

...and so, you have called for me for guidance. If I may, I would like to answer your question with some stories from my time. I believe it will serve to illuminate teachings that may help guide your decisions as you navigate the rough waters of kingship.

The Door was a mystery nobody questioned. It did its job. The first appearance of the Door was many, many years ago. Without any explanation or warning, the Door appeared on the far side of the armory of a kingdom. Nobody could explain where it came from. No carpenter, locksmith, or stoneworker could attest to ever being called to building the door. In fact, the Chief Armorer, who practically *lived* in the armory, could've sworn he never asked for a door nor oversee any construction of such door. But there it stood. The Door looked altogether ordinary, except the doorway was blocked by an opaque fluid-like film. Nobody could see through to the other side.

Part One:

Leadership always has a political context; leadership in a democracy is necessarily different than leadership in other kinds of political regimes.

The first to pass through the door was the deputy Spymaster. The King didn't want to risk his Chief eyes and ears, but the second in command could be. Some were speculative about this decision, as the deputy was the future of the King's intelligence network, but nobody dared to speak out against the King.

As the deputy tentatively stepped through, the rest of his body seemed to be sucked in. There was a tense silence as everyone watched and waited to see what would become of the deputy. A couple more tense seconds passed before the deputy stepped through the doorway once more. Except... something was off. He looked much older. His hair was disheveled, he had grown a beard, and there were plenty of grey streaks where there formerly were none. Everyone followed his gaze as the deputy turned around to look, just in time to see the Door vaporize behind him.

"Report. What did you see? What happened?" the King barked.

The King was surrounded by his many chiefs, including the Chief Spymaster. A look of recognition passed across the Chief's face.

"You were only gone for a few moments, what on earth happened to you?" said the Chief Spymaster.

The deputy raised an eyebrow.

The King repeated his command. "Report. What is this I am looking at?"

"The Door is safe," began the deputy, slowly. "One may pass through unharmed." He paused, gathering his thoughts before continuing.

"Through that door is our world. The same world." He paused, looking around the room, letting his words sink in. "I stepped through to find everyone just like you are now as if I didn't actually step through any door and all I had done was turn around

to face all of you again. I was confused, but when I turned back around, the door was gone. I was staring at a blank wall."

The King was growing annoyed. "Get to the point. What happens after you waddle through the door?"

"Well, everyone continues to live their life. We all move on and ignore the Door. It would not return until 3 years later. At which time I stepped through once more and arrive here."

Realization gradually reached the King's eyes, "Tell me, what happens to me."

"You die." Replied the deputy, curtly.

A gasp makes its way around the room. *This certainly isn't the way to speak to a King.* The words hung in the air for a moment. Nobody dared to speak after such a blasphemous phrase was uttered.

The King's face remained carefully the same. When the King spoke, his tone had changed and was now casual, but careful.

"Let us hold council someplace else. It is much too difficult to discuss matters while crowded in the Armory"

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As your majesty may observe, what the deputy had shared with the King was distressing. For days now, people had been at his gates screaming and rioting. The King did not understand why and did what he knew best: maintain law and order. He knew that the best way to deter people from coming to his gates was to round up 50 of them each day and burn them at the stake in the public square the following morning. The first burn happened yesterday, the second occurred in the morning, and the next batch was ready for tomorrow. The rioting slowed, and this pleased him greatly. However, it did not cease.

From what his father had told him about being a King, there were three things he needed to understand in order to be an effective King. First, he must understand that the common person outside the gates did not understand how to govern themselves. Hence, they had to be governed. Second, he must always work for his immediate benefit. There was no questioning when his enemies from afar would swoop down and end his life. He had to make sure that whatever he wanted to accomplish had to be completed quickly. He couldn't spend years on it. And finally, he must maintain law and order at all costs. A peaceful public is a good public. A good public will pay their taxes.

These three rules his father had passed down to him were the reason why his father was able to rule for as long as he did. For the ten marvelous years of rule, there was peace and prosperity for the royal family. When the King's father had finally passed on, the King understood how to rule and took the reins with confidence. Having understood all of this, made what the deputy was speaking about presently nearly impossible to stomach

"I swear to you, my King. I am telling you the truth of what I observed. I am reporting to you as your loyal eyes and ears. If you are to continue with your current path, your rule will only last for 3 years. I have seen it through myself. I have *lived* through it myself. It is violent, it is bloody, and you do not make it out in the end."

