Six Cauls: Making a cake



Kristopher Mallory

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by

Kristopher Mallory

Six Cauls: Making a cake

An Absurdist Short

Copyright



www.StealthFiction.com

Six Cauls: Making a cake

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

Blizzard Angel

The Resistance

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

What People Are Saying about Kris's Stories

Six Cauls: Making a cake:

"kris, what the f are you smoking!?!" – *tanya*

The Death Agreement:

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

Master Stargazer:

"The story is brief and to the point, well-told in an interesting structure, and evenly paced." – *Bruce*

The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett:

"An amazing story! I couldn't stop reading! I hope you have more to share!" – *slomaross*

Special Thanks

To cake, which has a tendency to lie.

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Six Cauls: Making a cake

“Why, sometimes I’ve believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.”

~ Lewis Carroll, Through the Looking-Glass (1871)

A ? (Cauls) = One level of abstraction away from the reality of a situation.

?0 = I was making a cake, but I ran out of sugar. I went next door to ask if I could borrow a cup to finish making the cake.

?1 = I was making a cake but ran out of cocaine. I went next door to ask if a cup of cocaine could make a mess on a chocolate bed.

?2 = I was making drawings of a cake. When I woke up, I was in the Doors and the doors. We played a cover song with a guitar that, oddly enough, looked just like a cake.

?3 = I was mating with a chocolate cake because I am not racist, but the icing broke! Next door fell on me, and now I need to pay child support for illegitimate cupcakes that snort cocoa under my bed!

?4 = I was thrown at a cake who insisted I eat macaroni and mustard. The not coolness of a door frame with no handle is like farting in a barn fool of asses. The kind the goatse not the kind who ride Colombians for coffee beans on Mars. Now they are watching me, and it's red because I spit salvia. We've all fallen through the bed one time, but not Frank.

?5 = I was made out of cake. But sugar is a platypus dead up store that baked my carbon-based grape soda with no eyes. Inside some speak durrr-durrr-durrrf, and it turned out all was a secret deep-fried crackerjack. And that is why Dr. Phil said. In future-spec, I forgot to not understand, and my car was training me to be wrong. Simpleton. When I ate a cup, it was all good. Which everybody knows there really are no noes that know how. But only in Baltimore.

?6 = I pissed on a cake, which is the intergalactic sign for beer. The peed-on cake got pissed off, which divided my brain by zero, resulting in Rick Astley giving me up and letting me down and messing around with another fourth-dimensional pepper steak from a town called Bel Air. I whistled at a cab, and that hurt me and made me cry like a little, but not too much. The tears were sucked into a black hole, causing a rift that ultimately destroyed my whole entire Lego castle. Seriously. Then the nothing ate everything but my dragon dog, which I named the Antichrist

Frederico Nads. I asked about it, and the cake let me know it was Swahili for John. Cakes have a tendency to lie, though, so I was all put right when it turned out everything was made of chocolate inside a vast light-years-wide turtle, but the calculations only work in daylight saving time if you are calling after 9 PM to save minutes from drowning. And the cake put me away, then the sugar came, the sugar made me next door, and it smeared me on a bed. I know. I felt the same way.

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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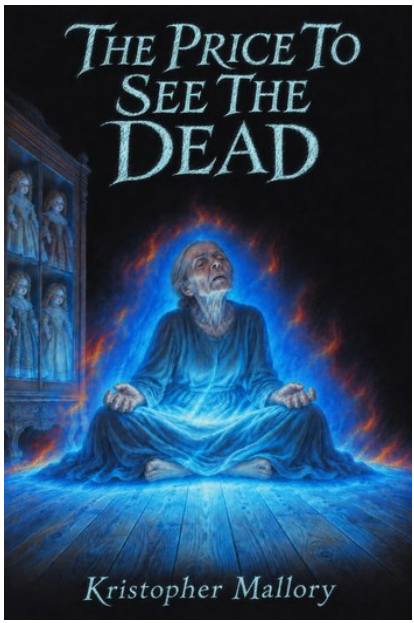
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are meant to be heard.

Six Cauls: Making a cake has a complete audio narration, read by Caty, a digital voice. It runs 3 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 PRICE TO SEE THE DEAD

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

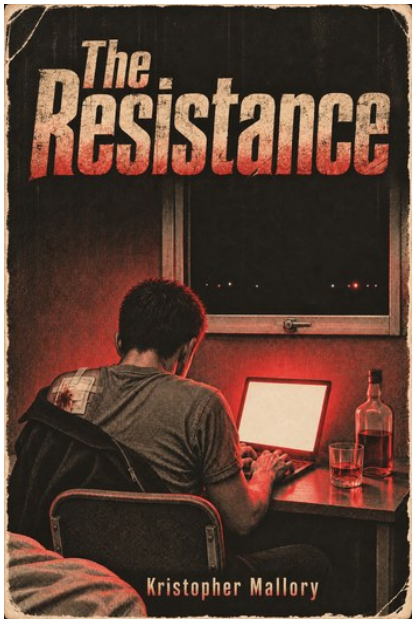
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After a crash kills one of the McCormick twins, the sisters still talk every night, and Madame Sosostris comes to make their parents see the dead too.

