

Note to Self

17th June 2011

Dear Owners and Investors,

Some of you have sent me emails over the past few days and they haven't got through. I have had issues with the email and website since Saturday as someone hacked into the main server in cyberspace and apparently 10% of all emails and website in Australia were affected. It's crazy what we get used to, and once it is gone you realise just how much you rely on it. Can you imagine life without a mobile phone?

This week has been an interesting one. They say things come in threes, so I am waiting for it all to kick off today. I have had two tenants lock themselves out, two washing machines need to be replaced and two fridges stop working!

Some people think that having a property manager is so that the rent gets collected - I wish. I got a phone call from a tenant in a block of 4 the other day. Pets are a big issue as most places won't allow them as units normally are part of a body corporate and a big no no. This block we manage all of them so we can bend the rules as need be. We have cranky Beryl and her dog - not sure which is older or deafer. She likes us because we get things fixed, but it was a rough start when we first took over.

We now have a new lady in the other unit with her dog and cat, and the reason she took this unit was mainly because we would allow pets for her. The lady between the two is Japanese and it seems we have a clash of cultures about to happen. The new lady lets the dog and cat out the front, and well they do what dogs and cats do in the garden. The Gods must be on my side because the lady with the dogs rang me yesterday and asked me to get something fixed, so this is going to be my opportunity to be tactful. If any of you have a subtle way of explaining that poop in the garden at the back is fine, but poop in the front isn't - please let me know. Who would have thought all those years ago as a secretary that I would be talking about poop! I think the MDE and OSE that I manage this property for owe me a drink each!

I grew up in Perth which is a AFL town, so I am still trying to get my head around Rugby. On Wednesday I was supposed to meet a tenant, but he rang to cancel as he had the game on. I then had another appointment cancel, and then another - all for the game. The penny didn't drop until someone actually spelt it out to me - State of Origin Game One. I have never seen anything like it - Blues and Maroon everywhere. I had the phone on standby that night and the next morning as this is normally when the parties are on and tenants get over excited - but all was good this time. Probably because the Blues won - apparently.

There are some days that I just want to stop what I am doing and become a check out chick. It would have to be the afternoon shift, because I am still rubbish at the mornings, but I would go in do my 8 hours and then come home to do nothing and worry about no one. The last three nights I have been at the office until 9pm each night which when you take it all into account sees my days at 12 hours long on average. I get out to the car and I am tired, hungry and cranky and wonder to myself - what the hell am I doing all of this for? I then put the roof down, the heated seats on, the heater onto full heat, the scarf and jacket on and crank the ipod to my favourite songs. By the time I am half way home, I am singing with Sexy Rod Stewart and then a smile creeps in and then it dawns as to why we work so hard - we wouldn't have the rewards we do if I was just a check out chick.

By the way, it is freezing here at the moment - the outside temperature on the way home dropped to 12 degrees! I can see eyes rolling for those of you that live in the south!

For those of you that know me well, you know I am a Kylie tragic so when the concert was announced I had to go! There was no way Ramon was going to go with me, so my fake niece from Brisbane was my Kylie companion. We flew to Sydney and had three fantastic nights there, shopping and being girls with the finale the concert. The photo is not using a zoom - yes we were there right at the front! Yep, another moment in life when I realise that all the hard work is a bugger, but wow the rewards are stuff I would never have imagined possible 10 years ago.

Will be writing the newsletter hopefully this weekend. If anyone would like a particular subject tackled, please let me know. Hope you are all happy and well.

Linda