"Tell me then," the King said, gritting his teeth, "what am I to do about this situation? What am I to do to ensure my rule lasts forever?"

The deputy took a moment to compose himself. He then described what he believed was right.

"If I may speak frankly with you my lord, I believe you should cease your current methods of rule and adopt a new ideology. One that would incorporate the people into the fold of your ruling and show them that your ruling is out of care. I would say don't do what you have been doing now. Don't burn the people you have. Let the world know what it is you do up in this castle. Let them know your wonderful plans for the future of the kingdom. Let them be people and listen to what they have to say. They are intelligent now. If you can establish your goals clearly and make them part of your identity which you share with them, I assure you they will react positively. Your father made the wise choice of adding a school those years ago—"

"Nonsense!" the King thundered, "That school is the reason why these people have turned all into fools and now they're at my gates wanting to kill me."

"What I am doing now is working, don't you see? I burned 50 yesterday, I burned 50 today, and I will burn another 50 tomorrow. Now, the crowds have lessened at our gates. Most of them are finally starting to grasp the consequences of their actions. When people are given the choice to choose, they can choose unwisely. They are unwise. I know what will make their lives happy. All they need to do is their jobs and everything works as intended. This thing called "choice" will be the undoing of my rule. What I am doing is working."

The deputy was at a loss for words. He was there for the remaining 3 years of the King's life and understood that the pass he was to go down would only lead to disaster. He desperately wanted the king to understand that the way he was leading now was not the way to go. He heard about a story of a ruler of a religious Kingdom doing the same thing as his King was doing now: burning people to silence them and control them by fear. The ruler there was adamant about controlling people and their power. He believed that freedom was a burden and should not be left for them to control. The deputy feared that his King believed similarly and was going to bring down the wrath of God upon himself.

"It looks to be working now, but you must believe me that you cannot keep up this act of burning people. It will not stop them. It angers the people more and they will come back at you with something worse than just shouting at the gates."

The King looked at the deputy for a moment. It was easy to see that the King was livid, but he was making an effort to bring his temper back down. The deputy shifted nervously as the flames of the King's eyes licked at him. Then, suddenly, the flames died out. The King stood now, smiling. Deliberately, he turned to his Chief Spymaster, who was in the room with them and listening to the dialogue as it

unfolded. No words were exchanged. None were needed. The Chief Spymaster simply nodded his head, and the King exited the room.

The following morning, 51 people were burned at the stake. The King was pleased with his decision. He kept his consistency as with what his father before had taught. He must maintain his law and order at all costs. The King would continue to rule for another 50 years in this manner, following the three rules laid down by his father.

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Your majesty may notice the deputy had good intentions. He wanted to help create a better, perhaps even *democratic* society in the Kingdom. The ideas he had for the King were based on what he had learned from the teachings of Roger Soder and the stories from the Brothers Karamazov. The deputy understood the path that the King's father had chosen by creating a school. What the deputy had missed however was that while Christ had left a significant impression on the Grand Inquisitor, he did not necessarily change the way he led the people of his Kingdom. A democracy probably would not have worked in the Inquisitor's keep, and one may not have worked either in the King's kingdom. The three ideals for a leader applied mostly for a leader of a democracy, a free society, not the one that the King was leading. That would not do. And thus, what I have to share with you here first is the understanding that a free society may not be the best for a King. It will most likely not work! The methods of leadership are dependent on the political atmosphere that the leader resides in. Perhaps there is a kingdom out there that is organized in such a way that would benefit from democracy. But this King's kingdom was not one of them.

But really, what the deputy had left out of his whole encounter with the King, was what *he* was doing on the other side of the Door. See, the Door effectively granted passengers a second chance at life. They could proceed through their life as they were, see the events of their life pass through, learn of the consequences of their actions and see the world around them unfold. Then, once the Door reopened, they could travel back to the beginning and *live* through it all once more, now with the knowledge of the consequences. So, while he was living his second life, the deputy had risen the ranks and become one of the King's closest advisors. He began to advise the King in strategies with handling the public in hopes to help advance the Kingdom. In his research, which included covert operations among the common folk, he saw that people could be capable of coming up with their own ideas and were driven by what they wanted to be changed. This proved to the deputy that they could be persuaded with words and values other than burning at the stake.

