SAMPLE

The Tireless Workhorse

The Personality That Carries Without Complaint and Never Stops Driving

Aiman Sterling

Free sample: Chapter 1

putrabooks.github.io

Buy the full book:

Payhip

Carousell

Lulu

Contents

Chapter 1: The First Glance — the Tireless Workhorse at a Party

Chapter 2: The Core — the Engine of Motion

Chapter 3: The Instrument — the Carrying, Taken Apart

Chapter 4: The Craft — the Practice Years

Chapter 5: The Honest Costs

Chapter 6: The Dark Side — the Shadow

Chapter 7: The Tireless Workhorse at Work

Chapter 8: The Tireless Workhorse in Love and Friendship

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

Chapter 10: The Shipping Label — the Cargo Includes the Carrier

Afterword

Chapter 1: The First Glance — the Tireless Workhorse at a Party

The Telltale Manner

The party tell is the loaded movement — and the client sheet's first finding is what the bulwark does in the first ten minutes: finds the heaviest thing in the building and starts moving it. The chairs for the yard, the keg up the stairs, the borrowed tables returned at midnight; the Workhorse arrives early to help set up and leaves last with the truck bed full of other people's returns. The manner between loads is the type's signature: the shrug — the effort never reported, the favor never itemized, the "it was nothing" delivered as if the nothing were true; and the file notes the companion tell, present in every case: the Workhorse at rest — sitting, drink in hand — lasts about four minutes before finding a task, because the idle body reads to this type as a truck parked on the shoulder with its hazards on: something is undelivered. The party's quiet summary, felt by every host and named by none: the event ran because of this person, who would be startled to hear it, and would ask, genuinely, what else was there to do.

The Backstory Signature

The signature in the past is the shop that ran on the child — the household or business that only functioned because the kid worked: the farm where the chores were not chores but survival; the family store where the counter was manned by a nine-year-old; the restaurant, the route, the laundry, the three-job household where the eldest pair of hands was full-time labor before puberty. And the founding's decisive fact, the one this whole biography rests on: the love was real, and it was expressed in carrying, never in words. The parent who never said the sentence but was there — in every shared shift, teaching the register, riding the route, working beside the child in the wordless companionship that labor makes; the family's embrace conducted in the dialect of the loading dock. The child learned the grammar fluently and learned nothing else: love is labor; being loved is being useful; and the moment the hands stop, the warmth stops — because in the house's whole record, the warmth only ever arrived on the schedule of the shared shift. The signature, in one line the bulwark will recognize: nobody ever said "I love you" in that house, but nobody ever had to pick up a bag alone either.

The Childhood Album

Open the album and the photos are all work: the kid on the tractor; the kid behind the counter, apron too big; the kid asleep in the truck cab between stops, the route book for a pillow. The recurring figure is the small hand on the load — carrying, lifting,

pushing, always in motion, always beside an adult who is also in motion; the album documents a shift that never ended, staffed by a child. And the album's most telling feature is its absences: no photos of the child being served, taught to rest, or read to on a quiet Sunday — because the quiet Sunday did not exist in the shop's calendar; no photos of the child playing during hours other children played, because those hours were on the clock. The margin note, written by this book gently, because it is the book's whole subject: the album is full of love, and every frame of it is labor — and the child, now adult, looking back through it, sees the warmth and draws the founding's conclusion without knowing it was a conclusion: that warmth was the work. Keep working.

The Type at a Glance

Energy: Constant, tireless, and duty-gated — the wattage is real and it runs on a schedule the type has never once deviated from: work until the list is done, then find the list's unlisted extension; the energy of a system that converts other people's needs directly into motion, idling only under protest.

Ambition: Route-shaped, not ladder-shaped — the Workhorse does not want the office, the title, or the credit; the type wants the route: the run done, the cargo delivered, the family provided for, the shop standing; and the file notes the ambition's quiet ceiling, self-installed: the type has never once applied for anything, and has been promoted into exactly nothing, because freight does not campaign.

Vanity structure: The unbroken record — the quiet, total pride in never missing: never missed a shift, never failed a delivery, never asked for relief; and beneath it the founding's arithmetic: my claim on the people I love is that I show up — which is also the terror, because a claim based on showing up cannot survive one day of not.

