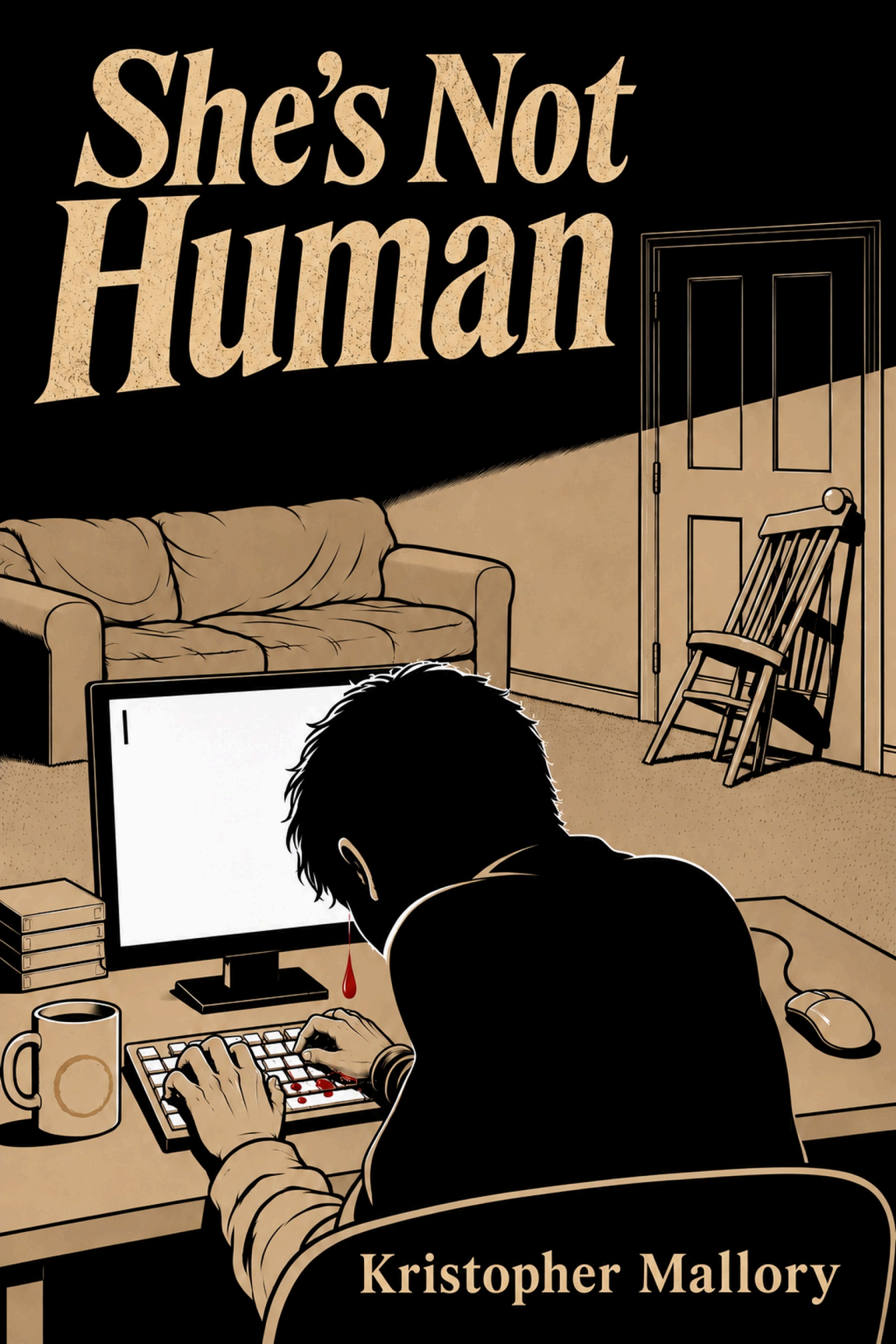
She's Not Human



Kristopher Mallory

She's Not Human

by

Kristopher Mallory

She's Not Human

A Horror Short

Copyright



www.StealthFiction.com

She's Not Human

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

Universal Transmission

The Little Old Lady

The Price To See The Dead

Attempted

A Gift Of Bone

Payphone

What I've Learned of the GPS Glitch

The Diary

Ruined Sheets

The Scarecrow Corpse

Watchtowers of Carthage Key

Another Small Burn

What People Are Saying about Kris’s Stories

What I've Learned of the GPS Glitch:

“Something about this screams cosmic terror to me. Left me with chills at the end.” – *Human_Gravy*

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 Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett:

“Ow my chest hurts from holding my breath through most of the story.” – *JannaSwag*

Another Small Burn:

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

Special Thanks

To r/nosleep, where she first got out of the bedroom in 2011.

