THE DEATH AGREEMENT - DEMO PDF
Kris Mallory / Stealth Fiction

We made the agreement the night before Jon shipped out,
on the back of a receipt, in handwriting neither of us
would admit to at a funeral.

Whoever goes first comes back. Not as a ghost, he said
-- that would be sentimental. Comes back the way a
phone number comes back: still yours, still works,
still has to be dialled.

Eleven years later I learned that paperwork waits for
no one, and neither does he.