

Silly Land very Short Story

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

Syll stood there, the gun pointed at the door, his hands sweaty and shaking. He was losing faith that the two men were coming to attack. It had been minutes since they reentered the sheriff's office, the rush of adrenaline had flushed away and all that was left was the still air. In the corner of his eye, Drll lowered his arm, he had been holding it out, Syll assumed it was to use his power like he did to the sheriff just before. Drll was visibly in pain, Syll wondered, did his powers hurt him? He had done it so nonchalantly before, it had dehumanized him, his powers seemed otherworldly, but now seeing any sign of a person inside him was off-putting.

"Ya good?" Syll asked, turning his head towards Drll with a raised eyebrow.

Drll tried his best to remain focused on the door, trying to ignore Syll's irritating chatter

"Just curious, as a non-magic class," Syll chuckled, "Does it hurt?"

Finally, Drll turned to face Syll, his eyes flashing with a hint of annoyance. "What are you talking about?" he asked.

BANG! Suddenly, the door swung open, revealing one of the men following them standing just inside. He had fired his gun right into Syll arm, wounding him.

"GAH!" Syll gasped, his gaze snapped to his arm beginning to bleed. His jaw dropped in shock, then he looked back up at the man. Syll lifted the gun as quickly as he could with his shaking hands and landed a shot in the man's chest. The man dropped to the ground at the same time as the gun slipped

from Syll's sweaty hand, both landing with a hard thud. Syll clenched his teeth, groaning in pain as he stared at the body on the ground.

"Well done." Drll approached Syll with a smirk on his face, unfazed by the blood streaming down his arm and onto the ground.

Abruptly, the other man busted through the front door, throwing himself onto Drll's back, toppling him over. There was no time to react. The man started to slam Drll's head into the floor, being sure to break a bone. His eyes widened with pain, Drll struggled to catch his breath as the man continued to assault him. Syll's head started to spin as his heart started to race, until he swung his foot right into the man's face.

"Holy!" Syll exclaimed, taken aback by his own action. Syll swiveled around, found the gun he had dropped, and kicked it over to Drll.

Drll reached for the gun and aimed for the man's head. Without hesitation, the man was dead—blood splattered behind him, he sat now in a growing pool of blood.

Reaching into his pocket, he found a badge—a sheriff's badge. *The hell?* Thought the newly appointed sheriff, Ian, as he found his sheriff's badge! He made his way down the path, his new office at the very end. He could feel the staring from passerby, his light walk became more of a jog because of the curious stares from passersby, which made him feel uneasy. When he finally reached the building that housed his office, the door was already open. Inside were three men, one appeared to be a medic, and the other two lay lifeless on the ground. The floor was one big pool of blood, and the back door's glass was shattered.

"Heyuh—Hi." Ian tried to get the medic's attention, "What happened here?"

"Well, this guy was shot in the face." The medic pointed towards the dead man slumped against the wall. "I'm guessing you're the new sheriff? Wonder where the old one went..." The medic was an older gentleman, no younger than 60 or 70. Despite what one would assume about his age, he was

fairly fit, he certainly had his fair share of adventure. “You think he had something to do with this? Because he certainly isn’t in here.” The medic asked.

“What’s behind that door?” Ian gestured towards the basement door.

“Oh, that’s the jail, where you’ll... y’know?” The medic lifted an eyebrow, he tried to inquire further. “Why’d you ask?”

“Dunno, have you checked down there?” Ian continued to lightly press, already ready to head down.

“No, I just got here too. Head down if you want. It’s your jail anyways.” The medic chuckled, resuming his examination of the room. Ian nodded his head before opening the door and heading down the stairs behind it.

“Just over the river and beyond the plateau.” Drll said before glancing over at Syll’s arm, “Think you can make it?”

Syll winced, he was biting into his lip. “Yeah. *Damn*... I’ll make it...”

Drll nodded his head in acknowledgment.

“What’s the box for?” Syll asked, “The one you grabbed in your bag?”

“None of your business, not right now at least...” Drll’s mind was elsewhere, his goal near.

Their conversation fell quiet as they continued their walk. Once they reached the river, Drll walked into the water and began washing the blood off his clothes and body.

“Can’t be walking looking like that.” Drll chuckled.

A look of confusion washed over Syll’s face as he tried to understand what was happening. He stared at Drll before splashing water onto his clothes.

“You good?” Drll questioned, catching Syll’s eyes, which periodically looked back up at him.

“*Why*—do you care?” Syll asked through gritted teeth as he carefully washed himself off without aggravating his injury further.

Drll was taken aback, “D-do you not want me to?”

“Ten minutes ago yer like ‘I’m so moody look at my super cool powers.’” Syll continued, “But now you suddenly care...” His voice dripped in pain and sarcasm.

“We should hurry,” Drll glanced behind himself. “You can talk about that later.” He dismissed Syll. They both climb out of the river and continued down their unmarked path to Drll’s mysterious destination.

Each step creaked under Ian’s foot. Blood was already visible from his limited view, pieces of something fleshy were splattered across the wall. He didn’t want to think about it, so he blocked it from his mind and continued down. The stench was foul, the dread built up the longer he stayed. The room was completely red, both of the cells on both sides of the room were wide open, and across the room were shreds of clothing, and flesh. He couldn’t shake the feeling that he’s seen this before... On the floor was the missing sheriff’s badge, laying next to a pair of boots. A knock echoed down the stairwell.

“Hey, you should probably see this.” The medic’s voice wavered with urgency. “I think I might know where they might’ve gone.”

“Yeah? I’ll be up in a second.” Ian said. He wanted to find out whatever happened to this sheriff, and how. He crouched down, trying his best to keep his clothes from getting bloody, and grabbed the badge. Afterward, he lifted himself up from the ground, turned around, and walked back up the stairs.

Upstairs, the medic shuffled around Ian as he walks through the doorway, where which he had been leaned against while waiting. The medic directed Ian's attention to the open back door, which was left wide open. Footprints led out towards the river not far behind the building.

“Was that door already open?” Ian’s face was washed over with confusion and concern.

“You should follow them.” The medic suggested before pulling a pen and notebook out of his pocket. “I need to leave a note for my assistant, I’ll catch up with you.”

“Oh-Yeah sure. Okay...” Ian turned and made his way back before looking back to the medic, “Hold on, what was your name again?”

“Grant.” The medic said.

“Grant, yes, okay... See you later, Grant.” Ian walked out the door, losing his confidence on the way out.