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She's Not Human

“When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.”

~ Arthur Conan Doyle, The Sign of the Four

The first thing I notice, as I become self-aware, is a small droplet of blood splatter as it hits the keyboard. A steady stream is falling from my nose, which might be broken, but if it is, I don't feel the pain yet; my face, my body, everything, is still numb. The infinite loop of suicidal and homicidal thoughts, which took control, has somehow been broken. Like a dream, the thousands of scenarios that ran through my mind have all but vanished somehow. Only a single image remains burned into my memory. Oddly, it's decapitation. Now I notice that my hands are shaking badly; I can hardly find the keys that I need to type to keep up with my thoughts; yet somehow I am managing, albeit slowly. I also realize that my breaths are still coming deep and fast, but I sense the hyperventilation subsiding, as the blackness, which was encroaching on my vision, begins to recede. At first, the only sound I hear is that of my own heart pounding in my chest, but now that is being replaced by the sound of screaming coming from behind a locked bedroom door.

Her.

I take a breath, hold it, and let it out slowly. I need to focus. The reason I'm sitting here is coming back to me in small bits and pieces. I'm back now, mostly, and I know that I need to explain what happened before I unlock that door and let her out.

I scream for her to shut up so I can think.

Let me tell you about her. She's not human. I don't know what she is, but one thing I'm sure of is that she's not human. It wasn't easy coming to this conclusion. It's not like she's blue or green or purple. She doesn't have two heads. There are no tentacles. No vampire fangs. No claws. She doesn't possess any other distinguishing feature that you would expect a monster or an extraterrestrial to have. You see, she looks human and she acts human, but I swear, hand to whomever, she's not human.

From behind the locked bedroom door: Banging. Some kicking. More banging.

Believe me, I know that sounds crazy. I know that everything I'm about to tell you will sound crazy too. For a while, sure, I thought maybe I

was losing my mind. But I did the research. I *Wikipedia'd* the crap out of mental illnesses. I checked into Capgras syndrome, prosopagnosia, schizophrenia, and all the other big ones. None of them fit. I took the online tests. You know the ones that ask you a bunch of questions about your mother, yeah, those. And the results all say I'm a perfectly well-adjusted twenty-something-year-old male. (With a decent IQ too.) So who am I to disagree with the experts? I no longer question my sanity. Nothing I've done can be classified as insane. That option is off the table.

From behind the locked bedroom door: Screaming. Unbearable, ear-shattering screams.

From what I've said so far, you probably think I've lost my mind. Personality tests can go to hell, right? I don't blame you. But I'm confident you'll change your mind. And soon, I hope, because I don't know how much time I have left. It's doubtful that anyone around this neighborhood cares enough to call the police, even if they did hear her screaming. No way to be sure, though, so I need to figure out what to do next. And I need to believe that you will agree I did the right thing, whatever that thing turns out to be. By telling the truth, I think the answer will come to me. That way, when something bad happens to me, well, at least there will be some record of my side of the story.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "Please? Please, will you stop doing this?"

Anything less than the full account won't help. I can feel my time running short, so I'll make it quick. I promise.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "The bleeding won't stop. Let me out."

First, where am I? I'm in the living room, writing. She's locked in the bedroom, bleeding. She's trying to trick me into unlocking the door. It is impossible to fully concentrate with that kind of distraction. I'm doing my best to ignore her so I can start at the beginning, but the present will keep tunneling through. I ask that you forgive me for that.

From behind the locked bedroom door: “I’m serious. The bleeding won’t stop. I… I need a doctor.”

I first noticed her while I was out shopping. Actually, I don’t think I noticed her at all; I can say that’s where the problem started, although I didn’t realize it at the time. To describe her is to say she’s average. Average height. Average weight. Average clothing. Average face. If you could take a sample of every feature of every woman in the world, this girl’s particular look would be the median. Nothing stood out about her. That is probably the point. I’m thinking that she was somehow designed to fit in by looking so average, a camouflage of sorts.

