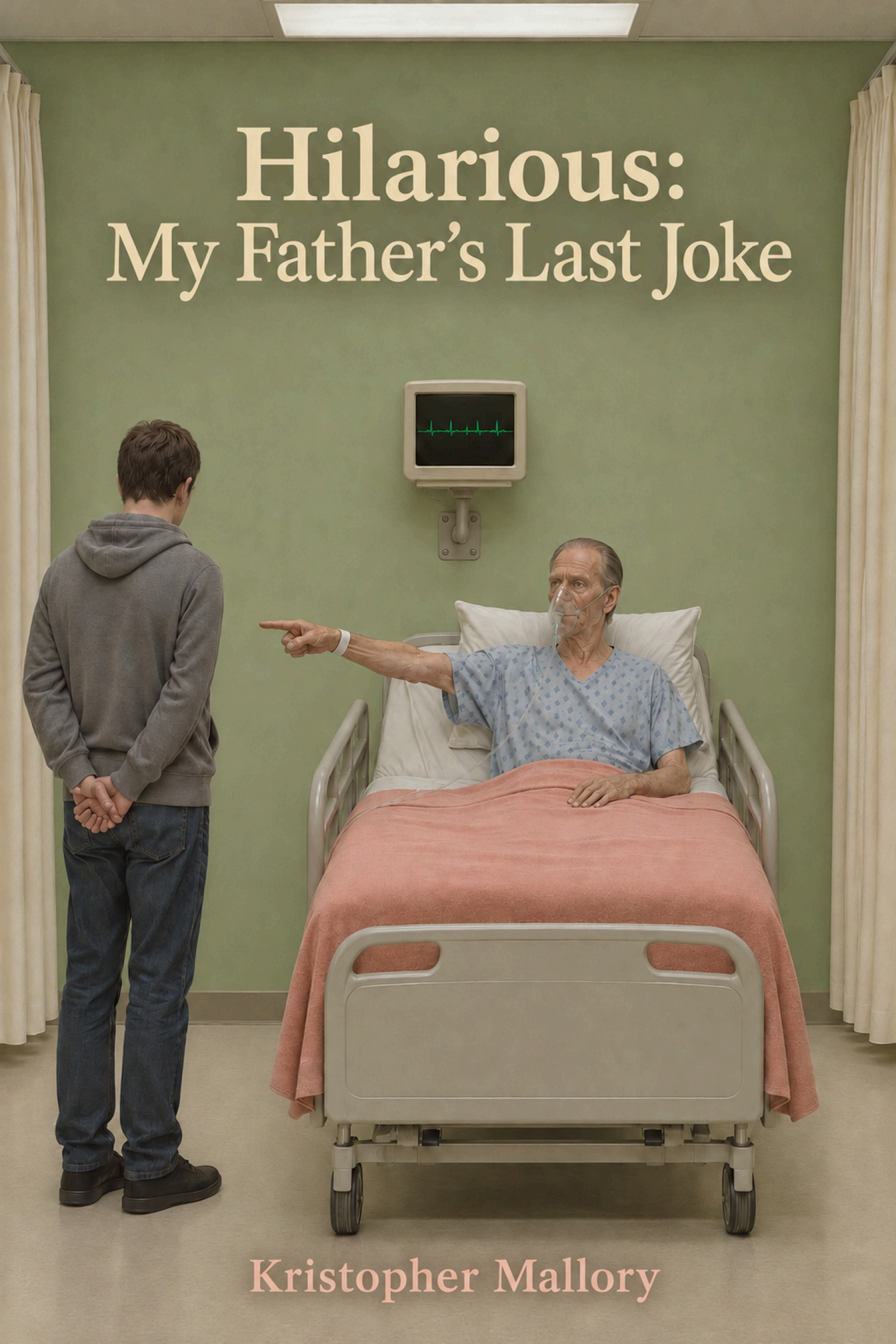
Hilarious:
My Father's Last Joke



Kristopher Mallory

Hilarious: My Father's Last Joke

by

Kristopher Mallory

Hilarious: My Father's Last Joke

A Dark Comedy

Copyright



www.StealthFiction.com

Hilarious: My Father's Last Joke

eBook Edition
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Edited with Grammarly and Claude

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Disclaimer:

