

Romantic Fiction

Out with the old

Erin's classified ad helped her get rid of something she'd held on to for too long—and find something she hadn't even known she was looking for!

t was funny how a little classified ad could give me such a lift: FREE upright piano. Needs some repair. You haul. And no, it wasn't because I wanted a piano for myself. I was trying

to get rid of a piano.

It had belonged to Allen, my ex-boyfriend, who'd left the piano at my place because he'd never had room for it in his apartment. For a year, it has sat silent in my living room, partially blocking a sunhy window. Once upon a time, I'd loved listening to Allen play that piano, but now he was long gone, so the piano had to

"This is a nice piano," Dan said, running his hand lovingly over the wood. "You're willing to part with it for free?"

"Yep, for free. Go ahead and try it out."

"Oh, I don't play. It's for my wife. She likes to play and we only have an electronic keyboard right now."

Wife. Darn. "One thing," I said. "The B key right below middle C sticks and the pedals need some-

Dan's green eyes crinkled merrily as he laughed. (Wife. Darn.) "No prob-

lem—I'm sure it's fixable. I mean, this is a free piano, after all.

When the doorbell rang, Dan said, "That'll be my brother. I asked him to help me move it."

"So you're going to take it, then?" I asked.

"Definitely," I heard him say, as I opened the door to see another Dan.

"This is my little brother, Dave," Dan said. "Dave, this is Erin." Dave gave Dan a look.

The resemblance between them was uncanny.

"Little brother by four min-utes," Dave said. He smiled and his bright green eyes crinkled merrily. "Nice to meet you, Erin." He jerked his thumb toward Dan. "We're twins, but he loves to say he's the big brother." His gaze lingered on

me briefly, then he looked at the piano. "So we're hauling this out of here, then?"
A few minutes later, Dan and Dave had rolled the piano across the room and were ma-

neuvering it through the door.

I stayed out of the way. "Pleasure doing business, Erin," Dan said, as we shook hands. Then Dave extended his hand. When our eyes met, I could tell he felt the spark too. Dan leaned in toward Dave and said, "Will you ask her already? I'll wait outside."

To me, Dan said, "He's wanted to ask you out since he got here. I know-it's a twin thing." He waved and walked out.

"I guess having an older brother can be a good thing," Dave said. "Dan has always been bolder than me." He shrugged. can I call you? I've got your number right here." He waved the ad like a little flag.

I laughed and nodded, thinking, It's just amazing what you can find in the classifieds these days!

-Krista Weidner

He smiled and his bright green eyes crinkled merrily

go, too. I hoped my ad would do the trick.

I didn't have to wait longthe word "free" always gets people's attention. But the first person to come by took one look and said, "I didn't realize it was so big." My second visitor was concerned about the repair issues—one key stuck and two of the pedals didn't work.

By the time the third person called, my hopes were fading.

"I could come over in a little while, if that's okay," the voice said. It was a nice, deep voice that made me wonder about the guy who went with it.

While I waited, I changed out of my sweatpants and into my nice jeans. After all, he had a nice voice, and you never know!

I wasn't disappointed. When I answered the door an hour later, a smiling, sandy-haired man waved and said, "Hi, I'm Dan. I called about the piano."

"I'm Erin," I said, showing him in. "There it is by the window."

