WRITE



Kristopher Mallory

WRITE

by

Kristopher Mallory

WRITE

A Home Invasion Story

Copyright



www.StealthFiction.com

WRITE

eBook Edition
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*Edited with Grammarly and Claude*
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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

WRITE:

“This is one of the few stories that end this way that is actually plausible. So, props OP or OP's killer. Whatevs.” – *cindreiaishere*

WRITE:

“am i the only one wondering if the gunman will be responding to any comments?” – *luciddreamer*

The Death Agreement:

“This was one of the best things I've ever read.” – *GrandMoffJed*

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

For everyone who waited for the gunman to answer the comments.

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WRITE

“Because you were home.”

~ Dollface, The Strangers (2008)

I've never written with a gun pressed to the back of my head before.

My captor stands behind me. I don't know who they are; their identity is well protected behind a ski mask, sunglasses, and dark clothing. Neither height nor weight nor build provides a clue to their sex. I don't know what they want; they haven't demanded anything. They haven't spoken at all.

I feel them read each word as it appears on the screen.

"Is it okay if I start with that?" I ask by typing.

1… 2… 3… The grey matter is still comfortable in my head. That's a relief.

I suppose I'll press on then.

This started when something woke me up from a deep sleep. Maybe it was a nightmare. Maybe it was the noise of someone breaking in. It doesn't matter. I got out of bed carefully. I didn't want to wake my companion. With half-closed eyes, I stumbled my way through the dark towards the toilet, but a bright glow from the living room caught my attention. The light annoyed my sensitive eyes, so I took a detour to switch it off.

A piece of paper was draped over the keyboard. I didn't remember leaving myself a note. The message was a single word: WRITE.

Then movement in the shadows of my peripheral vision made me spin my head. A figure, "you, whoever you are," materialized out of fucking nowhere. Before I realized what was going on, "you got the drop on me." I felt the cold against my neck. My hair was tugged, forcing me down onto the chair. Once seated, the grip was loosened. I realized my account was logged on and the text editor was open.

Write? Right.

"How did you know my password?" I ask by typing.

1… 2… 3… And I'm still here.

Silence, of course.

What I find most surprising about this situation is the lack of fear. The place where it should reside is empty. All emotions, panic or otherwise, have fled. What fills the void is hyper-awareness; every sight, sound, and

movement is processed independently of the thoughts speeding through my mind. This message itself seems like it's being written somewhere far away by someone else. The clarity—even with the gears spinning out of control in the background—is utterly amazing. Maybe I should say thanks for that.

There is something else too… Intuition: Lying will get me killed.

"Am I right?" I ask by typing.

1… 2… 3… I take a deep breath and hold it.

Don't bother answering. I'm sure of it.

I planned on saying I would continue to cooperate, I would do anything you wanted, just don't hurt me. "You would know that's a lie." The truth is I'm focused on writing, but at the same time I'm processing a thousand scenarios in my mind, trying to find a way out of this, "a solution that ends with you dead would be ideal." That's honesty right there. I'm not stupid, though. "I'm positive you have a plan." Nothing I write is going to change that.

"What is the point of this?" I ask by typing.

1… 2… 3… (Sigh)

There's a young lady in the bedroom. She's done nothing wrong. I don't want her to get hurt. In fact, she's the reason why I complied at all.

But that's it, isn't it? The solution I was searching for.

I keep a silver Beretta M9 in my nightstand. Maybe this person knew about that. Maybe they didn't. Maybe they think I'm full of shit. I've been honest so far, haven't I? She knows where it is and how to use it. "If you shoot me," she'll have a fighting chance. "Maybe you will end up dead too." I would be okay with that.

I could have screamed or tried to fight, but I didn't. This whole time I've played by the rules of silence. The game is finished now. "I don't know who you are." I won't call the police to try and find out. No one needs to get hurt here. "All you have to do is leave."

I'm going to stop writing.

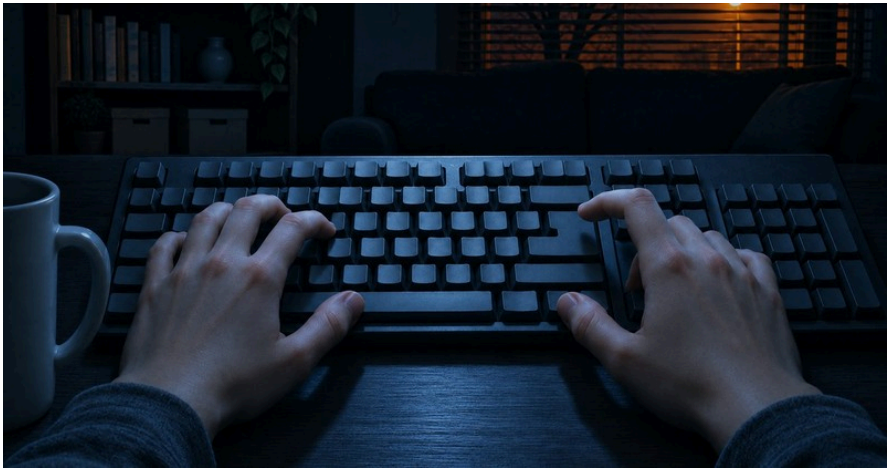
What happens next is on them.

Remember the gun.

“Kill me, or get the fuck out of my house?” I ask by typing.

1… 2..

