

I Can't Read Minds!



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Don and Ron were best friends.

Don admired Ron's intelligence and insight but didn't understand one strange thing about his friend - Ron seemed to be able to read people's minds. Don believed this to be true even though Ron had never told him, especially since Ron sometimes seemed mysterious and lost in his own world.

One day, the two friends went to the neighboring village for a festival. On their way, they passed by a hut in a wooded area. Outside the hut, a woman was cooking lunch, while the man next to her sat on a tree stump staring at the ground.

Ron hurried Don along whispering, "Let's keep moving. The potter and his wife are in the middle of a terrible fight."



Don looked at Ron questioningly. "Now, how do you know he's a potter, and how can you be so sure they had a fight?" he asked defiantly.

"Let me explain," Ron replied as they walked away. But no sooner had they taken a few steps, the wife shouted at the man, "How do you expect to get rich, being a lazy potter? Go, back to work!"

The man yelled back loudly, "I am on a break!"

An awe struck Don exclaimed, "I knew you had extra sensory perception. You have been keeping that a secret from me all along. I knew it!"



“Come on silly,” Ron countered in defense, “I can’t read minds.”

“Then how do you explain what happened?” Don asked, his eyebrows lifted.

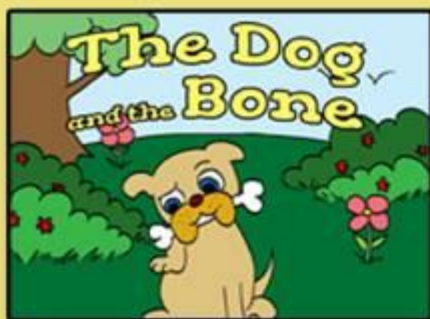
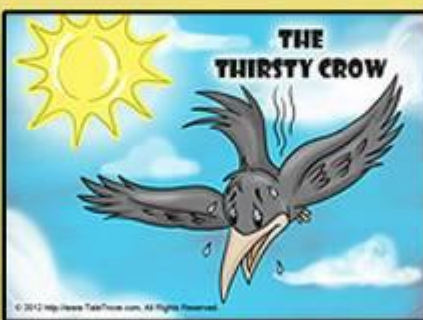
“The man had patches of clay on his hands. That’s how I knew he was a potter. And, I saw his wife emptying a whole box of chili powder into the pot, so I guessed she was mad at him, probably because of the fight they were having,” Ron explained.

“Really? That’s some impressive perception you’ve got there,” Don beamed, his eyes wide in amusement and mild disbelief. Proud of his friend, he placed his arm around Ron’s shoulders and started walking.

“Say, what ice cream flavors do you think they will have at the festival? Use your divine powers and guess for me, will you?” he chuckled and winked at Ron.



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