
Subject: The Bar is Open... Can I get you a drink?
Posted by [Walrus](#) on Sun, 14 Dec 2003 22:53:54 GMT
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Looks at the barmen, he stands there and doesnt say a thing, he knows the ruteen well enough to keep his noes out. He's here to serve the drinks not to get a life story. An hour latter and he'd be off with his girl friend and it would some one else lieing bleeding too afraid to call for help.

"Give me an 'old speckled hen"

"A what?"

"Its a beer, well a real ale, dont you have it? Well?"

The barmen shook his head. It wasnt often that any one asked for anything other then 'a beer'.

"Get me a brandy, it too fucking cold out, for beer anyway."

It had been a long night, it handnt gone the way any of them had expected. All any of them could do now was sit back and watch the snow settle. No point in going out side, no point in being here realy. Sooner or latter they always catch up. They always do. And the first one that come threw that door gets knifed...

He rolled the tiny glass back and forth between his palms to warm it up, and swallowed. He pushed the emtie glass to one side. "Another," He said.