So, the deputy floated the idea to the King. And while the King didn't say anything at the time, the burnings eventually stopped, and he did change his behavior. Little by little the King attempted to adopt leadership qualities closer to what a democracy would seem like. These changes were gradual, and not entirely the doing of the deputy. What he did miss though was that the kingdom wasn't the right setting for a democracy. Kings need to be decisive with their decisions, they must be the center of their operations, and they must be able to uphold their law strictly. The ideology shift from the things the King had learned from his father to the democratic

ideals was not the right fit for his kingdom. This eventually led to his demise because as he started to listen more to the people in his kingdom, they started to sway him, and his willingness to listen and take in ideas from the community caused people to perceive him as having lost his way. They believed that if the King needed advice from the common folk, the kingdom was doomed. And, since the King had stopped burning people for infractions, certain people became less afraid to revolt and bring down violence on the King. The people believed he had softened, and it was time for him to go.

So, while a democracy and a free society may seem like a more just way to rule, it was not the route suitable for this King's kingdom. The deputy did not understand this fully and thought that what that when he advised the King to stop burning people, the King's popularity went up. It worked in the short-term, and that was enough for the deputy since that was as far as he saw and understood. Members of a free society behave differently than members of a kingdom. Thus, different kinds of leadership are required to help lead them in their lives.

This analysis of human nature and how people behave is quite interesting I may add. And if it pleases your majesty, it shall be what I cover in my next story to you.

Part Two:

Leadership always involves assumptions (tacit and acknowledged) about human nature.

Eons had passed before the Door appeared once more. On this particular day, a small hunting party was making its way through the woods. It was mid-morning, they had been out only a couple of hours, but they were unable to catch anything.

"This is useless, we should never have looked down this path. It's just trees, trees, and more trees! Nothing to hunt!" complained one of the men in the hunting party.

"Yeah," chimed in another, "we should have stopped at the last clearing. I swear I saw a handful of rabbits bounding about. We could've made a swift game of them, and we would already be on our way back!"

"With that mouth running like that, anything we *can* hunt will hear you from a mile away and run. You're right, we'll *never* find anything to hunt, and we'll *all* gone home hungry." retorted the lead huntsman.

The other men grumbled.

His temper flaring, the lead turned around. "You think I dragged you out here to suffer? You men just don't understand how to hunt!"

This was when the Door appeared. The lead, who was walking backward while looking back at the hunting party, didn't see the doorway. He only had the slightest

moment to notice the surprised look on his men's faces before being sucked through to the other side.

The lead huntsman felt a rush of air and his world was momentarily enveloped in an odd brightness before everything cleared again. He had stopped walking backward but was still facing the other men.

"Why do y'all have that stupid look on your face? Did I say something that your pea-sized brain couldn't comprehend?"

Then men exchanged glances, unsure if they should speak up about how they just witnessed. To be clear, your majesty, the lead huntsman has passed through the door and is now experiencing the duplicated reality on the other side of the door.

Trying to change the topic one of the hunters spoke up, "You know, a little while ago I learned that the path here leads to a clearing where there—"

"Oh really?" the lead huntsman interrupted, sneering, "you don't say. I wonder why I'm leading all of you men down this road. You didn't think I already knew all of this before we came out? Why do you think I was assigned to be the lead for this hunt?"

The hunter shied away and everyone else kept their silence.

When nobody responded, the lead huntsman continued "Let us continue moving, maybe if you men would try hard enough, we *might* have something to eat tonight."

Stifled grumbling came as a reply, but the men continued onward. Most had a bitter taste in their mouth.

Another hour passes in mostly silence. Finally, the group comes across a clearing. Nobody could believe their eyes! Before the hunters, in the clearing, was a massive herd of deer. There were perhaps over 20 heads, more than enough to feed the entire village for many, many months. Now, your majesty, as I'm sure you are very wise, you may understand that the men should only hunt down what they need and only take home what they can carry. They must be sure to leave behind some portion of the population in order to allow for it to reproduce and allow for the opportunity for more hunts in the future. This should have been abundantly clear to the hunters as well, however, this wasn't the case.