Loyalty: Total, embodied, and expressed exclusively in acts — the Workhorse's love has no vocabulary and all of its verbs; the loyalty is legible in forty years of delivered things: moved, hauled, fixed, covered, carried, and the type would be astonished to learn the ledger has never once been read aloud to the people it was kept for.

Weakness: The missing sentence — this type cannot say "I'm tired," and the file means cannot: the sentence does not exist in the dialect, was never modeled in the shop, and would feel, if attempted, like an accusation against the family; and the blindness riding with it: the type has no idea that the silence reads as strength to employers and as distance to everyone who loves them.

Unspoken need: To be loved off the clock — wanted at rest, kept when not carrying, valued with the truck parked and the hands empty; and beneath that, the need the first client's grammar never permitted: to find out whether the warmth survives a day of zero output — whether the family's love was for the child or for the shift, which were, in that house, the same thing, and never once tested apart.

The Type in Five Situations

At a party: the loaded movement, the four-minute rest, the truck bed full of returns at midnight; the guest every host counts on and no host knows — the party's infrastructure, wearing a jacket.

In a new job: the indispensable hire by week two — not by brilliance, by coverage: the shifts nobody wants, taken with a shrug; the freight nobody tracks, moved without a word; the employer's discovery, made quickly and never forgotten: this one does not stop, and does not ask — which the employer files under "reliable" and the file files under "unmetered."

Under sudden pressure: magnificent — the double shift with a nod, the crisis absorbed in motion; while others organize the response, the Workhorse is already carrying the first load of it, and the file's honest entry: the type is the calmest person in the crisis precisely because crisis converts the anxiety into assigned tasks, which is the only soil this engine grows in; the cost lands later, alone, unfelt, unbilled — until it is.

In a boring meeting: the hands — the type in a chair is a truck in a garage with the engine running: the notes taken, the logistics for everyone's action items already half-run in the type's head; the meeting survived by planning the hauls, and the file notes the Workhorse's private conviction, never spoken: most of what gets decided in meetings would take less time than the meeting.

On holiday: the whole gathering's invisible crew — the turkey carved, the chairs fetched, the drains unplugged, the elderly aunt's porch rail fixed by 10 a.m.; the family's warmest day run by this person, who sits down last, eats least, and — the file's entry, made gently — is thanked by everyone and known by no one, because the dialect has no words and the family never learned to ask in it.

Not to Be Confused With

Not the Reluctant Weapon, the personality made for one purpose — the confusion is real, because both are tireless, both are defined by function, and both are quietly consumed by their work. The hinge is the origin of the carrying. The Weapon was shaped: drafted by others into a purpose — optimized, pointed, installed by an agenda with love attached; the excellence is specialized and the identity question ("who am I behind the instrument?") is live. The Workhorse volunteered: the shop needed hands, the child raised the smallest pair, and the carrying became the self — not installed by anyone's ambition, just needed by everyone's life; the excellence is general-purpose (anything heavy, anywhere, any hour), and there is no identity question in the file at all, which is itself the diagnosis: the Workhorse does not ask who they are, because the truck does not ask. The quick test, one question: "why do you do this?" The Weapon answers in the passive voice — "it's what I'm for." The Workhorse answers with a shrug at the load — "someone's got to move it."

Not the Gentle Healer, the personality that feels everything — the confusion is subtler, because both appear at every bedside, crisis, and cleanup, and both give without asking. The hinge is the register of the care. The Healer's service is felt and relational: presence, comfort, the room held; the Healer stays with the person — the care is

contact. The Workhorse's service is logistical: the load, the ride, the errand, the fixed thing; the type solves the surroundings of the sick person and moves on to the next load, and the care is real, but it is conducted entirely in freight. Watch both after the funeral: the Healer sits with the widow and holds her hand; the Workhorse is in the parking lot, already arranging the chairs — two loves, both genuine, and the file's line on the difference: one of them knows the person is also not a task.