From behind the locked bedroom door: More banging. More kicking. More screaming.

Shyly, she smiled at me while she handled my transaction at the register. We made some small talk about the computer game I was buying. After paying, I left. Our meeting was so unremarkable I didn’t give her a second thought. As a perfectly sane individual, I refuse to embellish. If you were expecting something more from this part of the story, I’m sorry, but this is how it happened.

From behind the locked bedroom door: “I’m scared, ok? Are you going to kill me?”

A few days went by—it might have been a few weeks—I can’t be certain. Time, for me, is funny like that. The days and nights all run together now. All I can say is that we see each other again at a local coffee shop. Wait, that’s not exactly true. She must have remembered me because she is the one who mentions recognizing me from her job. Being nice, I ask if she wants to join me. She sits, and we talk about food, politics, drugs, news, video games, and whatever else. Except something is strange: it’s what we don’t talk about. Not a single personal question is asked. Of course, like our first meeting, this doesn’t strike me as odd. But it is, right? After finishing our coffee, there is an awkward silence as if neither one of us knows how to get up and leave. I’m not particularly interested in her, but suddenly, for reasons unknown, I ask for her number.

From behind the locked bedroom door: Crying now. Soft sobbing.

The next day I have her in my bed. Or is it she has me in my bed? I need to keep reminding myself that this whole ordeal is all her doing. The sex we have is very… average. It dawns on me that I don't know her name. She tells me, but its meaning is hollow, and I don't make any effort to remember it. I smoke a bowl and play video games while sitting naked on the couch. She declines the weed and watches me as I play. She is over every night. I seem to have a girlfriend. One night she cooks dinner. I eat. She doesn't. The food is… average.

From behind the locked bedroom door: More crying; it is the sound of a wounded animal.

She seems absolutely normal in every way, the average girl, with an average body, average personality, and an average style, who cooks average food, and has average sex. See the problem? I hate that word; yet, it is the only word that fits. Everything about her is just too normal. At some point, I realize there has to be deviation. No one could be as middle line as her. She must have something perfect about her, or some kind of flaw. The only logical conclusion is that she's hiding her true differences from the world, whatever they are.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "I'm sorry if what I did hurt you. I did everything out of love. You need to know that. Won't you let me out? Don't you care that I'm bleeding to death in here?"

It's at this moment I begin my obsession. I decide, whatever it is that is different about her, I am going to find it. When we are together, I watch her body language intently in search of barely visible mannerisms, hoping to see a facial tic or other oddity. When she's sleeping, I search through her computer and phone for clues of a possible secret life that would ease my mind. When I'm alone, I page through thousands of documents in public information databases, praying to find out she is a wanted criminal, or that she has some kind of medical condition. When we speak on the phone, I ask her questions about her day. I already know the answers, of course,

since I hired a private detective to follow her. I cross my fingers and wait for a lie that never comes.

After all this research, I find nothing, and it ruins me. I must keep looking. Have to! Ideas on how to catch her race through my head: perhaps I could collect some hair, saliva, and blood samples to test her DNA, or maybe I should throw myself down a flight of stairs to see if she's the type of girl that will care for an invalid. I can't give up. Some people say obsession leads to insanity, but I won't believe that, because everybody does this sort of thing when they get involved with someone new. Maybe not to this level, but they still do it, and I am still in control.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "I know you're still out there. Listen to me. What happened isn't your fault. I was scared that I was falling for you. I… I have fallen for you. That's why."

Suddenly I am aware that she notices my distress. It is increasingly difficult to hide this new secret life of mine. All the plotting and planning, digging and spying can really wear someone out. It happens while I'm sitting at the dining room table; I am watching her, watching me, watching her. She asks me if I am feeling all right. Of course I'm all right. She points out that I've dumped a third of the sugar into my coffee cup and that I've gone and lit two cigarettes, which I am holding both in one hand. I find this slightly amusing since I am not a cigarette smoker or a coffee drinker, but that doesn't stop me from taking a drag from each cigarette and downing the cup of coffee in a few big gulps before pouring another one.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "Maybe we can still make this work. I'm willing to try if you are. Just open the door so we can talk. Hello? I'm sorry I went to see my ex."

