



WELCOME
TO THE
CLUB
THAT NEVER
JOINED THE
CLUB
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WELCOME



HOUSE RULES

- ◆ Don't let code tell you how to dress
- ◆ Don't let homeless people be excluded from society
- ◆ Don't limit yourself to your friend group
- ◆ Don't let your phone get in the way of a good time
- ◆ Don't stay at home, come to the House
- ◆ Don't do the same thing again, mix it up
- ◆ Don't order the usual, try a House special



The Soho room

I enter to see beautiful faces smiling all around, and I smile back.

Outstanding outfits from all kinds of people. Colour-block suits, sun dresses, suspenders, bandanas, sneakers. Freddie tried wearing flips flops in one time. Flip flops don't fly at the House. I told him to save them for Brighton pier.

Thumbs don't tap on little screens. The only tapping comes from dancing feet accompanying the rattle of ice from the bartender. Previously a shy man of few words and fewer fortunes. He was given a fresh start with the help of the House. Now it's his home. Our home.

Everyone is mixing and mingling, dancing and singing. Three guests per member if I'm not mistaken. But we all belong. Life is good, life is free-flowing like the drinks until 1am.'