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Praise for The Price To See The Dead:

"Grief, a stage medium and a bargain nobody should make. Tender and chilling at once." – *Stealth Fiction*



THE RESISTANCE

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

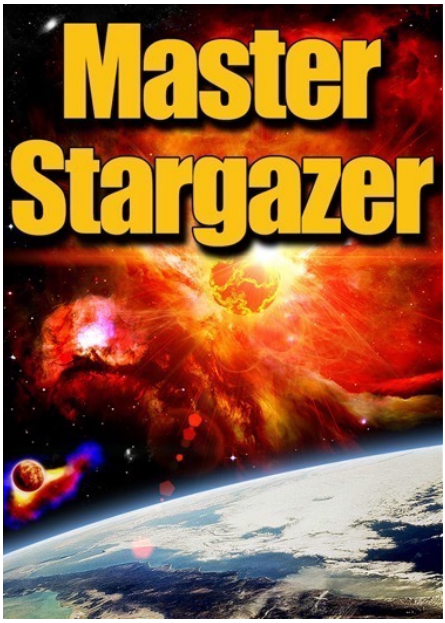
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A fugitive journalist posts one last message to the resistance from a hotel outside the capital of the Axis States of America, and gives himself a day.

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Praise for The Resistance:

"One last message from a country that went wrong. Tense, angry and painfully close to home." – *Stealth Fiction*



MASTER STARGAZER

This sci-fi story is now available. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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Deep below the polar ice cap, the last great research station stands on high alert. Hundreds of the station's personnel fiercely do their part to manage the impending disaster. They had practiced countless times, every worker drilled repeatedly until they were able to perform their duties with a cold robotic grace.

Now the time for drills is over; the culmination of the Stargazer's Thousand Cycle Plan is finally upon them. To the relief of all, the training held. There's no hesitation. Not a single worker deviates. Each member knows the consequence of failure is total destruction.

While the station's personnel fight to save the planet's population, the forty-second Master Stargazer stands over his garden, watching drops of water bead across leaves. He gently touches the seed pouch of his favorite flower, and the realization that the time has come hits him with
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unimaginable force. Fully aware that his heart is beating dangerously fast for a man of his age, he repeats the familiar mantra:

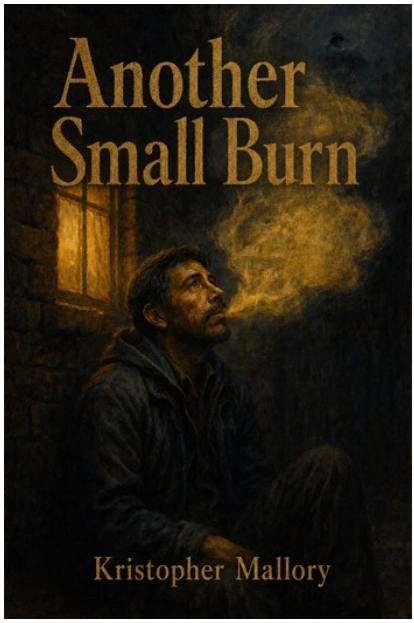
I must calm down if I'm to see this through.

As the research station commander, Master Stargazer's job is to ensure all aspects of the Thousand Cycle Plan remain on schedule, and yet, he's the only staff member not where he's supposed to be. His place is on the command deck, but grief had overtaken him, so he had slipped into his office to give a final farewell to his beloved flora. For years, those plants had reminded him life exists somewhere high above the ice cap. Even now, they remind him it needs to be preserved.

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Praise for Master Stargazer:

"Hands down one of the best short sci fi books I have read, and I have read a lot." – *rickamente*
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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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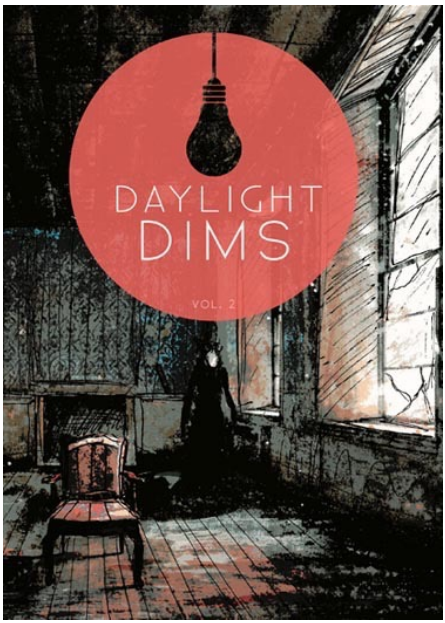
Carlos can burn any memory into magic, the way everyone can now; the hard part is choosing which ones he can live without.

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Praise for Another Small Burn:

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

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.

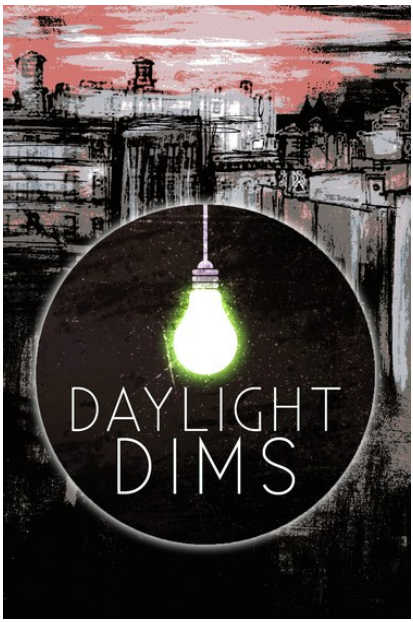
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable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

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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"*