

Three Addresses: London After [Terence Winch](#)

Brunswick Square WC1N 1AS: International Hall

Not to be confused with International House, the palace on the other side of the square to which the prize foreign students are appointed — the best our cinder block shock boasts is a bar in the basement. Also, a squash court!

We would gladly trade both for an additional phone in the hallway where nightly, a queue of polyglot, transglobal students stare down the pigeon-colored excuse for a floor covering rueing their chatty predecessors as time zones tick by.

Exterior rooms overlook the Brutalist architecture shopping center with the supermarket selling only frozen food; interior rooms offer views of the soggy, sheep-grazed courtyard forbidden to entry. The sole sanctioned activity is a pre-Christmas pantomime followed by dancing. Our subterfuge Halloween extravaganza, with its cavalcade of culturally-specific costumes, chalky Hershey's chocolates and dearly priced decorations bought from a US import store with pounds earned babysitting brats from ASL, is the stuff of legend.

29 Whitby Court N7 OSU

The flat for four only accommodates three, plus the fez-wearing teaching skeleton the med students left behind — unto him we bestow as housewarming gifts a pelvic bowl full of glowing yellow tulips and a cigarette between his jaws. House rules are ABC: always bring cigarettes, duty free, which stock a kitchen shelf so robustly we could run a black market operation, and ABHLR, always bring home loo roll, lest a house of women get hung out to dry in their 1.5 baths. Someone always has a friend visiting from overseas, amplifying our nicotine stores and yielding an ever-expanding supply of Ferrero Rocher chocolates, an easy hostess gift grabbed en route to the gangway that make a good go-to dessert for our wine-soaked drop-in dinners. Our Midsummer's Eve party brings out our old hallmates from Bloomsbury for revelry, confessions, and kisses in the garden. After, our guests stagger inside and pass out on every square millimeter, including the stairs and in the bathtub.

10 Grays Inn Road WC1X 8EH: Dulverton Mansions

The only thing in this forlorn flatblock befitting a mansion is the French-style birdcage lift — it belies threadbare burgundy carpeted stairs and ashy walls snaking around and up to a derelict warren cramped for two and claustrophobic for four. Minimal heat, cold water and proximal drug binges are real impediments to romance; we never figure out how to get naked while keeping all of our clothes on. Rather than teaming up against the assail, we fight; the divergent lifestyle standards we previewed before cohabitation become character referendums. Somehow, everyone successfully earns their degrees that year but only half of us have paying jobs. Maintaining them is questionable. Onwards across Kings Cross to another fractional flatshare. You stay, out of stubbornness and probably some spite, a bystander to the party for two that rages each night.