SAMPLE

The Restless Daredevil

The Personality That Lives in Motion

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Chapter 1: The Signature — Recognizing the Restless Daredevil at a Glance

Every personality type announces itself in small behaviors before it explains itself in words. The Daredevil's signature is so kinetic that most people file it under "intense" — and the file is accurate, and incomplete.

The Telltale Manner

Watch the person the room tracks without meaning to. The Restless Daredevil is the one who arrived interestingly — the last-minute entrance, the unexpected guest, the trip that was supposed to be three days and became three weeks. Their speech is fast, vivid, and interruptive — not from rudeness but from urgency: the thought is now or it is gone, and the type has never once let a thought escape. They answer before the question finishes, decide before the options close, and apologize for neither. They carry the tell-tale kit of the prepared improviser: the packed bag by the door, the charged everything, the passport current in case of Tuesdays. Their attention is a searchlight, not a lamp — brilliant, sweeping, and gone — but while it is on you, you are the most interesting thing on earth, and you both know it. Style, for them, is not display but equipment — the good shoes because you never know, the light jacket because plans change, the life held ready to move in four directions.

Three quick tells distinguish the type from ordinary energy. First, the decision velocity: ask a Daredevil anything and the answer arrives before you finish asking — and it is usually a good answer, because their judgment runs faster than their deliberation, which terrifies slower types and is the entire point. Second, the stillness distress: put them in a queue, a lecture, or a long meeting and watch the physics of a caged thing — the knee, the phone, the doodle, the eventual disappearance to "take a call" that never came. Third, the story density: minutes with a Daredevil produce anecdotes; weeks produce a book. Not because they perform — because they went. The type's life has a volume knob and no off switch, and everyone in range lives, at least vicariously, a little larger because of it.

Two more field tells complete the diagnostic set, and both are visible within one dinner. The first is the exit-scan: the Daredevil enters any room and, in the first two seconds, locates every door — the fire exit, the side gate, the corridor to the outside — not from paranoia but from physics, the way water finds the downhill. Watch the seat they choose: the bar stool facing the room, the restaurant chair angled to the street, the position that keeps the whole board visible and the moves open. Other types choose seats for comfort or company; this type chooses for optionality, and the habit is so old it runs below manners entirely. The second tell is the half-hour rule: the type says yes, instantly and warmly, to almost anything that is short, and manages a slow decline, every time, toward anything that is long — the drink that becomes a

standing dinner, the project that becomes a committee, the weekend that becomes a tradition. It is not commitment-phobia, whatever the pop taxonomy says; it is the engine's honest accounting of its own fuel: the type will give you any intensity you want at any hour you need it, and cannot promise you the same room next month — and the people who learn to take the type in the currency they print (the vivid half-hour, the rescue, the Tuesday) get decades of this friendship, while the people who insist on the standing dinner collect the cancellations. The half-hour rule, read properly, is the type's terms of service, posted on their face since childhood, and honored, in their way, more faithfully than most contracts. And one modern tell, because the type now lives half its life on a glass screen and the screen keeps records the manner never did: the inbox weather. Hand a Daredevil's phone back to them at a dinner and glance — with permission — at the lock screen: forty-one unread messages from five group threads, the airline app's badge reading 3, two calendar alerts dismissed and stacking, and somewhere in the pile a message from the person sitting across the table, sent three days ago, that glows with the warm confidence of having been seen and never answered. The pattern is not carelessness, whatever the wounded senders decide; it is the engine's triage. The Daredevil's attention processes only what is live — the moving thread, the changing plan, the thing happening tonight — and everything static, including several actual human beings, is filed under still there, still fine, will still be there — which is the most honest and most expensive compliment the type pays: you have been classified as permanent, and permanent things do not get the fast lane. The tell's two edge readings are worth knowing. A Daredevil who answers your slow message fast has either promoted you to live or sensed smoke — check which. And a Daredevil whose inbox weather suddenly clears — the threads answered, the badges gone — has just entered either a rooted stretch or a crash, and the only way to tell the difference is the one this book keeps teaching: ask what they are flying toward, and stay for the answer.

