

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## The Whistler's Inn

by Katy Wise

### The Rover and The Hunter

“Anyway, what about your story?”

She turned to me unexpectedly, although only because I hadn't noticed her, which is strange because she was the only one there worth noticing .

“Good choice of drink.” I pointed out, nodding towards the glass in her hand.

“Oh its not for me... its for you.” And she proffered the much desired whiskey which sloshed over solid ice cubes.

*Nothing would melt in this place* , I thought.

‘But it comes at a price.’

I looked in to her wild eyes. ‘No one is told any story but their own.’ I replied, and she smiled.

### The Hunter

Instinct is a marvelous thing. It can neither be explained nor ignored.

So when I set eyes on the traveller while hunting, I knew things where about to change.

I followed him for a while, he had stealth and wisdom, but not as much as me.

I sat in a tree mending my bow, watching as he built a fire and roasted a rabbit, feeding half to the stray puppy which now sat at his feet.

I knew I had to meet him, and he would be at the Inn later, because even wild, mysterious men are creatures of habit.

### The Sculptor

Its perfectly formed. It curves in all the right places, its tight and petit where it needs to be, and long and sinuous where it doesn't.

I couldn't of imagined a body better myself, and I had lovingly sculpted mirror images of her in both clay and wood, now hidden away. If anyone ever found them I would be ruined.

I gazed at her till my trance was broken by a pint being slammed down in front of me, when I looked up again my stomach sank, she was smiling at a stranger, new in town and unwelcome.

### The Barmaid

The facts, as far as they could be ascertained, were as follows. The rover had wandered in to town after months in the wild, he was looking for something, but it wasn't clear what. He had come in with a changing wind and this worried people, he had adopted one of the stray half wolf pups, or more likely it had adopted him. Which was even more telling.

And now Elise was waiting for him, although not obviously. And when he walked in he was familiar to me, but as a barmaid should, I see all and say nothing.

### The Rover

I shook the rain from my hat and walked into the room. Nobody said a word.

Dark bodies lurked in dusty corners, drinking from even dustier glasses. Only the barmaid's dead eyes met mine stirring a memory deep in the caverns of my mind, but it was so distant and out of place I shook it off.

I had left the sable puppy outside but not before dropping my coat over him to protect him from the rain.

I was just deciding if I really needed a drink that badly when a voice asked.

"Anyway, what about your story?"