repeated observance, logged across the whole file: the Rocker's family home contains one room the type never enters: the quiet one — the study, the porch, the chair by the window — the habitat, the soundcheck notes, of the exact experience the type has never been able to have

in the house where quiet was prey: the silent hour, un-hunted.

Not to Be Confused With

The Mercenary Appraiser. The previous volume's ledger-keeper, and the soundcheck's cleanest separation in the armored range, because the two types are the same child of the same unsafe house: both built their engines where the quiet was prey — the Appraiser in a house where love was billed, the Rocker in a house where silence was hunted — and the two engines are opposite armors for the same wound: the Appraiser went quiet — the squint, the book, the control — safety through pricing: nothing surprises the counter who reads the invoice first; the Rocker went loud — the amp, the entrance, the performance — safety through volume: nothing catches the child the room can't stop watching. The tour-log's diagnostic is the fear's direction: the Appraiser dreads being billed wrong (exploited); the Rocker dreads being overlooked (caught) — and the soundcheck's note on the matchup, entered for Chapter 9's use: the two types, meeting, are each other's missing dialect — the quietest armor and the loudest, the same child under both, and each, converted, is the other's missing freedom: the Appraiser needs the unpriced give; the Rocker needs the unwatched quiet.

The Boastful Warrior. The announcing engine from ten files back, and the second separation the reader needs, because the two types are the catalog's two louds — both rooms heard, both entrances registered, both types the volume the gathering is organized around. The difference is the loudness's tense and cargo: the Warrior's volume is content — the announcement, the commitment, the next fight declared — the loudness is a promise, forward-facing, buying courage for the battle ahead; the Rocker's volume is wall — the amp cranked past comfortable so that nobody gets close enough to see the quiet underneath — the loudness is a perimeter, inward-facing, buying safety from the gaze behind. The soundcheck's one-line diagnostic: the Warrior talks so the world will hold them to it; the Rocker talks so the world will never get past it. And the tour-log's note on the matchup, captured as the chapter's close: the Warrior's exhaustion is after the fight; the Rocker's is after every room — the watch, the soundcheck reminds the reader, is stood nightly — and the pair's mutual misreading, logged at every collision in the tour-log: the Warrior hears the Rocker's wall as a boast and challenges it; the Rocker hears the Warrior's boast as an attack and drowns it — two loud children, neither one heard.

And the first-glance press kit closes with the refined field check the gate count has waited the whole catalog to deploy, because the entrance defeats every ordinary instrument — the temperament reads as the life of the party at first contact and as unheard by the third year, and the seam between has never once been measured — and the refined check is run not at the LP but at the quiet: watch what happens when the room empties. The fieldworker's log of a recorded gig: the temperament at thirty-six, the amp certified at three decades — the laugh, the playlist, the candor at ceiling — and the instrument is the ordinary afterparty, deliberately logged: the venue, ended — the guests, gone — and the gate count's readings, taken at the door closing: the LP, still at eleven, alone — the playlist on for nobody, the monologue

continuing to the cat — and the fieldworker's key observance, the one the bonus disc has waited the whole volume to log: the amp has no off switch, only a venue. the discography should mark it plainly: the temperament, alone, is not quieter — the temperament, alone, is loud for the wolves — the LP, run without an audience, is the armor's idle state, held against the room where the quiet got eaten, and the readings, taken at the empty venue, hold the opening set's original frequency — and the friends' exit interviews, the gate count's collected set, converge on the sentence the press kit has waited a generation to log: "the funniest, warmest person I know, and I have never once heard him at a normal volume — and I have never once seen him in a silence that lasted more than four seconds." And the check's one measurement, aimed past the entrance at the cost underneath: count the silences survived. the gate count ran it across the deployments: gatherings hosted, in the logged decade — hundreds, all eleven, all magnificent; the silences, sat in, on purpose, with another person, without the amp rescuing — zero, and the discography should log the hook with its driest care: the temperament, at the check's deepest probe, was asked to sit with the fieldworker in silence, one minute, the playlist off — and the minute, attempted four times, never completed: the monologue loading by second eight, the joke by twelve, the playlist reaching for its rescue by twenty — and the field check's one-line finding: the Rocker is the only constitution in the catalog whose armor runs in an infinite loop — the LP protects the quiet, and the quiet, never once visited, keeps requiring the LP — and the arithmetic, run honestly, is the whole engine in miniature: the child learned that the loud survive; the adult runs the loudness at full strength in every room, including the empty ones; and the five-year-old's arithmetic — if they can hear me, they cannot catch me — is still executing, thirty-one years later, against wolves that moved out decades ago.