"Wow!" exclaimed one hunter, a little louder than he had meant to, "This is the most deer I have ever seen!" a little quieter, trying hard not to scare away the herd.

"Let's see, there are 10 of us and roughly 20 of them. I bet we can take them all!" another hunter said.

"Whoa, whoa, slow down!" the lead huntsman said, "If we take them all, we will have nothing left in the future! Besides, how do you expect to bring all of them back at once?"

But nobody was paying any attention to him. All of the men were fixated on the herd and were starting to prepare their bows and arrows. Some men were even starting to pick which head was theirs to take home.

"Everyone! Stand down!" hissed the lead huntsman. He contemplated making a sound to scare off the herd, in hopes of saving them again or the future, but he had made it all this way and didn't want to see the trip go to waste.

One of the hunters piped up. "What's your problem? We have the herd here; don't you want to catch?"

"Yes! I see our dinner here, but if we were to kill them all we would have none left to hunt in the future! All of the deer would be gone." Replied the lead huntsman. A tiny bit of desperation edged into his voice. He was beginning to see some of the men sighting down the deer and notching arrows. If he couldn't get to the men soon enough, there may not be any more deer left to hunt in these woods.

"Why should we listen to you?" one of the men asked, irritated.

"I am the leader here! You are to listen to my direction and do as I say!" growled the lead huntsman.

"Nay," the man shot back, "I don't see why you should be leader over any of us. All you can do is tell us how bad we are at what we do. Well, we all can show you just how capable we are at our jobs."

A different hunter jumped in, "Hell, I don't see why we need a leader at all! All I see is food to last us for so long we would all forget about ever needing to hunt!"

The other men's voices joined into chorus their agreement. The general sense in the air was clear: the lead huntsman was not going to get what he wanted, and the other men had already set their minds on shooting down the whole pack.

"Can't you see that we can't bring the whole kill back?" tried the lead huntsman one last time, "There would be no use to killing that much deer! It would all just go to waste."

But by then, nobody was listening to the lead huntsman, all bows were notched, and men were beginning to draw their aim. The lead huntsman knew that these were most likely the final moments for the herd. He had lost the confidence of his men and he had failed to recognize their nature for the short term. The combination of these two lost him his control over the group and his ability to lead them.

In the split second, before the arrows loosed, the lead huntsman contemplated once more whether or not he should shout out or make a sound to scare off the herd. But by the time the thought registered, the first arrows had begun to fly, and the deer began to fall. 10 fell first, then came the explosion of chaos as the remaining 10 scattered in a frenzy. A few hunters who were quick on the bow were able to redraw fast enough to cut down a few more before the rest charged in with spears to finish the deed. It was all over in an instant. The entire herd, and the local population of deer, were slaughtered in a few short seconds. The lead huntsman stood there dazed as men pushed and shoved to get to the plain where the dead deer lay. Nobody paid the lead huntsman any attention anymore.

As the last man moved past the lead huntsman, he pushed with enough force to make the dazed lead fall forward. It was at this exact moment the Door chose to

open itself up once more and the lead huntsman fell through it, landing back into his reality. On his knees, eyes glazed over, it took him a second to register what was happening. In an instant, his men were surrounding him.

One of the men got down and started to help the lead huntsman to his feet. "Sir, are you all right? There was this bright flash of light and then you were on the ground!"

"W...What h...h...happened?" stammered the lead huntsman, still taking a moment to process his surroundings. "The deer... they're all gone... and it was all my fault"

The other men looked at each other then back to the lead huntsman, incredulously.

"There was deer?" one man asked, peering around them into the woods.

The lead huntsman, with the help of one of the hunters, slowly got back onto his feet. He looked around and, after a pause, began to comprehend what had transpired.

As you understand, your majesty, the lead huntsman who had experienced the slaughtering of the deer population is the reality behind the door. As he has now traveled back to his own reality, the deer population was still there, and he has been granted a second chance at his leadership.

"Ah, all of that walking without drinking any water must've made me dizzy! No matter. We will go on. Where did we leave off?"

"You know," one of the hunters piped up, "a little while ago I learned that the path here leads to a clearing where there have been reports of huge herds of deer. I say we can follow along this path until we reach that clearing and try our luck out there!"

