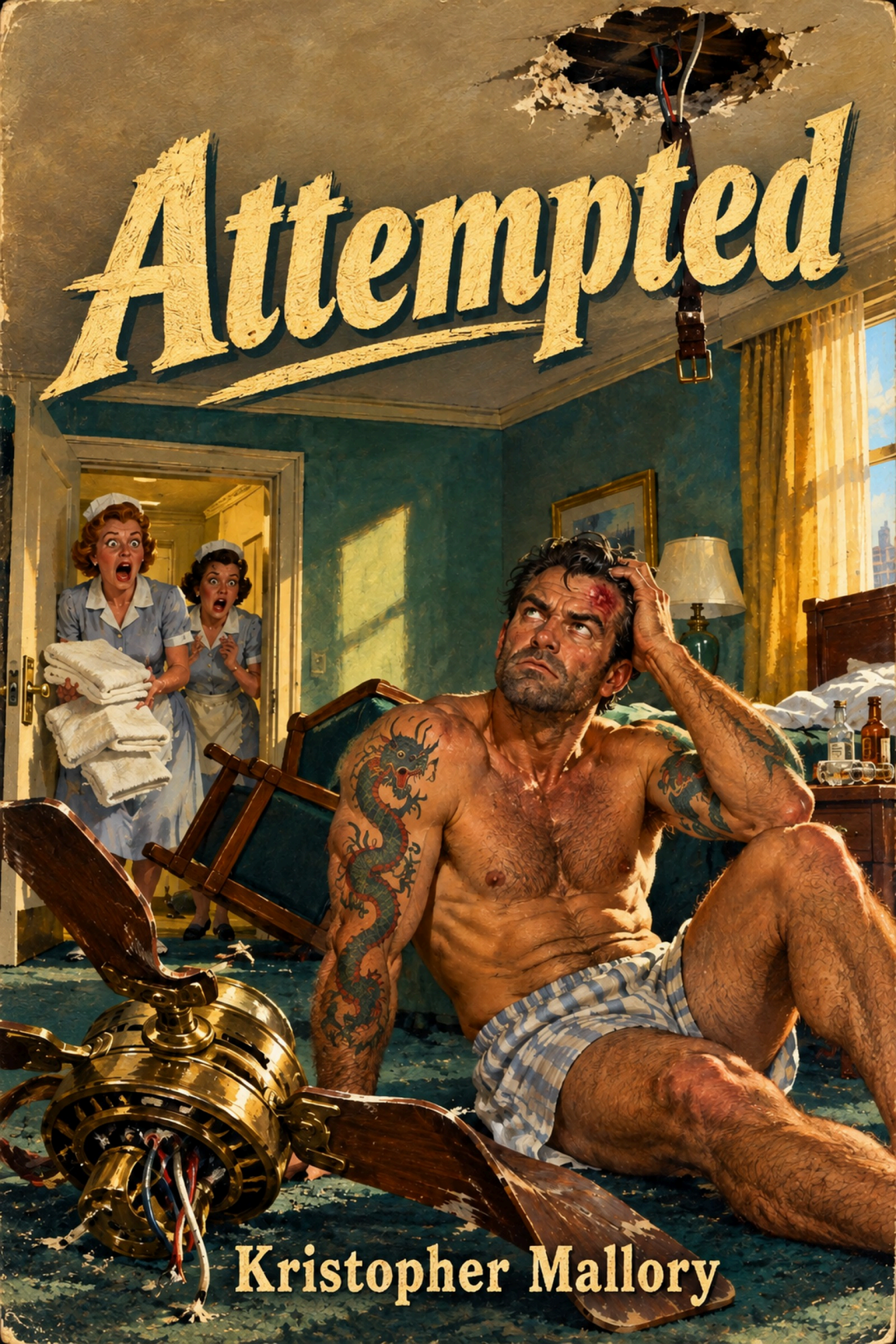

Attempted
Kristopher Mallory

# Attempted

by

Kristopher Mallory

# Attempted

*A Dark Comedy Short*

# Copyright




www.StealthFiction.com

**Attempted**

eBook Edition
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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or the author has used them fictitiously.