The Backstory Signature

The type's history has a recognizable shape, and it almost always contains the same two rooms. The founding story, retold in a thousand childhoods, runs like this: a child grew up around a stillness that hurt — the silent house, the shut-down parent, the town with no exits, the ordinary suffocation of a childhood that offered nothing to do but wait — and the child discovered, early and permanently, that motion outran the pain. Run and the feeling doesn't catch you. Climb and the view replaces the thought. Go fast and the present becomes so loud that the quiet has to wait outside. Sometimes the founding room was darker — chaos, fear, a home where stillness meant vulnerability — and speed was, literally, survival. Sometimes it was mere wiring: the child born with the throttle pinned, who experienced ordinary patience as mild anesthesia. Either way, the founding discovery was identical, and it never left: when I move, I'm alive; when I'm still, I'm not. The adult Daredevil carries that engine forward — usually unexamined and unbraked — and the chapters ahead are about both its magnificent returns and its quiet costs. One lineage question belongs beside the founding story, because the speed did not always originate in the room: in a large share of the case files, the throttle was inherited. There is a fast grandparent in the

album — the grandmother who crossed an ocean on her own at nineteen, the uncle who disappeared cheerfully into a new country and sent postcards; there is a parent who ran, or a parent who never got to and pushed the child's bike faster than it needed to go. The inheritance is worth an afternoon's audit for one reason: it separates the two engines that look identical from the outside. The Daredevil whose speed is pure survival gear — built in the still room, against the quiet — is flying from something specific, and the growth chapter's first-room discipline will find it. The Daredevil whose speed is a hand-me-down is flying from nothing in particular, which is both easier and harder: easier, because there is no buried room to excavate; harder, because the escape has no address, and the type cannot outrun a founding story they never actually had. The inherited throttle's founding question is not what am I fleeing? but whose life am I living at this speed? — and the type who asks it sometimes discovers the whole identity was drafted by a ghost's biography: that the running was never theirs, or the room's; it was a loan from a relative who would have wanted, more than anything, to see the destination.

The Childhood Album

The album has standard photos. The child who could not be found — up the tree, over the wall, at the far end of the beach, in the neighbor's garage negotiating for something to ride. The bikes ridden past their design limits, the jumps built from whatever the town wouldn't miss, the cast that became a story before the swelling peaked. The report cards that said "bright but unable to sit still," "needs to apply himself," "a delight when focused" — the teacher's polite notes for a child whose school was everywhere except the chair. The teenager already half-gone — the first job at fourteen, the license at midnight on the birthday, the road out of town mapped on notebook paper years before the keys. And somewhere in the album, always, the photo the type skips past quickly: the child alone in the still house, before any of it — small, quiet, and waiting — the person the speed was built to outrun. The adult type carries that photo forward, un-faced. The chapters ahead are about the engine that outruns it, and about the day the type finally turns around and looks — not to stop moving, which will never happen, but to choose, for the first time, where the motion goes.

One more photograph belongs in the album, and it is the one the type tells best and understands least: the first runaway. Every Daredevil's childhood contains a version — the bag packed at eight (the important things only: snack, compass, the good knife), the door eased shut at dawn, the street walked to its very end with the heart going like a drum — and the ending is always the same, and always remembered as comedy: the hunger by noon, the return by dark, the nobody-noticed. The type tells it as their first great adventure. The album's close reading says otherwise: the bag packed at eight is a child assembling an escape kit from a house that already felt like the thing to escape, and the street's end — the moment the town's edges appeared and the heart, for the first time, met the question toward what? — is the founding structure of the whole life, built in miniature on one morning: the motion magnificent, the direction absent, the return inevitable. The grown Daredevil has crossed every

street's end since — oceans, careers, relationships — and the photograph's power is that it contains, already, both halves of this book: the courage that will carry the type across the world, and the question the courage has never once stopped to answer. The chapters ahead are, at their center, about that question — and about the difference it finally makes when the bag is packed toward. The album's last pages hold a second document the type mentions rarely and never re-reads: the bedroom archaeology. Open the childhood room of a grown Daredevil — the actual room, if the family kept it, the metaphorical one if they didn't — and the strata are uniform: the half-finished. The radio kit soldered to its third evening and abandoned on the fourth; the treehouse that achieved load-bearing and never achieved walls; the comic drawn to page eleven of a planned hundred; the language course with the cassettes still in shrinkwrap. The parents' verdict, delivered for decades and quoted by the type with rueful laughter: never finishes anything. The album's close reading is gentler and more precise: every abandoned thing in that room was abandoned at the exact moment it stopped being discovery and started being maintenance — the strata record not a failure of character but a perfect map of what the engine was built for and against. And the reread the type should do once, in adulthood, is not the shame the parents installed; it is the inventory: the ignition gift was real in every layer — the kid actually soldered, actually built the floor that held, actually drew eleven pages — and the grown-up who finally learns the handoff ritual can, on the evidence of this room, build almost anything. The archaeology's last artifact is the strangest: somewhere in the strata there is always one thing that was finished — the model, the merit badge, the skateboard ramp completed and ridden — and the type should notice which one, and who was watching when it was done. The finished thing marks the direction the engine turns when something is worth landing for. The growth chapter will ask for that memory by name.

