

*A Genuine*  
**GENTLEMAN**



A Puberty Story Taking Place in Middle School

**RICHARD CARLSON**

**A Genuine Gentleman:  
A Puberty Story Taking Place  
in Middle School**

**Richard Carlson**

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**About the story:** Brett, a twelve-year-old middle school student is a gentleman when he helps the girl he loves through her predicament.

**About the author:** Richard Carlson is an author of children's and coming-of-age books. He is a highly sensitive person, or HSP. You can learn more about him at [www.richardcarlson.com](http://www.richardcarlson.com).

[www.boyspubertystories.com](http://www.boyspubertystories.com)



My name is Brett. When I was twelve and in seventh grade, I sat in the cafeteria one winter day, eating pepperoni pizza with my friend Jennifer. The Arizona desert got cold at this time of year, so I was wearing a thick blue wool sweater, and she was wearing an orange wool sweater. I wanted to date Jennifer, but was too shy to ask her out.

After we finished our lunch and were heading outside, we started

talking about the movie or film that we were planning to make. My uncle had recently given me a professional and expensive video camera as a gift. I couldn't wait to use it.

I asked, "Do you have any more ideas for a movie? I'd like to start writing the script. Your last idea about a teenage girl who decides to run for president was really good."

"Oh, I don't have any other good ideas right now," she said.

I scratched my head. "We could work in Hollywood someday," I suggested, hoping we would. I wanted to marry Jennifer; then, both of us could work in Hollywood, writing and making movies and TV shows.

That was when something happened. Jennifer had her first period: Her menstrual cycle had begun. Her light-colored blue jeans were stained red in between her legs where everyone could see. I



pointed to in between her legs, and she looked surprised. I hesitated for just a second, and then removed my sweater. I wore a blue shirt underneath.

“Tie this around your waist,” I said, coming to her rescue.

It was cold outside, and now I was freezing, but I didn’t care. Jennifer was more important.

She tied it around her waist, hiding the red spot. “Thank you,” she exclaimed with relief.

I was so glad she was my friend and that I had been able to help her.

“You’re welcome. You can bring it back tomorrow.” I tried to control my shivering.

We talked a little while longer, until the bell rang. We were hoping to come up with a great idea for our film soon. We went to our classes. I was chilly the entire day. I was so glad to get home and finally put on another sweater. As I did so,

I smiled: I had done the right thing by coming to Jennifer's rescue.

Just then, I had a great idea: I could turn what happened today into a short film! I wrote the script right after finishing my homework.

Days later, over the weekend, Jennifer and I used my new video camera to create the short film about what had happened.

"This film has turned out great!" I said to her as we watched at my computer in my bedroom.

We posted the film online and got over two hundred fifty thousand views in one month!

Jennifer and I submitted our project to an online contest for teen filmmakers, and we won first place. We got a three-thousand-dollar prize, which we split and planned to use for college.

(And, by the way, I mustered the courage to ask Jennifer if she'd be my girlfriend: she said yes.)