THE DIARY



KRISTOPHER MALLORY

The Diary

by

Kristopher Mallory

The Diary

A Horror Short

Copyright



www.StealthFiction.com

The Diary

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eBook ISBN: 9798237494143
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Wrong Way Charlie

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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

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"A short but excellent sci-fi story. The ending is unpredictable but it logically makes sense." – *Luci*

Special Thanks

To D.A. Fowler, I wish I could let you know how much your books got to me.

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The Diary

“Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.”

~ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, The Masque of Pandora

These are excerpts taken from the pages of the diary of Daniel Marshall.

9-01-98

Dear Diary, Wish I could say how long I stared at the blank page before I picked up the pen. It's a new month and a new entry. I promised Mom that I would keep this updated. I haven't done the best I can at doing that, so in September I'm going to stay focused. Truthfully, finding time to keep opening this thing is a chore, but when I do manage, the actual writing isn't so bad. It gives me a chance to reflect on some of the good things that happened during the day, and that usually leads to remembering other good days too. Like right now, I'm thinking about when she gave me this. How long did it take me to write something in it, then? I almost want to flip back to last year and see. I'm positive that would make me cry. Where to begin?

Well, it's been a great day. My wife and I took a long walk on the beach. When we returned home, she made me dinner. I love her cooking. She made some Italian dish that I never had before. Some veal dish; I don't know. Anyways, it was delicious. You know, she's the best thing to ever happen to me. I love her with all my heart and honestly don't know how I could live without her. Things haven't been better between the two of us. (Lucy, I know you're going to read this when I'm not looking.. I love you, baby)

After dinner, Lucy took a shower. She wanted me to join her, but promises are promises, so I took a few minutes to write this entry instead. I still have to go to the library sometime tonight. Nothing else planned after that. I hope to pick up some good reading material, maybe a horror novel or something. Anything to pass the time and help me sleep tonight. If I can't find a good book, I'll have to be content with watching T.V. If I do happen to find something good, then I might have something to write after I'm finished with it.

That's all for now.

Oh…

Happy Birthday, Mom.

And Fuck You, Cancer.

9-02-98

I almost didn't open this up today. It completely slipped my mind, to be honest. While I'm thinking about my own laziness, I remember reading somewhere that it takes a while for a habit to form. Can I blame it on that? I'm just kidding myself. I suppose I'll have to force it until that happens; go at it Richard Simmons style. I'm here now, so where to begin?

Wow, that was a crazy book I picked up last night! I almost passed right by it. Something, I don't know what, made me stop and pick it up. I knew right away that I was in for a ride. It's called "The Book of the Damned." As soon as I got home, I started reading it. It was so good I couldn't put it down. It was about a girl who checked out a book from the library, called 'Book of the Damned', and slowly she lost her mind. She began killing people, thinking that they were demons. After murdering a lot of innocent people, she killed herself, and the book was returned to the library, awaiting its next victim. Pretty good plot for a cheap library book of the same name. Almost makes you wonder, doesn't it?

Well, there is something odd I noticed about this book: nobody has checked it out since September 1997. One whole year, and nobody else has read it? It doesn't make much sense. What's even stranger is that the last date before was one year's difference also, Sept. 1996....Sept. 1995, Sept. 1994..... and so on. Very, very strange. Maybe they only put it out every year for Halloween. That's probably it. But it's never checked out in October. Only September. I guess it doesn't matter. Anyway, I'm kind of shaken up about the whole thing. My God, the nightmare it gave me. Well, my wife is calling me; dinner is done. Got to go for now.

9-03-98

Wow. That book must have gotten to me more than I thought. I had another nightmare last night. Demons were after me. That's all I really remember. It's strange I can't seem to shake the feeling I'm being watched. The book, my mind echoes. The thing is, I don't remember what that stupid book was even about. I just hope these nightmares go away. Why do I even think of these things? Dead tired, and I have to go to work now. Fuck.