It's after midnight; she's sleeping next to me, and I'm simply watching her chest rise and fall in the darkness. She's perfect, I think, as I lightly trace a line down her neck, across her bare breast, and down her stomach using my finger. She's perfect in her normality. That's all there is to it. I remember someone once wrote that if you have eliminated the impossible,

whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Wiser words have never been spoken. Logically, a girl without a flaw can't exist. This truth has been staring at me in the face this whole time; I've just refused to believe it. In this moment of crystal clarity, I realize I can't find human flaws because she isn't human.

From behind the locked bedroom door: There is silence now. I can tell she is listening.

It wakes up and asks me to put my arms around her. I do. It says that it's glad I'm hers. Then it drifts off back to sleep. I lie there wide awake trying to figure out how to prove she isn't human while listening to its soft snores next to me. I can't help but smile; the obsessing over flaws and perfection is finished. I feel a moment of relief before I realize that my new goal is going to be much more difficult. I shudder. She isn't human, but what is she? How can I prove what I know to be true? How?

From behind the locked bedroom door: "I don't know what you're doing out there. It's clear you don't care that you hurt me, but if you can hear me, I want you to know that I have fallen in love with you. It wasn't supposed to happen, but it did. I couldn't help what happened to us. My ex, he made that clear."

The week after my revelation goes by in a blur. My life has become a puzzle without an exit. Each path I take leads me to a dead end. I finally accept that I can't prove she's not human, but this acceptance doesn't satisfy me. It calls and says she will be there shortly. I still don't have a plan, but I have to do something. I'm sure it knows that I know, and this illusion of ignorance has gone on long enough. It shouldn't have gone on at all. Confrontation is the only course of action left.

Later, I hear a key in the door, and I realize that at some point it has moved into my house. At what point that happened, I can't seem to remember. It looks different, fatter, maybe. I'm staring at her belly, and it asks me if I want to talk about what has been bothering me lately. I do.

"I know the truth," I say.

At that, her expression changes slightly. “What do you think you know?” she asks.

“I know about you,” I tell her. “I know that you’re not human.”

She tries to touch me, and I step away.

“Why are you being like this?” she asks.

I try to hold back my emotions, all the frustrations and fears, but they are all too much, and for the first time in what seems like a lifetime, I start to cry.

“Just tell me the truth. Please, please, please, tell me the truth!” I am begging her.

She sits on the couch and puts her head down. It wraps its arms around the bulging stomach. I have never seen something look so pathetic and ashamed.

From behind the locked bedroom door: More crying. “I’m Sorry!”

I keep asking again and again and again. First gently, and now screaming. I want her to tell me why it chose me! Why is she putting me through this torment! It won’t answer. It just sits there with tears in its eyes. The longer this goes on, the angrier I get. Something has to be done. I grab her by the shoulders. I tell her I’m going to prove she isn’t human. All the while, she’s going on and on about being sorry for visiting her ex. I tell her that I don’t give a damn about her ex-boyfriend. And besides, the private detective has already given me the report of her morning activity. Nothing happened; they just talked for a minute, and then she left. She keeps going on about him, so I scream at her to get back to the subject at hand. All I want is the truth. It owes me that much.

From behind the locked bedroom door: “You can’t keep me locked in here forever. Please let me out, and we can talk.”

It’s still rambling on about her visit with her ex-boyfriend, trying to explain the situation, but I keep cutting her off. I’ve never felt anger so strong. At one point I bash my own skull against the wall to demonstrate my frustration. “Tell me!” I shout. “Do it!” I feel myself losing control. Something has to be done. Anyone can see that. Instinct takes over. I run to

the kitchen, planning to grab a knife, but I remember my hammer is stored under the sink, so I take that instead. I walk back into the living room, weapon tight in hand. It sees the look on my face and probably thinks I am going to bash its face in, which I am.

From behind the locked bedroom door: Silence.

I imagine hitting her, over and over. In my mind I can see the chunks of skull fragments, blood, and brains flying across the room with each strike. I feel myself stiffen with arousal, but as appealing as the thought of her head being crushed is, it doesn't seem quite right. I swing the hammer. Instead of striking her skull, I smash her hand. "Do it! I need you to do it!" I scream, but not sure why.

