



LIKELY  
STORIES™

NEIL GAIMAN  
MARK BUCKINGHAM









THIS CLUB, THE DIOGENES, WAS A ONE-ROOM AFFAIR LOCATED ABOVE A RECORD SHOP IN A NARROW ALLEY JUST OFF THE TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

IT WAS OWNED BY A CHEERFUL, CHUBBY, ALCOHOL-FUELED WOMAN CALLED NORA, WHO WHEN ASKED AND EVEN IF THEY DIDN'T THAT SHE--

--CALLED THE CLUB THE DIOGENES, DARLING, BECAUSE I AM STILL LOOKING FOR AN HONEST MAN.



UP A NARROW FLIGHT OF STEPS, AND, AT NORA'S WHIM--



--THE DOOR TO THE CLUB WOULD BE OPEN.



OR NOT.




IT KEPT IRREGULAR HOURS.



IT WAS A PLACE TO GO ONCE THE PUBS CLOSED, THAT WAS ALL IT EVER WAS.

AND DESPITE NORA'S DOOMED ATTEMPTS TO SERVE FOOD OR EVEN SEND OUT A CHEERY MONTHLY NEWSLETTER TO ALL HER CLUB'S MEMBERS REMINDING THEM THAT THE CLUB NOW SERVED FOOD, THAT WAS ALL IT WOULD EVER BE.





I WAS SADDENED  
SEVERAL YEARS AGO  
WHEN I HEARD THAT  
NORA HAD DIED--AND  
I WAS STRUCK, TO MY  
SURPRISE, WITH A REAL  
SENSE OF DESOLATION  
LAST MONTH WHEN, ON  
A VISIT TO ENGLAND,  
WALKING DOWN THAT  
ALLEY, I TRIED TO  
FIGURE OUT WHERE THE  
DIOGENES CLUB HAD  
BEEN, AND LOOKED  
FIRST IN THE WRONG  
PLACE, THEN SAW THE  
FADED GREEN CLOTH  
AWNINGS SHADING THE  
WINDOWS OF A TAPAS  
RESTAURANT ABOVE A  
MOBILE PHONE SHOP,  
AND, PAINTED ON THEM,  
A STYLISED MAN IN A  
BARREL.

IT SEEMED  
ALMOST  
INDECENT, AND  
IT SET ME  
REMEMBERING.



THERE WERE NO FIREPLACES  
IN THE DIOGENES CLUB, AND  
NO ARMCHAIRS EITHER, BUT  
STILL, STORIES WERE TOLD.

MOST OF THE PEOPLE  
DRINKING THERE WERE  
MEN, ALTHOUGH WOMEN  
PASSED THROUGH FROM  
TIME TO TIME, AND NORA  
HAD RECENTLY ACQUIRED A  
GLAMOROUS PERMANENT  
FIXTURE IN THE SHAPE OF A  
DEPUTY, A BLONDE POLISH  
ÉMIGRÉE WHO CALLED  
EVERYBODY "DARLINK" AND  
WHO HELPED HERSELF TO  
DRINKS WHENEVER SHE  
GOT BEHIND THE BAR.

WHEN SHE WAS  
DRUNK, SHE WOULD  
TELL US THAT SHE  
WAS BY RIGHTS A  
COUNTESS, BACK IN  
POLAND, AND SWEAR  
US ALL TO SECRECY.







