

How the shy *never-raising-hand* kid got straight As on all his speaking tests

In school, I was the shy quiet average student who'd *only raise* their hand to go to the bathroom.

So you can guess what would happen whenever I'm in front of the class – or doing any kind of presentation to a person.

Whether it was a French, English, or History...

Constant “uhh”s and long funeral pauses were what made up my speeches as I stood in front of 20 half-dead people... hoping that if I reread my script enough times, it'll **somehow** save my grade.

As she embraced for another 20-minute stutter show,

I couldn't help but chuckle as I **slammed my notes** onto the desk.



I was doing my usual praying for the class to end so that I didn't have to do my **one-on-one** French speaking test...

But like always, I ended up taking that *silent trip* to that small room – where my French teacher, Madame Moraue, awaits.

As I began my 10 minutes of “uhh”s and **long funeral pauses**...

It was quickly interrupted when I saw what was above the **note-filled line paper** I'd spent the entire night reviewing.

Madame Moraue's emotionless eyes...

And her blank stare on the clipboard *made it obvious what she was thinking*...

“I want to get this over with as quickly as possible”.

As you can imagine, this absolutely **STUMPED** me and I couldn't say a word...

But not in the way you'd think.

Although I went into the *small room* practically accepting that I was going to **fail this test**, I felt angry when I saw **that look** on Madame Moraue's face...

Maybe it's because she wasn't respecting the time I'd put into the notes...

Or perhaps it's because I cannot stop slipping over my words...

But all that didn't matter anymore,

I was sick and tired of this cycle.

So I stood up from the plastic chair and **SLAMMED** my notes onto the table separating us...

And as Madame Moraue processes what I'd just done, I violently dragged the chair beneath me and began giving the **BEST oral test I'd ever done at that point**.

As all the vocabs and idioms I practiced for flowed out like a constant stream,

Madame Moraue **panicked** to write down all the comments she had for my sudden revelation.

I didn't know it at the time, but this **marked the end** of my shaky voice...

And the beginning of mastering the art of speaking.

After leaving that *small room* with my paper still left on the desk and **BLASTED** by **compliments** and ***flattery*** from Madame Moraue...

I wonder ***what came over me that day?***

What had changed in my mind that had caused me to perfectly use everything I'd practiced for?

It was only **10 years** after that I got the proper answer,

These are all highlighted in my “*Common Speaking Mistakes*” e-book which will give you the roadmap to make the same revelation as this shy introvert did.

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