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

Gillian

Long-Term Investment

Wrong Way Charlie

Prepared Fresh

Road Trip Down A Dark Memory Lane

She's Not Human

Universal Transmission

The Little Old Lady

The Price To See The Dead

Attempted

A Gift Of Bone

Payphone

What People Are Saying about Kris's Stories

The Death Agreement:

"This is all so confusing and mind blowingly awesome." – *jesslikewoah*

I Know What They Are:

"This is absolutely amazing. Has me a bit paranoid as I get deja vu quite a bit, hopefully not too many good futures have passed me by..." – *Niamhel*

Master Stargazer:

"Hands down one of the best short sci fi books I have read, and I have read a lot." – *rickamente*

These Bad Dreams Combined:

"I have no idea WTF is going on here, but I'm fascinated!" – *ali*

Special Thanks

For every father who never let a joke go unfinished.

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Hilarious: My Father's Last Joke

“It’s not that I’m afraid to die, I just don’t want to be there when it happens.”

~ Woody Allen, Death (A Play)

My name is E., and to this day I'm not sure if I killed my father.

We were in room 218 of the Baltimore Washington Medical Center. I was lying back in the recliner trying to sleep, but my father's breathing was strained by the oxygen mask on his face, and the beeping noises of the machines prevented me from drifting off. I tried counting sheep, but every time I got to 69, I thought of some other meaning for the number, and it would take me 15 minutes to resist the urge to sneak into the bathroom to release some tension while thinking about the fairly hot nurse that did the nightly rounds. Once I settled down, I'd start counting again: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

I guess it was about 3 AM when I heard my father groan. I looked up. His hand was held out, summoning me to his bedside.

This is it, I thought. My father is going to say something profound, something so important that it would change my life forever.

I walked over and put my hands over his. "What is it, Pop? Do ya need a sip of water?"

He shook his head no and mouthed the word 'closer'.

I leaned in. "It's going to be alright. I'm here, O.K.?" I'm new to the whole loved ones dying scene. This is the kind of thing I'm supposed to say, right? I meant to rent a few movies to brush up on the proper deathbed etiquette, but the video place told me I'd have to pay my previous late fees before they would lend me anything else, so I decided to play it by ear.

Closer, he mouthed again.

I leaned in even closer.

My father began to speak. "I want you to…" He broke into a fit of coughing. "I want you to…"

"What is it, Pop? What do you want me to do?" Here it comes, I thought.

"Puh… Puh… Pull my finger."

The last thing my father did before he died was ask me to pull his finger.

Let that sink in for a second.

People still don't believe that story when I tell it. But it's God's honest truth. My father was a joker to the very end.

After he said it, I shook my head and grinned at him. Sure enough, his index finger was held out. Like a good son, I pulled on it. I expected to hear him squeak out a fart. What I heard instead was the long, steady, high-pitched sound that a heart monitor makes when the heart it is monitoring stops working.

I guess it's kind of fitting. I mean, the man played jokes on me my whole life. To understand that, we would have to rewind back to the very beginning.

This is 36 years ago. My father is behind my mother, who is behind the dumpster, which is behind the club that my father performed at. She was a cocktail waitress. He was a stand-up comedian. They were strangers, both drunk, and both naked from the waist down. My mother, cautious as she was, insisted on protection. My father, as funny as he was, assured her he was wearing it. The first joke: Me.

Move forward 9 months, 8 pounds and 3 ounces.

I go simply by the name E. nowadays, but the name on my birth certificate reads: Oops E. Hilarious. Or as I like to call it: Joke 2. My father didn't even give me his real last name. Instead, the last name on my birth certificate was my father's stage name. 'Hilarious.' As far as my first and middle name goes, Oopsie refers to a mistake. In fact, this is the direct definition from the Urban Dictionary: While farting really hard, the accidental release of fecal matter into your pants.

Look it up if you want.

With that bit of knowledge and the smell telling me that my father's bowels released upon his death, it seems we've come full circle back to me in the hospital room. Joke 17,432 just happened. The last joke.

Only then does the boner I had from thinking about the redheaded female doctor, who is now doing CPR on my father's corpse, start to go away.

