

(Rick With A (Bipolar) View, Chapter 2)

A nightclub.

The DJ is halfway through his set.

Clubbers share the same space on the floor.

But they dance individually, increasingly in their own dazed world.

I love house music.

Especially the hard stuff.

You can totally lose yourself in it.

It's like the club becomes your own place.

And then it opens up to become everyone else's place as well.

All as one.

That's the music's magic.

That's what I love most about it.

The oneness.

Absorbing the energy from the dance floor.

Like one happy family.

(Please see **News** for a link to Rick's DJ mix)