9-04-98

Fucking shit. Still having those god damn nightmares. My bitching wife, she got an attitude last night when I woke up screaming. So I punched her in the face. A tiny voice in the back of my mind suggested it. She started to cry, so I said it was an accident. Even though I did do it on purpose.

9-05-98

Ahh, hell, my wife told me to go to the fucking doctors. The fucking doctors! She thinks something is wrong with me? I don't know why. Go today, she said, or she's leaving me. I told her I would. I know there was a time when we were so happy. Right. What would I do without my better half, other than be hounded non-stop? Day in and day out. All the time. It never stops. Our marriage fucking sucks. The honest truth: I can hardly even remember what her name is these days. The bitch. That's what her name is. Teach her a lesson, a small voice suggested. Yes, that's what I'll do.

9-06-98

I was walking down the street, and people were looking at me strangely. I don’t know why! They’ve never seen a naked man before? Everything is going wrong. This isn’t me. When I got home, my wife was gone, but there is this... odor around here. What is that fucking smell! It is starting to piss me off. What happened to me? Why won’t these dreams stop? I wish I could remember. I started screaming. Screaming and writing. And before I knew it, people were standing all around me. Where did they come from? They are trying to take my diary and pen. I ran to the bathroom and locked the door. I need to write. They are busting in. I don’t have much time.

9-07-98

Who am I? What am I doing here? I want this damned coat off of me. I can’t move my arms! But yet I wrote this. How? My diary, they took it. I began writing in my head. I must write this. Must. Word for word. All that happens. It’s important to me. When I am free. When I’m free, I’ll get my diary back. I’ll copy what’s in my mind. Now everything is spinning around me, but I’m not moving. I see a shadow in the distance. Wait, what’s that noise..... They’re coming. God damn it. Leave me alone!

9-08-98

I don’t know what’s going on. I can’t get the voice to shut up. The walls are closing in on me. I need to get out of here. Oh God, please help me. What did I do to deserve this? Things are touching me. Probing. Needles. Pain. They are in the walls. They live in the walls. I feel them but can’t see. I know they are there. Am I blind? Asleep? I hate to dream. The nightmares are worse than this. Sleep is getting the best of me. Taking hold again.... Still, I must not forget to write. Always write. The voice is growing stronger. It agrees. It helps me to write. My only friend. How long has it been? Am I waking up now?

9-10-98

Two days I’ve slept, so the voice says. Unable to wake up. They kept me drugged. The inner pain is unbearable. I wouldn’t have wished this on my worst enemy. Unfortunately, I might be my own worst enemy now. Trying to remember how I came to be here. I know I wasn’t always like this. But it seems that they have ripped my identity from my mind... or maybe I just misplaced it. Maybe I’ve always been in this pain. They are coming for me again. I can feel it. This time I’m ready.....

9-11-98

It was horrible and exciting. I bit it. The blood was pulsing from its neck. They thought they could beat me. I laughed at them. My will is stronger than they thought. One dead demon. I owed it. All the pain it caused me. The drugs it gave me to keep me sleeping—don't they know how bad the nightmares are? Covered in blood, I stand here smiling and laughing. Still writing in my head. Must remember. Yet I don't understand. When I went after the other demon, it was yelling… pleading almost. It said..

"Doctor! We need help in room 219. Call 911. Nurse Brown has been stabbed. My God, hurry. He is coming after me. No. Please don't. No!"

Very strange. The voice told me to ignore it. I do. They won't like what I have done here.

9-12-98

Demons came into my room today. One came close. I lunged and tried to bite it. The other pulled him away. Just out of reach of my restraints. They spoke, but it was all nonsense. What they said is imprinted on my mind.

“Watch out! This guy is a real, full-blown, fucking psycho. Did you hear what he did? Killed his wife and a doctor she brought over to see him. Stabbed them both over 20 times. Then the sick fuck stuffed their bodies in the oven, turned it on, and then he left the house naked for a midday stroll. Believe that shit? See, a neighbor called the police about the smell. When they got there, they found him standing there naked and screaming. Totally fucked up. He was holding a couple of books. One was his journal and the other one, some library book. The police brought the books with him. They said it was the only way they could get him under control. They’re in that footlocker over there. Anyway, this sick bastard got loose yesterday, attacked and killed two of his nurses. We’re the replacements. So keep your distance, Tim… As you can see, he likes to bite.”

