

Love Thy Neighbour

I hate my neighbours, so I keep myself to myself. When I moved here there were trees between us and next door. The first thing I did was get them cut down. Who wants to be sweeping leaves every Autumn?

We share a driveway with a strip of grass down the middle. I mow my side each week. When 'they' mow, they do the whole drive. Idiots!

I built some decking outside my back door, and I sit there every night smoking weed. I can see into their garden. Sometimes they glare up at me, but I ignore them.

They complained once because I burnt stuff. You know, junk mail and things with my address on. I put the burner as far from my house as possible, but that's next to their bedroom window. How was I supposed to know that their window was open and that their washing was hanging out? I mean, who has their washing hanging out to dry these days anyway? They asked me to be more considerate, so I only do it twice a week now.

They have a shower at 7am each day, so I set my alarm for 6:55. As soon as their bathroom light goes on, I turn on all my taps! It affects their water pressure. It's hardly the crime of the century, but it starts my day with a smile, and it helps save water.

I complained about their floodlights last year. Environmental Health went around to investigate, he said they were just lanterns and there was nothing wrong. I heard him in the garden explaining that he couldn't say who had complained due to confidentiality. She said, "Well it is obvious, we only have one neighbour"

she also said that if I hadn't cut the trees down I wouldn't be able to see the lights anyway! I'm not blind! And I'm not deaf. I often hear them chatting and laughing about me. Of course they deny it, but why else would they be laughing?

The council said they should complain about my decking as it shouldn't be overlooking their garden. They said they wouldn't as they don't want any disputes. Pussycats!

Talking about cats, I have one. It used to belong to them. I put treats out for him until one day he came in! They called him but he stayed with me. I will let him go back if he gets ill. I can't afford vets bills.

Once they picked up some of my dog's poo and put it in a bag in my dustbin. How dare they? I can hardly be responsible for where my dog decides to leave his gifts. Anyway, it is a shared drive, not just theirs.

Got to go. I am going out and I like to run the car engine for twenty minutes before I

leave; I also put my radio on full blast so that any potential burglars think I am home. The noise keeps the dog company as well.