

the sidewalk, suitcase swinging freely, the luggage tag from her last trip with Henry still dangling from the handle. In the end, she hadn't packed much, deciding on immediate necessities only: her toothbrush, a change of underwear, the new negligee she'd picked up at Eaton's, her passport—just in case. Everything else could be replaced. New clothes, new life. She was still young; she could start over.

Henry coughed against the brisk night air and looked down the street both ways from the fence's edge. He couldn't be sure but turned in the direction of the library where they often stopped during their morning walks. He'd thrown his trench over his pajamas and still wore his slippers, but what did it matter at this hour? Every house was dark, his neighbours still asleep. He was slower than he cared to admit, annoyed at the limp in his gait, bone-on-bone pain flaring down his leg and up his spine. Lamplight cast a yellow glow along the street, reminding him of another night when he'd chased after her, his legs so much stronger then. A note and his watch gripped in a sweaty palm.

The mailbox ahead was spotlighted by a streetlamp. She counted the cars parked against the curb, *one-two-three-four*.... his should be at the end, his silhouette behind the wheel, waiting for her. She quickened her pace, but the last car was a Datsun. Her heels echoed off the concrete as she rounded the corner. Nothing. She squinted against the dark but couldn't make him out in any of the cars across the street. Maybe she was early? Maybe she got the time wrong? Headlights came up over the hill. A truck—not his—zoomed past, kicking up a breeze. It whipped hair into her face and carried a voice both frantic and familiar.