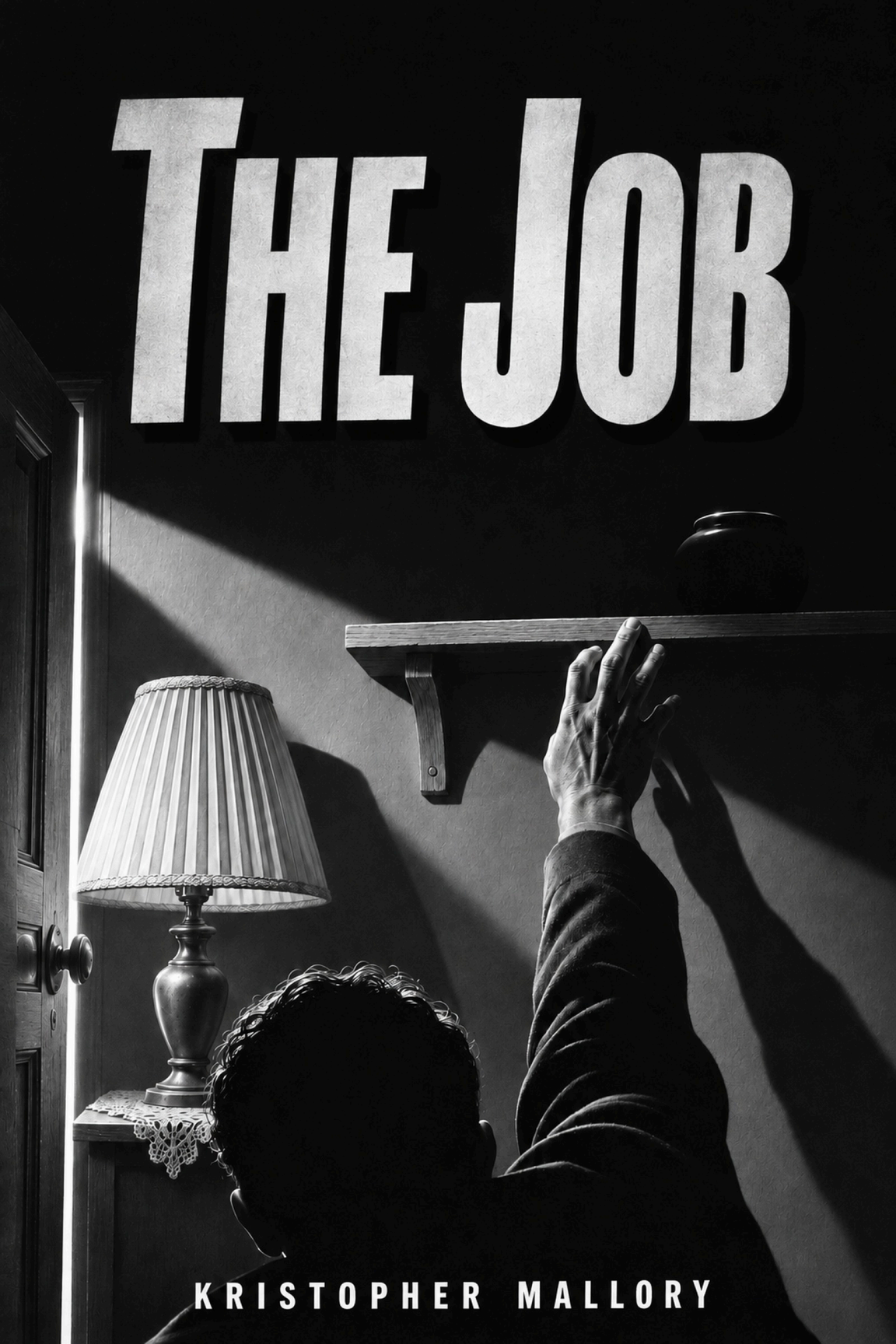
The Job



KRISTOPHER MALLORY

The Job

by

Kristopher Mallory

The Job

A Heist Comedy

Copyright



www.StealthFiction.com

The Job

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

What I've Learned of the GPS Glitch:

"Someone needs to write a screenplay for this STAT." – *Dultsboi*

I Know What They Are:

"Best story I've ever read in my whole life. Well done." – *Simba*

Another Small Burn:

"I would read an entire book series about this" – *ThunderStruck*

The Special Christmas Ornaments of Mr. Everett:

"Wonderful. Very well written." – *Kodakaidojo*

Special Thanks

To the pink pig. Rest in pieces.

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The Job

“You’re only supposed to blow the bloody doors off!”

