
Letter of Intent
Kristopher Mallory

Letter of Intent

by

Kristopher Mallory

Letter of Intent

An Axis Story

Copyright



www.StealthFiction.com

Letter of Intent

eBook Edition
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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 the four people who threw it away.

An Axis Story

Letter of Intent is an Axis story, one piece of a larger history told across the stories of The Axis Collection. In that history, a cult born in Destiny, Nevada grows into the Axis: first a foundation, then a political party, and finally the Axis States of America, with the Smith brothers, Randell and Jackin, somewhere near its roots. Standing against it is the 3.5.8., a small secret team inside the government that hardly anyone believes is real.

This book is the last letter of Randell Smith. It stands on its own, and the rest of that world is told in the other Axis stories, which you can read free at stealthfiction.com.

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Letter of Intent

“Every murderer is probably somebody’s old friend.”

~ Agatha Christie, The Mysterious Affair at Styles

Dear [Name Redacted],

Handwritten letters and you have something special in common: you're both a rarity. Your eyes radiate a passion that pulls me in, makes me feel ways I did not think possible. Your smile haunts my dreams, a shining light in treacherous fog, guiding me to salvation. Your happiness is my everything. Phrases like "I love you" cannot convey how special you are. Thank you for what you have given.

I'm hoping this note finds you well. These drawn-out notes are designed to make them more desirable.

A plain white envelope with just your address on it. Who could resist opening it? At first, you thought it was just junk mail, and you considered tearing it up and tossing it into the trash, right? Then something caught your eye.

It's o.k. I don't blame you. Everyone thinks the same thing at first. On second thought, this letter could be something important, so you opened it, and while still expecting to see advertisements or a credit card offer inside, you noticed my neat handwriting. This letter is a photocopy of the original.

You looked to see to whom it was written and only found the opening words 'Dear [Name Redacted].' Yes, that's right, this letter is for you, whoever you are. Consider this my confession of events that have not yet come to pass. Consider this my letter of intent.

Before I go on, I have to tell you that you do not have to read any more of what I have to say. I've taken up less than one minute of your time. It can end here. If you wish, simply toss this in the trash and think no more about it… or continue to read, but past this point you won't be able to turn back.

I guess you are still reading. You couldn't resist the idea of hearing my confessions. Yes, as in more than one.

My first confession is that I have killed people. Lots of people. The last was a pretty young woman who was having car trouble on the side of a highway. Why she did not use her cell phone to call a friend to help her, I'll never know. All this happened earlier in the evening of me writing this,

mailing this out by overnight delivery, and then going home to, well, I'll get to that in a moment.

She had the hood up and was fiddling with the battery cables when I pulled up and asked how I could help. I did not intend to kill her. I did not.

When she spoke to me, she sounded just like the foster parent who abused me as a child. Do not feel even the slightest bit sorry for me. It is simply the truth. She sounded like someone I hated, and therefore I slit her throat. It happened so fast. I heard her voice. Then her neck was slashed. She died with a surprised look on her face.

My second confession is that you are talking to a dead man. Right after I murdered the girl, wrote this, and dropped this in the mail, I went back to my apartment and put a bullet in my brain. Sorry, I can't offer you proof. I'm not going to be on the news or anything like that, but rest assured, while you are reading, I'm rotting in my recliner. Again, do not feel bad for me; I wasn't a nice person.

My third confession is that I am not finished killing. This must sound strange, but you will have full understanding. I promise. You see, I have always known I would kill myself. After I dumped the girl's body, I knew I was going to do it that night. That's when I heard her cell phone ringing in her purse. I took it; the caller I.D. identified the incoming call as being from 'Mom'.

As I said in the beginning, this is a confession but also a letter of intent.

I intend to kill you.

Oh no, you can't stop reading now.

Do you want the how or the why first? Ha ha, I'm sure you do not see how a dead killer can ever harm you, so let me explain the why.

Why Me? You see, I want to be remembered. I want to be seen on the late-night 'psycho mass killer' specials. For years, I've tried to be caught. The police around here are inept in their duties. So call this my surrender. When they find your body, it will lead them to my body and, with it, the list of all the sins I have committed.

If I could pull off what I hoped to, then I would ensure my place along with the greats such as Manson, Gein, and the rest. Killer kills from beyond. That dead girl's ringing phone was the answer.

Why You? You do not know who I am. So far, I haven't told you how I ended up mailing this letter to you. It was the girl and her phone. She knew you. You were listed as a contact in her phone.

By now, you are probably frantically running off the list of young, pretty girls you know. Which one is it? Which one did I kill? I'm not going to tell you, and you are not ever going to know. I will tell you that she could have called you to help her when her car broke down but did not, and now here we are.

Don't even think of putting this letter down now!

You are not special. Our mutual friend had a hell of a lot of contacts in that little PDA deal she was carrying. What I haven't told you is that every person listed had an address. To every address I sent this letter.

You may have been a Friend, Enemy, Co-worker, Cousin, Sister, Brother, Ex, or even Good ol' Mom. You all got this letter. Sixty-three people, to be exact.

How? My Last Confession. I intend to kill you, and while you have been reading this letter, I have been committing murder. I may have forgotten to mention I was a chemist at one point. Each one of these letters has been soaked in a nice little blend of chemicals I whipped up.

A special batch that, if applied to the skin for over sixty seconds, starts to take effect. Remember, I did give you the chance to get out while you could. This 'poison,' if you will, has been working its way into your bloodstream. You have been feeling the effects but probably didn't notice because you were too upset thinking about your dead friend, your dead killer, and of course your own impending, preposterous death. It's o.k. I wouldn't have believed me either.