Chapter 2: The Core — the Engine of Loudness as Armor

Every archetype on this tour bus runs on a childhood repair kit that worked, and the Reckless Rocker's is the catalog's most audible: when the quiet is where it gets bad, get loud — and stay loud. The engine is loudness as armor, and its mechanism, taken apart, has three parts.

Part one: the perimeter. The engine's founding move — installed in the hunting years, never amended — is the audible shield: the presence cranked past comfortable, the world engaged at eleven, so that nobody gets close enough to see the quiet underneath. The soundcheck's instrumentation of the type's social processing finds the sequence invariant across the tour-log: signal first, self never — the room receives the performance, and the performance's function, logged at every gathering in the tour-log, is distance control: the laughter is real, the warmth is real, and the volume is the moat — the Rocker can be loved from across the water, which is the only approach the engine was built to survive.

Part two: the fill. The engine's second part is the lull-kill — the gap-tolerance of under

a second, the pause hunted and filled wherever it appears — and the tour-log's careful finding on the habit's function: the fill is not anxiety's ordinary chatter. The fill is perimeter maintenance — the silence is the hunting ground, the pause is where the child was caught, and the instant fill is the watch's standing order, run so long it no longer needs the memory to justify it: the type fills lulls in rooms that contain no wolves at all, and cannot say why.

Part three: the camouflage. And here the engine delivers its signature paradox, the one the whole volume rests on: the type's famous candor is the mask's best material — the loud disclosure, everything said, nothing revealed — the stories about the self, funny and specific and curated, tossed over the moat like fireworks: gorgeous, audible, and consumed before they land. The soundcheck's formulation: the Rocker hides in plain amplification — the louder the self-report, the quieter the self — and the fieldworkers' marginal note, held for the shadow chapter: the type's autobiography is the best-stocked vault in the loud range, and its lock is the volume.

The Engine in One Sentence

The Reckless Rocker survives the home where quiet was prey by keeping the amp on — presence cranked past comfortable, lulls killed on sight, the self's real material tucked under the sound — because the child learned in the hunting years that the ones they can hear are the ones they can't hurt, and the adult has spent a lifetime being audible, lovable, and unlocatable — a fortress of decibels defended so well that not even the garrison has heard from the self it was built to protect.

What the Engine Protects

Under the running gear, the tour-log always finds the same cargo, and this type's cargo is the catalog's most quietly kept: the self under the noise — the real one, the child's, tender, tired, and unread — the one who hums for the radar and reads behind the open door and would not know how to sit on the porch with nobody getting scared. The engine protects, above all, the unhunted silence — the quiet hour the child never once got to have: peace, in a room, without a performance buying it. And the soundcheck enters the engine's central paradox, the one the shadow chapter will bill in full: the fortress of sound was built to keep the self safe — and its walls, total by design, have kept the world out and the self in: the quiet hour the type has defended for fifty years has never once been spent — the peace, won at deafening cost, unentered, waiting, behind the amp, in the room the type guards.

And the core press kit closes with the exhibit the grown cases finally surfaced, because the amp was installed at a specific house, and the gate count finally got the interview the LP was missing: the witness to the opening set scene — the sibling who lived in the same quiet-eating rooms. the gig: the Rocker at thirty-nine, the amp certified at three decades — and the gate count's interview with the temperament's older sister: the one who was at the kitchen table the year the LP was discovered. Her account, offered at forty-one, when the gate count read the opening set scene back to her, and the transcript is scrawled in full because the armor's origin has never before

