

[...] Angel knew that what you needed to know about what he was going to say was completely accurate and valid, once you earned your three creamers. Stellethee would just nod along without intention. When Angel told the truth, Stellethee had the reflex of nodding, as if Angel also had a doctoral degree telling the truth, which he most certainly did not. That said, Angel probably wrote the study material for Stellethee before Stellethee realized he was going to be offered tenure once Angel released the funds to The Foundation.

[...]

Angel did, however, ethically, from the start of him no longer existing, learned to tell the story to the fairest, any and all stories outside the diner, but always told that story, those stories, at a discount to his own, to Angel's place.

Angel, for all intents, would truly, never have tried to lie.

Stellethee, would just sit at the table, when Angel was back from any break.

Stellethee would nod at you. Stellethee, simply and honestly, would nod at you once.

Stellethee, with his own cup of coffee, would nod at you twice.

Stellethee would nod at you *twice*.

Stellethee would nod at you *twice*,

once you had finally figured out why.