"That sounds like a good plan to me." Said the lead huntsman. The other men chorused their agreement.

You see, your majesty, the lead huntsman already knew about the herd of deer that the path led to. He already planned for the group to take their current path and seek out this herd. However, in the heat of the moment, he had forgotten the teachings of how to be a great leader. Teachings like those from Ralph Lerner, about how a leader must gain the appreciation of the people first in order to share critical opinions with them. And teachings like those from Lord Chesterfield about how one of the easiest ways to make people feel good about themselves is to let them talk as if they know something you don't. Now, these are concepts that I'm sure your majesty is quite familiar with. But see, the lead huntsman had forgotten about these teachings and had blundered about, demeaning his men and making them feel less than him. He was beginning to understand now that he should try to gain the appreciation of his men so that later on when they do find the deer, he would be able to convince them to not kill the entire herd.

The hunting party continued to move along the path that would eventually lead them to the clearing with the herd of deer. Occasionally, a man would grumble

that it was taking them too long to get to the hunt and that they should've just stayed at the clearing before. Instead of berating the man, however, the lead huntsman opted to encourage the men to have patience and have confidence in his knowledge and decisions. The lead huntsman understood that the men were seeking the shortest route to their gratification (something he picked from a man named Tocqueville) and that this longer trek through the woods was getting in their way of what they believed to be a good hunt.

Finally, after a long while, the hunting party finally made it to the clearing with the herd of deer.

"Wow!" exclaimed one hunter, a little louder than he had meant to, "This is the most deer I have ever seen!" a little quieter, trying hard not to scare away the herd.

"Let's see, there are 10 of us and roughly 20 of them. I bet we can take them all!" another hunter said.

The lead huntsman was stunned from the *Déjà vu*, recognizing those two reactions were the exact ones he remembered hearing while on the other side of the Door. He quickly recovered however once he started to see men preparing bows and unpacking quivers of arrows.

"Now, everyone, stop and listen to me before you do something you may regret!" the lead huntsman said quickly.

Most of the men stopped what they were doing and looked up at the lead.

He continued, "I understand you'll think me crazy for what I am about to say but listen: do not kill all of the deer here. You may believe that it would be magnificent to hunt all of the deer here and bring back home a mighty catch, but I'm pretty sure this is the entire deer population in this area. if we were to take them all today, we will never, ever have deer like this anymore in these parts of the forest. We'll *never* be able to hunt for deer ever again."

The lead huntsman looked around at the men, letting his words sink in, looking to see if they understood him. The hunters looked around at each other as well.

Finally, one of the hunters stubbornly piped up, "but we have all of them here right now. Why don't we just take them all here, so we don't have to come back for more trips! We'll be all situated for the rest of the winter!"

A minority of the men nodded their agreement.

"Look," the lead huntsman replied, "you have to look long term, out into the future. If we take all of the deer today, they won't be able to reproduce, and we don't ever have deer again. If we only take a bit of their population, they will have the opportunity to reproduce and maybe next time we come back there will be more of them! Then we can take more. Eventually, if we keep this pattern of only taking some, the population will be able to grow large enough that only taking some would be equivalent to taking the whole herd as it stands today!"

The understanding finally came upon the faces of the men, and they were finally in agreement. They finished the hunt by taking 6 heads of deer and leaving the rest to reproduce for future hunts to catch.

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And so, your majesty, goes the story of the lead huntsman. A leader who didn't quite make the connection between human nature and his leadership. In leadership, one must make assumptions about human nature, and it is these assumptions about how humans work that will enable a leader to the foresight into the consequences of their actions.

As the lead hunter recalled during his hunt, he remembered the words of Ralph Lerner and Lord Chesterfield. The teachings from these two brought about the understanding that humans like to be pleased, and in this pleasure, they will be more willing to trust and listen. Thus, as Lerner says, it helps the lead huntsman to have the appreciation of the people to be able to later correct them if he so desired. The lead huntsman draws upon the teachings of Lord Chesterfield to hold his tongue and allow his men to say a few words for them to believe they knew something others didn't and allow them that moment of happiness and appreciation. It is understanding human nature and the assumption that the men would react positively towards these advances which allow the lead huntsman to lead better.

