**The Impossible Coincidence**

Prague was meant to be a short, relaxing getaway with my husband —a weekend of wandering cobblestone streets and soaking in history. But I had one mission: find Matthew.

We’d been high school friends, and I knew he lived somewhere in the city of Prague. However, this was before cell phones, before social media so I had not easy way to find him. I just had to keep my eyes peeled.

I started at the American Embassy, hoping he’d registered as a resident. No luck. Next, I tried a few larger hotels, asking if they had a pianist named Matthew. My friend Matt is a pianist and plays at events. I even stepped into a piano shop, thinking maybe someone had crossed paths with him. Again no luck.

By the final day, I had accepted defeat although I was quite sad we didn’t find him. My husband and I decided to take one last walk across the Charles Bridge, savoring the city before we hit the road. We enjoyed the street musicians and watching the tourists stroll by. It is a rather picturesque location.

We decided to head for your car but I turned to get one last glance and standing there casually in the crowd was Matt.

For a second, I stood there frozen in disbelief. I had spent the entire weekend searching for him, only to find him when I’d given up.

We called out to him and as we walked towards each other all three of us were laughing with surprise.

It turned out he was playing piano for a wedding that evening and had a two-hour break—just long enough for us to grab a drink and catch up.

Even today I still can’t believe we ran into each other like that. (299 words)