

## The Horn.

The Horn is a little speakeasy at Bourbon Street, its placed in a cellar and there is no sign at the street. The bar is placed in a single room without any windows, it has three doors; one out to the street, one out to a alleyway and the third into a backyard. Its only the door to street that is used though, the others are there if the police decide to make a little visit.

The bar-owner Jonathan Horn is in his early fifties and came to New Orleans from England when he was seventeen, he earned a loot of money as a liquor-smuggler and decide to make a bar like the ones he left behind in England. Of course this is a big contrast to the jazz and minstrel speakeasies around the Crescent City.

In one corner there is a bandstand, but to this day not one band has ever sat foot on the stage, Jonathan hates the jazz music that is played all over the city, if someone ask him why the bandstand but not a band he just shrugs his shoulders and smile.

The bar is visited by a small group of people that enjoys the calm silence of the bar over other more glamorous joints. The people are mostly immigrants from England and Germany and persons under the age of 50 is rarely seen here, but not unwelcome.

Jonathan is not a very skilled cook and only serves some fried food and easier meals like soup and omelettes, the prices are moderate to low. The meals are only served at the booths at the left of the door leading to the streets, Jonathan doesn't seem to know the reason for this himself

Like many other speakeasies around the town The Horn has trouble with the police, Jonathan must bribe numerous people to keep the bar open, but he makes enough money to pay it without any serious trouble.

### *The Horn.*