Your majesty must also be quite familiar with the teachings of Tocqueville and Roger Soder. Tocqueville's observation is that there is a tendency of certain people to always seek the shortest route to happiness and be constantly on the lookout for ways to reduce the delay. Compound this idea with Soder's realization that most of society is built around short-term thinking, and you now have a people whose nature is to look for instant gratification and not worry about what happens in the future. This is a phenomenon the lead hunter observed but did not react appropriately to. His hunters saw a few rabbits and called it good, they did not want to search further for the deer. They whined and complained about the journey, but once they found the deer, they lost all memory of their suffering and were now fixated on maximizing their find. But of course, the hunters completely disregarded the future and risked a great food source, all for their immediate wants and not thinking about what would happen in the future. Had the lead huntsman understood this, he would have been more patient with the hunters and would have helped guide them better.

And so, this story concludes my discussion on human nature and how it connects to leadership. Finally, we can look at how you, your majesty, may utilize the power of your people to rule better.

Part Three:

Leadership involves at its base the creation of a persuaded audience; but beyond that, leadership involves creating and sustaining a more thoughtful public, a public capable of rising above itself.

And so, for the last stop in my journey for you, I want to relate to you the story of James, owner of the popular inn down the street where I'm staying.

On a day-to-day basis, James's responsibilities are to simply make sure everyone is doing their job. However, this has become unnecessarily tiring for him. From the cooks to the cashier, to the cleaners and the bookkeepers, he felt as though every day he was having to do 10 people's jobs. Why, may you ask? Because the people he employed simply weren't doing a good enough job. Now, some may tell him to just simply *walk away*, and everything will be all right. Some say that he was micro-managing this shop too much and that he should just *give his people a chance*. but as your majesty may understand, it is simply not that simple to turn over your life's work to people who you barely trust.

Here, your majesty, is where I bring forth to you the wise ideas of Roger Soder: a thoughtful public is a public that can self-govern, improve themselves, and have a better relationship with their government. How, you may ask, does this relate at all to James and the inn? Well, James is a leader of his shop, or, more clearly, James is like the government of the estate. He has a responsibility to lead in that domain and the people he employed are like subjects under his rule. What he needed to understand was how to bring about a change such that the people who worked for him would be able to begin working effectively on their own. They did not need his direction at every second.

So, what does James have right now in his employees? Well, they do somewhat do what he asks them to do. They don't argue with him, no, but they don't challenge him when he asks them to do something a tad bit irrational. They're lazy and isolated from each other, often leading to work which is lacking in... quality. And this isolation between employees makes the job they do seem quite dysfunctional. They don't work together in a team, and instead, everyone is just there doing whatever it is they are told, and they would probably just continue to do it until James told them otherwise. As you may see, your majesty, this cycle of just doing without thought was beginning to become a problem for him. The solution? Develop a thoughtful public from his employees.

And so, James went to the great library, where the scrolls of the mystic arts are kept, and he pulled all the scrolls he could find on the great Soder and the key to unlocking a thoughtful public. According to his research, it starts with his shop. There were things he must do to his shop, or more specifically, the atmosphere of his shop, in order to create a conducive environment for a thoughtful public to thrive.

James spent many days and many nights studying the words of Soder and decided upon a few changes he could make to help improve the work of his employees. First, he needed to find a way to make them talk to each other, and, most importantly, *to* James himself. Perhaps it was simply the way the rest of the world worked in the kingdom: people were taught to never talk back to their superiors. However, James wanted it to be different with his employees. If he could get them to start talking to each other, that would hopefully lead them down the path of improvement. James read and understood the importance of *freedom*. He needed to give his employees the *freedom* to express themselves, first to each other, then

eventually to him. They probably doubted the freedom they had and were too scared to speak out. But he knew that if he could foster an environment that would let them speak, perhaps they would begin to *work together* and even keep him updated on what was happening.

Perhaps simply starting with communication would be enough, but as James read more, he realized another crucial piece that he was missing was that people needed to be trained in the art of being a thoughtful public. James was not sure about how he would accomplish this task, but he figured it wouldn't hurt to simply try to speak with them. And this is what he sought out to do.

Just before the day started, before new customers started to come in, before the cooks started to prepare breakfast, and before guests started to wake up, James rounded up everyone he could find that worked for him at the inn and held a meeting.