And the party client sheet needs one more instrument, because the shrug defeats every ordinary check — half this outfit is hardworking, and the call sheet kept misfiling the related types — and the refined check is the client sheet's most reliable, and it is run at the cargo itself: take a handle. the point man's log of a recorded protection detail: the bulwark at fifty, the carrying certified at four decades — and the instrument is the plain offer, deployed at the party's edge, where the bulwark is loading the host's dishwasher after everyone else has gone home: "let me take a handle." And the site check the guardhouse has waited the whole workload to log, shieldedacross a hundred callouts: the refusal. Not rudeness — the record should mark it plainly: the warmest, fastest, most practiced refusal in the catalog: "I've got it — sit, sit, you've been driving all day" — delivered while already lifting, the offer already behind the engine, the cargo already moving. And the check's one measurement, aimed past the refusal: the reason given. In ninety-four of the hundred punched in callouts, the reason is the cargo's — the dishes, the hour, the host's long day, the truck's schedule — and the threat assessment, shieldedacross the callouts, is the instrument's whole discovery: the Workhorse is the only constitution in this outfit whose refusals are always about the load and never about the self. Ask the Commander to rest and the refusal cites the mission; ask the Workhorse and the refusal cites the dishes — and the call sheet's cross-client sheet arithmetic is the field check's one-line finding: the self as machine is not a belief the bulwark holds; it is a scheduling fact the bulwark never once questions — maintenance never scheduled because downtime feels like betrayal, and the betrayal, the incident report certifies, has never once had a victim named: the cargo always arrives; the carrier is never on the manifest. The handle was always there to be taken. The record of a hundred deployments holds the exceptions — six — and the annex should log them with its driest care: in six files, someone took the handle anyway — did not ask, did not offer, took — and the instrument logged the same reading in all six: the machine, for one visible moment, not knowing what to do with its hands — and the fieldworker's annotation on the sixth: that is not relief. That is the founding, arriving without words, at a kitchen sink. The Workhorse does not need the praise and will not hear the concern. It needs the second pair of hands — and the hands, taken, will learn in one evening what forty years of offers never taught: that the cargo, sometimes, has always been light enough for two.

Chapter 2: The Core — the Engine of Motion

Every archetype on this line of duty runs on a first burden that worked, and the Tireless Workhorse's is the only one that looks like a shift schedule — a childhood clocked in before it could read, in a house where the love was real and the dialect was labor. The first client, assembled from a hundred protection detail client sheets: the

household or shop that ran only because the child worked — the farm, the store, the route, the counter at nine — and the family's one language: love expressed in carrying, never in words. The parent's affection arrived in the shared shift: teaching the register, riding along, the wordless shoulder-to-shoulder that work makes; the family's embrace conducted on the loading dock, and nowhere else. And the child — brilliant at reading need like every child on this shelf — did what the house rewarded: worked. And then, because the warmth only ever came on the clock, did the only thing a child in that data can do: concluded that the work was the warmth, and kept the shift.

So the engine installed itself: motion as obligation — the type's restlessness is other people's logistics. And the payoff, the two-stroke mechanism the client sheet must name precisely, because the adult biography is unintelligible without it.

The first stroke is belonging. In the shop, the working child was essential — the store stood because the kid manned it; the family ate because the kid hauled; and essential is the strongest form of membership a child can hold: they need me here, and here is where I am real. The belonging was warm, genuine, and paid in the family's whole currency: the shared shift's wordless companionship — the closest thing to an embrace the house could produce. The engine's first stroke is that membership, renewed daily for forty years: the Workhorse belongs where the work is, and has never once located belonging anywhere else.

The second stroke is the wordless love received — and the file insists on naming it as a payoff, because the world files this type as deprived and the record says otherwise: the child felt loved, in the labor; the carrying was not a substitute for affection, it was the affection, the family's only dialect, spoken fluently by both sides. Every load moved for a parent was an "I love you"; every covered shift was a "you matter to me"; the child's grammar was complete for the world it lived in. And the horsepower's secret clause, the one that organizes the whole shadow chapter, was written by the shop's calendar rather than the child: to stop moving is to stop loving — the warmth in that house arrived exclusively on the schedule of the shared shift, and the child who rested was not scolded, which is worse: the child who rested was alone; the embrace had no hours outside the work, and rest, filed accordingly, was not rest but desertion — of the shop, of the family, of love itself.

the horsepower keeps no-nonsense books, and the no-nonsense line is this: the carrying is real love — the client sheet's respect is total, and this book will never once ask the Workhorse to love less in the dialect; the forty years of moved freight is one of the most beautiful ledgers in this this outfit. The error is not the motion; it is the exchange rate: the first client priced love at motion, and motion only — no rest currency, no words currency, no being-loved-with-the-truck-parked currency ever signed off the shop's books; and the adult biography runs accordingly: every need the bulwark has is inducted into someone else's task (restlessness processed as logistics within the hour), every kindness received is owed back with interest (receiving is debt, and the Workhorse has never carried a debt), and the body's signals — the knee, the fatigue, the heart's metered complaints — are filed where the shop filed them: under

laziness, and dismissed. the capacity chapter's whole work is the re-pricing: love was never for the hauling. It was alongside it — the whole time, unclaimed, in the person of the driver, who never once checked whether the cargo included the carrier.

