Bar, behave, majority

In Bristol, there was a bar named “Whiskey Wolf”, and it stood right outside the city. Well, it was there, until it wasn’t. No one knows for sure, but a lot of different tales sprung up in the city. Some believe the owner went into debt, some that he had an accident. Even crazier folk theorised that its closure was linked to mysterious events. Though most of the stories were just that – stories, the majority of the town’s folk knew one thing – it was weird. Mainly, because it just disappeared.

Yes, just disappeared. Into thin air. No one saw the demolition equipment. No signs on the road. No witnesses. Just gone. Even the owner was shocked but didn’t talk about it to anyone. Answered no questions. Was acting all sketchy. Still, we accepted its disappearance.

Shame too, ‘cause in that pub, everyone seemed to behave. No broken stools ever. No major fights, though I did have to knock a tooth out from that pompous bastard Perry. Oh well, such is life.

Ah, the bar. The bar itself was pleasant. The wall made from barrel oak, still with a light smell of whiskey and wine. The stools were always uncomfortable before a second pint, after that the most comfortable place on Earth. Even better than the floor once you get shitfaced.

And the owner, Michal Farlun, what a fellow. Charming, calm, yet fights like two bears are tight to his arms. Yet the disappearance of the pub broke him. He started drinking, rarely talked to anyone unless spoken to. It is a shame.

His children though, took from their mother. Feisty little buggers. They are still fighting with the authorities for security footage to understand what happened and maybe get compensation. As if it is the governments’ fault it happened. **Their father tried to stop them, he told me, but to no avail**. As if he knows something.

Oh well, what can I know. I am just a fisherman from the docks after all. Living my quiet life with my family.

“Is that all Chief? And oh, I didn’ catch your name.”

“Michael Hellsing, and that is all I want to know. Thank you for your time.”

“No problem, mate”