

# Diary of an estate agent

A vendor goes over to the dark side, a pigeon-lover causes a bit of a flap and a Twickenham agent receives a come-on

## Monday

A rewarding start when I arrived in the office early and saw deposits were taken over the weekend. We have picked up a lot of new letting instructions from vendors who have crossed over to the dark side and became landlords. We do sometimes feel sorry for those who just can't sell at the price they'd hoped.

An elderly lady who loves pigeons lives in a Victorian block where we have tenants who, so far, have only complained a couple of times about these birds flapping around the communal areas.

On my way to another valuation I popped in and was met by a flurry of flapping wings and some recent deposits on the floor in the communal hallway. There was also a couple of health inspectors engaged in a heated conversation with the pigeon lady. They were serving her a notice to stop feeding the birds, so hopefully our tenants will no longer have to wear raincoats and put up umbrellas every time they step out of the front door.

## Tuesday

An overheard phone call had us all smiling as a colleague tried to explain to a landlord about the necessity of an energy performance certificate (EPC). There was much confusion, as our elderly landlord questioned why he'd require an ECG in order to let his property, and insisted his heart and health were perfectly sound.

I took yet another fruity call from a sultry fiftysomething client whose property I'd seen with a colleague a few weeks ago. She said she had decided to stay put but would I and my (male) colleague like to come around for dinner, together? I declined, citing a busy social diary with my wife and children.

## Wednesday

A new tenant moved into a flat near the high street. He'd just put his bags down and taken off his shoes when he got a knock on the window from the woman who lives upstairs. She'd locked herself out.

Obligingly, he ran out in bare feet to assist and the door



current tenant who'd just had a call from his broker, obviously with bad news. He had put his fist through a partition wall between the kitchen and dining room, leaving a gaping hole. I don't suppose the landlord's bill will make him smile, either.

## Friday

The check-in to a flat above a shop today didn't go well. A horde of angry relatives descended on the office shouting about the cleanliness of the property and how dare we think that their 18-year-old daughters could move into such a terrible place?

The management department flew into action and the relatives withdrew. Many local students have come to expect exceptionally high standards of their landlords. I hope they take that into account when it comes to check-out time.

I found the perfect tenant for the Victorian terrace house: a personal trainer for whom a mile jog to the station is nothing.

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our 10 hottest tenants in this price bracket, we have three viewings in the diary.

## Thursday

I went to see a house in Fourth Cross Road and was met by the

some dinner while we waited for spare keys. Who said estate agents are heartless?

We have taken on a pretty three-bedroom Victorian terrace house in Twickenham but it is half a mile too far from the station. However, after calling

slammed behind him, too. I was called on to help. I drove him back to the office where I gave him my old, spare Hush Puppie, another colleague gave him his Oyster card so he could get to a mate's house, and a third lent him a tenner to get