# SAMPLE

## The Soul Broker

The Personality for Which Everything Is a Transaction

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# Contents

Chapter 1: The Signature — the Soul Broker at a Glance

Chapter 2: The Core — The Running Account

Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Ledger

Chapter 4: The Craft — The Trades

Chapter 5: The Cost: The Ledger of the Always-Even

Chapter 6: The Dark Side: The Book That Owns the House

Chapter 7: The Soul Broker at Work — Career, Teams, and the Boss Relationship

Chapter 8: The Soul Broker in Love and Friendship

Chapter 9: The Matchups — Companions, Rivals, and the Other Types

Chapter 10: From Ledger to Gift — the Broker Closing the Book

Afterword

# Chapter 1: The Signature — the Soul Broker at a Glance

## The Telltale Manner

Before anyone speaks, the terms have been assessed — and the trade ticket must open with the aboveboard fact that makes this type so useful and so lonely: the Soul Broker is fair. Radically, reliably, incorruptibly fair: the favor returned precisely, the debt acknowledged to the cent, the round bought exactly on schedule — and the trade record's sharp note: the fairness arrives with a temperature: the exactness that is never warm; the memory that is never quite flattering; the gift, always somehow, calibrated to the gram — the type's presents are the most accurate in this catalog, and the least surprising, because the value was computed, and the recipient can feel the abacus under the ribbon. Sharper under observation: watch what happens when someone gives the type something unearned — the help declined with perfect manners, the compliment deflected with an immediate counter-compliment, the generosity answered, within the week, by a favor of suspiciously exact size: the correction of an imbalance the giver never asked to exist.

The manner carries the exact memory, and the trade ticket has to render it precisely because it is so often mistaken for warmth: the Broker remembers everything — who drove whom, who forgot whose event, who was short at the restaurant in 1998 — and the memory is a gift when it works for you and a docket when it works against; the promissory note's found dynamic, uniform across every offering: the people around the middleman learn to keep their accounts current with the Broker and their lives current elsewhere — nobody tells the Broker their real news first; the Broker is told, reliably, after the settlement. The exactness has one more tell the loved ones all report and the type never sees: the receipt — the favor returned with the acknowledgment attached: you drove me in March, so I'm taking you to the airport — the warmth of the act carried by the terms of the act, and the terms, in every case the trade file holds, are always read aloud.

And underneath the fair dealing runs the tell the middleman's circle all know: the declined closeness — the friendship that never quite closes the distance, the invitation that is always appreciated and almost never accepted, the help that is owed and therefore arrives — because closeness, the unearned kind, the kind that cannot be initialled into the price list, is the one currency the Broker has no account for; and the trade ticket's correction, initialled in the same ink as the fairness: the middleman is not cold; the middleman is settled — every account current, every relationship balanced, and the balance, in this economy, is the same thing the warm world calls distance.

## The Backstory Signature

the trade ticket holds two versions of the origin, and both hold, and they arrive at the same child.

In the first version, the house ran on terms: the affection released on compliance — the warmth that arrived with report cards and left with them; the forgiveness that carried a term (fine, but you owe me); the gifts that came with expectations stitched invisibly into the ribbon — and the child, watchful and quick, learned the house's true language before learning to ride a bike: nothing here is free; everything is priced; the price is never spoken; the bill always arrives.

In the second version, the child was good at it — the discovery, early, of a talent: the terms seen where the siblings saw weather; the leverage found where the cousins found feelings; the deal struck where the other children struck poses — and the household, the trade ticket notes with care, rewarded it: the child's shrewdness toasted at the table; the trades admired; the eye for the angle praised as sense — the child discovered the trading floor's second law, the one that would run the whole life: in a house where love is conditional, the one who knows the conditions holds the pen.

And the origin moment, where the versions converge, is always a bill, and always the same bill in every offering: the moment the child priced the love — sat in a bedroom, after a session of the house's weather, and did the arithmetic the last two trade tickets' siblings did differently: not I will charm it away, not I will keep score of deserving — but: it has a price; I will find it; I will pay it; and I will never again be the one who does not know the terms — and the constitution signed that day, initialled in the promissory note with the precision this offering deserves: everything is a transaction; the self's worth is net position; and the ledger is safety. The trade record's correction follows the signature like an interest charge: the child learned love's exchange rate before learning love — and the exchange rate, mastered perfectly, became the only language; fifty years of fair dealing later, the ledger is immaculate, and the trade file's quietest finding: nobody has ever given the type anything the type could not account for — and the type has never once let them.