The Type at a Glance

The composite portrait, in six lines:

- Energy: fast, bright, warm, sweeping; allergic to queues, forms, and the phrase "we'll see." - Ambition: not to win or to hold, but to move — to be in motion toward something vivid, always, and preferably today. - Vanity structure: allergic to applause that requires sitting still for it; the type's pride is in the doing, and the story is its receipt. - Loyalty: fierce in the moment and genuine about it — and structurally challenged by distance, calendars, and the long uneventful middle of anything. - Weakness: the landing — beginnings magnificent, middles negotiable, endings vanishing; the type arrives everywhere and completes the trips that were hard to leave. - Unspoken need: for the motion to mean — to be more than escape — and, more secretly, for one place to be worth staying still for, and one person to be glad they did.

The Type in Five Situations

Situations reveal the type faster than interviews. At a party: the last to arrive, the first

to leave, and the story everyone tells on Monday; the room tracks them without meaning to, and the exit is as designed as the entrance. In a new job: spectacular in the first ninety days — learning by doing, fixing by improvising — and looking around by month six; the résumé, over years, becomes a list of brilliant first years. Under sudden pressure: the type's finest hour — crisis is the only meeting where everyone else finally moves at their speed, and the improvisation that saves the quarter looks, from the outside, like luck. In a boring meeting: unendurable — the leg bounces, the pen flies, the side-note to a neighbor earns a shush, and the true tell is that the type would rather be anywhere, specifically, now. On holiday: the itinerary is a rumor; the first night is booked and the rest is winged, and the trip everyone calls reckless they call Tuesday. If you observed all five, you have the type: fast where others are careful, alive only in motion, and allergic to any room whose exits are visible and closed.

Not to Be Confused With

The Restless Daredevil is frequently mislabeled, and the distinctions matter. They are not the show-off: the show-off performs for the room; the Daredevil performs for physics — the room just happens to be there, and the type has been known to take the leap with the audience absent and enjoy it more. They are not the workaholic: the workaholic works from compulsion and gets nothing from the risk; the Daredevil works when the work is movement — and quits, abruptly and honestly, the day it calcifies. They are not the unreliable one, though they are reliably accused of it: the type keeps their word when the word involves motion (the rescue at midnight, the flight moved, the favor that required a drive) and breaks it when it involves stillness (the paperwork, the committee, the third consecutive dinner) — which is a pattern, and patterns can be worked with, unlike chaos. The closest confusion is with the Ambitious Charmer (Volume 1) — and the two types overlap in the fast, vivid, allergic-to-being-underestimated surface — but the engines are different: the Charmer runs on being seen, the Daredevil on being alive; the Charmer's nightmare is irrelevance, the Daredevil's is the quiet room. Put them together and you get the type's best teacher and worst enabler — and the type at their best is the reason the leap was taken, the market was entered, the trapped were reached, and the decade did not die of committee. The type at their worst is a forty-year-old runaway with everyone's applause and nowhere, exactly, home. Both portraits are coming. Neither is the whole story.

Chapter 2: The Core — The Engine of "If I Stop, I'll Feel It"

Every portrait in this series starts from one load-bearing motive — pull it out and the architecture of the self sags. Strip away the Daredevil's speed, charisma, and edge, and the engine is a single sentence: if I stop, I'll feel it.