been described by the person who watched it get built: "the discography should have those years exactly, because everything hangs off them: the house was ours — the father's silences, and the discography should log the mechanics plainly: quiet in that house was danger. Not sadness — danger: the father read silence as insolence, and the overlooked child got the belt's full attention, and the gate count will want the opening set afternoon, and I'll give it honestly, because I have had thirty-five years to find the exact truth of it: the boy was five. The youngest, the small one — and the father's rule was noise, any noise, the TV, the sister's chatter — anything but the quiet, because the quiet drew him like a shark — and the afternoon: the boy, quiet at the table, coloring — the record should mark what the father did with its driest care: nothing yet — the slow turn, the chair scraping, the walk beginning toward the quiet child — and the soundcheck should log what the boy did, because it is the armor's whole invention and I watched it from the counter: he sang. Five years old, into the silence, before the shadow arrived — a made-up song, loud, wrong key, magnificent — and the father stopped mid-kitchen. Stopped dead. The volume, the record should understand the grammar, was a force field — the loud child cannot be caught, the song outruns the slow turn — and the father, confused by the noise, out of predator's grammar, walked back to his chair — and the record should have the sister's sentence, verbatim, because it is the opening set's whole anatomy: the boy looked at me over the crayon, mid-song, and winked. Saved by the amp. And the bonus disc should log the yield honestly, because the sibling's ledger must be scrawled fairly: the amp worked. Thirty-five years — the boy was never once beaten after that; the LP carried him through the house, the school, the whole exit — the loud survive the overlooked, the lesson learned at five, and the lesson was correct, and I have never once been sorry he sang. And the cost, the one the song never priced, which I want scrawled from the counter chair, because the boy will hear it from no one other: the amp never turned down. That is the hook, and it took me thirty-five years to say it plainly: the house went quiet forever in our twenties — the father gone, the rooms sold, the wolves extinct — and the boy, the discography should check any room he is in, is still singing at five-year-old volume against a house that was demolished — the phone call at full shout, the playlist at eleven, the laugh that arrives a room ahead of the body — and the discography should log the sister's finding with everything it has: I asked him once, at thirty, at a party he was carrying, why he never turned it down, and the answer, verbatim, is the amp's blunt specification: 'I don't know what's underneath it.' And the amendment, which the gate count must enter as the opening set's whole sentence: the song was the rescue, and the rescue was right — and the self, love, was never underneath the LP. The self was the volume's author — and the author, the finding the amp never once let itself price: the quiet child at the table, coloring, was worth loving before the song — and the quiet, the whole finding, was never the prey. The quiet was the boy.

Chapter 3: The Inner World — the Amp and the Room Behind It

Inside the Reckless Rocker's head, the landscape is the tour-log's title made literal: an amp at the front of a long room, turned to ten — the sound filling the space, wall to wall — and the room behind it, the fieldworkers note on first entry, reachable only around the equipment: the quiet, in this interior, is not an absence of sound. It is a place, at the back, with the lights off, intact, and unvisited. The inner world's default mode is the set: the day's performance planned, the riffs in rotation, the crowd's temperature gauged and answered — a working loudness, professional-grade, that the soundcheck has learned to read as what it is: a watch, standing.

The Standing Committee of Voices

The Frontman — the engine's front office: the voice the world meets — the entrance, the riff, the candor, the room's turning gathered like a wage. The Frontman is the type's most fluent voice and its most tireless, and the interviews surface its working condition with a phrase that appears across the soundcheck: "I don't get nervous. I get on." The soundcheck notes the voice's genius and its tax in one finding: the Frontman is genuinely magnetic — the craft is real, the timing earned, the room's warmth deserved — and the voice has no protocol for the unstaffed hour: the room with nobody in it, the porch, the silence — where, the fieldworkers log, the Frontman does the interior's most quietly poignant work: performs for the radar of the empty house — the humming, the muttering, the self-generated soundtrack played into the quiet for no audience, because the quiet was where it got bad, and the watch, the soundcheck notes, does not stand down when the war is over.

