

## What Was on His Smartphone?

By Kristopher Miller

Sam sips his coffee while looking at his smartphone.

Then he starts chuckling. The smartphone shakes in his hands. He drops his coffee cup. The cup shatters all over the floor. The mug shards dot the floor while the steaming hot coffee flows freeform in different directions.

Then he starts cackling. As he cackles, Sam rips the smartphone apart piece by piece. He throws the pieces all over the place. People look up from their breakfast.

“What is this guy’s problem?” a customer asks.

“I think I’m going to get my rain check,” another customer murmurs.

“Just ignore him,” a customer tells her husband. “I’m sure someone will escort him out the door.”

Sam’s waiter walks by and asks, “Uh, sir? Excuse me? Are you all right? Please stop laughing and calm down.”

But Sam continues to cackle.

“Sir,” the waiter says again. “Stop laughing this instant or I am calling the manager-”

Then Sam grabs a glass full of ice water and smashes it over the waiter’s head. The waiter screams in agony as glass embeds his face and eyes. Then Sam takes a fork he ate bacon and eggs with and jabs it into the waiter’s neck. The waiter gurgles blood out his mouth as Sam cackles and stabs him repeatedly with the fork. Blood covers Sam’s face as it spurts out with every jab wound he makes.

Blood flows from the dead waiter as Sam gets up. He drops his gory fork on the floor with a clatter and cackles as he walks. Customers get out the way as Sam leers at them while cackling nonstop.

Sam kicks open the restaurant doors as he cackles. A homeless man sees him and says, “Hey sir, can you spare me some cha-?” but Sam drives his thumbs into the homeless man’s

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eyeballs. Sam's cackling muffles over the man's screams as Sam gouges out his eyes. Sam tosses his head back and cackles as he lets the homeless man fall dead on the dirty sidewalk. A woman walking her dog screams in horror. A man drops his morning latte in shock.

Sam keeps cackling as fresh blood drips from his hands. He walks in the middle of the street. Several cars screech and brake in front of him. Sam cackles as people beep their horns in anger.

A policeman stops by and gets off his motorcycle. He holds his hand out at Sam. Sam keeps cackling and walking.

"Sir, stop right there," the policeman says as he walks towards him. "Stop right now-"

Sam grasps the policeman's head and snaps his neck. The dead policeman falls to the ground. Sam takes his motorcycle and jets on the street with it. Sam keeps cackling as he races past the shops and cafes in the area. He runs red lights and causes more cars to screech and stop. Sam turns to the left and he faces a car that stops in front of him.

Sam gets off the bike. A woman gets out of her car and says, "Hey, what the fuck are you doing-"

Sam punches the woman in the face. She falls to the ground with a heavy umph! Then Sam gets into the woman's car. He puts the car into drive, presses down on the accelerator and runs over the woman as she screams. Sam keeps cackling as he drives on the streets.

Then Sam drives into a park. He rams the car into a couple having a picnic on the grass. Splatters of blood hit the windshield. Sam cackles as the wheels crush the bodies. Then he runs over a dog about to catch a frisby. The boy who threw the frisby at the dog also gets in Sam's way. He is crushed instantly.

Sam crashes the car into a tree. Metal twists with cracked wood on impact.

Sam is very still as engine smoke seeps from under the twisted hood. He opens his eyes. He grins maniacally. Sam chuckles.

Then Sam cackles as he gets out of the car. Sam keeps cackling until he reaches an Italian restaurant with tables outside.

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At one of these tables, two women have a conversation.

“You know, Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls are awfully glorified for getting shot.”

“Hey, you have Jim Morrison and Jimi Hendrix who overdosed on drugs, and they are glorified for having died young.”

“Don’t you think it is weird that hip hop artists are normally shot by someone else and that rock musicians normally die from overdosing? I mean, is it a racial thing or a cultural thing?”

Sam cackles as he takes a steak knife from the table and jabs it into the first woman’s throat. The second woman screams and Sam also slashes her throat with the steak knife. Sam stabs her several times as he covers himself with more and more blood.

Sam cackles as he grips the steak knife. A couple of cop cars screech in front of him. The police folk get out with their handguns drawn.

“Freeze!” said one of the cops. “Drop the knife.”

But Sam still cackles as he rushes at the police officer. The officer opens fire and shoots Sam in the chest four times. Then another cop shoots him six times. And another cop shoots him twelve times.

Sam falls to the ground. He is riddled with holes like Swiss cheese. Blood flows freeform from the wounds. His mouth is open as a hideous grin.

Later, two men put Sam’s corpse into a cold chamber at the local morgue.

“I hear that guy was a fucking psycho,” one of the morgue guys said.

“Yeah, according to the news, he killed at least nine people,” said the other morgue guy. “The weird thing is that before he started killing people, eyewitnesses said the first thing he did was break his own smart phone to pieces after looking at it.”

“Why would he do that?”

“Dunno. Maybe it was something on the smartphone. Maybe he saw something that made him crazy.”

“Or maybe he was some sleeper agent.”

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“Ha ha, very fucking funny man.”

“Hey, you never know. The question is what did he see on his smartphone?”

“I doubt we will ever know. Let me check my phone for a bit...”

The End

**Kristopher Miller bio:** Kristopher Miller has been scribbling random words since he was just a little dude, and he's continued scribbling down even more words as an adult. Apart from being featured on Writing Raw, Miller is also featured in Down in the Dirt and Burning Word Literary Journal. He has also written and released his first novella, The Maze's Amulet, and the poetry anthology, Poisoned Romance, on Amazon and for digital download in 2012. To contact Mr. Miller, e-mail at [magickmaze@gmail.com](mailto:magickmaze@gmail.com). You can also visit his site at <https://sites.google.com/site/kristopherofficialsite> and his blog at <http://downwardspiralpublications.blogspot.com>.