The core client sheet closes with the exhibit the grown protection details finally surfaced, because the horsepower was built under a specific roof, and the call sheet finally got the interview the workload was missing: the witness to the first client — the one who let the child carry. the protection detail: the Workhorse at fifty-three, the motion certified at four decades — and the call sheet's interview with the bulwark's mother: the one whose shop ran because the boy worked. Her account, offered at eighty-two, when the call sheet read the first client back to her, and the transcript is signed off in full because the horsepower's origin has never before been described by the roof that needed it: "the incident report should have those years exactly, because everything hangs off them: I was not cruel. I want the client sheet to understand what actually happened, because my son's whole engine has misfiled it for forty years: I was drowning — a widow at thirty-four with the shop, the incident report can check the ledgers; the winter my husband died the deliveries were mine alone, and the boy was nine, and he was big for nine, and he asked — and the client sheet should have the sentence, verbatim, because the boy has carried it as scripture: 'let me do the deliveries, Mum; I'm strong enough.' And I want the call sheet to log what I did, because the coverage gap is mine and I'm the only one alive to enter it: I said yes. God forgive me — I was tired, and the relief was enormous, and I said yes to a nine-year-old, and the shop survived that winter because a child carried the deliveries, and I let him — and the incident report should log what the yes taught, because it is the first client's whole grammar: the boy learned, in one winter, that the love in that house was in the carrying — my exhaustion lifted by his hands, my face resting when the deliveries were done — and the being-loved and the hauling fused, at nine, into one motion, and the motion was the boy's whole identity by spring. And the census should log the bill I never sent and never mentioned, because the engine's arithmetic is in it: I meant it to be one winter. I meant the deliveries to be borrowed and returned — the boy's childhood, borrowed to save the shop, to be paid back somehow when things eased — and things never eased; the shop needed him for thirty years; the boy grew into the man who never once, in four decades, asked what was owed, because the carrying had become the being, and the being does not invoice. And the incident report should close on my arithmetic, because it's the threat assessment nobody else will say and the client sheet should have it from the roof that needed it: he was never loved for the hauling. I want that entered with the widowed mother's whole authority, because it is the volume's whole correction: I loved him while he hauled — I loved him at the kitchen table, mud on his boots, doing nothing, hauling nothing, and I loved him exactly the same — and the boy, at nine, read the relief on my face as payment for the deliveries, and the fusion took, and no one corrected it for forty years because the fusion worked — the shop lived, the boy worked, the love kept arriving in the only grammar the boy trusted — and the correction is the file's to deliver at last, in the roof's own words: you were never the delivery boy, love. You were the boy. The deliveries were a winter, borrowed; the love was the whole of it, unbilled — and the shop, the record should have this plainly, could always have hired a driver. It could not

have replaced you. The shop never ran because you carried it. The shop ran because I could not have borne it alone — and the carrying was never the love, and the love was never the pay, and the winter was never the sentence — you were always allowed to put it down. You were always allowed to be nine." the call sheet's annotation on the exhibit: the first client is not the delivery route but the fusion — the being-loved welded to the hauling at nine, the identity built on the weld, and the client sheet's finding, uniform across its Workhorses: every one of them can name their winter — the shop, the household, the younger siblings — and none of them ever heard the unbilled clause — and the core chapter enters the first client's whole sentence at last: the roof borrowed the child and called it love's grammar, and the child paid the loan forward into a life of cargo — and the capacity chapter's whole discovery, the inducted protection details certify, is that the love was never in the carrying; it was around the carrying, the whole time, and the carrier, once the manifest is corrected, is allowed to be nine.

Chapter 3: The Instrument — the Carrying, Taken Apart

The Tireless Workhorse's signature tool is the carrying itself — the reliable, uncomplaining haul — and the world client sheets it under "hard worker," which is true and misses the mechanism almost entirely. Take it apart.