The Motion That Becomes Identity

Psychologically, the Restless Daredevil is the flight-response to unbearable stillness. Somewhere early — in a hurting home, a dead-end town, or simply a nervous system tuned too hot for ordinary life — the child discovered the fact that organizes everything after: motion changes the channel. Feelings, in the still moments, were too big — the fear, the sadness, the boredom that felt like dying — and speed, any speed, was the working override: run and the broadcast drops to static; leap and the signal changes entirely; go far enough, fast enough, often enough, and the original program never airs at all. What distinguishes the Daredevil from other children who felt the same pull is the response. Where another child might have hidden, numbed, or raged, this one launched — and discovered the second defining fact: motion not only outruns the pain, it converts it. The fear became the thrill. The restlessness became the range. The too-much energy that would have been, in a quieter child, a diagnosis, became in this one a life — loud, fast, enviable, and built, brick by brick, over the one room the type never furnished.

This is why the Daredevil's speed has a different flavor from ordinary impatience. The impatient person wants the line to move; the Daredevil needs themselves to move — because the line, the chair, and the waiting are not inconveniences but rehearsals for the stillness the whole personality was built to escape. Outsiders read the constant motion as immaturity and are wrong at their social peril: the motion is the engine's housing, and the housing is load-bearing. This engine explains much that puzzles observers: why the type is calm in crisis and restless in peace (crisis has clear instructions and no waiting; peace is the original room); why they make their best decisions at speed (deliberation is, to this type, the sensation of slowing down, and everything in them votes no); why they are magnificent at beginnings and vanish at maintenance (beginnings move; maintenance sits); and why the type's recurring dream, when they allow themselves one, is not of stopping — the thought genuinely does not occur — but of motion with a destination: the endless running, once, with somewhere it was running to. And one honest entry about what the motion contains, because the portrait so far has implied the running is empty — pure flight, pure override — and the case files insist otherwise: the Daredevil does some of their clearest thinking in motion, and the thinking is real. The mechanism is worth stating precisely: the type's interior noise is velocity-dependent — the static that fills the still room drops away at speed, and what remains, in the quiet the edge provides, is a mind of unusual clarity, working at unusual bandwidth. The Daredevil's best decisions, their genuine insights about other people, their honest assessments of their own life — the observations that never survive a chair — all arrive at altitude, in motion, and dissolve again at the parking lot. This is why the type narrates their epiphanies from road trips and never from the sofa, and why the world files the insights as stories rather than thought: they came with scenery attached. The trap is architectural, and the type should see it plainly: the clearest room in the house is the moving one, and no one can live in it — the insights that arrive at ninety miles an hour cannot be acted on from ninety miles an hour, and they evaporate rather than decelerate. The mature practice is not meditation, which would insult both the engine and the truth; it is the capture: the voice memo at the summit, the note made at the trailhead, the insight hauled back down to ground level and written where the still room can keep it. The

type who captures the thinking their motion does discovers, over a decade, that the flight was producing something besides escape all along — a mind, actually, and quite a good one, delivering its reports from the one room it can speak in.

One more engine behavior belongs in the core file, because it explains the type's strangest power and its most overlooked cruelty at once: the boredom emergency. The Daredevil experiences boredom not as a mood but as an alarm — the physiological equivalent of smoke in the house — and responds to it with the speed and seriousness other people reserve for actual fire: the situation is escaped within minutes, by any means available, and the escape is not a preference but an evacuation. This is the power source behind the type's best work: the Daredevil cannot endure a stalled room, a stuck process, or a dying plan, and the world's stalled rooms get un-stalled by this intolerance more often than by any committee. But the alarm has no off switch and no scale, and the honest audit has to record what it evacuates: the boring conversation is where the friend was about to say the real thing; the quiet afternoon is where the feeling was going to finally surface; the uneventful year is where the roots would have grown. The type flees the stillness in others as fast as in themselves — the rescue of the bored party, the interruption of the slow story, the brightening of the sad evening — and the people on the receiving end experience a genuine gift that is also, quietly, an eviction notice from their own interior. The correction is not tolerance, which the type will never achieve, and not apology, which they would mean and repeat tomorrow. It is a pause protocol the engine can actually run: when the alarm fires, ask the one question the smoke never asks — is something actually wrong, or is something about to be felt? — and give the answer sixty seconds before the evacuation. Sixty seconds is nothing. It is also, at the type's clock speed, the longest sit-down of their week — and the record is consistent: most of what the alarm was fleeing, given its minute, is not smoke at all. It is the house, asking to be lived in.