With only a vague understanding, I feel slightly sorry for whoever they were talking about. If only I could get my hands untied, I would end them.

9-22-98

For ten days they kept me drugged up. But tonight I am getting away from this hell. I managed to get free. I don’t know how. Maybe one of them let me go. Maybe I broke my own restraints. I don’t know. It doesn’t matter. If they try to stop me. Like the demons that came before, they too will fall. Somehow I’ve become a demon hunter. Demon hunter...I like the sound of that. I broke open the locker to get my diary. I started to leave, but the voice told me to grab the other book as well. I listen. I’m still writing in my head. Always writing. I must remember. What’s that noise? Shit, they found out I escaped. I have nowhere to go. It’s over. The voice gave me guidance. I have to hide in the air duct till the time is right. Again, I listened.

9-23-98

I remembered it all. Everything. I had it all written in my head. Now I copied it all down on these pages. Everything from the moment they brought me to this place. I'm still in the air ducts. They haven't found me yet. I am safe here, it seems. Still, I must wait.

9-28-98

Still not safe to come down. Been living off of rats and spiders for almost a week now. Got to admit, they are somewhat tasty, but it’s not enough. I hunger for more. The voice is getting stronger now. Telling me to feed on demon blood. So that’s what I will have to do. It knows best. It forces me to listen.

9-29-98

I came down finally. There was a guard walking the halls. I came from behind and grabbed him by the neck. He screamed as I bit into his throat. Deserves to die. They all do. Demons. I am an innocent man who was held captive in this hell. Now there was a bloody mess. I bit again. And again. Tasty. I took his keys. His body was still convulsing as I climbed back into the ventilation system. I could hear them down there searching for me. I waited hours that seemed like days, until the voice told me I could come down again. In the night, I came out several times to collect various things the voice told me I needed. We were planning my escape.

9-30-98

This will be my last post. I'm getting out of here. With the guard's keys, I managed to get the bars on a window unlocked. It's about 20 stories high. The voice says it's the only way out. I tied sheets together to use as a rope ladder. You and me, diary, together with the voice guiding us. We went through a lot. The voice is telling me it's time to leave. For some reason, my mind flashes to the library book. Does it have any importance? Does it have something to do with what happened to me? A moment of clarity. None of it matters. Leave it here in the ceiling. The voice seems to agree. Perhaps it was its idea all along. I don't know. It will remain here, the diary too; no one else will ever get the chance to read it. I'm ready to get out of here.

It's time to go,

Daniel Marshall.

Sept. 30. 1998

This is an excerpt from Baltimore City's Sun paper. Oct.15.1999

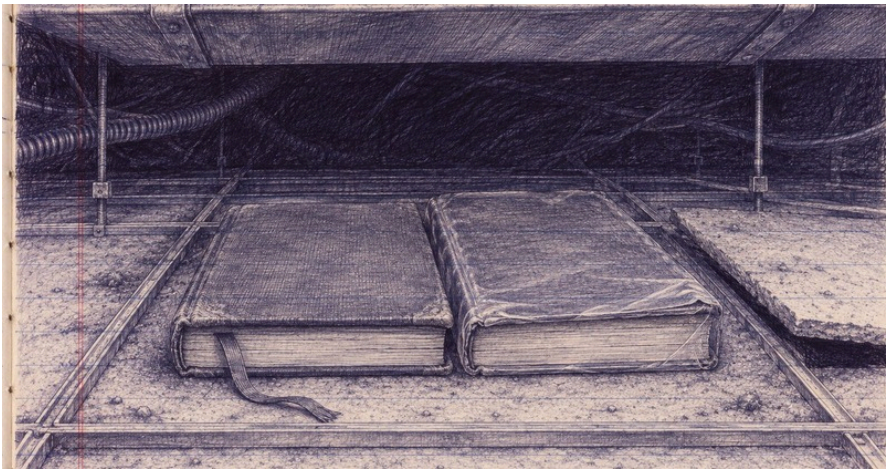
On September 1st, 1999, police found a journal belonging to Daniel Marshall. With the journal was an overdue library book, 'The Book of the Damned'. It had been checked out by Mr. Marshall exactly one year prior. They were both found hidden in the ceiling, where it is assumed Mr. Marshall lived during his week-long evasion at the Spring Grove mental institution. Mr. Marshall died by apparent suicide. His body was found hanging from a window on the 20th floor. Police say Mr. Marshall had tied sheets together to form a rope as a means to escape, which he could have. Yet, for reasons unknown, he tied it around his neck and jumped to his death. Spring Grove could not be reached for comment.

