

The Piano Man

A fun **LEFT / RIGHT** Gift Exchange Game story for anytime, anywhere

Lucy Keys was so excited. She was about to purchase a brand new piano at the shop **RIGHT** down the road from her house. She was a musician in her own **RIGHT**, and the time was finally **RIGHT** to own her own piano. She was **RIGHT**fully thrilled.

She **LEFT** her home and hopped **RIGHT** in her car, determined to make it **RIGHT** on time to her Friday afternoon appointment with the piano shop owner. The piano man was waiting for her **RIGHT** at the front door. "Hello Ms. Keys! Good morning, Sunday morning. I'm so happy to finally have a customer!" he exclaimed **RIGHT** as soon as she walked through the door.

*What on earth could that mean? Lucy thought to herself. Has this poor gentleman **LEFT** his sense? Have I done **RIGHT** by coming to this shop?*

"I'm down **RIGHT** thrilled to be here!" she replied, wanting to be polite. No sooner had those words **LEFT** her mouth than she remembered something important. "Oh no!" she said. "I **LEFT** the name of the piano I wanted to buy at my house!"

"Not to worry Ms. Keys!" said the piano man. "I'm the piano man! I'm the **RIGHT** guy to come to for all your piano-buying and playing needs." Lucy was relieved to hear this, but only for a moment. She couldn't shake the feeling that he wasn't being forth **RIGHT** with her. She soon found herself wondering whether or not the piano man was in his **RIGHT** mind.

"It's okay that you've **LEFT** your pick of piano at home, because I'm down **RIGHT** sure I've got a better instrument for you **RIGHT** here. I only need to know the answer to one simple question: Are you **LEFT**-handed or **RIGHT**-handed?"

"Um... what?" asked Lucy. She was **RIGHT**fully worried at this point. "Does it matter? I think I'll stick with the piano I picked out. Let me head back to my house real quick; it's **RIGHT** down the road and it won't take me long."

The piano man held the door open for her with a sad look on his face, like this wasn't the first time a customer had suddenly **LEFT**. In any case, Lucy ran **RIGHT** out faster than a **LEFT**-handed cheetah on a **RIGHT**-way mission.

By this time she was relieved that she had **LEFT** the name of the piano at home. "Next time," she said, "I'll be prepared before heading out to buy a piano." Then she stopped dead in her tracks. She had suddenly remembered what type of piano she wanted.

"An up**RIGHT**!!!"