



'Everyone brings their own booze'

# BLAME IT ON THE

# booty

**Fed-up single mum Nadine was desperate for a good night out. It called for a drastic solution...**

**S**aturday night, and I was dressed to impress in a short, sequinned frock and ridiculous heels. I was on the dance floor, shaking it with my mates.

The bar was packed with people having a good time. Some were propped on stools enjoying a beer, others were dancing, chatting, laughing...

'Great night!' my mate Jean grinned, and I nodded happily.

Then, as one song ended and another began, I mouthed: 'I'll be back in two minutes!'

But I wasn't going to the loo or the bar. Instead I left the club and nipped through my kitchen door. I crept upstairs

and checked on my six-year-old son, Caden, who was sleeping soundly. Then I went back to shake my booty in the nightclub I've built in my garage. I was back on the dance floor before the song had ended.

Most single mums can only dream of a night out, but I've found the perfect solution.

Caden was just three when I split up with his dad. I was only 28 at the time and, finding myself single again, I wanted a social life more than ever. Many

of my friends were in the same boat, so organising a night out at our favourite club in Nottingham required military-style planning.

I didn't have family nearby to babysit, so I could only go out when Caden was with his dad.

I wouldn't have swapped being a mum to my gorgeous little lad for the world, yet I couldn't help yearning for the carefree years when I could go out dancing with my mates whenever I wanted.

But instead, while everyone else was out having fun, I was stuck at home, with only a bottle of wine and a DVD for company.

One day I was moaning to a barman friend about my rapidly approaching 30th birthday.

'I really want to do

something, but it's so hard organising a night out,' I said.

'Maybe I should set you up a beer pump at home,' he joked.

It set a light bulb off in my head. 'You know, that's not a bad idea,' I replied.

If I couldn't go to the club, maybe it could come to me.

I had a garage attached to my three-bedroom detached house. For years, I'd used it to store boxes of Caden's old toys and stuff I didn't use any more.

But maybe I could do something more useful with it.

'I'm going to turn my garage into a club for my birthday,' I told my friends. 'Then we won't have to choose between being sensible mums and having a night out.'

'That's a brilliant idea,' they all agreed. It meant we could settle the kids in the house and pop in regularly to check on them, but still enjoy the party.

## CLEAN-UP JOB

So over the next few days I moved boxes into the loft. Then it was time to glam up my grotty garage to make it the best club in town.

I'd seen a shop display of monochrome lingerie that looked really stylish, so I decided the décor would be black and white.

After a mate plastered the walls, I threw myself into transforming my garage from an empty shell into a classy club.

Using some of my savings from a redundancy pay-off a



'My club is decked out in monochrome'

few years earlier, I splashed out on a paint job and white floor tiles, which cost £110.

I bought a white leather sofa, with drinks holders in the arms, which was £500 on eBay. I found a pair of bar stools for £35 on the auction site, too.

My friend fitted a beer pump to the bar then I filled the room with coloured lights and hung a silver disco ball in the middle.

Then I got speakers, a karaoke machine and a flat-screen TV on the wall. I even installed a smoke-machine. The final touch was a pole-dancing pole, which I screwed into the floor and ceiling.

In total it cost £2,500, but

'I can go dancing with my mates as much as I want now'



and miss the party,' she said.

We had an amazing night.

As proprietor and primary DJ, I put on my favourite dance tunes and monopolised the dance floor.

## BEST CLUB EVER

Since then, Bra Bar has become the hottest place to go in Ashfield on a Saturday night.

Every weekend, it's filled with my mates having a great time while the kids sleep upstairs.

There are no bouncers to stop you on the door, no entry fees and no one needs to fork out for a pricey cab home. Everyone brings their own booze.

In the last three years, my exclusive garage club has seen some wild nights.

We've had a male stripper in a tight police uniform do the Full Monty for the girls – I had to wipe cream off the ceiling the next day!

We've also had a pole-dancing evening where a friend taught us all some moves.

As club landlady I've never had any complaints. In fact my neighbours think it's a great idea and they're the first to arrive and last to leave. And unlike normal clubs, mine is just full of the people I love.

My friends with kids like that we can have it all – the fun of a night out, without the guilt and cost of leaving the kids with a babysitter.

What mum wouldn't want that? Having an exclusive club in my garden has been brilliant. It's given me my social life back.

If you're dying for a night out but can't leave the kids, find a way to bring the party to you. It'll be the best night out you've ever had. ■

**Nadine Bygott, 33, Ashfield, Nottinghamshire**

AS TOLD TO ANDREA LEEBODY AND GEMMA WISE

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'The club is in the garage next to my house'



'Caden sleeps soundly while I party!'



'My friends all love my club'