The book was returned before the journal had properly been examined, a major blunder by the police, and since then has been checked out and lost. Based on evidence in the journal, paranormal experts believe the book was the cause of Mwar. Marshall's illness and will cause harm to anyone who reads it. They further believe, based on the pattern, that police will be unable to track down the book.

Investigators are trying to find the location of the person to whom the book was last checked out, Kris Mallory, of Glen Burnie. He has been reported missing by family. Further investigation into previous readers turned up one fact. Everyone else on the checkout list is deceased. If you

have any information on the location of Mr. Mallory, please contact your local police immediately.

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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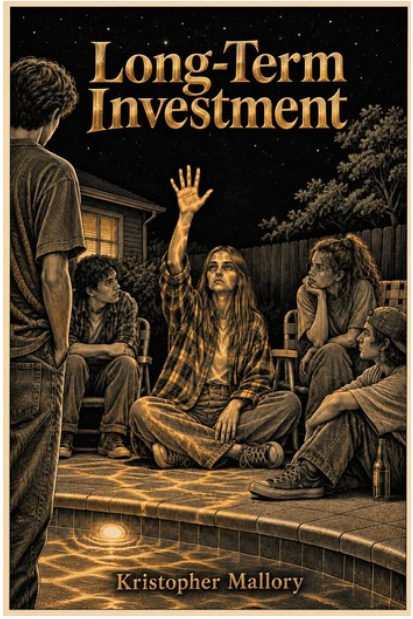
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are better heard in the dark.

The Diary has a complete audio narration, read by Aries, a digital voice. It runs 15 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



LONG-TERM INVESTMENT

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

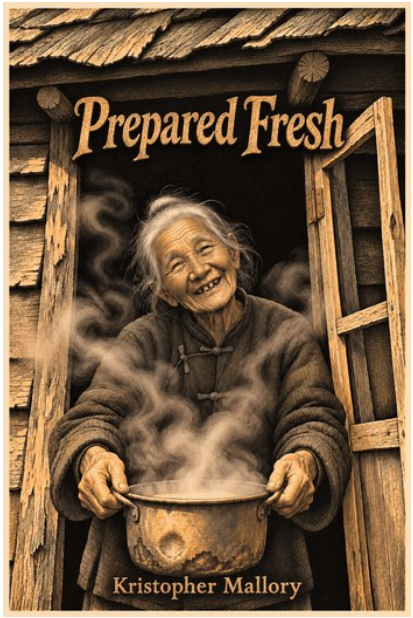
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Sammy keeps something he bought from Kristi Kurtis for five dollars at a teenage pool party, and as her life comes apart she still wants it back.

