

Silly Land very Short Story

Not so Silly Escape by Hijcknician75.app (@fishyfry75)

Drll and Syll begin to climb the steep wood stairs, which managed to stay clean despite the splattered remains on nearly every other surface. The sight that Syll had previously seen filled him with uncontrollable dread, but still, he continued up the stairs behind Drll. Neither of them said a word; the only sound was the creaking of the boards. Once they reached the door at the top, Drll peaked out into the upstairs room, a single room, with two doors on each side, and a desk in the middle. Various items of items sprung about the room, nothing unusual for the sheriff's office. Drll then swung the door open and waltzed over to the desk. He opened one of the drawers and focused on something inside that caught Syll's eye, a small black box that Drll quickly concealed in the satchel left on the desk.

"What's the box?" Syll asked, gesturing at the satchel, now strung across Drll's slouched shoulder.

"None of your business, letting you out wasn't enough?" Drll rolls his eyes, clearly irritated by Syll's constant questions.

Syll sighs, "I'd like to know if we're going to work togeth—"

"I don't need you, all I need is me. After we get outta here, I'm leaving alone." Drll interrupted, walking towards the back door, glancing towards the front making sure no one saw them.

Syll looked down at his feet, flustered, following outside.

“Get down.” Drll commands, crouching behind a few crates left behind the sheriff’s building.

“That way, over the river.” Drll points, “That’s where I’m headed.”

“Talkin’ more, huh? And giving me directions? Are yer warming up to me?” Syll giggles.

“No.” Drll gave Syll a deep, long stare, as if staring into his soul.

“Damn that’s cold, I was just jesting man.” Syll was offended, but it wasn’t unexpected. The air was mostly quiet—there was the sound of bloody screams and gunshots that are the usual in towns like this, but had come commonplace that it was nearly nonexistent. Drll began to move again, Syll followed suit, but then suddenly Drll stopped moving. There was no time to think before Drll spoke up.

“Flippin’! Get back!” Drll pushed Syll back behind the crates. “Somebody’s coming.” Syll began to open his mouth before he heard it.

“Hey, did you see that? I saw someone over there.” A mysterious voice came from the main road, not far from where they were escaping. The conversation continued on as the voices came closer, Drll and Syll shuffled back towards the door.

“I don’t got no gun! What am I supposed to do?” Syll quietly exclaims.

“Just get inside.” Drll says, reaching for the knob. In the corner of Drll eye, a gun pointed at Drll. He finally opened the door, yanking Syll with him at speeds only an adrenaline rush could do. Immediately spotting a revolver left on the desk, Syll grabbed and pointed it toward the door with a finger on the trigger, ready to shoot.