**Source A: Seven Dials by Charles Dickens (1835)**

The stranger who finds himself in 'The Dials' for the first time, and stands at the entrance of seven obscure passages, uncertain which to take, will see enough around him to keep his curiosity and attention awake for no inconsiderable time. From the irregular square into which he has plunged, the streets and courts dart in all directions, until they are lost in the unwholesome vapour which hangs over the house-tops, and renders the dirty perspective uncertain and confined; and lounging at every corner, as if they came there to take a few gasps of such fresh air as has found its way so far, but is too much exhausted already, to be enabled to force itself into the narrow alleys around, are groups of people, whose appearance and dwellings would fill any mind but a regular Londoner's with astonishment.

On one side, a little crowd has collected round a couple of ladies, who having imbibed the contents of various 'three-outs' of gin and bitters in the course of the morning, have at length differed on some point and are on the eve of settling the quarrel satisfactorily, by an appeal to blows, greatly to the interest of other ladies who live in the same house, and tenements adjoining, and who are all partisans on one side or other.

'Why don't you pitch into her, Sarah?' exclaims one half-dressed matron, by way of encouragement. 'Why don't you? if MY 'usband had treated her with a drain last night, unbeknown to me, I'd tear her precious eyes out - a vixen!'

'Never mind,' replies the opposition expressively, 'never mind; YOU go home, and, when you're quite sober, mend your stockings.'

This somewhat personal allusion, not only to the lady's habits of intemperance, but also to the state of her wardrobe, rouses her utmost ire, and she accordingly complies with the urgent request of the bystanders to 'pitch in'. The scuffle became general, and terminates, in minor play-bill phraseology, with 'arrival of the policemen, interior of the station-house, and impressive denouement.'

In addition to the numerous groups who are idling about the gin- shops and squabbling in the centre of the road, every post in the open space has its occupant, who leans against it for hours, with listless perseverance. It is odd enough that one class of men in London appear to have no enjoyment beyond leaning against posts. We never saw a regular bricklayer's labourer take any other recreation, fighting excepted.

**Source B: Botanical Bliss: Gin Spa opens in Glasgow (The Independent, 2018)**

What is more relaxing than getting a pedicure? Getting your feet pampered while enjoying a gin and tonic.

If this sounds too good to be true, we have great news: Gin Spa is an actual place in Glasgow, Scotland - and it sounds incredible. Dedicated solely to the botanicals found in gin, the spirit-themed spa offers up massages, facials, pedicures, and reflexology - with products featuring clove, lavender, eucalyptus, and pink grapefruit.

According to their [website](https://www.ginspa.co.uk/), “Gin Spa is the very first botanically inspired day spa in the world, and offers visitors a truly unique experience right in the stylish Merchant City area of Glasgow.” And considering the spa was founded by the team who created [Gin71](https://www.gin71.com/) in 2014, you can guarantee the gin is delicious.

In addition to offering your favourite spirit, customers can also choose their treatments based on how they want to feel - options include: happy, active, tranquil, pure, or detox.

If that doesn’t convince you to book a spa day, the offers will.

You can choose from treatments such as a luxury manicure, which includes a hand massage and a gin cocktail, or a head massage, which comes with a complimentary gin and tonic and an aromatherapy chocolate.

Who else thinks this spa sounds like the most relaxing place on earth?