The Tell

FIELD NOTES · FOR THE WALL



Ask a person what they are hiding and you will get a face. It is never the face.

The tell is the hand that drifts back toward the cup. The sentence started and then swallowed. The door closed a little softer than it was opened.

A hunter reads backward from the small wrong thing. So does anyone paying attention. The only difference is whether they say so.

Read the room. Keep the read. Let the answer land unhelped.