

## Silly Land very Short Story

### Not so Silly Bar by Hijck75.app (@fishyfry75)

Slowly pushing the covers over himself, he moved to sit up. Bringing himself up from the bed, he looked into the mirror. With long, dirty hair and a rugged beard, Ian turned around to put his shoes on. Grabbing his stuff, he left his room and entered a short hallway with another room and a door to the saloon downstairs. He opened the door to the saloon and stepped down the stairs.

“Morning, how’d yer sleep?” The bartender asked Ian, trying to catch his eye. The saloon is completely empty other than the man at a corner table and the bartender.

“I uh. . . it was. . . well it was pretty okay. . .” Ian responded in a very unsure tone.

“That’s great to hear! We pride ourselves on our very, *very*, mediocre rooms.” The bartender says, smiling. “How’d you fancy a meal? I’ll still charge you but act like it's on the house.”

“Um, yeah sure.” Ian moved closer and sat at the counter. “How much?”

“Only one doubloon.” The bartender replied.

Ian reluctantly handed the money over and watched the bartender turn around and enter the backroom. He glanced around the room while slowly tapping his finger on the counter. Turning around in his seat, he found the man across the room staring at him. He was bald and had a mustache. There was nothing at his table.

“Hey, you.” The man said directly towards Ian. “Yer a pretty capable guy yeah?”

Ian began to open his mouth, “Uh—”

“Great!” The man interrupted. “So you'll take the job? Welcome new Sheriff!”

The man got up and walked over to Ian and held out the Sheriff's badge, waiting for Ian to take it. Ian looked at the man, confused, but took the badge anyway.

"Do I have a choice?" Ian asked.

"No." The man replies while pulling a gun out on Ian. "Oh also btw I'm the mayor lmao."

"The hell!? I'll take the job! Just put the gun away!" Ian tried to push the mayor away.

The mayor backed off and headed back to his table. Wondering why the mayor was sitting at an empty table as if he were waiting for him, Ian turned around to face the counter.

"Here's the meal you asked for" The bartender came back from the backroom with food.

"Thanks." Ian said, relieved, taking a bite out of the meal.

"Is it subpar? I remade this meal two times trying to get it as mediocre as possible. You know what they say, third time's the charm. Well that doesn't apply because I lied, it only took me two tries, this is my second time remaking it." The bartender rambled on.

"I uh. . . what? Why would you lie about that? Anyways, yeah it's subpar." Ian said very, *very*, confused, continuing to eat his food.

"So? I hear you're the new sheriff. Everyone's talking about it! Rumor is going around that you killed our last sheriff to get the job. Don't worry though, no one really liked our last sheriff anyway." The bartender rambled on again.

"But I just became sheriff just a few minutes ago!?" Ian says, his confusion increasing.

"Word spreads fast here in Goobertown, can't hide your secrets here. You don't have any secrets worth hiding, right?" The bartender stared into Ian's eyes very intensively.

Ian looked away before trying to leave. "I'm going to go now. . . And you know, do my job?"

"Oh of course lol, *you can't hide from what you've done.*" The bartender smiled and waved goodbye to Ian as he left.