

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

Escape from Swallowtail

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The Bandera Prophet

Sometime in the night, the inmates must have planned their escape. They knew they could sneak away quietly, but they needed a way to get over the wall or maybe through the window. They hadn't planned on the elements though and, as luck would have it, on this very windy night, the door to the outside of Swallowtail Prison blew open slightly and gave them means for an escape.

When they had made their getaway, they decided to split ways as it's always every man for himself in the life of an escapee. The older of the two inmates, Sammy the Siamese Terrorist, had been incarcerated for almost two years at the Swallowtail and the kid they called Rod the Terrible hadn't seen the outside world since he was six weeks old, some seven long months ago.

Because the nonexistent alarm never sounded, the sleeping guards were unaware of the nighttime Escape from the Swallowtail. The female guard awoke first only to find the open door and, then sounded the alarm by screaming at the warden to get up right now!

While the warden threw his boots on, the female guard armed with no more than porch lights and a pretty dim flashlight, headed out the door yelling the names of her escaped prisoners. She knew how hard life on the outside could be.

Not two steps outside the Swallowtail Prison walls, she glanced down and spied Rod the Terrible sitting there on the porch. He walked up, rubbed her leg and she had him! She whisked him back to his cell safely

inside the prison walls and made sure all the doors were secured. Guess he just wasn't tough enough for the outside world.

By then the Warden was armed and ready to go look for Sammy the Siamese Terrorist. The two of them fanned out in different directions when suddenly the female guard, with the much better hearing, heard the cries of the Terrorist. She circled the yard trying to find the location of the escapee and finally found him about 10 feet up in a cedar tree.

During Cedar Fever season. Sigh.

It's never easy to talk an escapee down. Especially one that doesn't have opposable thumbs. Her demands and threats of solitary confinement fell on deaf ears. She summoned the Warden who decided the best course of action was to go up to the barn and get a 12-foot ladder. So off they went while dawn was breaking. When they returned with the ladder, they found Sammy the Siamese Terrorist had taken the opportunity to make his getaway yet again.

Just then, the other two hairy guards showed up for their morning shift and decided to help. They made such a ruckus; they got sent back to Swallowtail Prison to guard Rod the Terrible.

In the meantime, the female guard discovered Sammy the Siamese Terrorist atop the netted chicken pen. He was hopelessly tangled up in all that netting. He was impossible to reach and since an electric cattle prod was no longer allowed to be used at the prison, the Warden produced a pair of scissors and cut the escapee out. The female guard carried the terrified Terrorist back inside the safe, prison walls.

Both prisoners were immediately sent to solitary confinement with a bowl of milk. And so, ends the tale of the Escape from Swallowtail.