

THE SECRET OF TALKING WITH GIRLS

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The Popular Boy

There was a boy. He was very popular with the girls. All of the girls at school always wanted to talk to him. He always had a date. He was always going to dances. He always went to homecoming and prom with a fantastic girl. And he never had to pay because the girls always invited him and they always paid.



The boy was popular because he knew the secret of talking to girls. All of the girls always wanted to talk to him, and he was quite popular. The girls always talked about him and said, "He is so interesting!" and, "He can talk to any girl!"



All of the other boys at school were jealous of him. They could not understand, because the boy was nothing special. He was handsome, but he was not very handsome. He was intelligent, but he was not very intelligent. He was athletic, but he was not very athletic. He was confident, but he was not very confident. He was not tall. He was not rich and he did not have a car. He was a normal boy. None of the boys at school could understand why he was so popular.

The Boy's Friend

One day, a boy named Brett went to talk to the popular boy to ask him for his secret. He said to him, "What is the secret of talking to girls? You have to tell me."

But the popular boy said, "I am very sorry, but I can't tell you."

"Why can't you tell me?" asked Brett.

"Because I am part of a special club. I made a promise not to tell anyone the secret."

"Can't you share it with me? We are friends. Please tell me."

"Sorry, I can't share it with everyone. I can only tell it to one boy each year. But I'll share it with you, my friend. But you need to wait. I will not tell you until the first of April. I'll tell you the first of April so that you have time to look for a date to prom."

The Secret

The first of April finally arrived. Brett looked for the popular boy so that he could tell him the secret. The boy said, "Here is the secret. There are two magic words: I understand."

"I understand? I know that you understand the secret, but I do not know it. I do not understand anything. What is the secret?"

"The secret is saying 'I understand' to the girls."

“What? How can you understand girls? It is impossible!”

“Well, I really do not understand them. When I say ‘I understand’, that does not mean that I actually understand them.”

“Then what do you understand?” asked Brett.

“I do not understand anything. No boy can understand girls. I only say that I understand.

“I understand,” Brett said.

A New Popular Boy?

Then Brett began to say "I understand" to the girls, and soon they began to say, “Thanks for listening, Brett” and “Thanks for understanding.”

“You're so nice, you really know how to talk to girls,” other girls told him.

Brett just looked at the girls, smiled, and said gently, “I understand.”

The end.