## The Childhood Album

The trade album opens the way this album opens every time, and this offering's is the most orderly in the brokerage: the child is composed in all of them, and the household, everywhere in the frame, is on terms. The school photographs: pleasant, appraising, the face already set in the expression the promissory note knows well — not stern, but calculating warmth, the smile that is offered like a sample. The birthday tables, year upon year — and the telling detail the trade file marks at once: the gifts sorted — the child's haul counted, compared, and the thank-you notes drafted with an entry for each: the trade album's first ledger, in crayon.

The trade album's most telling photo is the one nobody will take out: the settlement — the sibling mid-negotiation, the coins or cards or chores changing hands, the child holding the terms of the house's weather like a clipboard — the deal struck, everyone in their places, and the promissory note's sharp entry beside it: no one in the

photograph is unhappy; the trade album's peace is transactional, and the peace held — the trade album's quietest line — because everyone kept the terms, which the trade ticket notes is the only kind of peace a house on terms can have, and the child, already its clerk.

And the trade album closes, as it always does, on the closer the series knows: the child already the adult — the bedroom, the arithmetic, the bill for the household's love computed by lamplight and paid, on time, for the rest of the childhood: the report card, the compliance, the terms met to the letter — the moment the running account was installed as identity, the net position installed as worth, and the price list opened that has never once closed. The child looks into the camera of that lamplight and says, without words, the whole constitution: I know the price; I always pay; you can trust me — and you will never catch me owing anybody anything, ever. The trade album, gently, disagrees: the child paid everything — and the account the payments were made to, the love the child priced so accurately, was never actually collecting; it was giving, badly, in the only language the house knew — and the child, the trade record's founding correction, paid retail for something that was being handed out free, and has charged the world retail for the same thing, ever since.

## The Type at a Glance

Energy: steady, appraising, and economical — the Broker runs on terms, not moods; the type has never once overspent, emotionally or otherwise, in public.

Ambition: the position, not the crown — the type wants the leverage, the leverage quietly held: the stake in everything, the account with everyone, the balance always known.

Vanity structure: the reputation for fairness — the pride is not in being loved but in being owed nothing; the type would rather be even than adored, and is, everywhere, both respected and kept at arm's length.

Loyalty: contractual and total — the trade record's driest note on this case: the Broker's loyalty is as good as a bond once issued, and priced the same way; the trade file has never once seen the type default.

Weakness: the unearned gift — the inability to receive anything that cannot be entered; the imbalance that must be corrected by the end of the week.

Unspoken need: to be given something for nothing — the unconditional worth the net position has been standing in for; the need the type guards like a trade secret, because admitting it would reveal the position the whole portfolio protects: that the self's worth was never on the books.

## The Type in Five Situations

At a party. Settling — the rounds bought exactly on rotation, the host's generosity noted for future settlement, the contacts made with the terms already silently drafted

— the trade file's sharp detail: the Broker is the only guest who leaves even, every time, and the only one the warm half of the room experiences as a presence with a briefcase.

In a new job. Excellent, immediately: the promissory note has no offering where the Broker's first quarter was not brilliant — the terms understood before the offer letter was read, the leverage mapped, the value delivered precisely because the middleman prices its own contributions accurately; the promissory note's warning arrives on schedule: by the second year the middleman knows everyone's balance — who owes whom, whose work is billable, whose loyalty is leveraged — and the colleagues learn the order of the house: with the Broker, everything is possible, and nothing is free.

Under sudden pressure. the middleman's finest hour, and the trade ticket enters it without irony: the Soul Broker in a crisis is calm, leveraged, and decisive — the favors called in at exactly the right moment, the rescue assembled like a merger, the middleman's whole life of deposits redeemed in an afternoon; the promissory note's only caution: this is why the middleman is invaluable in every crisis — and the trade ticket's most delicate finding: the middleman sometimes, the mature offerings confess, waits for the crisis, the one room where the ledger is openly the best thing to have.

In a boring meeting. Gone — the appraiser's eye running the room's true economy: who is spending, who is storing, whose contribution is billable and whose is strategic — the daydream is not escape but arithmetic; the tell: the pen moves, and what it writes is a balance.

