

Roll: **20211009-20148**

Camera: **Motorola G8plus**

Format: **Digital:1/2":48MP**

Year: **2021** Month: **October**

Subject: Screech Owl in the Strat.

People:

Enter list.

Notes:

The bar staff I spoke to last night in the Strat vehemently denied that we were reaching the end of the barrel of Archer, yet it is not on sale today. I don't get the point. Any more than I get the point of having three barrels of citrus flavoured washing up water on tap. Used to be that if you wanted to put the slops back in the barrel, they had to go in the mild because it would show in a glass of bitter. Now I think the landlord could take his pick. With four dry pumps, plus the said dish water, I am reduced tonight, to half of Castle Rock's "Screech Owl". Sadly this too is on the turn.

"Have you finished your nightly moan about the beer?" said Max.

"It's an important issue Max. Do you realise that 2000 pubs closed permanently last year, and who can wonder at it, if all they offered were samples of Maggie's dirty dish water?"

"I thought perhaps", said Max, "that the primary reason might be the Covid Panic."

"The pubs didn't close during two world wars, Max, nor during the Flu epidemic of '47, nor indeed during the Black Death, the Great Plague, or the Bubonic Plague."

"Are you sure that the last three are in fact different events?" said Max.

"I think you only ask because you know full well that I am not. But it is irrelevant Max. The point is that the pubs should be warm, friendly havens from a troubled world. Places where the local populace can assemble at will to imbibe quality potations that have been kept with care and skill by publicans dedicated to the preservation of their social, emotional and physical welfare. And before you ask Max, I mean the social, emotions and physical welfare of those partaking in the consumption of the haven's libations not the welfare of the purveyor, although might, I think be taken care of too, collaterally as it were."

"And you think that is what pubs were like prior to the Covid?"

"Well perhaps not immediately prior but from time to time, in one location or another... Well ok, perhaps not everything was well but, but ..."

"I sometimes wonder," said Max "just how confused your thinking might get. I cannot for the life of me see how the continued trading of hostelrys during the Great Plague has any relevance to the permanent closure of local pubs hit by corporatisation, rates, taxes, smoking bans, drink driving legislation and the unreasonable increases in bus fares."

"It's all connected Max. There is a silver thread tied to the wings of a butterfly that might beat it's wings in the forest where no one can hear it and yet it rains in Manchester." I said, losing confidence slightly as the sentence unwound.

"I think" said Max, "I have, in a sense, my answer"

"You do?"

"I do" said Max, "and if I were you, I should stay well away from the dish water."

Dates:

Times and dates are taken from the EXIF metadata. The chronology has been checked and I believe it to be accurate.

Frames:

IMG_20211009_205959458 0910 21:00 **Screech Owl** 4.71 2256 *f1.7* 1/20



IMG_20211009_205959458 - Screech Owl