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 RIGHTfully 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 downRIGHT 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 forthRIGHT 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 downRIGHT 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 RIGHTfully 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 uprightRIGHT!!”

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