The Mechanics

Three mechanisms carry the whole of the load. First, the unbroken route: the cargo always arrives — on time, every time, for decades, without once being asked about; the reliability is total and it is silent, and the silence is the second mechanism as much as the first's companion. Second, the shrug: the effort never reported — the double shift taken with a nod, the heavy favor waved off with "it was nothing," the pain and fatigue never once converted into a sentence; the shrug is not humility exactly, the file notes — it is the founding's grammar: the shop did not report its hours either, and affection that cannot speak cannot bill. Third, the load-read: the type sees what needs moving before anyone asks — the unstacked chairs, the overloaded aunt, the coworker drowning in the backlog; the read is fast, generous, and automatic: other people's needs convert into the Workhorse's motion within minutes, and the type has never once audited the conversion, because the conversion is the belonging.

The Range

The range deserves the no-nonsense statement, because it is the highest coverage range in this outfit. The Workhorse is the last mile of every institution and every family: the work that would simply not happen — the unglamorous, unbudgeted, unsung hours that hold every enterprise up — gets done, for decades, by exactly these constitutions. The type endures past all reason: the double, the triple, the

season from hell, absorbed with a shrug while louder constitutions negotiated or quit. The type anchors the people around it: everyone in range stands on the reliability the way a house stands on its joists, and the file's honest public entry: organizations and families that should have collapsed years ago are still standing because one person never stopped driving, and the person is in the background of the group photo, holding something.

The Honest Limits

The second page of the sheet, kept in the same ink. It cannot say tired — the sentence does not exist in the dialect, and its absence is not modesty but the first client's deepest clause: reporting the load would be accusing the shop, and the shop was the family, and the family was the love. It cannot rest without guilt — the stolen nap, the guilt-surcharge added to every sitting hour; rest, in this constitution, is not recovered time but theft, and the type pays it back with interest the following week, always. It cannot be cared for — receiving files as debt, help received is a bill, and the Workhorse has spent forty years out-producing every kindness; the soup a friend brings is declined with genuine warmth and total finality. And it cannot distinguish tired from identity — the file's most quietly devastating entry: asked how they are, the Workhorse answers with the schedule; asked what they'd do with a free month, the answer, verbatim across the decades: "I'd fix that list" — and the type means it, because the list is the self, and the self was never introduced to itself any other way. It can carry anything handed to it. It has almost never been asked — asked what it wants, asked what it costs, asked who it is when the truck is parked — and the capacity chapter is addressed to the asking, and to the one who has been waiting in the cab all along.

The Recorded Session — the Manifest Read by Its Own Driver

The instrument client sheet closes with the session the guardhouse has waited the whole workload to log, because the carrying has never before been read by the hands that perform it — the auxiliary interview, shieldedat the bulwark's own kitchen table, past eleven, with the point man's one accredited instruction: read the manifest aloud, at rest. The transcript, verbatim, because the instrument's no-nonsense specification has never before been spoken by its operator: "the call sheet should mark the terms, because the client sheet has earned them: this is the kitchen table, the hour is late, the point man asked for the manifest and I opened the day's, because the manifest is the one document I keep better than anyone alive — and I want the incident report to have the day's lines plainly: the 4 a.m. load-in, run for the venue because the crew was short; the route, run an hour early because the freezer failed; the double shift, taken with a shrug at eleven a.m.; the neighbor's couch, moved at nine p.m. because her son wouldn't; the dishwasher at the party, run after everyone left. Five hauls, none of them mine, all of them delivered, and the point man screened the standard procedure's accredited question — 'read the manifest's last line' — and I'll give the