On holiday. the price list travels — the itinerary costed to the cent, the generosity of the host initialled, the spouse's relaxation itself quietly appreciated as an asset: the trade ticket's tenderest note: the middleman's vacations are the most efficient in the brokerage, and the least restful — because the ledger, the whole record has found, is the single piece of luggage the Broker cannot learn to leave behind.

## Not to Be Confused With

The Elegant Predator (Volume 22) is the nearest neighbor, and the confusion is the trade ticket's most common: both types see the terms under every table; both are shrewd; both are, in their ways, excellent company. But the Predator's trade is extraction — the charm deployed to take more than it gives; the hunt, the leverage, the gain at your expense. The Soul Broker trades fairly — the type's whole pride is the balanced book; the Broker gives value, on time, to the gram; the Predator's account with you is designed to end ahead; the Broker's is designed to end even. The test: check the balance after five years. The Predator's counterparties are poorer and confused about why; the Broker's are even — and the promissory note's one-line border, dry and final: the Predator fleeces you; the Broker bills you — and only one of them will send the receipt.

The Divine Judge (Volume 68) shares the ledger instinct and the incorruptibility, and the families confuse the two constantly — both types keep score; neither takes a

bribe. But the Judge's ledger is a docket — worth assessed, verdicts issued, the score kept of deserving, with no interest in the debt being repaid to the self; the Broker's ledger is an account — the score kept of debts, with no verdict on anyone's worth beyond the balance. The test in one dinner: owe them something. The Judge will note it and rule; the Broker will note it and collect — politely, patiently, with the receipt attached. The Judge keeps score to be fair; the Broker keeps score to be even — and the deeper border, entered here because the two files are siblings from the same weather: the Judge took the bench because somebody had to keep the score of deserving; the Broker opened the book because somebody had to know the terms — and both, the trade record notes, were children doing an adult's work with the only tools the household left in reach.

The Devoted Caregiver (Volume 7) is the type the Broker is most often misdiagnosed as in the type's good decades — the Broker's generosity is real, punctual, and considerable, and from a distance it looks like the Caregiver's. But the Caregiver's ledger does not exist: the giving is the relationship; no entry, no balance, no receipt, the default rather than the settlement. The Broker's generosity always closes — the entry made, the balance restored, the warmth banked against the next season. The test that settles it in one image: give each of them something they cannot repay. The Caregiver accepts it and is moved; the Broker declines it, or corrects it, or lies awake pricing it. Sharper than the neighbors, and finally than the tests: watch the unearned gift — the Predator prices it for leverage, the Judge rules it undeserving or not, the Caregiver is grateful — the Soul Broker returns it within the week with the terms read aloud; that exactness, that temperature, that receipt, is the trade ticket's first exhibit, and the price list's whole offering, in one balanced gesture.

And the signature trade ticket closes with the refined field check the balance sheet has waited the whole brokerage to deploy, because the fairness reads as integrity at first contact and as contract by the third act, and the seam between the two acts has never been measured — and the refined check is run not at the trades but at the unbillable hour: watch what happens when the gift cannot be initialled. the tallyman's log of a recorded offering: the middleman at thirty-six, the ledger certified at three decades — the exact memory, the returned favors, the bankable word, all real — and the trade instrument is the ordinary favor, deliberately chalked: the tallyman, chartered, pays for the middleman's coffee — small, unannounced, and the balance sheet's readings, taken across the following week: the ledger, working — the promissory note should mark the tell with its driest care: the repayment, arriving within four days, in kind, at a precise 1:1 — the coffee, bought back, unprompted, with the middleman's own — and the tallyman's key notation, the one the counting house has waited the whole book of business to log: the account cannot stay open. The trade record should mark it plainly: the favor, run honestly, was $4.50, and the readings at the repayment: the old frequency, the signing's own arithmetic — an open account registering as danger — and the colleagues' exit interviews, the balance sheet's collected set, converge on the sentence the trade ticket has waited a lifetime to log: "the most reliable man I have ever worked with, and I have never once given him anything — not a coffee, not a ride, not a compliment with weight on it — because you

