

One step, two step

The alarm rang at precisely 6:28 AM, measured so he could get up at 6:30, not a moment earlier or later. The rest was systematic. Mr. Johnson would slip off his color-coded pajamas, take his 7 minute shower, brush his teeth, floss, and pick out today's suit (blue if the birds sang, black if they didn't.)

Before leaving for work, Mr. Johnson would check the mirror grappled on the front door, comb his hair with two strokes, then grab an apple after doing so.

Next, he opened the door and walked down the stairs where his car would be neatly parked on the curb, and say to himself, "Another day, another dollar."

This was Day 1,482 of Mr. Johnson's routine. Day 1,483 came, and something interesting happened.

Two strokes of the hair, take the apple, open the door.

One step, two step, "Another day, another d--"

Mr. Johnson tumbled, fumbled, and wumbled down the flight of stairs, rolling like an armadillo on ecstasy. Lying back-first at the bottom of the stairs, he looked upwards with a heavily-damaged face, thinking to himself, "What went wrong..."

The third step of stairs from his apartment was missing! The entire row disappeared, as if God himself mistakenly pressed Alt+F4 and sneered "Oops" with a smirk on his face.

Mr. Johnson found himself lying in the bed of a hospital, with a broken ankle, twisted clavicle, and fractured funny bone, and all because of that stupid step.