

Gemini: Versatility

"I'll give it a try," said Gwen. "It shouldn't be too hard." Gwen had never worked as a salesgirl or made change before, but when Jean got sick somebody had to take over the Girl Scout booth at the bazaar, and Gwen volunteered.

Gwen was always ready to try something new, and was usually successful. She could be counted on to step in and help out in most any emergency, and if called upon to do something she knew little about, she applied herself to the task until she learned. She could cook and sew her own clothes, was active in drama club, secretary of her class, got good grades, loved children, and often baby-sat.

"In fact," her sister Jo had been heard to say peevishly, "Gwen can do anything. Some people have all the luck!"

"It's not really luck at all," their mother tried many times to tell her. "Gwen just makes up her mind that she's going to accomplish whatever she sets out to do, and works at it till she does. She's not afraid to *try*." Jo was never willing to accept this explanation, however, and continued to insist that Gwen's abilities were all due to luck.

"How's it going?" asked Jo, as she stopped at the Girl Scout booth.

"Fine," said Gwen. "I've had lots of customers, and it's really fun. Listen, Jo, could you take over for a little while? It's way past lunch, and I'm starved."

"I don't know the prices of stuff, or anything," protested Jo, "and I'd get all mixed up making change. I'll bring you a sandwich if you want."

"Aw, please, Jo — I'd like to get out of here for a while. The prices are all marked, and making change

isn't hard if you just *count*. Please?"

Jo finally agreed, reluctantly, to man the booth for an hour, and her first customer appeared the minute Gwen was out of sight. Jo uncertainly looked for prices on the merchandise, and fumbled badly making change. The customer seemed annoyed, and Jo was surprised that she bought anything at all. "I've got to do better than that," she sighed to herself. "How did I ever get into this mess?"

Several more customers approached. This time Jo took a deep breath and said, "Please excuse me if I'm slow. I just started here a few minutes ago and am sort of feeling my way around. Now, what can I show you?" The customers were patient, Jo sensed their sympathy, and, feeling more at ease, made her sales with some assurance. As additional customers arrived, Jo found that she learned most of the prices, and that making change was simple enough if she didn't let herself get distracted.

When Gwen came back, she found Jo pointing out the virtues of some merchandise to a customer, and behaving as though she had manned booths all her life. "You back already?" asked Jo. "Why don't you rest some more or something? I'm having a ball!"

"Stay here and help me, then," laughed Gwen. "Looks like a big crowd's here this afternoon and we'll need two people."

A large number of customers approached the booth that afternoon, and Gwen considered herself very fortunate to have her sister's unexpected help. The merchandise sold quickly, and at one point Jo whispered, "I wish we had more things in stock. Next year we'll know enough to lay in a bigger supply."

Gwen grinned, remembering how reluctant Jo had been to have anything at all to do with the bazaar, let

alone serve as salesgirl. Was it possible that Jo would be one of the driving forces behind next year's event?

Several hours later, their mother was surprised to see both her daughters in the booth, Jo working with as much poise and flair as Gwen. She watched them from a distance and then, unnoticed by the girls, went on her way.

That evening Gwen pinned the pattern for her new dress onto the material and began to cut it out. Jo watched critically. "That doesn't look so hard," she said. "Bet I could do that."

"Of course you could," said Gwen. "All you have to do is read the directions and follow them."

"Think I'll get myself some material tomorrow and try it," mused Jo.

"You know, it's really rather fun trying to do new things. If someone had told me this morning that I'd be out there manning a booth, and that I'd actually end up *enjoying* it, I think I would have gone right back to bed! But I did it without any trouble after those first few mistakes, and, believe it or not, I was actually sorry when it was time to quit!"

Mother came in with a plate of fudge. "Well, Jo, I see you had some luck today, too," she smiled.

"Hm?" Jo looked up, confused. "Oh, that! Well," she winked at her mother, "that wasn't really luck at all, you know. I just decided I was going to accomplish what I set out to do, and I worked at it till I did. I can do anything. See?"

"I see," laughed Mother, "and I also see I have *two* versatile girls on my hands. Guess I'll have to work pretty hard myself to keep up. How's this for a start?" She held out the plate and both girls reached eagerly for pieces of fudge.