The Absinthe Smuggler



Kristopher Mallory

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by

Kristopher Mallory

The Absinthe Smuggler

Stupid Comedy Short

Copyright



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The Absinthe Smuggler

eBook Edition
eBook ISBN: 9798237390940
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Other Releases by Kristopher Mallory

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

The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett

The Death Agreement

Mega Millions

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*

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"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!" – *ali3443*

Special Thanks

To the customs guy that looked the other way, I wish you wouldn't have.

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The Absinthe Smuggler

“A glass of absinthe is as poetical as anything in the world.”

~ Oscar Wilde

Alright! I'll tell you what happened. You promised to go easy, and I promised the truth. So here it is. Even if you don't believe it, this is how it happened. I hope you keep your end of the bargain.

The customs agent wouldn't stop looking at me. I felt his eyes as he gave the declarations brief to the plane's passengers. It could be paranoia, but I would swear he was looking directly at me and only me the whole time.

He explained that smuggling illegal goods into the U.S. would result in prosecution to the fullest extent of the law. He warned us not to forget to declare any items we may have purchased overseas.

I was sweating. Even in that over-air-conditioned 747, sweat kept beading up on my face. I tried to remain calm. That only made me nervous. The more nervous I got, the more I would sweat.

The way things were going, I was almost sure the customs agent was going to pluck me right out of the seat and perform a body cavity search in front of the rest of the passengers. As if I could fit a bottle of absinthe in my ass.

I wouldn't have been in that situation if it weren't for my idiot friends. As soon as they heard I was going to Spain on a family vacation with my parents, they made me swear to get a couple of bottles of 'the green fairy' for them.

I know most of you won't believe me, but I honestly didn't even know what they were talking about. That was truly the first time I had heard of absinthe or of the green fairy.

"Dude," Cam had said. "That's the alcohol like no other. Van Go cut his ear off after drinking too much!" Cam is a major bullshitter. I didn't believe a word he said about this 'super alcohol,' but still, if it exists, I'll pick up some.

So I left with my family, and we headed off to Madrid. The nice thing about Spain: the drinking age is 18. The nice thing about my parents: they trusted me enough to run around the city "sightseeing" alone. As long as I'm back by dark, they said.

Almost immediately, I started searching for the souvenirs my friends asked me to bring back. It wasn't too hard to find shops selling the stuff but I figured that if I were going to get it, it should be of the highest quality. So I asked around, and on the last day before we were scheduled to fly back, a cab driver and I had a nice little conversation.

Driver: "Ah, you seek the best absinthe. There is but one place." His English wasn't terribly great, but it was understandable. "Do you know what you are getting into, my young American friend?"

I told him I was a longtime drinker of absinthe. In a matter-of-fact tone, I told him I drank it every day. He laughed at me, clearly aware of the bullshit I was speaking. "I take you to get absinthe," he said.

The shop looked closed. Not for the day, but for a long, long time. Graffiti marked the storefront. Trash was blown all over the sidewalk. Although no lights appeared to be on inside, the driver walked in. Hesitating only for a moment, I followed him.

Out of nowhere, an old man leaped up from behind the counter, almost causing me to shit my pants. Again, the driver laughed at me. Embarrassed, I sat on an old stack of newspapers as the two had a conversation in Spanish.

The driver looked over and asked me for money. I asked him how much. He gave me an impatient look and thrust his hand, palm up, in front of me. "Money," he insisted.

I reached into my pocket and grabbed the wad of five and ten-dollar bills and slammed it into the driver's hand. He pocketed two tens for himself and tossed the remaining funds on the counter. The old man reached under the counter and grabbed two bottles of liquor, one after the other, and set them next to the money.

He motioned for me to come grab the bottles. As soon as I picked them up from the counter, he pointed at the door, which I interpreted as "now, get the fuck out."

"Do not get caught with those, my friend; they are illegal in America," the driver said as we were getting back into the cab.

This was news to me. I considered taking them back but changed my mind as I recalled the encounter with the old shopkeep. I would risk bringing them into the States. How bad could it be?

The driver and I didn't speak anymore the whole way back to the hotel. My parents and I didn't speak the whole way back to the airport. I didn't speak to anyone the whole flight home from Spain.