~ Charlie Croker, The Italian Job (1969)

The job wasn't a smash and grab. It needed finesse. Any trace of a crime would leave me prime suspect number one. The legal system was pigshit, and I swore to myself I wasn't going to spend another day under lock and key.

As I cased the joint a final time, scenes from the greatest heist films flashed through my mind – *Heat*, *Reservoir Dogs*, *Point Break*, just to name a few. Yeah, I had done my research. I was a goddamn pro.

The plan was simple. In and out, the bank owner would be none the wiser. Hell, I didn't even need the score; I just wanted to pull the crime right under their nose. (Though depending on the take, I might be able to buy some ice or candy when the dealer rolled through again.)

I could have gone in during the day, but I decided on securing a job watching the place on a Friday evening. The interviewers seemed suspicious at first, but how could they say no considering my extensive experience and low salary requirements? They hired me. I was in.

I laughed when I thought back on how quickly this plan formed. It started when I noticed the flaw in the deposit system, just a random observation. In some cases, the last deposit could be retrieved without any signs of tampering, erasing the record in the process. It came down to laziness on the part of the depositor, but you can't really blame them for not considering that a mastermind might take advantage of the situation.

So the moment arrived. I scanned the dim room, then quietly navigated the maze of obstacles, avoiding anything that would trigger an alarm. Seconds later, I was at the safe and performed the practiced movement with my fingers, and succeeded after the third try. It was twice as much as I had hoped for.

I quickly retreated back to the hideout, secured the loot in a safe place, and then went back to my normal duties. I had covered my tracks well; no one would ever know. It was all too easy, literally like stealing from a child.

All that was left was to finish out the shift and act natural. A few minutes later, a car pulled into the drive. I put on my best poker face as the

engine outside shut off, and the car doors closed.

Then all hell broke loose.

A scream came from the back room, not of terror or pain but of absolute fury.

“Where is it!” the banker barked; then I heard the heavy little footsteps running towards where I sat in the front room.

Just then the front door opened. “Mom! Dad! He stole the money Pa-paw gave me!”

I whipped my head back and forth between my parents standing in the doorway and my little brother standing in the hallway wearing his dollar-sign PJs and holding the pink ceramic pig to his chest.

I had to think fast. “Did not!” I screamed. “You little liar.”

“Yes, you did!” my brother shot back. “Pa-paw said to leave the money like that and to…to…”

My parents closed the door. Neither of them said anything; they just watched the two of us with an expression of annoyed amusement.

“I got my own money, I don’t need yours,” I said. “And to what?”

“And to not take any of your PIG SHIT!” Then time slowed down as the pink pig flew through the air towards my head.

I managed to duck just in time. The pig exploded against the wall; change rained down on my head. And just like that, I confessed to everything.

The next few weeks in solitary were tough: no icees or candy at all, Grandpa called and yelled at me, I had to collect all my brother’s money that had fallen on the couch, all twenty-three dollars and forty-eight cents. Oh yeah, a new pig was purchased with the babysitting money I had earned.

The worst part: My parents made me keep the $10 I had stolen, and I wasn’t allowed to ever spend it.

Years later, we all got a good laugh at how my life of crime had ended with an exploding pig.

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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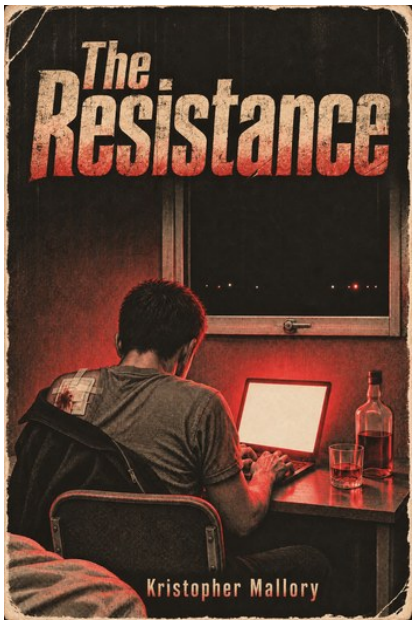
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are meant to be heard.

The Job has a complete audio narration, read by Earl Blackwood, a digital voice. It runs 4 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 RESISTANCE

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

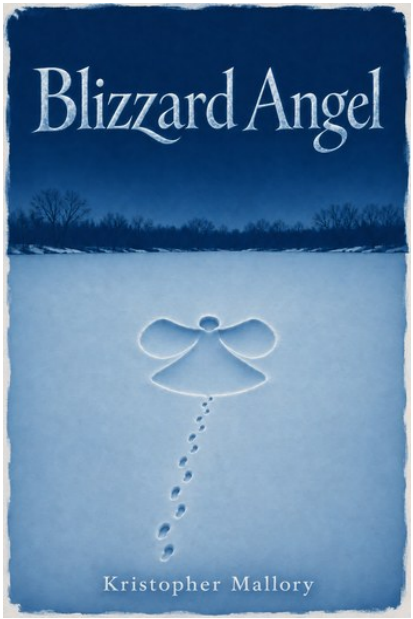
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A fugitive journalist posts one last message to the resistance from a hotel outside the capital of the Axis States of America, and gives himself a day.