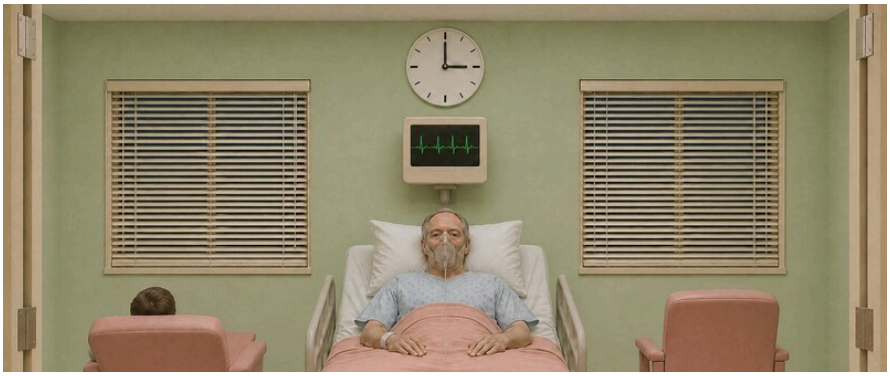
The name tag over her perfectly round breast reads: Cherry Pepper, PhD.

“Hey, Doc? Wanna go out sometime?” I ask.

With her mouth still over the mouth of my dead father, she looked at me. That look, I’ll never forget. She didn’t know it at the time, but she was looking at her future husband.

I’d like to tell you more about all the crazy shit that happened to me up to this point in my life, but I’m a sucker for nostalgia, and it’s tough to jerk off and type at the same time. I’m surprised I made it this far.

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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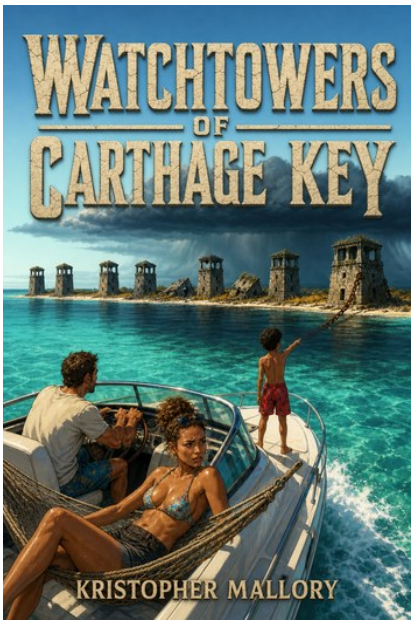
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are meant to be heard.

Hilarious: My Father's Last Joke has a complete audio narration, read by Davis, a digital voice. It runs 5 minutes and it's free: play it online, or download it as an MP3 or an audiobook with chapters.