The Two Failsafes

The engine ships with two standard features. The first is the override reflex: the type's response to any internal discomfort is immediate external action — boredom converts to a plan, sadness to a trip, fear to the very leap the fear was about — an almost comic efficiency that never once asks whether the feeling wanted converting, or whether it was a message. The second failsafe is the novelty radar: the type's attention is permanently tuned to the new, the changing, and the unvisited — the fresh route, the unfamiliar door, the plan being made across the room — because novelty is the purest fuel: it is, neurologically and emotionally, motion by other means, and the type can run on it when their legs are still. The combination produces the type's defining strength and defining risk: a person who cannot be trapped, bored, or ground down — and a person who cannot be caught, by a feeling, a commitment, or the stillness that all of the previous five types would call, simply, home.

The engine runs on a time signature nobody else shares, and the mismatch explains half the type's friction with the rest of the world: the time-dilation problem. The Daredevil's subjective clock runs fast — genuinely, measurably so: a minute of

stillness dilates toward an hour of their interior time, a two-hour dinner stretches toward a season, and a "quick stop" the type promises at ninety minutes is, inside their body, already an afternoon's imprisonment. The dilation works in the other direction too, which is where the type's magic lives: an hour at full burn — the descent, the deal, the rescue — compresses, in the memory, into something almost instantaneous, a bright second, which is why the type can spend a decade's Tuesdays at the edge and report, honestly, that it feels like a few vivid weeks. Both directions misprice the type against the world's clock: they are chronically "late" by clocks that feel absurdly slow, and chronically surprised by deadlines that arrived, from the inside, with no warning at all. The practical consequences deserve listing: the type's promises are sincere in their own currency and broken in everyone else's; their patience, which they experience as enormous, reads from outside as nearly none; and their recollection of when things happened — years, commitments, the sequence of the life — is the softest data in any temperament. The correction is the one thing the engine actually respects: external scaffolding — the calendar held by someone else's clock, the deadline with a human attached, the standing thing that exists in world-time and not in theirs. The type who outsources their clock's translation to a structure or a partner they trust stops fighting the dilation and starts riding it — and discovers that their native time, the compressed hour and the dilated minute, was never broken. It was just a different frame rate on the same life, and the landing, the one the growth chapter builds, is the place where both clocks finally show the same time. The engine has one more standard behavior the two failsafes don't cover, and the people who love this type should be briefed on it before the dark chapter prices it: the suspicious quiet. The Daredevil at the top of a genuinely good stretch — the stable year, the relationship going well, the work landed, the health holding — begins, reliably, to scan the horizon. Nothing is wrong; the engine cannot believe it. The type's private weather report in the best season of their life runs, verbatim, across the case files: this can't last; something's coming; don't get comfortable — and the reflex that follows is the founding story wearing a smile: the type starts, quietly, generating their own weather — the unnecessary risk, the picked fight, the suspiciously timed departure — because the engine mistrusts calm the way a sailor mistrusts a glassy sea, having learned, young, that the stillness was when things broke. The reader who loves one of these will recognize the pattern with a sinking heart: the breakup that arrived three weeks after the best month of the relationship; the resignation drafted at the peak of the good year. The correction is not reassurance, which the type metabolizes at speed, and not the accusation of self-sabotage, which is true and useless. It is the naming, delivered once, plainly, at a calm moment: the good stretch is not the eye of the storm; some quiet is just quiet — and then the harder work, which is the type's own: the audit of what the founding room actually taught about calm, and the discovery, available in every file, that the stillness that hurt was never peace — it was peace's absence wearing the same clothes. The engine that learns the difference stops manufacturing weather. The sky, it turns out, is allowed to stay clear — and the type that can bear ten minutes of genuine good news without reaching for the throttle has passed the hardest test in this book.

The Engine's Gift

It must be said plainly: the engine works, and the world is bigger because of it. The Restless Daredevil has opened more roads, taken more leaps, closed more impossible gaps, reached more trapped places, and talked more rooms into going than any other temperament — precisely because their courage does not require a plan, the approval of the risk committee, or a guarantee. Every frontier, migration, startup, rescue mission, and re-invention of a stuck decade was, at its founding moment, a Daredevil moving while everyone else was still pricing the risk. The reader should hold the ending in view from the beginning: the engine's one blind spot is that it optimizes for the leaving — the escape, the launch, the next thing — and the type's whole second half of life depends on learning to arrive: to let the motion, once, be pointed at something it builds instead of something it leaves. But that is the last chapter's business. First, the portrait: the momentum, the edge, the present — the three instruments of the life in motion, and the machinery behind the fastest, warmest, least housebroken temperament in this series.

