

room.

And just ahead was the dead elevator with its door wide open.

Or . . . was it the dead elevator? Lafferty was tired and confused. Was the working elevator on the right or the left? He glanced down the stairway, a narrow, steep and ill-lit stairway. Yes, he thought. He could use them, lug his suitcase down four flights and maybe break his neck in the process. He gave the open lift a hostile glance and punched the call button. If it was the other that worked it would soon arrive. He waited a minute. He waited two. Nothing happened. He looked down the stairs again. No. It would be an admission of his fear. He waited another minute. He waited two. Nothing happened.

"This is stupid," Lafferty muttered. He thought of going back to his room until light. He thought of using the stairs regardless. No. It would be too much of a victory for them. He would not, he could not let them have it.

He picked up his suitcase, bashing it deliberately against the side of the elevator as he entered.

"All right, sucker," he said with bravado, "Take me down."

He jabbed the Ground Floor button, and slowly, very slowly, the door slid shut. The lights dimmed, the elevator began its descent. The Third Floor light shone above the door. After what seemed an eternity the Second Floor light shone. Next came the First Floor and then the Ground, the final light. And the lift kept going. And going. And going. And . . .

K.E. Miller

BROTHER

You wouldn't let me tie the hook on the line
and it fell off with a fish
you gave me money one night
when I was young and 20¢ a fortune
throwing coins one by one
onto the blankets covering my thin body
I slept that night
dreaming of the fireworks I would buy
you crept in with the dark
and took away my fantasy