

Then How Did You Know He Was Done?

Chapter Eleven...

"I remember it like it was yesterday," the other Eric began. "I, or we, had only been working at Dubin's for about a month when the district manager, Harold, was scheduled to do a store visit and I really wanted to impress him. As you may remember, we weren't doing very well sales-wise," he recounted, "and quite honestly I was worried that if my personal sales didn't improve that they were going to let me go. This is right after Elaine and I got married, and the last thing I needed was to suddenly be without a job."

"I remember it well," I said in agreement.

"Harold showed up about nine-thirty in the morning and everybody said their hellos, coffee and donuts and all that, and at ten o'clock we opened the doors. I was the first salesman in that morning so I had first ups. Sound familiar so far?"

I nodded.

"Then," he continued, "in walks this finely-dressed gentleman who announces that he wants to buy an entire wardrobe of clothing! And, within thirty minutes, I have my biggest sale ever. I was certain that Harold would be impressed."

"I remember that too," I said.

"After the customer left, Harold finally sauntered over and said, 'Nice sale kid.' My chest puffed out with pride. 'Eleven hundred dollars!' I proclaimed. But Harold just stood there and didn't seem overly impressed. Finally he said, 'I'm just curious, but what did that customer say *no to*?' 'What do you mean?' I shot back. 'That guy just bought a suit, sport coat, three shirts, six ties, shoes, socks, a belt and underwear! What do you mean, what did he say *no to*?'"

"Harold waited calmly for me to stop being defensive, then he said, 'We've already established what he said yes to. What I want to know now is, what did he say no to?'"

"I thought for a long time, mentally reviewing the sale in my mind, then sheepishly I replied, 'Nothing. That customer didn't say *no to anything*.' 'So,' Harold asked, 'then how did you know he was done?'

"His question hit me like a punch because I suddenly realized the customer hadn't ended the sale, I had! Why? For only one reason I could think of... the customer had hit my mental spending limit. I realized that I had never spent more than a thousand bucks on a shopping trip ever, so when anyone went over my mental spending limit, *hey... they were done!*"

"I pretty much remember that," I said, "but it didn't have that much impact on me. That's what changed your life?"

"Yes. That and what Harold said next. He said, 'The salesperson never decides when the sale is over; the customer does.' Then he looked me in the eye and said, 'Eric, your fear of hearing the word *'no'* is the only thing standing between you and greatness.'"

"It was amazing. I had gone into work that morning hoping to keep my job, and I went home that night just two letters away from greatness."

Two letters from greatness, I heard myself repeating.

N and O.

No.

GO-FOR NO! BOOK

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