It pushes me away and runs for the front door. I dive at her and swing the hammer again. Somehow I catch a lucky shot right on her ankle. The cracking sound gives me the chills. "You Asshole!" she screams as we both fall to the floor. She tries to crawl away, but before she can get back up, I am on her.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "What the hell are you doing out there? It sounds like you are typing?"

It fights me for a while, digging its nails into my skin, but finally it stops struggling. I am holding her legs firmly so that she can't get away. She's stopped hitting me and resigned herself to wrapping her arms around her bulging belly in a protective manner once again. We are both covered in blood, most of it coming from the mangled middle and ring fingers on her left hand. She loves me, it tells me again. I tell her I know she's not human.

I pick her up and carry her to the bedroom. I tell her if she struggles, I'm going to hurt her really bad. She nods. I lay her on the bed and look her over, trying to get a full assessment of the damage. There's blood, probably not enough to make her bleed out, unfortunately, but a good amount. Her fingers are properly smashed, the ankle is probably broken, the right cheek is swollen and bruised. As I am seeing how bad she is, my eyes stop on her stomach, before quickly looking at something else. She

tries to speak, and I tell her to shut the fuck up. I don't want to think about that, or anything at all right now, as if I would rather my head be cut off just so my body wouldn't have to deal with those kinds of thoughts.

I turn and walk out the door. She jumps up and tries to catch me, but her ankle can't take her weight, and she falls. I manage to get out of the room and barricade the door. She begins screaming, crying, and banging on the other side.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "Darling?"

Calmly, I sit down at my computer desk and open up a new text document. I'm on autopilot, not even thinking now. Whoever I am is going away. I'm just typing. Fast. Unthinking. The characters that appear on screen are from the rising chaos of my subconscious. A strange message is taking shape, and it's with a morbid curiosity I realize I'm making a very long list of ways in which someone can die.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "This is bullshit! Don't you see I love you? I won't play games anymore. Let me out!"

After each sentence I write, I bang my head into the desk. I do this over and over again. Then I hear the crunch as my nose breaks and the blood begins to flow. Still, I don't stop. The frenzied pace at which I am describing death is impossible. No one can move this fast. And still between each description, I attack myself, either by slapping, punching, kicking, or biting. I'm no longer sure if this is real or if I've slipped into some kind of nightmare. I'm lost in time again; this existence is all I've ever known, and all I ever will know: death and pain, forever and ever and ever. Only when I am gone completely does the cycle end.

On my keyboard, I hold the delete key until everything I've written is gone. With each word that disappears, the accompanying thought goes with it. Then I am staring at a blank page. I focus on the flashing cursor on screen. It is the most interesting thing I've ever seen. Except for the one lingering memory, everything else is forgotten. Then slowly, I become aware of the world around me.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "Answer me, damn you!"

I remember this is what I've gone through, this is what I've done, and this is who I am. I accept that my life is now a maze without an exit; I'll always keep ending up right back at the beginning. It's time to admit to myself that I'm insane. How could I have ever thought otherwise? At first I cared what others would think of this, but it doesn't seem as important anymore. Insanity doesn't really change anything.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "Talk to me! Please, for the child's sake, if not for my own."

I still know she's not human; that hasn't changed. She's trying to convince me otherwise, but I've managed to ignore her lies up until now. She wants me to open the door. By doing so, somehow I know, a terrible and glorious thing could happen—only if I can get her to tell me the truth first; otherwise there is no hope. I simply yell, "I know you are not human!"

From behind the locked bedroom door: "Please… please. I know how to fix this."

"Why me? What do you want from me?!" I ask the question, but not even the 'why' matters to me now. I'm thinking rationally again, and I realize that one or both of us needs to die. I examine the facts: I could go back in the bedroom and kill her in a variety of ways—my favorite option is obviously the hammer—but beating its skull open won't help me, because it looks human, bleeds human, most likely dies human too, so all that will not accomplish anything. I don't know, maybe I will do that after all. But then I would never have the answers I desperately need. Give me those, and I can rest. Finally rest.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "I wanted to be with you. I tried so hard to make this work."

"I'm crazy," I say, "but I know there's something wrong with more than just my mind. Admit it!"