The two bottles were in my carry-on. The customs guy was making me nervous but never did give me that cavity search. We left the plane and walked to the baggage pickup. The whole time I was thinking, at any minute, some airport security guys were going to come out of nowhere and beat me to the floor, then expose the contraband I was smuggling into the States. Fucking paranoia.

Without incident, we got our bags and left.

It was the next week when I went to Cam's house for a party. I had the bottles in my backpack. Cam's older sister Joyce answered the door. She's 22 or 23, still living at home. Hot beyond belief, but with the manners of a cobra.

"Oh, it's you," she said with contempt, "what do you want?"

"Is Cam downstairs?"

"Cameron!" she yelled down the basement steps, "get the fucking door!" and started to walk away.

"Hey Joyce," I said, as I unzipped my backpack. "Look."

When she turned around and saw the cargo I was carrying, her eyes got wide.

"Is that what I think it is? I want to try it."

"Stop being a cold-hearted bitch," I said.

I pushed past her and walked down the steps to where Cam and the rest of our friends were drinking cheap beer and having a good time.

I'd like to tell you about our night. I'd like to, I really would, but I won't. I can't.

I remember how we opened the first bottle and passed it around the 8 to 10 people at Cam's little party.

I remember mixing it, 1 part absinthe to 5 parts water. Just so we could start out light. Then we slowly moved up to equal parts absinthe and water.

I remember how we melted the sugar cubes into the diluted absinthe to lessen the bitter taste.

I remember as the bottle was finished off, people started to stumble home until it was only Cam and I left.

I remember looking at the clock and realizing it had been only about 30 minutes since I had gotten there.

I also remember Joyce coming down to Cam's room, asking if her and her friend Sara could drink with us. To Cam and I, this sounded like a great idea. He had a thing for Sara, and secretly I guess I liked his bitch of a sister Joyce.

The girls were older. We wanted to show off. That meant shots. No more diluting the alcohol with water. We were going to drink it straight.

I don't remember us finishing off the last bottle.

I don't remember dressing up like a Mexican gunslinger.

I don't remember driving the 4 of us to the strip club where Joyce told us she secretly worked.

I don't remember getting thrown out.

I don't remember getting pulled over.

I don't remember stealing the car we were in.

I don't remember Sara naked and running from the police through Central Park.

I don't remember when Cam asked a guy selling hot dogs to cut his ear off.

I don't remember how we ended up on a subway train.

I don't remember Joyce attacking a blind man's Seeing Eye dog.

I don't remember Sara peeing on a man's laptop.

I don't remember when Cam pulled the emergency stop lever.

I don't remember my standoff with a rookie cop in the subway tunnel.

I don't remember Cam, Sara, and Joyce doing Wild West sound effects as I pretended to draw a pistol I didn't have.

What I do remember is the thunder the cop's pistol made as he fired.

I remember the searing pain as I fell to the ground.

I remember wondering why I was dressed as a Mexican.

I remember seeing a naked and mud-covered Sara, standing over me, giggling. Her legs glistening wet and smelling like pee.

I remember seeing Joyce, whose stripper clothes were ripped up and bloody from fighting a Doberman. She was dancing around, ballerina style.

I remember seeing Cam, standing there laughing his ass off, stolen hot dogs hanging out of each of his pockets, and one in each hand. He said, "Dude! He shot you in the hand, man! See if he'll cut your ear off too!"

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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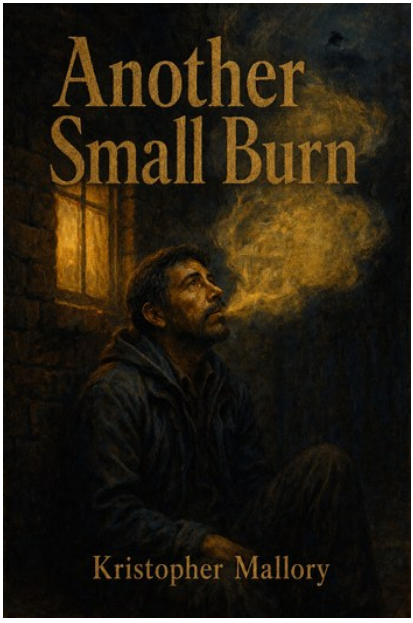
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are meant to be heard.