"All right everybody, in case you do not know me, my name is James." He looked around hoping for some laughter at his joke, some ways to help soften the cold atmosphere in the room. As your majesty may understand, the inn is not that large, and because of its popularity, almost everyone in this Kingdom knows who James is, especially his employees.

James was not quite sure how he should proceed, so he tried with what he knew how to do.

"I have a new rule everyone must follow," he began, "from now on, I want you guys to start talking to each other and helping each other to accomplish your jobs. I want you to come talk to me as well if you see something you want to be changed."

Silence, smiles, and nods on blank faces greeted him. This was the reaction he had always gotten, and he wasn't sure if what he said even registered the slightest bit with them. He knew that they heard him, they're very good listeners, but whether or not they will actually try to help each other out, pay attention to one another, pay attention to their work, and come talk to him about their grievances was another topic altogether.

The silence grew and grew to the point where it started to become unbearable for James. Finally, right before he decided to call it quits, he remembered one last thing from Soder's work: people are motivated by their own self-interests. He knew all of his employees were motivated by the money he paid them. He also knew that his employees thought of him as an all-powerful being. He figured he should take advantage of this perception for once.

"Look, we are all in one team here. Our goal is to make this inn run like magic. But to do this, we must *act* as a team together. I'll make a deal here: I will keep watch on your work as I always have, and if I see one of you help out another person, I will add a few coins to your bonus. If any one of you would like to come talk to me about a problem you see and how you wish for it to be resolved, I'll add a few more coins."

The room stirred with the mention of coins being added to the bonus. James knew that would get them started up. He adjourned the meeting, and everyone went back to their jobs, but now, the silence was gone, and people were starting to talk. For now, it was all about the prospect of earning new coins, but he hoped that by starting

with people helping each other the social capital and communication would build, and eventually his employees would be able to sustain the inn mostly on their own work rather than the poking and prodding of James himself.

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And so goes the story of James, the owner of the inn. What he learned about a thoughtful public was truly inspiring to him and he found a place to apply it. What used to be a lazy group of workers who just did the bare minimum soon became a working machine of interconnected people who happily worked together, solved problems as they came up, and talked to James on how to improve his leadership with them. James was satisfied with the change. He could relax more and not worry about what everyone did. Sure, he still had to fix problems, and a new thing, fights between employees, broke out, but eventually, these bumps smoothed out as they learned to talk with each other and reason out their disagreements without having to come to James first. That was something new and interesting that James did not anticipate. At first, they were very dependent on James to help them resolve problems. Perhaps it was the incentive he gave them with the coins, but oftentimes they simply did not understand how to work out their differences. But after a few months of operations, James found that his employees were coming to talk to him less frequently and that problems were being resolved on their own. Some of his employees even started to come to say hello to him for no particular reason, and this change in atmosphere was greatly welcomed by James. And this cheerful new approach towards James by his employees was welcomed by him. Like the story of the lead huntsman, because his people were on much friendlier terms with James now, if he saw something he wanted to be corrected, they were more willing to listen to his requests and follow through with them.

Eventually, he didn't need to truly incentivize his employees with the extra bonus coins. In fact, it wasn't his idea to stop it, the employees themselves wanted him to instead put that money towards a new restoration project they had in mind. This was all James could have dreamed of and more. The change in mindset and environment helped James create and sustain a more thoughtful public in his inn. It was all that was needed to help James improve his establishment ten-fold. Soon, more and more people came to his establishment, bringing it to its legendary popularity today.

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So, as my time with you comes to a close, I wanted to share one last thing with your majesty. As the number of people coming through the inn increased, so did James's relations with his customers. He started to talk to people and hear their stories and he soon learned a great deal more about the people in the Kingdom. He learned about their experiences and heard what they had to say about the King. Evidently, your majesty and his court of whisperers have learned of this too, and James is honored to have been sought out to provide the guidance for the council of your majesty. In true Machiavellian fashion, I do not know precisely why you have sought me out other than to hear what I have to say to you. I hope I have played my part as simply a person providing unadulterated information for you to consider and make your own judgments upon. I hope the stories I have gathered from my inn have satisfied you and I hope they will serve you well as you begin your journey on the throne.