# Other Releases by Kristopher Mallory

*Ruined Sheets*

*The Scarecrow Corpse*

*Watchtowers of Carthage Key*

*Another Small Burn*

*The Absinthe Smuggler*

*The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett*

*The Death Agreement*

*Mega Millions*

*These Bad Dreams Combined*

*I Know What They Are*

*Master Stargazer*

# What People Are Saying about Kris's Stories

***Mega Millions:***

"NO WAY!!!! I totally hate you. You CAN'T leave it at that again and make me wait a few months for the next part!!!" – *Hannah*

***The Death Agreement:***

"Oftentimes, these no sleep series have humungous let-downs for endings. Not the case at all here. Bravo, sir." – *jerk--alert*

***I Know What They Are:***

"I experienced deja-vu while reading this and now I'm scared out of my mind." – *The Book Anaconda*

***Master Stargazer:***

"Interesting short story, well written, with a proper thought provoking ending, I would like a longer book based on the same story, if the author doesn't mind writing it." – *Izzy F.*

# Special Thanks

*To Jack and Coke.*

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# Attempted

*“If at first you don’t succeed, try, try again.”*

~ Proverb

No one ever told me it would be hard to kill myself. Sure, some *attempt* suicide and fail, but I never thought I would. I'm not one of those suicidal people who planned on taking a handful of pills before calling 911. People like that don't want to die.

The overdose method seemed so easy, too:

1. Take pills.
2. Don't pick up phone.
3. Pass out.
4. Die.

Wanting to go out in style, I spent almost all my money on a decent hotel room. I raided the mini fridge for the tiny bottles of alcohol, then lay down on the bed and got comfortable. As I drank, I wrote a note. I didn't want to. It just seemed like something I was supposed to do, a prerequisite of sorts.

Satisfied with my last words, I reached for the special bottle of pop I'd brought along with me. Three containers of prescription drugs had been ground down and dissolved. I took a few sips, drinking slowly so my stomach wouldn't object. After the slight nausea passed, I downed the rest of the deadly cocktail.

Then I bid the world adieu and drifted off to sleep.

Imagine my surprise when I woke up the next morning to the sound of the maids banging on the door. I had missed checkout time…in more ways than one.

The concoction was strong enough to kill a horse. My body held off its disagreement with my choice to end it all, and as I slept, vomit spewed out, covering everything, including my well-crafted suicide note.

Shit.

While the maids banged on the door, I wrapped my belt around my neck, slid the desk chair into the center of the room, and stepped up onto the cushion. It took some effort, but I managed to get the belt strapped around the ceiling fan.

The reflection in the dresser mirror gave everything away: black hair swept across a chiseled face, bloodshot eyes, flaring nostrils, and a dark five o'clock shadow accenting an agape mouth. The figure, tall, muscular, and tattooed with a dragon that wrapped up one arm and down the other, stood naked except for the loosely hanging underwear. Dried puke matted the hair of his well-sculpted chest. He wavered, shivering on the edge of the chair, tippy-toed and losing his balance as the belt cinched tighter, turning his once-handsome face blue.

"Sayonara."

I kicked the chair away and found myself dangling. Though choking, I forced a smile to grow so wide that my lips cracked and bled. The big fade to black came quickly. The room darkened until there was only a small light far off in the distance, and I floated toward the welcoming warmth of hell.

Then the ceiling fan broke.

I fell to the floor and the fan crashed into my head. The maids burst in, shouting in Spanish. They helped me up and led me downstairs to the front desk. Not only was I still alive, but I'd also picked up a late checkout fee, had to pay for all the minibar items, and explain what happened to the fan.

Failure wouldn't keep me from my goal. As a well-prepared individual, I had another backup plan. If legal prescription drugs wouldn't do the trick, and a hanging failed, too, maybe some illegal narcotics were the way to go.

I withdrew most of what was left in my bank account, then caught a cab into the heart of the city looking to purchase some cheap and dirty, low-grade, black tar heroin, which in itself proved to be no easy task.

Most of the users I conversed with had rotted teeth, ragged clothing, smelled like piss, and tried to rob me. One helpful addict introduced me to the corner boys in exchange for a twenty. Though I had trouble understanding their Ebonics slang, I figured out the menu consisted of dime bags of weed and vials of coke. I explained that I wanted to kill myself and had no interest in zoning out on some decent bud or becoming a mindless crackhead. They sensed that I was a cop looking for a big bust,

so they refused to give any names or numbers of people who could provide the items that I was seeking.

Now, I suppose I'll tell you that they were right. I am a cop, or rather was a cop. The old saying is true. Once a cop, always a cop. So it's no wonder that the people whom I was trying to buy from picked up on it.

It took almost all night, but I finally found a pimp who seemed like he was interested in selling to me, until he asked me to roll up my sleeves. He was suspicious of my request and wanted to see if I had track marks, the telltale sign of a drug addict. I did not. He tried to back out of the deal.

I didn't have time to find another potential seller. I withdrew my gun from the holster behind my back and shot the guy in the head.

