

# A book from an antique store

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## Short Stories

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August 20<sup>th</sup>, 1945

Dear Miss,

I don't know where to begin with because I've never been too good with words. If the situation were different, I would write you a song and this way, I wouldn't need them. I am a pianist. In fact, I am a bank accountant, but I wish I were a famous pianist. No, that wasn't a lie, I can play the piano. My grandmother taught me.

Why I didn't follow this passion of mine? Out of fear. I've always been afraid, afraid of everything.

We see each other every Friday, but I don't think you would recognize me on the street. You seem distracted and cold when you come to the bank to take care of your affairs. You never stay more than you have to, you never make a mistake when you fill in the forms although, I have to admit that I pray for it, just to have an excuse to talk to you. But you don't.

Well ... I would like to tell you more about me, but I don't want to bore you too much. My life is anything but exciting and interesting.

Oh, and another thing. I like to ride on Sundays. Maybe you'll join me one day. Or maybe we could have tea together? Or coffee, if you don't like tea.

I would be delighted. This way you could tell me everything about you, and I would tell you why I think I fell in love. With you, of course.

I babble even in writing and I think it's high time I finished. I already took too much of your time. I thought about putting the letter in a book and I hope you'll enjoy reading it. I mean the book. I chose *Romeo and Juliet* because you can never go wrong with something like this.



Yours truly,

M. G.

P.S.: While waiting for an answer, I will write you a song anyway.

An unopened letter. Bucharest, 2010.

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