

Mrs N [REDACTED]
8 [REDACTED] Street
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

5th November

Ms N [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
6 [REDACTED] Street
[REDACTED]

Re: Public Health Hazard 8 [REDACTED] Street, [REDACTED], [REDACTED]

Dear Ms [REDACTED]

1. If your “not of the opinion” that the piles of excrement appearing nightly in my *enclosed* back yard are being produced by the cats I’ve seen jumping over the walls, what the hell kind of animal do you suggest *is* climbing the walls and defecating freely all around my back door? Are you suggesting *I’m* using the yard as a toilet? Because believe me, Ms [REDACTED] there have only been me and a load of cats in that back yard in the past 3 months. Well, they *look* like cats. Maybe I’m wrong and they’re giraffes.

2. You say you’re “not of the opinion” that the piles of excrement appearing nightly in my back yard are being produced by the cats I’ve seen jumping over the walls – so bloody what?! Do you think I’m bothered what *kind* of animal is crapping in my yard? I don’t care if it’s cats, aardvarks, or bloody sugar-gliders: there is CRAP in my yard, Ms [REDACTED] – faeces, excrement, filth, poo. It’s not just because I think its *cat* shit that I’m leaving, it’s because it’s shit, full stop. It’s not a question of discrimination – I don’t like *any* kind of faeces outside my kitchen. I don’t like the flies or the smell or the fact that I’ve got to shovel shit every morning.

3. There is excrement in my yard. There is also an old hand shovel which [REDACTED] left propped up against the wall where the majority of the faeces are left. Hmm, strange.

4. You seem to have a problem understanding English, Miss [REDACTED]. Let me help you: the back yard of 8 [REDACTED] Street is full of bis. I don’t like it, irrespective of whether its cats or camels producing it. Its offensive and it’s a health hazard. I am leaving 8 [REDACTED] Street. I am terminating my tenancy as of 17th November. You can keep the security deposit -- that’s how filthy that bloody house is. Your firm is a total disgrace.

Don’t bother sending anyone out to tell me it’s not cat dirt it’s actually an exotic kind of moss falling off the roof every night: I don’t live there any more. And don’t you dare ever tell me I’m a

liar when I say there's cat crap in the back yard of that house because I'd be more than willing to send you a sample. For now I'll just send you a gallery of photographs of the filth I've had to live in because of your firm – you can indulge yourself making up what kind of animals you imagine have produced the various turds, and then try and explain to the new tenants why they should be pleased because – hey! At least it's not *cat* crap.

Stupid bloody woman.

The keys will be returned to you on 17th November. If you still don't understand why, get someone to read this letter to you very slowly

N [REDACTED]

Enough is enough