From behind the locked bedroom door: "I had to see my ex because I was scared I was falling in love with you. I needed to make sure that…"

I cut her off mid-sentence. “I don’t care! How many times do I have to tell you? This isn’t about your ex-boyfriend. It’s about you not being human. I want the truth. Give me the truth, and I won’t have to kill you!”

From behind the locked bedroom door: “I want to be with you so badly. Even now, right this minute, I want you.”

Even though I accept that my mind is broken, a small voice in the back of my head starts to tell me that I’m not crazy. She’s the cause. She has driven me to madness. I can’t take being toyed with by her much longer; soon I will have no choice but to surrender to the darkness again, and then there is no telling what might happen. I say, “Tell me what I want to know. If you don’t, I’m going to open the door, and then I’m going to beat you to death with the hammer. This is your last chance.” Even as those words come out of my mouth, I can’t believe I’m the one speaking them.

From behind the locked bedroom door: Silence.

I wait for her to find her words. The choices. The choices. There are only so many outcomes that I can see. Only one of them seems appealing, and that saddens me. It is down to she dies and I live; she dies and I die; she lives and I live; she lives and I die. The details. The details. I kill her and I live, free but forever insane; I kill her, and I kill myself, a lover’s quarrel gone foul; no one dies today but what I am will be lost, and most likely my shell of a body will be locked away; I get the truth, then let her free, then die the way I should.

From behind the locked bedroom door: She bangs hard on the door, and she screams, “The truth! You want the truth? Everything I said is true. Haven’t you been listening to me? I chose you because you seemed to be a compatible match for me. I was only using you to get pregnant! And besides, it wasn’t my idea; it was his; he’s the one who told me to find someone in the first place! He’s sterile, so I had to use you. But… I… It wasn’t supposed to happen… Somehow I started to have feelings for you. Real feelings!”

“Wait,” I say, “your ex told you to get pregnant by me, and he wanted you to come back to him? Now that’s insane! It’s more likely that he didn’t

want you and decided to pawn you off."

From behind the locked bedroom door: "Shut up! It's my turn to talk. I'm the one that left him! I went months without seeing him because I wanted us to work out our problems. I don't love him. I never did. I love you. I want you so bad. You have no idea. Even when you started acting crazy, I still stayed away from him. But then I found out I was pregnant. I was scared. I didn't know what to do, so I went to talk with him. I wanted to find a way to keep you."

Could she be telling the truth? It sounds so easy to believe. No. I need to be strong. She's lying. She's not human. "God help me!" I scream. "None of this is making sense!"

From behind the locked bedroom door: "It's a girl."

"A girl?" I bash my head into my desk. Once. Twice. I feel a gash open on my forehead. I say, "I can't do this by myself," not sure what I mean by it. She's not lying. There is sincerity in her voice. Everything she is saying is true. I begin to cry. The tears mix with blood as they roll down my face. It's time to give up; it's over. Human or an It, she used me. Love me or not, she used me. Somehow I've always known that I was meant to be disposable. Even though I never felt any real emotional attachment to her, I gave her what she wanted willingly enough, and the truth still hurts no matter how hard a person tries to hide it. I'm not going to kill her; I can't. She will be the mother of my daughter. I realize her dying was never really an option anyhow. She's everything, and I'm nothing, just a crazy boyfriend to be tossed away when my job is finished. That's all I am.

"Are you still bleeding?" I ask.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "It's not as bad now. I would appreciate a towel or something, though."

"I'm sorry," I say. "Really, I am. I've lost my mind somehow. It's this whole situation. I never expected to meet someone who could do this to me."

From behind the locked bedroom door: "I know, I'm sorry too. It's my fault entirely. Will you open up the door now, please?"

“Give me a second,” I say. “I don’t want you to see me like this.”

From behind the locked bedroom door: “Good. I am in love with you, and I would still like to work this out, darling.”

“I don’t think it’s possible. I’ve become a psychotic wreck since I met you. I got nothing left; we both know that you will be better off without me. I’m sorry.” I say it to her, but it’s more a confession to myself.

Even while I tell her that, in my heart I know I can’t really end our relationship. She has to be the one to do it. That’s how it’s always happened. That’s how it’s meant to happen.

