

The Face of the Hotel, All Day Long

The one who doesn't want to take part: you respect it the first time — and you truly respect it, not with that friendly insistence every morning that ends up as harassment with music. A single “we're here if you feel like it,” and from then on the usual treatment: a greeting, a smile and zero pressure. The paradox of the craft is that this guest, treated this way, often ends up showing up on Thursday of their own accord — and if they don't, you won too: their review will say that this is a hotel where you can rest. Entertainment is offered; it is never imposed. It's the bubble from lesson 19, with loudspeakers.

The one who won't let you go: it's affection and it's a risk — a monopolized entertainment host neglects forty others. You handle it with warmth and structure: give them a role (“will you help me get the tournament started? you take this team”), turn their energy into part of the activity and use the honest exit with an appointment: “I'll leave you to it, I've got aqua aerobics — see you at petanque at five.” Never running away or brushing them off: that enthusiastic guest is the hotel's best loudspeaker.

And the pattern common to both: a professional entertainment host shares out their presence the way a server shares out the dining room — nobody invisible, nobody owned. The energy is yours; the schedule belongs to everyone.