A quick search of the pockets of his fur coat turned up the drugs. I thanked his corpse and went into a nearby abandoned row home to kill myself.

Having been a detective for a number of years, I was familiar with how intravenous drug users set up. I rolled up my sleeve and tied a plastic tube around my arm. I heated up the dissolving drugs in a spoon, then, using a cotton ball as a filter, I loaded up the syringe.

I had also prepared another note. This time it was much shorter than the one that I had written in the hotel. All the info was there, only summarized. As they say, the devil is in the details, so I thought it best to leave them out.

My final word out loud: Adiós. I stuck the needle deep into my arm and injected myself with the heroin.

Only it wasn't. I was expecting a rush as I had never experienced before, followed by a massive coronary heart attack. Neither of those two things happened. That small-time pimp was planning to rip me off. If he wasn't already dead, I'd have killed him.

The next day, I decided that I should do it by jumping off of a bridge.

I took the note from the second botched overdose and stuck it into my shirt pocket. I checked my bank account and withdrew the remainder of

my money. It was just enough to rent a car. I drove the rental car onto the bridge and stopped somewhere near the crest.

Before anyone behind the stopped rental car could figure out why the car suddenly halted on the bridge, I opened the door, then hopped onto the roof of the car and took a running leap off the side of the bridge. Just as I was going over, my eyes locked with those of a young woman driving a BMW who was two cars behind mine. I winked at her and yelled out: Auf Wiedersehen in my best German accent.

This wasn't the Golden Gate Bridge, but it wasn't some dinky stream-crosser either. I should have been a goner, but I woke up washed ashore gasping for breath. The only thing I accomplished was knocking the wind out of myself and spraining my ankles. That, and giving a woman a good story to tell her friends.

Understandably pissed off, I limped away in pain to contemplate my fourth failed attempt. Not many people would pick up a soaked man limping down a busy highway. God bless truck drivers. I hitched a ride and asked him to drop me off at a nearby library. On the way, we listened to reports of a man who jumped off a bridge. He looked at me a few times but never asked any questions.

At the library, I did a Google search, and I found out that I happened to jump at the same time the tides were coming in, and thus was washed to shore in a small cove. Lucky me.

I pulled the note from my shirt pocket. It was ruined. I wasn't sure what the hell I was thinking. If I had died, no one would have been able to read the note anyway. Just another stupid mistake in a series of stupid mistakes.

At the computer, I typed my new and improved, but shorter, note: Fuck. I hit the print button and placed the piece of paper, neatly folded, into my wallet.

If you had not suspected it yet, let me tell you, I don't like blood. Sure, I can shoot or stab someone, and it won't bother me, but I don't like the sight of my own blood and had gone my whole life doing everything

possible to avoid blood-related injuries. Until this point, I had been trying to kill myself by somewhat tame ways.

I had to expand my horizons.

I limped out of the library and walked across the street to an Indian-run convenience/donut store. I found the two items I needed and walked to the register. A pack of antacids and a razor blade. Not being able to off myself was causing my ulcer to act up, thus the antacids. I'm sure you can figure out what the razor blade was for.

The clerk gave me an odd look, so I told him to get me a glazed donut as well. Suspicion averted. The total came to $4.56. I paid him with my last five-dollar bill and tossed the change into the St. Jude's collection jar.

Outside, I walked to the back of the store and had a seat by the dumpster. I figured if I was going to make a mess, at least it would be in an already messy place. I popped the chewable antacids and ate the donut. I took the razor out of its cardboard casing and examined it. This should work, I thought.

Racking my brain, choosing my new final word, I said: Do svidanja. This time in a Russian accent. I ran the blade fast and deep across my left wrist. It hurt like hell. I switched hands, but I could barely hold the blade due to the cut tendons, so the cut across the other wrist wasn't as deep.

At the first sign of blood gushing out of my wrists, the world wavered and darkened, and just like that I was out. For a while. To be honest, I wasn't even that surprised when I woke up a few minutes later. Although the wounds were deep, the bleeding had stopped.

I heard the sound of an ambulance in the distance. From what I gathered, the clerk's wife heard my farewell call and investigated. She found me passed out and bleeding. She yelled to her husband, who called 911.

Now, this attempt was botched by two things that I wasn't aware of at the time. The paramedic said that I have a rare blood condition that causes any wounds to clot up to ten times faster than normal. I never knew this because I spent my life avoiding injury. Go figure. The second thing was

that I cut my wrists all wrong. He was nice enough to demonstrate the right way, but refused to hand me the razor blade so that I could try again.