From behind the locked bedroom door: “I know. We could try to be together still…”

No, I think, please God, no. “If you want to.” No. No. No. “It’s your choice,” I say.

From behind the locked bedroom door: “Deep down, you’re wondering why I’m still here. You can’t accept that I’ve fallen in love with you and it hurt you. But it’s all right. I understand that now.”

I don’t know how to respond. She loves me, but I reject the idea because it shouldn’t be possible. I was meant to be used, not loved. She said so herself. Besides, I can’t think of a single quality I have that a girl like her could love.

From behind the locked bedroom door: “I should have listened to him from the start. He warned that this might happen if you got me pregnant and I tried to keep you.”

I’m trying to wipe away the blood and tears with my sleeve. It’s about time I end this and open the door. So I say, “He sounds like a great guy. I hope you will be happy.” I don’t really mean that, though; I honestly couldn’t care any less.

From behind the locked bedroom door: “Well, he is great. Like I said, he told me from the beginning to end things right away. I should have listened. Long-term relationships don’t work out for girls like me. I know better than to even try. It’s just that I actually loved you, you know? Hey,

are you going to open the door now, darling? I really do need to get freshened up."

"Yes," I say. "I just wanted to write down everything that happened, so people would have my side of the story. There's so much that…"

From behind the locked bedroom door: "Well," she says, cutting me off, "could you please hurry up? I want you one last time. After we're done, I'll do what the Executor told me I should have done months ago. Remove and eat your brain."

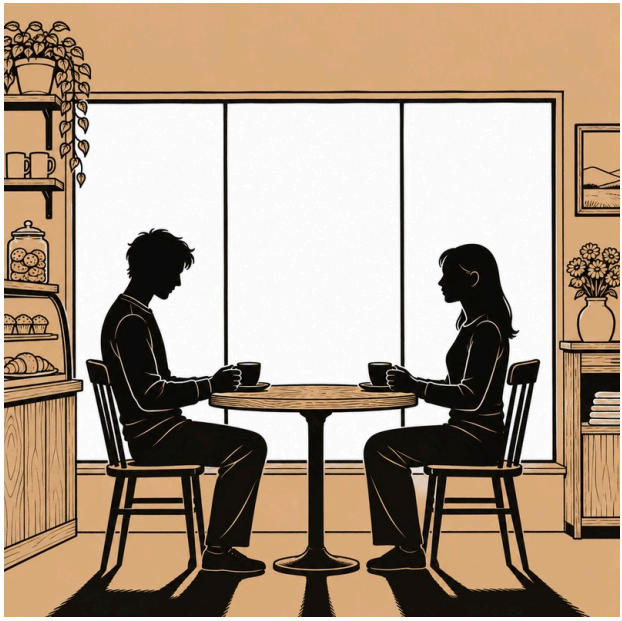
"Uh… What?" My mouth begins to water as I'm reminded of the one last lingering thought from my earlier lapse into oblivion.

From behind the locked bedroom door: "Darling, I'm ready for you. Are you almost finished?"

Her voice is different now. There's a reptilian quality to it. For a split second, hundreds of images pass through my mind, one of which resembles a mantis hidden behind a human face. I feel myself stiffen with desire, and just like that I have the truth I've been looking for. She took too long to do it. She took way, way, wayyy too long. Death by decapitation is a proposition that seems like the most appealing thing on this earth. And now it's finally here.

"Yeah," I say, smiling, "I'm finished."

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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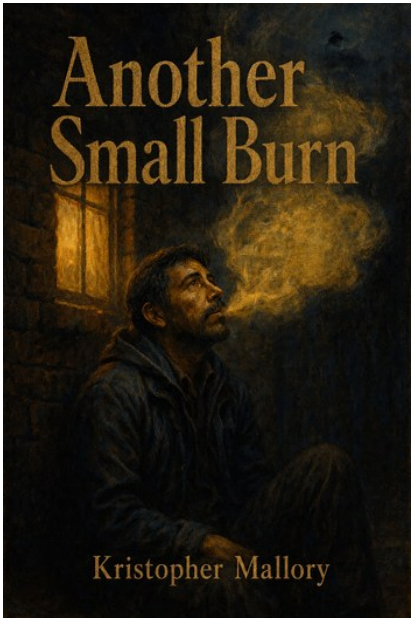
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are better heard in the dark.

