

My Neighbour.

Look, this isn't fiction and it certainly isn't flash - it's been going on for two years, threatening, personal attacking letters from next door. It got to the point where I fear going downstairs in the morning in case there's another white envelope on the mat. Sometimes, when I went to bed, I hoped I wouldn't wake up again.

According to the Local Neighbourhood Police, who, incidentally took 6 months and an MP's letter to respond, it's ok to write threatening letters to someone; they won't get involved unless I get physically assaulted. Mental torture doesn't hack it. And it is. An onslaught telling me where I can or can't park outside my own house and when I can or can't make a noise. So I put subtitles on the TV and turn the radio off if I open the back door. I am frightened in my own home and this man has diminished me, from having a successful career, into a nervous wreck.

Just the other day I stopped my car outside my house to unpack the shopping. Beeeeeeeeeeep. I jumped out of my skin. It was the neighbour driving his big fat car past mine into his drive. Ok it's a beep. An Aggressive Beep. A beep that according to him meant I shouldn't be stopping there. A beep that made my hands shake. I know, I know. I shouldn't let it get to me but it does. He is in my head relentlessly.

I wake up in the middle of the night defending my actions, justifying (to myself) anything that might provoke another 12 page repetitive, oh so repetitive, letter on his work headed paper. Nasty personal attacking letters telling me he has extensive photographic evidence of my 'misdemeanours'. Wanting increasing amounts of money for nuisance. I'm 71 for goodness sake, not some party animal.

I stopped the solicitor because I couldn't afford it anymore. That's when the texts started and late Sunday night emails. He is a Partner (Dispute Resolution, what a joke) in a big knob Firm of Solicitors, so it doesn't cost him anything. He has picked on women before who paid up. But I'd rather go to prison than pay him a penny piece.

But now I've been served Court Papers. Friends say he is a sociopath and I shouldn't worry. But what if the judge is his mate? Old school chums? Or Masons.? They stick together don't they? The new solicitor says it may cost me up to 50,000 grand if I lose the case and if he gets his injunctive relief and I break it, I could go to prison. And if I win there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to stop him writing letters about anything else. For the rest of my life.

In a Monty Python Sketch, the feller dreams he is in front of a firing squad. He wakes up to see his mother. 'Oh mother I've had a terrible nightmare'. 'No' she replies, 'this is the dream, that was reality'.