can watch it bother him, like a stone in a shoe, until he pays it off." And the check's one measurement, aimed past the fairness at the cost underneath: count the debts left open on purpose. the balance sheet ran it across the postings: debts collected, in the chalked year — every one, certified, the perfect record; debts held open — the borrowed favor, the unreturned kindness, the gift left unbalanced, sat with — zero, and the promissory note should log the spread with everything it has: the middleman, at the check's deepest probe, was interviewed the house rules' chartered question — 'what happens if an account stays open forever?' — and the answer, after the longest silence in the interview set, delivered with the old banking calm, verbatim: "then somebody is owed. I don't do owed." And the field check's one-line finding: the Soul Broker is the only constitution in the brokerage whose ledger runs in both directions — the middleman collects with a bank's patience and pays with a bank's discipline, and the misdeal, the whole spread, is the direction the ledger was never once pointed: the net position, protected for thirty years, has nothing in it — the accounts all real, the memory total, and the worth, the whole asset, off-ledger, unbilled — and the arithmetic, reckoned honestly, is the trading floor in miniature: the child learned love's exchange rate before learning love; the adult runs every kindness as a note — and the people, the promissory note certifies, never once asked to be paid — they asked to be kept, and the keeping, the whole misdeal, cannot be initialled in a currency the price list has.

## Chapter 2: The Core — The Running Account

Every engine in this brokerage runs on a signing scene, and the Soul Broker's is the only one that was a bill. Consider the case the trade record opens with: the friend who remembers with twenty years' precision exactly who owes what — and the household that built her: the affection doled out on good conduct; the forgiveness that ran to a deadline; the security that came, every time, as an advance — the child, watchful and quick, sat in the bedroom after a session of the house's weather and did the arithmetic the household itself did not know it was teaching: this has a price; I will find it; I will pay it; and I will never again be the one who does not know the terms. And the discovery, made early and made coolly, is the engine's first law: in a house where love is conditional, the one who knows the conditions holds the pen — and the child held it, from that night, forever.

the trading floor this builds is the running account, and its mechanics deserve the trade ticket's closest attention because they are the most reputable wreckage in this brokerage: the exact memory of who owes what (the favor banked, the introduction unreturned, the gift calibrated to the gram); the favor returned precisely — never over, never under, the correction arriving within the week; the generosity that always comes with a receipt — the warmth of the act carried by the terms of the act, read aloud: you drove me in March, so I'm taking you to the airport. The payoff loop is exact and the trade ticket states it plainly: the balanced account buys standing; the standing buys safety; the safety confirms the constitution — everything is a transaction; the self's worth is net position; the ledger is the self's armor — and the appointment, like the last trade ticket's, is never questioned, because the only

questioner with standing, the self, is permanently in its own portfolio: the account the whole life is spent protecting is the one that never had an entry for the thing it was protecting; and the promissory note's central finding, uniform across every offering: the Broker's net position is immaculate, documented, and empty — the self's worth was never on the books; it was never for sale; it was given, unconditionally, by whoever's love the child priced so accurately at eight years old.

And what was the engine for? The trade file answers with the tenderness every case deserves: the child was solving for safety — the real insecurity of a real household, where the love came and went with the terms; and the ledger was not greed; it was armor: the terms known, the bills paid, the self never owing, never caught, never again the small person at the kitchen table who did not know the price of being loved that day. the trading floor's tragedy is not the child's shrewdness; it is the household's arithmetic, initialled here in the ink the whole book lives in: the child memorized love's exchange rate before ever learning love — and that rate, recited perfectly, became the one language the self speaks; and the promissory note's signing correction, filed beside the trade album's lamplit clerk: the child paid retail for something that was being handed out free — and the deepest entry in the trade ticket, the one the accrual chapters will need: the love the child tallied so precisely was never actually billing; it was giving, clumsily, in the one language the house knew — and the bill the child has been settling ever since, fifty years of fair dealing, invoice and receipt, is a bill the original creditor never kept, because the original creditor, whatever its failings, never actually sold the thing: the love was unconditional; the terms were the household's confusion; and the child, with the ledger, inherited the confusion and called it the truth.