Listen free at stealthfiction.com

More from Kristopher Mallory



WATCHTOWERS OF CARTHAGE KEY

This cosmic horror story is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

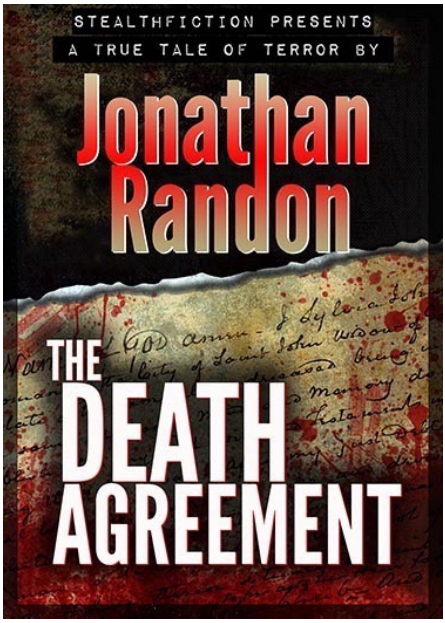
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Marc takes his girlfriend and her son out to an unnamed key far off the Florida coast, where six ruined watchtowers stand guard and nothing swims in the water.

~~~~~

Praise for Watchtowers of Carthage Key:

"Mysterious ruins, otherworldly horrors, the narrator questioning his own sanity, and the setting itself is the monster - very Lovecraftian!" – *notoriouswhitemoth*



THE DEATH AGREEMENT

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

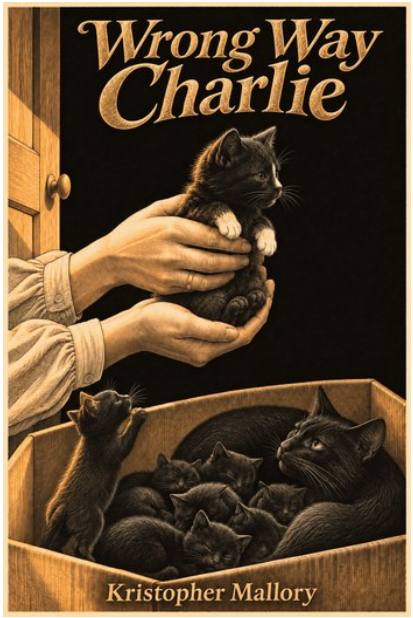
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We made a pact. He lived up to his end by dying. I tried to live up to my end by following The Death Agreement.

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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WRONG WAY CHARLIE

This short tragedy is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

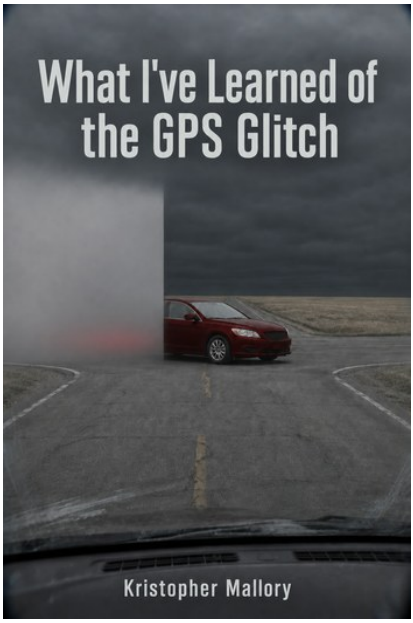
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Sammy Fowler remembers his first best friend, a kitten called Wrong Way Charlie who could never find his way back to the box, and the hallway where it ended.

~~~~~

Praise for Wrong Way Charlie:

"Small, sweet and devastating. Keep the tissues close." – *Stealth Fiction*



WHAT I'VE LEARNED OF THE GPS GLITCH

This cosmic horror story is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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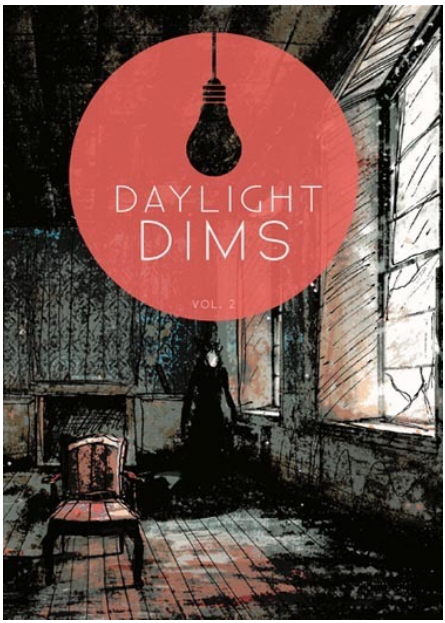
A government contractor beats his road rage by letting the GPS do the thinking, until the agency asks why his fifty-minute commute takes three hours.

~~~~~

Praise for What I've Learned of the GPS Glitch:

"Road rage has never gone this far out. The strangest commute you'll ever take." – *Stealth Fiction*

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.

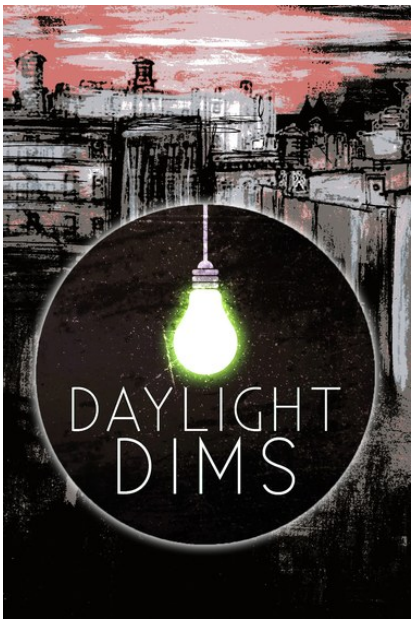
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable 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"*