…and by now, you won't be able to stand up to go for a phone for help. In fact, you won't be able to scream; go ahead and try if you like, but your vocal cords have been relaxed. The hallucinations should begin very soon

if they haven't already. Remember, think happy thoughts, because your heart will be giving out shortly.

Regards,

Randell Smith.

P.S. When they make the movie, I hope I'm played by someone good.

* * *

A reposting of the actual letter Randell Smith sent out to 63 of his victims before committing suicide. Forty-one of the 63 were killed. Seven were seriously injured but were saved because their families got them quick medical treatment. Eleven people were not home to receive the letter or never opened it. Only four people threw the letter away when Randell informed them of the option. Police recovered evidence linking Mr. Smith to a total of 22 additional homicides at his residence. Randell Smith's life story, titled 'Letters of Intent,' is currently in post-production and due out in theaters this spring.

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 better heard in the dark.

Letter of Intent has a complete audio narration, read by Miles Reed, a digital voice. It runs 9 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



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.

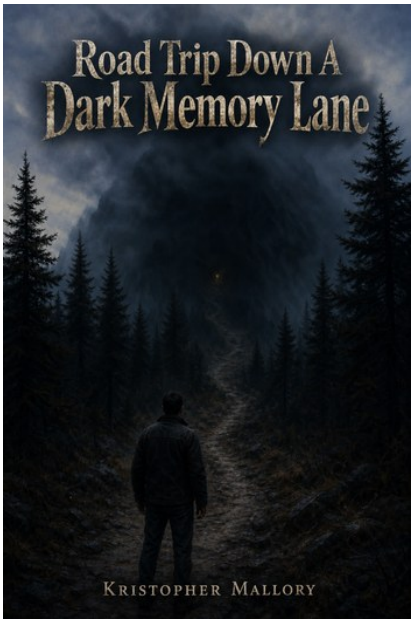
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Christmas Eve, a blizzard, and Hank agrees to sit with old Mr. Everett, twenty-two-time winner of the town's decoration contest, who insists he is not going crazy.

~~~~~

Praise for The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett:

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



ROAD TRIP DOWN A DARK MEMORY LANE

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

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Twenty-five years after he was taken as a boy, a husband and father writes it all down, loads the car, and drives his family back to Black Fog Mountain.

~~~~~

Praise for Road Trip Down A Dark Memory Lane:

"Every mile pulls the knot tighter, and the ending is the kind you sit with in silence." – *Stealth Fiction*



RUINED SHEETS

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

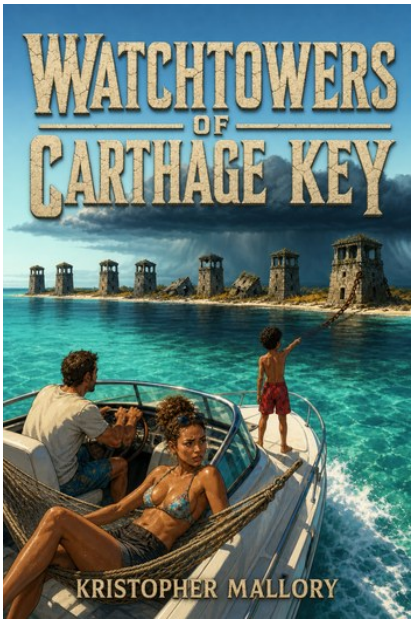
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A father is arrested for the third time after his boy's bedroom is found soaked in blood, and he knows the charges will be dropped again.

~~~~~

Praise for Ruined Sheets:

"You'll want to know why, and then you won't. Unsettling to the very last line." – *Stealth Fiction*



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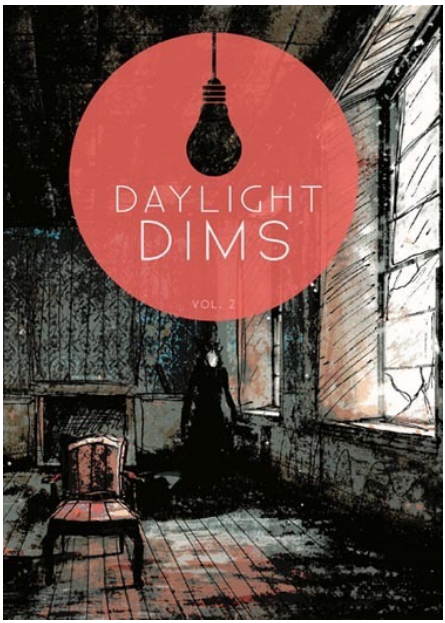
Marc takes his girlfriend and her son out to an unnamed key far off the Florida coast, where six ruined watchtowers stand guard and nothing swims in the water.

~~~~~

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*

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.

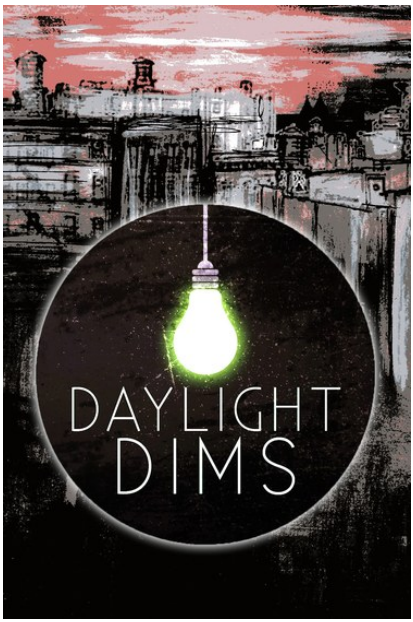
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable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

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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"*