Mr. Bollin

Mr. Bollin was an esteemed man. He is the first to take out his trash, the first to wake up, and the last person to sleep. He has deep brown eyes that many would say are eyes of innocent angels. He has blonde hair swept to the side with a faint dark shadow left on his chin. Mr. Bollin loved to sing and he would sing every Sunday in the church choir. He would dress in blue robes embellished in gold. He played the cello, his old cello, which his father left him in his death bed. He would play with the town Orchestra when he had the chance. He was a cheerful man, with a smile that would melt the heart of any dame. Mr. Bollin is a man that everyone wants to be but foremost, he is the man that everyone loves to love. For Mr. Bollin was a good man.

Many housewives would come to gossip about Mr. Bollin in their everyday conversations. The housewives were a peculiar kind, always keen to gossiping, many say. They would wear aprons soiled from the chores in which was brought upon them and they would conjure up any trivial matter that they see as a dire importance. They would gather up like a army of ants just to discuss the latest gossip while their husbands were at work and their children were in school. What a peculiar kind these housewives were.

"Mr. Bollin is such a fine man, I do not understand why *he* is not married,'' articulated a housewife with curlers in her hair left from the night before.

"Well Martha,'' said a blonde housewife fiddling with washed clothes that lay before her, "he had a wife, you see, but she died long ago on a trip to her parents'. Poor Mr. Bollin, bless his heart''. The other housewives in the conversation took a brief pause of sympathy and then resumed to their everyday chores.

One thing that many do not know of Mr. Bollin, is that he is an awfully lonely man. Yes, this very man is lonely, terribly…terribly lonely. He was in need of a companion but seek one, he did not. Despite his endeavors, he would get up every morning and read his nicely folded newspaper outside his porch. This magnificent porch and house in which Mr. Bollin lived in was an attraction for many of the townspeople. Mr. Bollin's lawn was a sea of dark green with finely tamed grassed and few patches of daisies, here and there. The rock pavement that led to Mr. Bollin's porch was surrounded by an array of red, blue, yellow, and white flowers. Mr. Bollin would sit in his wooden rocking chair while the housewives would come and converse with him, and he would smile with that pearly white smile of his. For Mr. Bollin was a good man.

But no one knows the true Mr. Bollin. None of the townspeople know that inside Mr. Bollin's beautiful home lies a basement, in which Mr. Bollin would go in every now and then. The basement did not seem like it was part of the house, but to the house, it surely belonged. The stairs were of a dark amber color, with wood splinters poking out at every end. The stairs led to the dark abyss in which only a small dim light laid. The very gray brick walls that supported the grandiose house was decaying in mold and filth. Massive rats crawled in the corners. Rats as black as night. In the middle of the room was a chain. So out of place, this chain was. For it was nailed to the wall by, what it seems, brutal force. The chain was decaying, decaying with rust and constant abuse. In the basement, laid a small room in which only a small tainted window can be seen. The door that led to this room was an iron door, with bolts, and chains. The room was small, maybe only a four square feet long . The walls of the room were not painted in mold but with tears .

And in this room, this room painted with tears, the wall were filled with posters….posters of the lost. The ones who went missing after a night of fun, the ones who saw Mr. Bollin and fell for that pearly white smile of his. The ones who decided to come to this very room and this very house of his, the perfect and good Mr. Bollin. For they were blind, maybe by hope..or desire that he would care and comfort them, for Mr. Bollin was a good man.

Then one dark fateful night while Mr. Bollin was fast asleep, the lights and sirens of blue and red wailed in the atmosphere and there was a knock. Thump.Thump.Thump. And Mr. Bollin rushed to see who was knocking in his front door. As he turned the golden knob, the man in badges took his hand and a chained their own chain on Mr. Bollin. And the townsfolk would come and see. Some cried and some gasped at the scene that was playing right in front of their eyes. The women damned Mr. Bollin.

''That MAN! I knew he was a vile man from the start'', exclaimed the housewife with the curlers in her hair from the night before. And then all the housewives would scream vicious remarks as Mr. Bollin was carried away to the metal chair that awaited him. And all were afraid. For Mr. Bollin was a good man.