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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*



BLIZZARD ANGEL

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

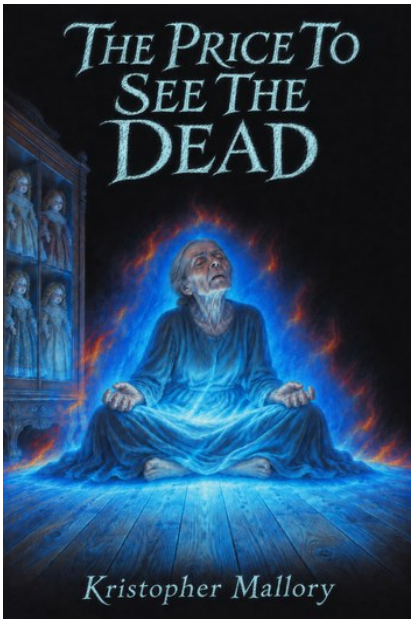
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Her last text says Blizzard Angels return during the winter storms, and the next morning a North Dakota sheriff calls about a car in a snowdrift.

~~~~~

Praise for Blizzard Angel:

"A winter ghost story with a heartbreak at its center. Read it with the lights on and a blanket close." – *Stealth Fiction*



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.

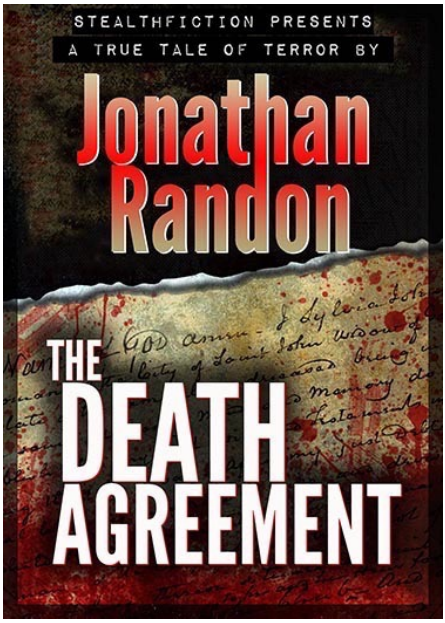
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After a crash kills one of the McCormick twins, the sisters still talk every night, and Madame Sosostris comes to make their parents see the dead too.

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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 DEATH AGREEMENT

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

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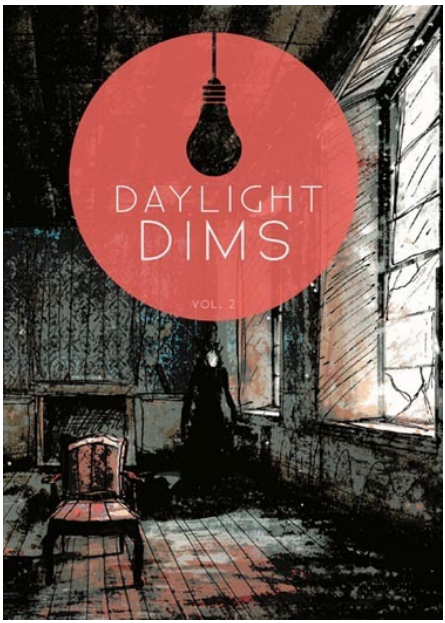
We made a pact. He lived up to his end by dying. I tried to live up to my end by following The Death Agreement.

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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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.

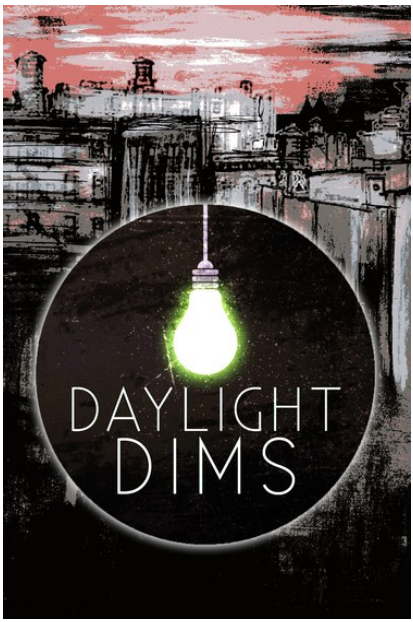
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable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