Chapter 3: The Momentum — Speed as the Native Language

If the engine is the founding flight, the momentum is its instrument — and velocity, for the Restless Daredevil, is not a quantity but a language, a worldview, and a form of honesty.

The Vocabulary of Speed

The Daredevil expresses selfhood through motion rather than position. Where other types define themselves by what they are — the expert, the guardian, the gatekeeper — this type defines themselves by what is happening: the trip, the launch, the project at full burn, the conversation moving fast enough to be alive. The type's momentum has a signature grammar: decision over deliberation (the good-enough choice made instantly beats the perfect choice made eventually, because momentum compounds and deliberation doesn't); present over prepared (the type trusts their improvisation more than any checklist, and — the part that enrages the checkers — is usually right, because their improvisation has been trained by a thousand more live reps than the planners' scenarios); and action as information (the type learns by doing, decides by moving, and discovers what they think by hearing what they chose — a completely valid epistemology that looks, from the outside, like recklessness). Watch the type in any stalled situation: they are the one who does something — usually within minutes, usually imperfectly — and whose doing, more often than the committee can admit, un-stalls it. The cautious experience this as luck. It is not luck. It is fluency — in the only language the type speaks natively, which is: go.

The Improvisational Genius

The type's most under-rated gift deserves its own section, because it is the competence everyone benefits from and almost nobody credits: the Daredevil is the temperament library's improviser — the mind that works best without a plan, precisely because it never had one to mourn. The mechanism is worth understanding: improvisation is not the absence of skill but a different storage of it — where the Scholar keeps knowledge in explicit systems (documents, frameworks, citations), the Daredevil keeps it in trained reflex — ten thousand live decisions, processed at speed, converted into instinct — and the reflex, unlike the framework, is available in the dark, at velocity, mid-catastrophe, when the framework is still on page one. This is why the Daredevil is the person you want in the fire, the blackout, the sudden market collapse, the eleventh-hour crisis: not because they are braver than the brave planners, but because the plan's death is where their competence begins. The reader who manages a Daredevil should learn to read the gift correctly: the improviser is not a planner who failed. They are a different instrument, tuned for different weather — and the team that keeps both weathers staffed is the team that survives. The improviser's skill has a hidden invoice the legend never itemizes, and the type deserves to see the pricing once: the rep audit. Improvisation is trained, not gifted — the case files are unanimous — and the training medium is live failure: the thousand fast decisions that built the reflex were not a thousand successes; they were a mixed record of wins, near-misses, and genuine crashes, processed at speed and converted into instinct. The Daredevil's fluency in catastrophe was purchased the way every expertise is purchased: with reps nobody saw, in the years before the legend — the jump that didn't clear, the bet that didn't land, the trip that had to be rescued by a phone call home, each one metabolized by the engine and filed, not as trauma, as training data. This entry serves both audiences. For the type: the audit is permission — the skill is real, it is yours, and it was earned; no one handed it to you, and the crashes that built it were tuition, not character. And it carries one warning the type will actually respect: the rep supply is not infinite, and the improviser who reaches middle age still training on live failures discovers that the cost of the reps did not decline with the skill — only the memory of paying it did. For the reader who manages or loves one: the legend's fluency is not luck, and the respectful move is not to marvel at it but to staff for the tuition — the recovery time, the insurance, the quiet allowance for the near-misses that are, in the honest accounting, the ongoing price of the one competence your stuck rooms cannot do without.

The Momentum Cost Ledger

The speed has costs the type never audits, and honesty requires the ledger. The first is the follow-through gap: the type's momentum is a starting engine — magnificent at ignition, structurally weak at the unglamorous middle where the momentum dies of maintenance; and the type's history accumulates the abandoned masterpieces, half-built, each one genuinely brilliant and each one left the day the next ignition called. The second cost is the casualties of speed: decisions made at velocity skip the people who couldn't run at it — the colleague informed rather than consulted, the partner handed the outcome, the friend who mattered and got outrun — and the type, warm and honest, is always the last to know how many of these are in the rearview.

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.