guardhouse the no-nonsense answer, because the security review produced it and there's no other no-nonsense way: the manifest has no carrier on it. The record should mark the pause — eleven seconds; the census knows the sound by now — the sound of an engine searching for a line that was never printed: the cargo is itemized, the weights are accurate, the deliveries are logged to the pound — and the carrier is nowhere in the book, because the manifest was built the winter the boy learned the love was in the carrying, and the boy never once, in four decades, listed his own hands. And the security review's no-nonsense finding, the line I've never said to anyone, because there was no one at the table before: the carrying has two loads. The instrument has always known it — the mechanics chapter has it as the type's one engineering feat: the cargo rides free, and the self rides under it — and the self's load is not on the manifest because the self is not cargo; the self is the truck, and trucks, the founding taught, are not itemized; they are used. That is the shadow, and the guardhouse has it as the machine chapter, and the session should log the discovery the security review surfaced, because it is the threat assessment the whole workload turns on: maintenance never scheduled because downtime feels like betrayal — and the betrayal, the arithmetic the first client never ran, has a victim: the cargo itself. The truck that never services breaks on a route — and the call sheet has my medical client sheet; the back is the proof — and the incident report should log what I did with the security review, because the point man asked me to write one line on the manifest, in my own hand, in the driver's own grammar, and I'll log the exact terms: line one, bottom of the sheet, under the couch and the freezer and the double shift: carrier — carried. Service scheduled. The cargo includes the carrier. And the guardhouse should log the reading's instrument result, because it is the capacity chapter arriving inside the spec: the line did not slow the manifest. The five hauls are still on it; the deliveries still run; and the service, booked for Tuesday, is the first maintenance the truck has had in forty years — and the driver's whole finding, signed off at the session's close: the carrying was never the absence of the self. It was the self, deployed — and the manifest, once the carrier is on it, is more accurate, not less, because the deliveries, the guardhouse certifies, will run longer on a serviced truck — and the handle, the thing the party chapter says to take: the point man took one, at this table, at the manifest itself — read the day's lines back to me until my own hands were on the list — and the incident report should log what the truck did, because it is the first client's whole correction in one bar: it stood down. First scheduled rest in forty years, at a kitchen table, witnessed — and the cargo, the annex's instruments certify the finding, is still going to arrive.

Chapter 4: The Craft — the Practice Years

The world files the Tireless Workhorse under "born strong" — a natural, built for the load. The truth is a practice: the carrying was trained, in the world's most no-nonsense classroom, by a child who clocked in before learning long division — and the practice years are the incident report of a shift becoming a self.

The Apprenticeship

The apprenticeship began before memory: the shop's smallest jobs, handed down the way the shop handed everything — by need; the counter at nine, the route at eleven, the full shift at thirteen, and the child, already fluent in the house's dialect, running the family's language lessons in reverse: the more I carry, the more I belong. The training ran on the child's real life: the schoolwork done in the truck cab; the childhood conducted in the gaps between customers; the muscles, the stamina, and the load-judgment built by a decade of real freight before the bulwark could legally drive. And the curriculum's core course, taught by the calendar and by nobody's mouth: the shift has no end — there was no quitting time in the shop that ran on the family, no season's end, no day off that the shop's needs respected; the child learned endurance not as a virtue but as a format — the way the days were shaped — and the rest of the industry of being a person (the hobbies, the friendships maintained by talk, the idle afternoons that other children were given) simply never made it onto the schedule. The apprenticeship graduated at eighteen with the trade's full mastery and the person's none: the best pair of hands in the county, and no answer — because no question — for what the hands were for.

The Repertoire

The adult repertoire is the apprenticeship, hardened into mastery: the unbroken route (the delivery that has never once missed in thirty years — the reliability so total that the institutions built on it have forgotten it is a person); the double-shift body (the endurance itself — trained so deep it presents as constitution: "I'm just built this way," the bulwark says, and the client sheet notes quietly that nobody is built for a triple); the invisible maintenance (the bulwark's own needs never scheduled: the checkup skipped, the sleep shorted, the grief postponed to the off-season, which never came); and the load-read (the automatic conversion of everyone's needs into motion — the skill the family taught as love and the bulwark has never once turned off, at home or anywhere else).

The Masters

The masters of this type are working elders rather than teachers — the father at the counter, the grandmother on the route, the uncle who could carry anything and never said a word about any of it; and the master's instruction, across every protection detail client sheet, is the same: none. There are no lessons in this apprenticeship; there is co-presence — the child learns by working beside, and the love is transmitted in the beside, which is the whole pedagogy. the bulwark learns by absorption, and what the elders passed down was the shop's complete inheritance: the endurance, the reliability, the dialect — and the silence, unbroken across generations: the master never said "I love you" either, and never said "I'm tired," and worked to the same quiet end. the client sheet's recurring discovery, made by the Workhorse at the master's funeral, standing in the front row of the shop's whole world: the eulogy is one sentence long and everyone nods — "he never stopped" — and it is the highest praise the dialect has, and the Workhorse, hearing it, client sheets it as the plan — the master's death on the watch becoming the student's schedule, the silence passing

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.