

My older brother has been my guide in everything until recently. You see, I practically worship him. Growing up, he always seemed to be all-knowing, and I have valued his advice above the advice of any other. Recently, however, I have started to question the things that he tells me. It all stems from his advice on how to make a cover letter.

He is a charming man. Charm has made him. It got him a six figure salary, a beautiful life, and a gorgeous home. He sees charm as a panacea. So when he told me that the secret to how to create a cover letter was charm, I was not surprised. He said that the reason I was not getting called back for the jobs that I really wanted was that I took too conservative an approach to how to make a cover letter. Making a cover letter, he told me, was not a matter of showing professionalism and experience. That was what a good resume does. He said the only way to understand how to make a cover letter is to read it out loud. If it is interesting and engaging, and would make the boss really want to go out for a drink with the person reading it, you have succeeded. If it is dry and professional, you have a lot to learn about how to make a cover letter.

I thought that his approach was good, and even had him read several of my cover letters before I sent them out. I really believed him when he said that the reason that I wasn't getting a job was that I didn't know how to make a cover letter that showed what an attractive, charming young man I was. As soon as I started following his advice, however, something odd happened. Apparently he hadn't shown me how to make a cover letter, because I stopped getting any responses at all. When I finally asked one interviewer why, the secretary told me that the boss had said my cover letter sounded slimy, phony and impractical.

Although I haven't figured out how to make a cover letter that really gets the goods, I have learned something. The most important thing is always to be yourself. When I tried to learn how to make a cover letter that sounded like my brother, I failed miserably. When I was content being myself, however, I at least got interviews for jobs. Although I still have not gotten my dream job, I have found a position that I am happy with.