

YOU

ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO A SOIRÉE

AT

THE HOUSE OF CHARTREUSE

Arrive at the moment the sun grips the world's edge, and the weaving driveway will drip in orange-white lucidity. Punctuality ignites salivary glands like a whip on a racehorse. Before opening the gates, be aware of what's to come.

OUR COCKTAILS FOR THE EVENING:

GREEN CHAUD



1.5oz Green Chartreuse in a novelty shot glass, placed atop a bed of 151 and quietly but quickly lit on fire before the glass topples over. Fire defeats gravity, and will hold it upright. (Chartreuse has been around for centuries and is regarded as very fine and special and this should be heard in the way it crackles like kindling.) Take care to keep fingers away from the flame. Nobody will be burned tonight.

UPSIDE-DOWN MARTINI



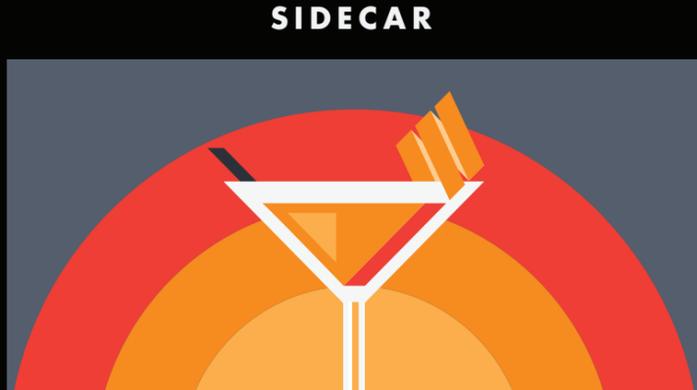
One of the servants (you'll spot them in black-and-white formalwear) will prepare this for you, but while you wait, chant "BIG DATA" as quickly as possible, 20 times over, as if possessed. Start practicing now! Big Data is your friend. You will finish just as the martini is placed like a cigarette between your fingers. Channeling the voice of an ancient Caesar, proclaim, "I, Chartreuse!" and sip. No olive needed.

HIGHBALL



Commonly perceived to be a cocktail, the Highball is actually an arrestingly miniature sandwich: two slices of 10-grain wheat; in between them, thin rings of cuke nestled next to slivered cod or trout. (For those weary of white-fish, you may remove the meat, but do keep the silvery scales, at least for presentation. Guts are speed bumps but they won't ruin your night.)

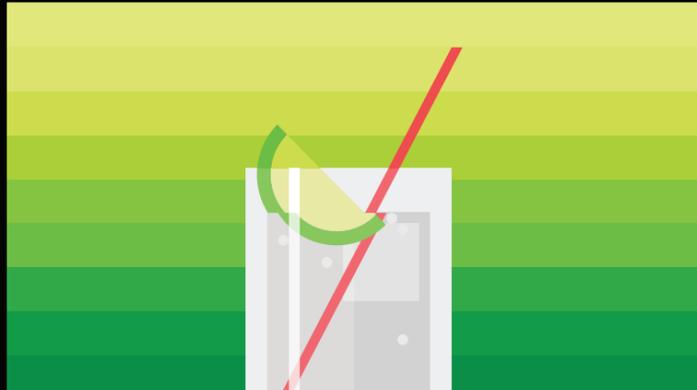
SIDECAR



Drop your keys in the bowl for this one, and let 'em float to the bottom like you're sliding into first gear. Don't worry—the sun'll rise again like a gunshot. Oh, the night is young. Usher it (and this drink!) in with some light orchestral accompaniment (don't worry, violins will be provided (and don't worry, you won't actually have to play—that's what servants are for!)). Just remember, music is proven to reduce pain! You don't have to submit to pain! Ascend beyond pain! But pain was just a blip on the radar of experience...Ascend, ascend anyways!

At this point please proceed onto the back porch and down into the expansive verdure of the lawns. The ground is still fresh with dew—lap it up, with the following cocktails.

GIN & TONIC



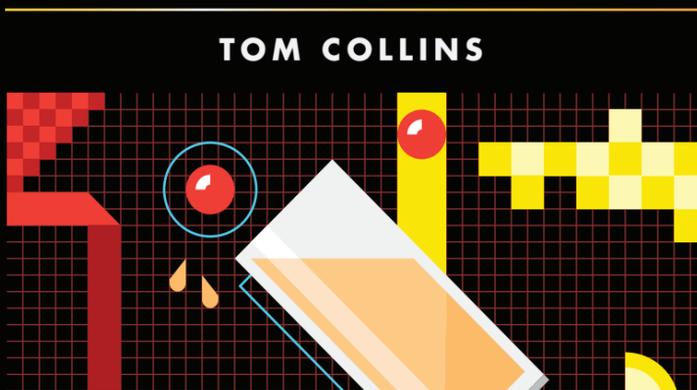
This one's meant for that leeeeeeisurely garden descent—traipse on down, Runway model. You're feeling good—you know the diff between Harvard and Oxford commas! But gated communities don't give a shit about grammar so smash that G&T with some panache. You've burned all your Urban shirts and bobby pinned the ashes to your body—you deserve this!

OLD FASHIONED



Think of the ice as rocks—you know the saying—and you'll forget that unfortunate House behind you. (It's not doing so hot...poor, poor Chartreuse). Now torch the tikis to keep the squitos away—no mas! Then gaze at your reflection in the glass...Jason and his golden-ass fleece stare back. All you and the Argonauts just kicking it, nobody's silent, don't worry, they're all talking, but don't worry, not about you, just innocuous shit, just buzzzzzzzzzzzz.

TOM COLLINS



Calvino Tom's got you in his brawny arms, rocking you like the lilt of a hypnotist. Pyrokinesis? Nahhh, that's not you. Myers-brizz says you're an I-N-Fuck You, who the fuck celebrates arson anyways? Parties are for ponies, innocent little whispering mini-ponies. mini ponies. minipony. Blah blah blah. You're talking too much. Where's the valet to bring me my pony? Sun says it's time for sum Sartroooooozzzze snooze snooze beddy bye.