She's Not Human has a complete audio narration, read by Justin, a digital voice. It runs 31 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



ANOTHER SMALL BURN

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

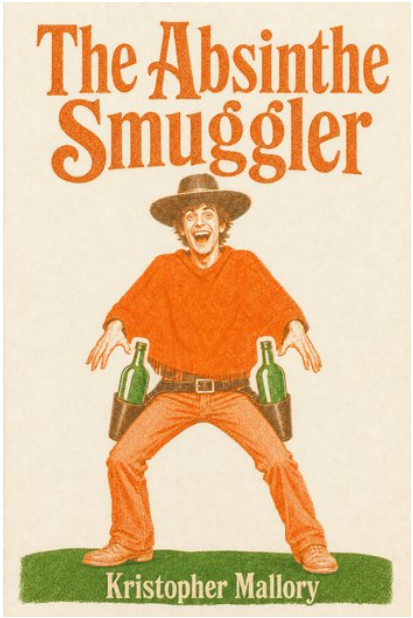
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Carlos can burn any memory into magic, the way everyone can now; the hard part is choosing which ones he can live without.

~~~~~

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.

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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.

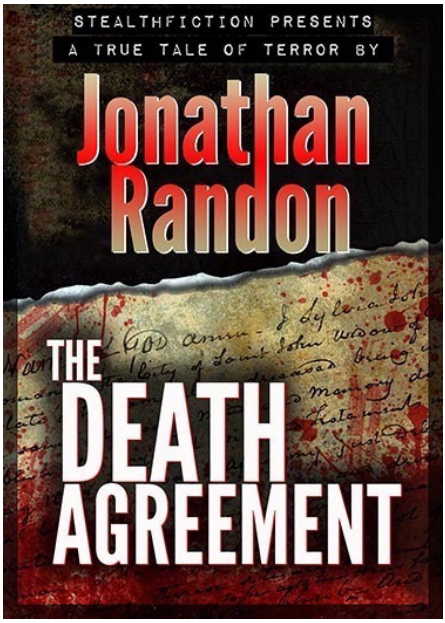
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Christmas Eve, a blizzard, and Hank agrees to sit with old Mr. Everett, twenty-two-time winner of the town's decoration contest, who insists he is not going crazy.

~~~~~

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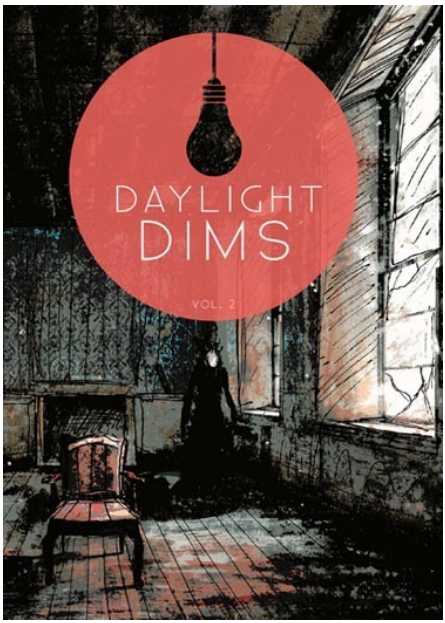
We made a pact. He lived up to his end by dying. I tried to live up to my end by following The Death Agreement.

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*
~~~~~

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.

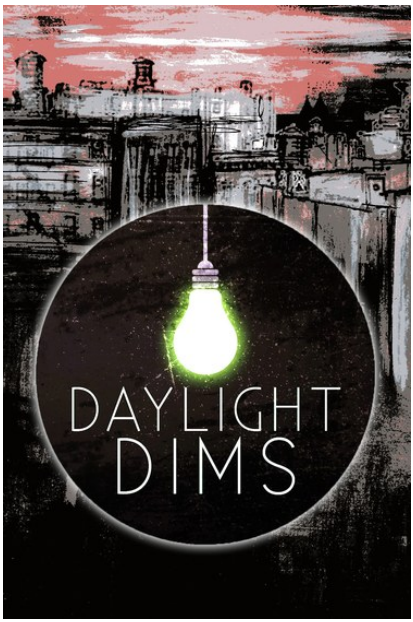
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable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

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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"*