

Harry Legendary

A man walked into a bar.

Normally, when a man walks into a bar, he does so with a certain amount of confidence. Door swings open, man comes in, turns on his heel, closes the door swiftly and walks to his favourite spot somewhere in the corner, with usually a bunch of people happily welcoming him.

Not this guy.

This man walked into a bar as if stepping into a haunted theme park ride; he paid for it, so he gotta go in. He hadn't obviously paid anything yet, but his decision to put one foot through the door had sealed the deal. Besides - there was a thirst in his eyes that needed to be quenched.

An eerie silence befell the inhabitants of said bar: the black forty-year-old behind the counter, casually leaning on it; the female Asian, twenty-something, her red lips on a champagne glass, sitting at a smaller round table; the Caucasian middle-aged woman opposite to her, her broad grin half-hidden behind a raised glass of wine; the lonely white fat guy in a black suit, occupying a corner in the back.

The stranger - Caucasian, maybe thirty-five, short brown hair, a giant pimple on his right cheek, worn out jeans and a shirt that used to be white - took a few steps closer and addressed the bartender: "I'd like a beer, please."

"Which kind?" the bartender said, pointing at a chalkboard with a long list of beverages.

"Uh," the stranger said. "Heady Topper."

A few moments later, the stranger was sitting on a bar stool, left hand lifting the bottle to pour the beer into the glass in the right hand. He seemed a bit nervous; the two women had already begun whispering behind his back.

"Say," the bartender said, leaning forward, resting both his hands on the bar. "Aren't you Harry?"

"I'm sorry?" the stranger said, returning the bottle to its natural vertical position.

The young woman behind him turned around. "He does look a lot like Harry, doesn't he?"

The corpulent guy in the back stretched his wobbly neck and agreed, shouting:

"Totally! Where have you been Harry?"

"I'm not Harry," the stranger said. "My name's Henry."

"Bullshit," the bartender said, grinning and clapping his hands. "You're gonna tell me you're not that Harry that actually wrestled a shark to death?"

"A shark? By god, no," the stranger said, chuckling. "I'm not visiting the gym often enough to be able to pull off such a feat."

"I heard," the Asian woman said, tilting her glass playfully, "that Harry once survived jumping out of a plane because he landed on another plane, which he held onto until that plane safely arrived on the ground."

For the first time, the stranger looked the young woman into her eyes and replied with raised arms: "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but that Harry doesn't exist."

"Are you calling me a liar?" the woman asked.

The round man in the back called: "I heard that Harry once killed a snake with his teeth. And not just any snake, a fucking anaconda. He just bit her head off - that took a while, but he managed to do it shortly before it could suffocate him."

The stranger shook his head. "I'm not sure-"

"Harry also rescued a dozen hostages once," the bartender told, folding his hands.

"Armed with only a butter knife, he single-handedly overcame a nasty group of twenty terrorists and led all hostages to freedom. There's actually a statue somewhere built in Harry's image because of that."

The stranger laughed. "What a guy, huh?"

The young woman raised her hand. "I heard Harry can play all instruments, and I mean all. He can adapt extremely fast. Did I mention he's fluent in over two dozen languages?"

The elder woman spoke up for the first time. "Everyone in my son's class wishes Harry was their father. Actually, Harry has something like thirty kids with just as many wives."

"So, he's kind of a douchebag?" the stranger asked.

Laughter exploded all around him.

"You must be Harry," the bartender said, slapping the bar, and then pointing at the stranger. "Only Harry could be so honest and modest."

"I..." the stranger said, before being interrupted again.

"I was about to ask you if you wanted to make a baby tonight, actually," the Asian woman said, shrugging. "But I guess not, if you're not Harry." She turned around, sulking.

"Awww, don't be sad, honey," the elder woman said, woefully.

The stranger swallowed. "Well..."

"I heard Harry was about to receive all kinds of properties throughout the country by the president himself," the fat man said, putting his hair back into its shiny form.

"Y'know, because of his famous deeds, helping people and what not."

"When is that going to happen?" the stranger asked, curiously.

"Tomorrow, according to the newspapers," the bartender said. "It's actually going to be one big ceremony."

The stranger frowned and took a sip of his beer, coughing. "Well... you know, maybe I am Harry."

"Maybe?" the Asian woman asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Okay, guys, you know what - you got me," the stranger said, hitting both of his knees with his hands. "I'm Harry."

"Well, shit," the bartender said. Everyone else gasped. "I knew it!"

Harry laughed shyly. "Yeah, yeah."

"Oh my god," the young woman said, holding a hand in front of her mouth.

The elder woman applauded and smiled happily.

"Welcome back, Harry!" the fat man yelled.

"So, Harry," the bartender said. "You still owe me 90 bucks."

Harry's visage darkened. "I... What?"

"Don't you tell me you forgot," the bartender threatened. "I've been waiting a year, now where's my money?"

Harry thought quickly. Then he said: "Don't you dare talk to me like that, I'm Harry, remember? I can kill you with a mere butter knife! I can jump out of planes and eat

snakes." He stood up, accidentally hitting his glass and spilling the precious beer.

"That's 90, plus 20 for the glass and the beer," the bartender said in a sinister voice. The fat man slowly rose to his feet, grabbing something behind his back and stepping a little closer, like a looming force on the horizon.

"You know what," the stranger said. "I was just kidding. I'm not Harry. Haha! See, it was just a joke."

The bartender turned around and came forward from behind the bar, facing the stranger face to face. "You admitted you're Harry just a second ago," he said, tapping the stranger on his chest. "Last time you were here you generously announced that the next round's on you and you put it all on your tab. Ninety bucks isn't even the real sum. I thought, since we were friends, I'd give you a nice round number to pay, y'know, for old time's sake. And now, you're saying, you're not Harry?"

The fat man was now towering behind the bartender, his suit almost bursting. Both women were looking Harry up and down sceptically, making disgusted faces.

"I don't have that much money on me," the stranger said, his voice shivering, his right shoulder already targeting the exit while taking a step back.

"How much you got?" the fat man behind the bartender asked in a thundering voice.

"Fifty."

"Let's have it then," the bartender said.

The stranger stuck his hands inside his pockets and produced a few crumpled notes, which fell on the ground. He quickly jumped towards the door and fled outside.

A few seconds later, everyone burst into laughter. The fat man snorted loudly and hit the bartender on his shoulder, his throat roaring. The two women high-fived.

With a quick swipe the bartender fetched the money off the ground, immediately starting to count.

"Thanks, Harry," he said and walked back to his bar. With the money in his hand he gently brushed a photo high up on the wall showing an old man with a hat and a butter knife between his teeth.

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