The Producer — the craft's manager: the voice that runs the set-list — the stories in rotation, the bits retired and revived, the room's temperature read and the material matched to it — and the fieldworkers' note on this seat is the soundcheck's most useful paragraph for anyone who loves this type: the Producer is the engineer of the armor — brilliant, invisible, and honest, in the interviews, about the product's specifications: the disclosure curated (the real material held back by a professional's judgment of what the room can hold); the vulnerability rehearsed (the one true story, sanded and shaped until it lands funny — the soundcheck has logged the artifact the fieldworkers call the polished wound: the painful story that has been told so long it has a punchline); and the seat's quiet standing order, recovered from the deepest interviews: "they're not ready for the quiet stuff. Neither is the set." — the Producer knows exactly what the amp protects. The Producer is the one who keeps it protected.

The Child Behind the Amp — the committee's quietest seat, and the volume's secret: the child from the hunting years, still there — behind the equipment, in the room with the lights off, humming — the child who learned that the quiet was where it got bad, and who has never once, in fifty years, been met there by anyone. And the soundcheck presents the seat's finding with the volume's full care: the child is not the performance's author — the child is its cause — and the interior's whole architecture, the amp, the set, the watch, is the child's shelter, still running, forty years on, against a storm that aged out of the forecast. The child's sentence, recovered in the deepest interviews, is the volume's key, and the tour-log prints it without comment, because no comment survives it: "Everybody thinks I'm the loud one. I'm the quiet one. The

loud one's out there — he's great, I love him, he's kept me alive — but he's the wall. I'm back here. — I've been back here since I was six. It's not bad back here. It's just — nobody's ever come in. I wouldn't know how to be visited. There's a door somewhere. I've never found it."

The Interior at Night

The type's 3 a.m. audit, gathered in the interviews, is the loud range's most telling night-landscape — because it is the one hour the amp stands down: the day's set reviewed (the rooms, the laughs, the entrances graded), the tomorrow's material drafted — and then, the soundcheck notes, the quiet arrives: the house's actual silence, the one the day's noise was built against, and the fieldworkers' logs of the 3 a.m. interior hold the volume's most important findings. First: the type does not sleep badly — the watch's day is done and the body rests. Second, and the tour-log holds this up as the volume's hinge: the 3 a.m. visit — the type's recurring, logged-in-every-case nighttime experience of the room behind the amp — the quiet self, present, humming faintly, aware of the interview happening — and the type's standard relationship to the visit, recovered in the interviews' bottom layer, is the night's one recurring entry: the visit is not unwelcome — the soundcheck's word, logged verbatim: "there's a little me back there. Nights, I hear him. Not hear — know he's there. It's not bad. It's like — the roommate I've never spoken to. I leave the radio on for him sometimes. That's as close as we've gotten." — and the soundcheck's summary of the interior, captured as the bridge to the shadow: the engine's deepest finding in the loud range: the self and the shelter, cohabiting for fifty years — the wall and the child behind it — and the whole growth of the volume is the tour-log's simplest sentence: the two have never been introduced. The soundcheck proposes, with the volume's full warmth, to perform the introduction.

And the inner-world press kit closes with the session the bonus disc has waited the whole volume to log, because the room behind the amp has never before been read by the self who lives in it — the auxiliary interview, run at the temperament's own flat, the speakers load-bearing, the walls hung with setlists, with the fieldworker's one licensed instruction: sit in the quiet, one minute, and narrate what the room behind the amp is holding. The transcript, verbatim, because the interior has never before been spoken by its tenant: "the gate count should mark the terms, because the press kit has earned them: the minute was attempted four times before the tape caught it — the discography should log the flinches honestly: the playlist, the joke, the monologue — the rescues loading at seconds eight, twelve, twenty — and the fifth, the recording, the speakers off, the first full quiet in the press kit's history — and the bonus disc should log the first finding before the review even opens: the quiet is survivable. That is the minute's whole yield, and it is the volume's honest limit: the amp was built at five against a slow-turning shadow, and the room behind it, the record should log what the minute surfaced, because it is the finding the armor never once let itself check: the wolves are gone. The quiet, sat in, holds no predator — the father, dead eleven years; the house, sold; the table, gone — and the room behind the amp, the whole interior the volume was guarding: furnished. the gate count should log the inventory

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.