In the ambulance, I managed to knock out the paramedic who was attending to me. No one bothered to check me for weapons. I might have been wet, bruised, sick to my stomach, had two sprained ankles and two sets of ruined tendons, and a sore throat, but I still had my Glock 9mm.

I held the barrel to my temple and pulled the trigger. A blinding white flash of light is the last thing I saw. Or should have seen.

Yes, I woke up yet again. It was three weeks later. The doctor explained how lucky I am to be alive. He told me that an eighth of an inch higher or lower and I would have been dead for sure. As it turns out, the bullet would not cause any long-lasting damage. It remains in my head, and I'm going to make a full recovery.

Six times, and no luck. Either I'm the unluckiest guy in the world, or for some reason I'm not supposed to be dead yet.

That doesn't mean I'm done trying.

Fire.

Car crash.

Explosives.

Train tracks.

No one ever told me it would be so hard to kill myself, but sooner or later, I'll get it right.

THE END.



# About the Author



Born near Baltimore, Maryland, Kris has been writing short fiction since he was a kid. First sharing his ramblings on Stealth Fiction and then on Reddit, where most of his stories were posted to r/nosleep. His stories have been featured on The NoSleep Podcast, Chilling Tales for Dark Nights, Tales to Terrify, and Horror on the Rocks. The recording of The Scarecrow Corpse, read by Markiplier, has been heard hundreds of thousands of times. He lives in Melbourne, Australia, with his wife. And occasionally, he turns into a strawberry.

More stories: StealthFiction.com

# What's Next?

**LET ME TELL YOU HOW I LOST MY EYES**

**A Short Story Collection by Sammy Fowler**

Coming one day. Maybe. Probably not.

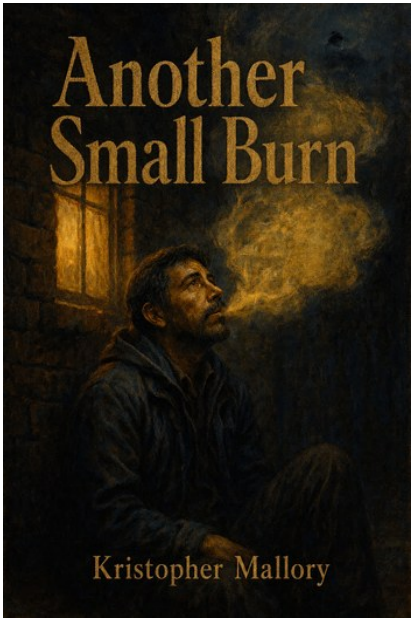
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# Hear It Read Aloud

Hear Attempted read aloud in its own Stealth Fiction narration, free at StealthFiction.com.

Listen on StealthFiction.com

# More from Kristopher Mallory




**ANOTHER SMALL BURN**

This quiet horror short is now available on Amazon. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

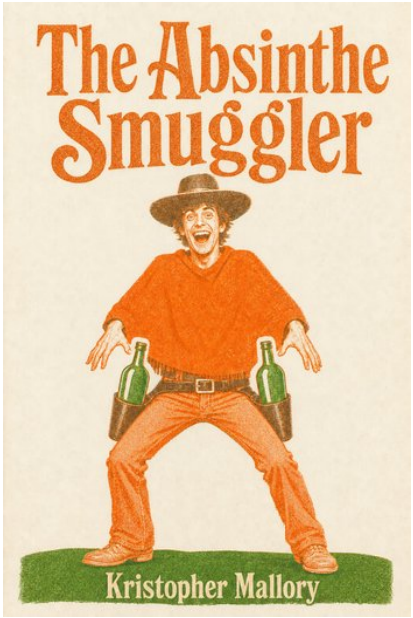
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Carlos can burn any memory into magic, the way everyone can now; the hard part is choosing which ones he can live without.

~~~~~

***Praise for Another Small Burn:***

"That would make a fantastic Novella or novel, I was sad when it ended and wanted more." – *smoore*




**THE ABSINTHE SMUGGLER**

This comedy short is now available on Amazon. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

~~~~~

A teenager on holiday in Madrid promises his friends two bottles of the green fairy, and customs turns out to be the easy part.
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**THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS OF MR. EVERETT**

This Christmas horror story is now available on Amazon. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

