

Silly Land very Short Story

Not so Silly Hideout by Hijcknician75.app (@fishyfy75)

“Here we are...” In front them was an entrance to a mine shaft at the base of a tall plateau. “My campsite!” Drll moved to the side, shot his arms up from his side, and shook his hands at the entrance, showcasing it.

Syll stared blankly at Drll, “Uhh—Yer got bandages?” He pointed to his arm with his blood stained hand.

Drll shook his head and walked through the entrance, leaving Syll behind outside. Syll picked up his feet and hurried behind him.

“What’s your name again?” Drll quickly stared widely at Syll while they walked deeper into the mine shaft.

“Syll.” He said with a hint of disappointment.

“Right, so I need you to listen close now,” Drll stopped in his tracks to deliver his important information. “Since you’re here, I have something I need you to do when I’m done.”

“What’s err... yer doing anyways?”

“Not right now, what I’m about to tell you is more important. There’s a place in the mountains, I have a map. There’s a machine, you need to destroy it.” He stared again, this time for several seconds, not breaking eye contact once. “Everything you need will be there.”

“Yeah er, ok, I can do that.”

They continued walking in silence before Drll suddenly stopped again, this time he looked at the wall of the cave and pulled out a key ring from his pocket. He grabbed the small object attached to the ring and fiddled with it until the wall moved. A loud clanking metallic sound came from the wall as it moved up and bend around the ceiling. Behind the now gone wall was a room of considerable size, of which the space had not been used very well. Along the walls were basic essentials for camping out; a setup tent, an old lantern, a bedroll, and some pots for cooking. In one corner, a mess of pages and books chaotically sprawled across the floor, and in the center was a fire pit with a spit hanging just above it. Right above the fire pit was a tunnel up to the surface.

“This it? Looks pretty empty to me.”

“Yep.”

Drll walked up to the pots and lifted a metal box, it was bigger than the box he had taken from the sheriff’s office, but close in size.

“What’s that for?” Syll asked.

“You’ll see soon enough.” Drll brought the metal box over to the fire pit and hung it upon the spit. He gave Syll a matchbox, “Light it, will you?” He went over to his mess of papers to grab a book left open on the ground.

Syll lit a match and threw it into the pit. The flame grew until it engulfed the logs placed inside.

“When yer going to tell me watch’cha gonna do?”

“I’m going to die,” He brought the book over to the fire and handed it to Syll. “But don’t worry, I’m just being reborn!” He opened the latch and door on the hanging metal box and brought the black box out from his satchel and placed it inside. “It’s all set up now, it’s time to start the ritual.”