

The Doorman's Lesson

Bitia, a girl in a dazzling dress with an arrogant attitude, was in line to get into the city's most exclusive club. In front of her, a girl dressed in simple clothes with a tired face waited patiently. Bitia walked up to her with contempt.

"Darling, don't waste your time standing in line," Bitia said with a mocking smile. "Only girls like me get in. The doorman has standards, you know."

The other girl simply shrugged and gave her a small smile.

When it was Bitia's turn, the huge doorman looked her up and down and, with a shake of his head, told her to step aside. "You can't get in," he said in a low voice.

Bitia was stunned. "What? Why not?" she protested. "Look at my dress! I'm the guest of honor!"

The doorman, unfazed, gestured for the simply dressed girl to come forward. "Go right in, miss. Only real, cool people get in here. Conceited people like you, don't."

The simply dressed girl smiled with satisfaction and walked in. Bitia was left alone on the sidewalk, feeling smaller than ever. The doorman's lesson was one she would never forget.