

## Silly Land very Short Story

Not so Silly Jailmates  
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“What you in for?” chuckled a tall slim man. He looked as if he hadn’t eaten in days. Slumped in the corner of the dimly lit jail cell, he gestured to another man in the cell across from him. They were covered in blood and still cuffed.

The bloodied man did not respond. It was obvious what he had done, but the slim man found it fun to hear the story.

“Quiet, huh? Let me guess, ya killed someone.”

The bloodied man looked at him, staring.

The slim man continued. “If so, that’s pretty cool tbh. The name’s Syll. I robbed the local bank here, and I’m here pretty often actually. What’s yer name?” Syll slides up from the floor and stands up.

The other man grumbled something under his breath and then says “Drll.”

“Oh, so you *can* speak! We got similar names, you and me.” Syll laughed, trailing off.

“Get up! I’ve brought food.” The lights flicker on revealing the sheriff standing on the staircase that leads to his office and the exit. Drll groaned, while Syll shot up, ready to grab his meal.

The sheriff unlocked Syll’s door, handing the meal over. Syll took it and sat back down as the sheriff locked the cell back up. Syll had attacked the sheriff in hopes of escaping before, but it had never ended well, so he didn't try anymore.

The sheriff turned to give Drll his meal, walking over and unlocking his cell. Drll extends his finger and points it at the sheriff.

“Why are you pointing at me? Do you want your food or not?” The sheriff said, rolling his eyes and waiting for an answer.

Drll kept pointing, and after a moment, the sheriff started screaming. In a matter of seconds, the screams faded, and the sheriff was dead.

“What the hell! What did you do?!” Syll yelled, eyes wide. The sheriff’s body had folded in on itself and then exploded across the room. They were now both covered in blood. Had this been the kind of murder he was arrested for?

Drll opened his cell and started to walk out.

“Hey! Wait! Let me out!” Syll exclaimed, shaking the bars.

Drll glanced over at Syll before looking at the ground, contemplating.

“Nah, well—yeah sure okay.” Drll said. He walked over, grabbing the keys, and letting Syll out.