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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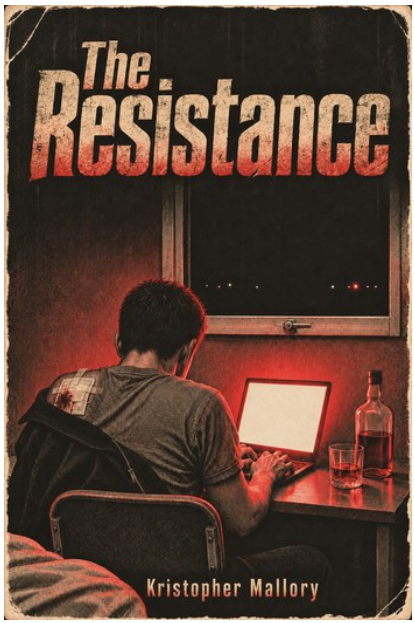
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are better heard in the dark.

WRITE has a complete audio narration, read by Ash, a digital voice. It runs 5 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.

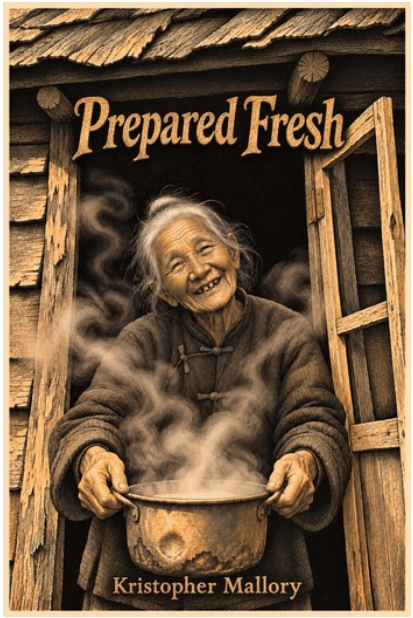
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A fugitive journalist posts one last message to the resistance from a hotel outside the capital of the Axis States of America, and gives himself a day.

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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*



PREPARED FRESH

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

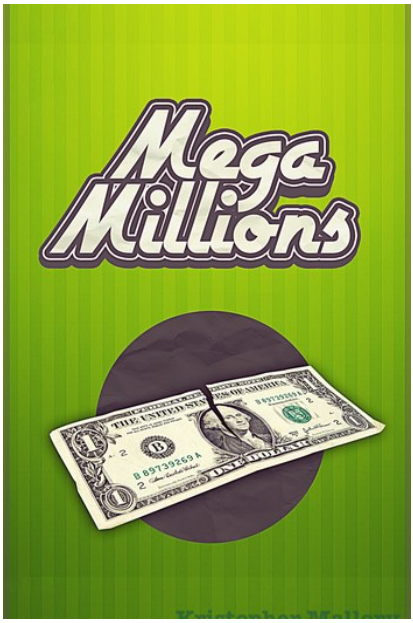
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A cameraman and his comedian host land in rural China chasing fresh food for a pilot, and the only kid who speaks English begs them not to eat it.

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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.

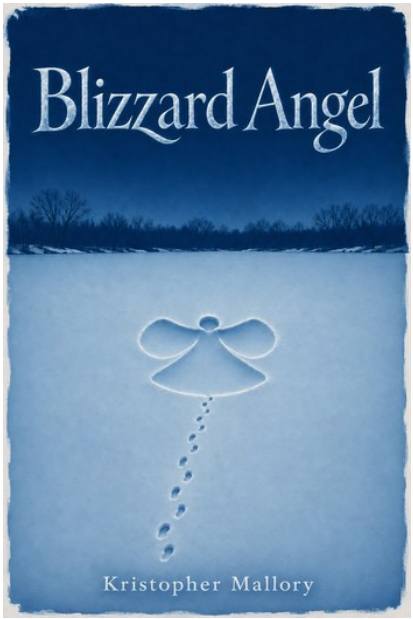
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Joshua Harris is just the average blue collar guy, until one night he decides to buy a lotto ticket with his usual pack of beer. Josh thinks he may have won but life spirals into hilarity when he realizes that he can't find the ticket.

~~~~~

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*



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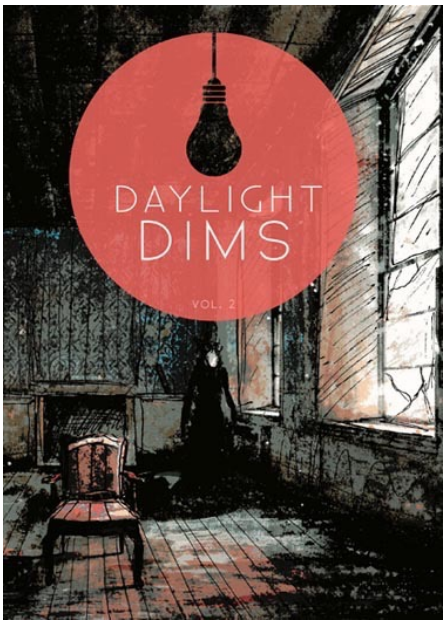
Her last text says Blizzard Angels return during the winter storms, and the next morning a North Dakota sheriff calls about a car in a snowdrift.

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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*

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.

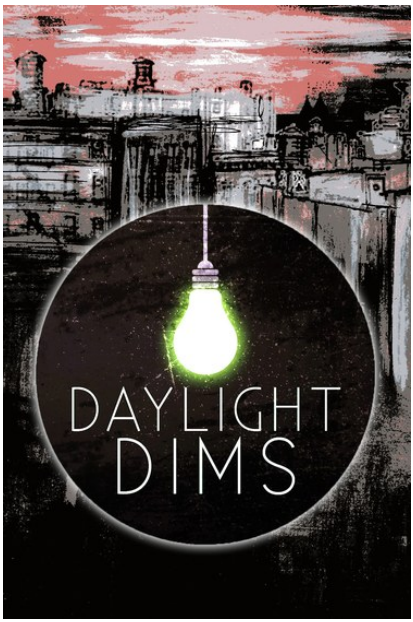
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable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