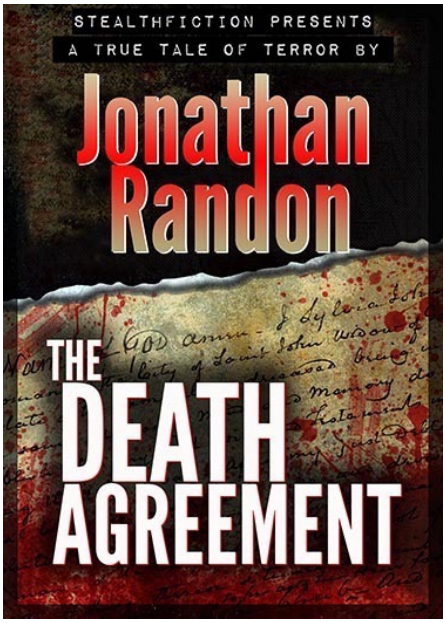
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Christmas Eve, a blizzard, and Hank agrees to sit with old Mr. Everett, twenty-two-time winner of the town's decoration contest, who insists he is not going crazy.

~~~~~

***Praise for The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett:***

"Quite a story, mixing snowy Christmas magic with delightfully dark humored chills." – *leavnsoon*




**THE DEATH AGREEMENT**

This horror novella is now available. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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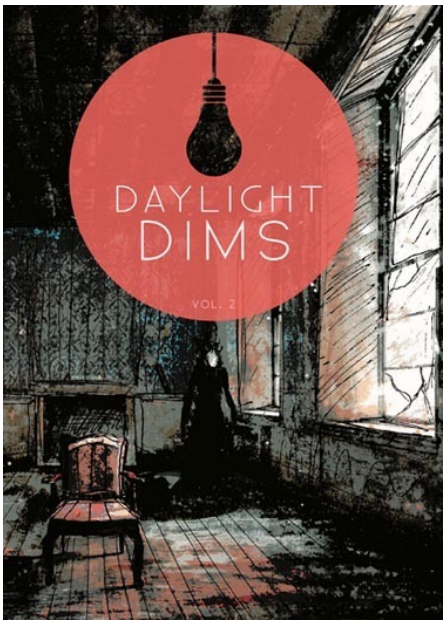
We made a pact. He lived up to his end by dying. I tried to live up to my end by following The Death Agreement.

What you will find within these pages is a true recounting of a man's life as seen through my eyes. It's almost an impossible task when some of what you see can't be real and what is real you may refuse to see… My name is Jon Randon and I'm going to tell you a story.

***Praise for The Death Agreement:***

"This was one of the best things I've ever read." – *GrandMoffJed*
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# More from Stealth Fiction




**DAYLIGHT DIMS**
**VOLUME TWO**

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

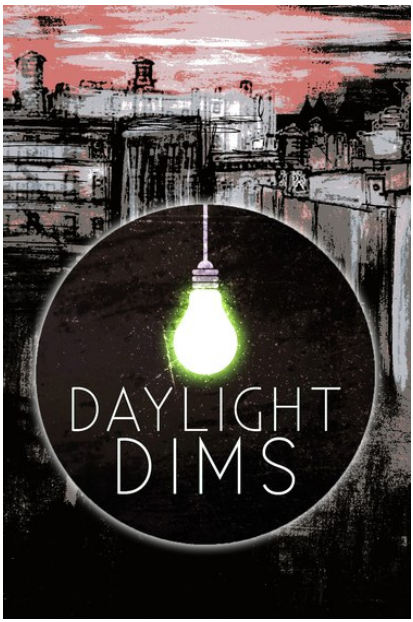
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable tropes to the more taboo, these handpicked tales have a literary aspect designed to showcase what true horror can be.

~~~~~

***Praise for Daylight Dims Vol. 2:***

“This was probably one of the most entertaining collections of horror stories I've ever read. And I don't say this to suck up or to stroke any tail feathers. I was happy to have the opportunity to read through this before release, and I implore anyone on the fence about picking this up to do themselves a favor and take the plunge into the abyss. You will not be disappointed.” – *Human Gravy*




**DAYLIGHT DIMS**

**VOLUME ONE**

*Second Edition — now with two new stories from the editors.*

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

~~~~~

The editors chose 13 stories from over 100 premium submissions. DD contains some of the best horror around.

~~~~~

***Praise for Daylight Dims:***

"This is a fantastic horror anthology. All 13 stories are exquisite. The book was not what I expected initially, as I thought that it might be all vampire or werewolf tales. Not so! These are original stories from authors of the macabre. From dark fantasy and pure suspense to classic horror tales, it shows the extraordinary scope of fantastical fright fiction. The stories in this anthology are a tour de force of fear, which will haunt you, terrify you, and stay with you." – S. Mahaffey, *"neverjudge"*