The Absinthe Smuggler has a complete audio narration, read by Ryan Kurk, a digital voice. It runs 8 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 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.

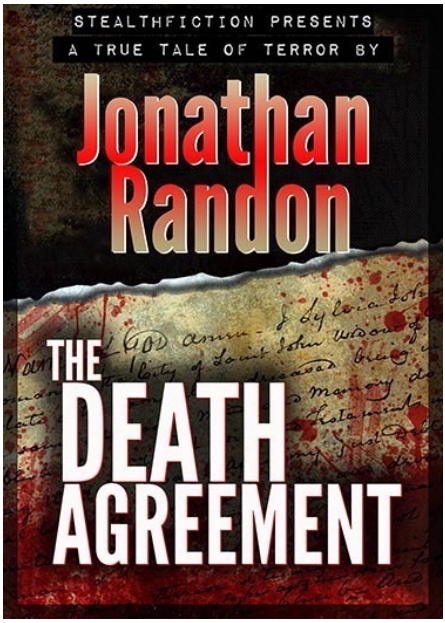
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Christmas Eve, a blizzard, and Hank agrees to sit with old Mr. Everett, twenty-two-time winner of the town's decoration contest, who insists he is not going crazy.

~~~~~

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.

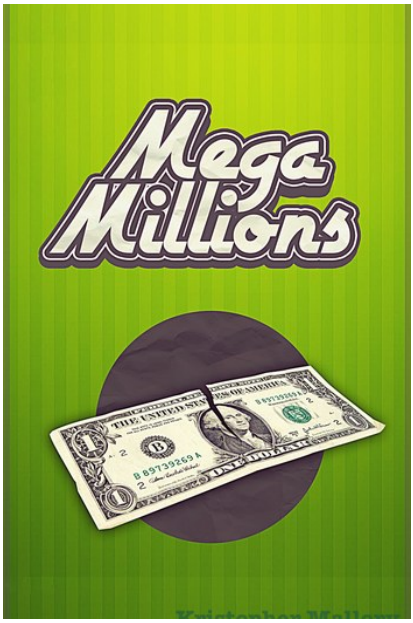
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We made a pact. He lived up to his end by dying. I tried to live up to my end by following The Death Agreement.

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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MEGA MILLIONS

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

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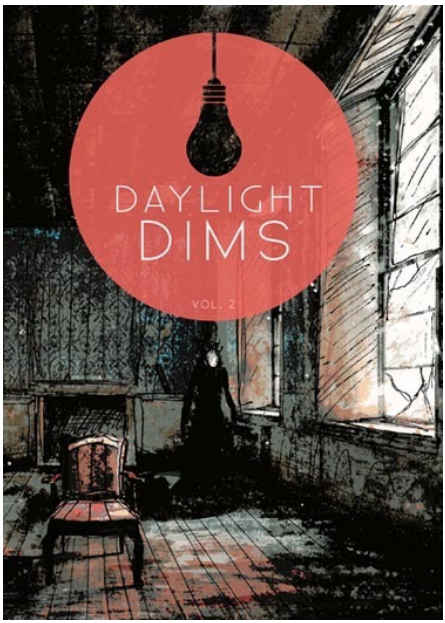
Joshua Harris is just the average blue collar guy, until one night he decides to buy a lotto ticket with his usual pack of beer. Josh thinks he may have won but life spirals into hilarity when he realizes that he can't find the ticket.

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Praise for 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*

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.

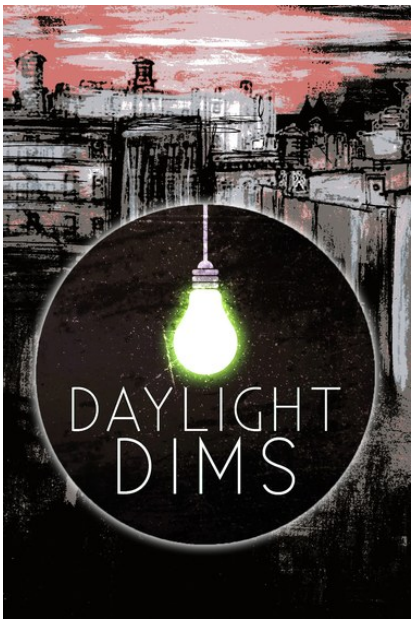
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable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

~~~~~

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"*