

By Jeffrey Herbert

(Based on a true story)

“What kind of job do you want to have when you grow up?” Mrs. Lu asked the class.

That was easy to answer! I wanted to be a scientist. I imagined myself wearing a lab coat and doing awesome experiments.

“Today each of you will take a test on the computer that will tell you what jobs you might enjoy someday,” Mrs. Lu said.

Soon I was at the computer, taking my test. I answered all the questions and took a deep breath as I hit the “finish” button.

Scientist! Artist! Astronaut! I thought as the results loaded. Those jobs would be amazing.

But the results did not mention any of those jobs. I looked at the list. Graphic designer sounded kind of cool. I wasn’t so sure about baker. Or event planner.

The most surprising one was the top result. It told me that I would most enjoy being . . . a florist.

What?! Someone who arranges flowers? I thought. This has to be a mistake!

But I knew I had answered each question honestly. My face felt hot. I didn’t want my friends to see my results, so I hurried and shut down the computer.

“Cool!” said my best friend, Dan. “My top result is website designer!”

“That’s awesome,” I mumbled. “But do you think this test is really right about what our job should be?”

“Well, it’s just a test,” said Dan, shrugging. “What was your top job?”

I froze in fear. “It’s probably wrong. But it told me I should be a florist.”

My worst fears came true. Dan started laughing.

“I knew you’d want to pick flowers for a job! You’ve

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The JOB TEST

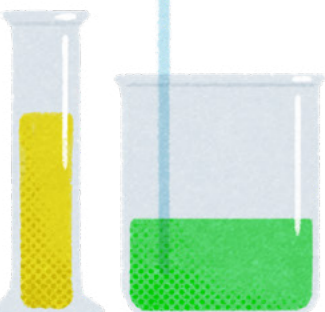


ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ROBISON

always liked weird things like that,” Dan joked.

“No way!” I snapped. “I don’t even like flowers.”

Dan smiled and turned back to his computer. My stomach started to hurt. I was so embarrassed! *Was the test right? Was Dan right?*

Walking home from school, I still felt embarrassed about my test results. I thought about all the things I loved to do, like making art and playing the piano. They were pretty different from the things that some of the other boys in my class liked. *Maybe I am weird,* I thought. Tears filled my eyes as I walked inside.

“What’s wrong, Jeff?” Dad asked. “Did something happen at school?”

I sat down and told him all about the job test and how I felt different from a lot of the other boys.

“You know, Jeff,” he said, “Heavenly Father gave you your talents. He loves you and wants you to develop them. And I love you too! Liking different things than your friends like doesn’t make you weird.”

“Really?” I asked.

Dad nodded. “We are all supposed to be different. I want you to love who you are. And remember, the test was just to give you some ideas of what you might like to do. It doesn’t mean that you’ll definitely end up with one of those jobs. You get to make your own choices. But if someday you choose to be a florist, I’m sure you’ll be great at it!”

“Thanks, Dad.” I gave him a hug. My stomach didn’t feel sick anymore.

The next day at school, Dan sat by me at lunch. “Hey, Jeff,” he said. “I’m sorry I laughed at you. I think you’d be awesome at whatever job you have!”

“Thanks, Dan,” I said. “Who knows—maybe I’ll own a flower shop and you’ll build my shop’s website!”

“Deal,” said Dan, smiling. “Maybe I’ll be your first customer too!” ●

This story took place in the USA.