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Praise for Long-Term Investment:

"Starts as a teenage memory and turns into a slow, cold dread you won't shake for days." – *Stealth Fiction*



PREPARED FRESH

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

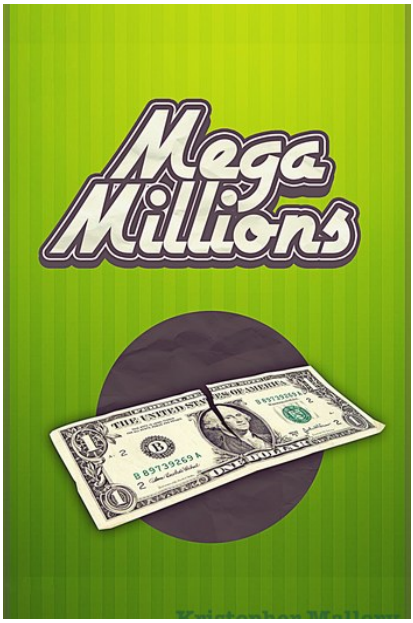
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A cameraman and his comedian host land in rural China chasing fresh food for a pilot, and the only kid who speaks English begs them not to eat it.

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Praise for Prepared Fresh:

"Funny right up until it isn't, and then it's the kind of horror you can taste." – *Stealth Fiction*



MEGA MILLIONS

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

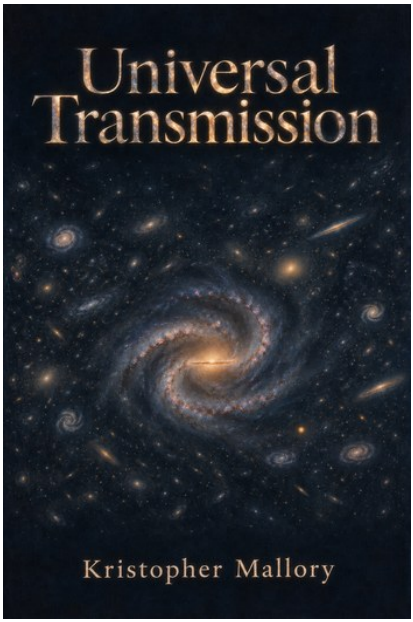
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Joshua Harris is just the average blue collar guy, until one night he decides to buy a lotto ticket with his usual pack of beer. Josh thinks he may have won but life spirals into hilarity when he realizes that he can't find the ticket.

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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*



UNIVERSAL TRANSMISSION

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

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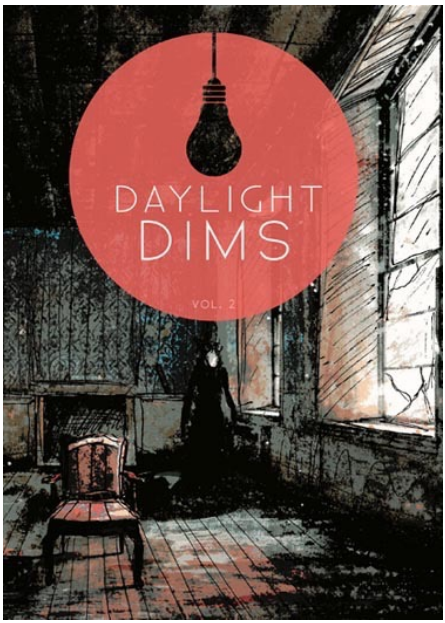
A scan of Planet 3 gives its species a 95.5 percent chance of self-annihilation, then the transmission opens to every living thing at once.

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Praise for Universal Transmission:

"Big, strange and unsettling, a story that makes the whole planet feel very small." – *Stealth Fiction*

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.

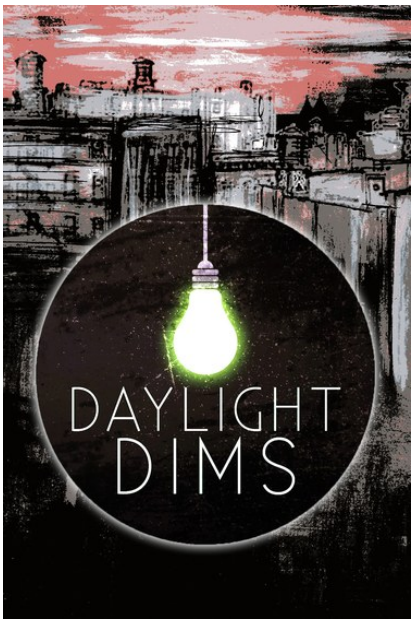
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable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

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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"*