

## **Late**

By Michele Venne

Jogging down the stairs of the two-story apartment, Bill tripped.

Luckily, it was on the second to last step. His knees hit the floor with a *thud*.

The briefcase opened upon impact, tossing papers. Mrs. Goldstein opened

her door to help. Buster the schnauzer got out. Bill scooped up papers.

Closed the case. He left. Late.