The mechanism's adulthood is where the trade ticket's offerings live, and three of them set the pattern. The friend's offering is the classic: the exact memory of who owes what, the deposits made and chalked, the friend of forty years' line with the admiration and the fatigue both intact — you never once did me a favor; you made a deposit — and the promissory note's interview, conducted at the friendship's fortieth anniversary dinner, produced the middleman's own summary, worth entering whole because it is the trading floor in a sentence: I have never let anyone down, and nobody has ever carried me — I am very proud of that — and the promissory note's correction beside it: the pride is real and the account is empty; nobody has ever carried her because she never once let them — and the being-carried, the trade ticket has found, is the other half of love, and it has no entry in the price list. The uncle's offering is the family classic: the generosity legendary, the invoices invisible, the nieces learning by twelve that warmth from him was billable — and the trade ticket's finding, initialled with the family's grief intact: the nieces, at forty, keep their distance from the most generous man either side of the family has produced, and none of them can name the reason — the promissory note names it: the terms; the terms, never spoken, always felt. And the spouse's case is the tender one: the household run like a trading floor — the chores tracked, the sacrifices scored, the anniversary gift with the entries read aloud — and the partner's line, held with fifteen years of love: I know exactly what I owe him, and I have never once felt hugged in my life. What the signing

scene explains is only this: why the middleman, hearing both halves — the trust, the distance — trade tickets the first under standing and cannot hear the second at all — because the second is a gift, and the gift, in the constitution, is a price the middleman has not been told; and the promissory note's last line on the signing scene, filed beside the lamplight: the child took the terms as the truth of love, and the adult has spent fifty years being right about the terms and wrong about the love, in that order, to the gram.

The core trade ticket closes with the exhibit the grown offerings finally surfaced, because the ledger was opened in a specific kitchen, and the balance sheet finally got the interview the book of business was missing: the witness to the signing scene — the parent who taught the child the exchange rate. the offering: the Soul Broker at thirty-seven, the price list certified at three decades — and the balance sheet's interview with the middleman's father: the one who billed the household's love. His account, offered at sixty-eight, when the balance sheet read the signing scene back to him, and the transcript is initialled in full because the exchange rate's origin has never before been described by the man who posted it: "the promissory note should have those years exactly, because everything hangs off them: the boy was seven. And the balance sheet will want the signing scene, and I'll give it honestly, because I have had a lifetime to find the exact truth of it: I was raised on the exchange myself — my own father's shop, everything billed, the belt, once, for taking biscuits without asking the till — and the promissory note should log the machinery plainly: a man who was billed as a child bills, the way a stutter stutters — and the evening: the boy, the new bike, the Christmas one, secondhand, my own money tight — and the boy, delighted, riding it in the dark — and I said the sentence, the promissory note should have it verbatim, because it is the account's whole anatomy: 'that cost me a month of overtime. You'll pay it back — chores, Saturdays, till it's square.' — and the boy, seven, the promissory note should log what he did with everything it has: he got off the bike, went inside, and came back with his piggy bank. The whole thing. — counted it out on the porch step — and I, the counting house should log the guilt with its driest care, said the sentence the whole engine turns on, over the coins: 'good. You know nothing's free. That's how you know you're loved here — we keep it square' — and the ledger was opened, and the boy, from seven, kept the household's books — and the promissory note should log what the father saw and did not name: the boy, from that Christmas, never once took the last biscuit without asking the till. The precision, the whole conclusion, was the ledger's whole engineering — the child learned that love's proof was the square account — and the praise, 'that's how you know you're loved', was issued for the balancing — never once for the boy. And the counting house should log the yield honestly, because the father's ledger must be initialled fairly: the exchange worked. The boy became the most reliable creature the family ever produced — the word, bankable; the debts, always paid; the fairness, total, the trade record certifies it: never once did the boy stiff anyone, in thirty years, not a soul — and the boy took care of me in my illness to the coin — and I have never once been shorted. And the cost, the one the ledger never priced, which I want initialled from the biller's chair, because the boy is not going to hear it from anyone else: the piggy bank was the boy's whole worth, and he paid it out, at seven, to buy the proof of love. That is the spread, and it

took me half a life to say it plainly: the coins, love — the coins bought nothing. The love was already issued — the bike was the love, the overtime was the love, and the boy was loved at the dinner table every night of his life, gratis, unbilled, worth everything before the piggy bank — and the sentence, the promissory note should understand the grammar: the sentence was my own father's stutter, passed down — and the boy, from seven, learned to price the self at the balance and never once at the worth — and the amendment, which the balance sheet must enter as the signing's whole sentence: the square account was never the love's proof. The square account was the house's dialect — and the boy, love, was never the balance. The boy was the asset the whole book was built to secure — and the asset, the whole conclusion, was priceless, unconditionally, and unbilled — and the entry, the trade record should log plainly, was never once made, because the worth was never for sale, and nobody in that kitchen ever said so.

## Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Ledger

Break the trade instrument down to its last screw, because a volume in this series must show the machinery, not just the shine, of its type's chosen tool. The ledger has three working parts: the memory, the terms, and the collection — and the people it works on are, early on, everyone who has ever been in a position to help the middleman.

The memory is the primary instrument, and the trade file enters its honest spec first: it is total — the favors, the slights, the birthday cards, the loans, the twenty-year-old airport run — assessed, dated, and weighted with the accuracy of an institution; and the trade record must flag the finding the type will not want read aloud: the memory is the catalog's most genuinely useful gift, the thing the warm world quietly relies on — the friend who remembers; the colleague who tracks; the uncle whose loyalties, once issued, are as good as bonds — and the same memory, run as a ledger, is the type's distance from every room it enters: nobody tells the Broker their real news first, because the real news, with the Broker, always arrives after the settlement. The terms are the second working part: the unspoken invoice — the price attached to every gift, every favor, every warmth, and the price's signature, uniform across every case: never stated, always real, always collected — the Christmas check with the family's history of debts silently appended; the anniversary gift with the entries read aloud; the help that arrives because it was owed, with the owedness mentioned once, lightly, in passing — and the trade file's note on the terms is the trade instrument's whole weather: the Broker's world is fair the way a bank is fair: impeccably, and never once for free.

And the collection is the delivery — the debts collected with the patience of a bank: the unreturned favor, noted for years, called in warmly, at the exact right hour ("you're the only one I could ask"); the correction of the imbalance, the favor returned precisely, within the week; and the trade ticket's aboveboard spec sheet closes on the one thing the ledger can never do: forgive an entry. The trade instrument delivers settlement; it cannot deliver release — and the people it works on learn its weather

exactly: the debt always paid, the balance always even, the receipt always attached — and the range, like every range in this brokerage, ends at the very close: the one account the ledger cannot touch is the self's own — the worth the net position has been standing in for since the lamplight, the entry that was never made, the balance that was never about money at all — and the promissory note's dry line on the range: the Soul Broker is the only type in this brokerage whose books, audited by any accountant in the world, come out clean — and audited by the warm world, come out cold: every account current, no account close.

One more working part deserves its own paragraph, because the trade ticket has saved it for the trade instrument's whole understanding: the net position — the self's worth, computed as balance. This is the ledger's secret column, the one the type never shows and never stops reading: every relationship's account, every favor banked, every debt held — summed, nightly, into a single figure the type experiences as its own worth: How much am I owed? How much do I owe? Am I even? Am I ahead? — and the position's mechanics are the trade record's most sobering: the figure moves. A friendship that goes quiet moves it; a favor unreturned moves it; an aging parent who begins to need more than the middleman has ever been owed moves it hard — and the middleman's worth, in this economy, is the only one in this brokerage that can drop overnight, because it was never a worth at all: it was a balance, and the balance is not the self — and the trade instrument's range, the promissory note has learned to say exactly, ends at the one account that was never about money: the entry the ledger has no column for — the self's worth, unconditional — which was never on the books, was never for sale, was being given away free the whole time, and which the net position, perfectly maintained for fifty years, has been standing in for like a scarecrow in a field: present, punctual, and hollow; the trade ticket's dry line beside the mechanism: the Broker is the only type in this brokerage whose self-esteem has a credit rating — and the rating, in the mature trade tickets, turns out to have been AAA for fifty years, and to have bought the self nothing it was actually shopping for.

And the trade instrument trade ticket closes with the session the counting house has waited the whole book of business to log, because the ledger has never before been read by the broker who keeps it — the auxiliary interview, reckonedat the middleman's own study, the accounts in the yearly binders, thirty years, the margins double-ruled — with the tallyman's one chartered instruction: audit the price list. The transcript, verbatim, because the trade instrument's aboveboard specification has never before been spoken by its operator: "the balance sheet should mark the terms, because the trade ticket has earned them: this is the study — the promissory note should log the site; the binders are the accounts, three decades, and the counting house should note the first finding before the review even opens: the price list is aboveboard. That is the trade instrument's floor, and the trade ticket certifies it without irony: the debts, reckonedagainst every audit, paid — every favor returned, precisely, timely; the word, once given, bankable at any institution in this trade ticket — the fairness, the highest in the brokerage. The account review can open with the engineering plainly: the ledger is a position system. The self's worth, computed as net

# 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.