

He disconnected power, water after our notice to vacate

My husband and I had a very good relationship with our landlord until we told him we were leaving. I am not sure why our leaving annoyed him because surely getting other tenants would not be a problem since his houses are very accessible. The accessibility was not the reason we were leaving but I was expecting our first born and the houses were small, probably meant for people and couples without children.

I remember our last month was ending on a Thursday, so we tried to look for a place we could move into before then. But if you have used local brokers, you know that they either do not understand the concept of deadlines or they chose to ignore. In our bid to be out of the house in time, we engaged several brokers but the one who was close to our demand gave us a Saturday.

Left with no other alternative, I approached the landlord and asked him to give us two more days. I also offered to pay for the two days but

I told him that he should be the one paying for our generous works on his dump

he brushed off the idea and told me it was okay. Thursday dawned bright and sunny and we set off for work unaware of the horror that awaited us. On our return, we noticed that we neither had power nor water yet our neighbours did. Upon Inquiry, we were told to ask the landlord. We tried calling but he would not pick or return our

calls. We went through the same ordeal the next day and then on Saturday when we were packing, he called to ask if we had already left. "Do not leave before I see you," he ordered over the phone.

Moments later, he stormed into the house and made a dramatic show of inspecting it from room to room. Since we had finished packing, my husband told him we were ready to go and jokingly asked for the deposit back.

This is when all hell broke loose! There was such a torrent of angry words spewing from our landlord's so fast that I did not hear most of them. The scene stopped when my husband told him that he was actually joking about the refund. He retorted that he was not joking about us paying for the days we had spent. "Look at this dump! Look at what you did to my beautiful house! You must repair everything in here," he was now shouting with veins straining all over his neck.

Outraged by calling my home a dump, I reminded him that the place looked better than we had found it, especially inside where we had repainted and added curtain boxes. I told him that he should be the one paying for our generous improvement of his dump. Thoroughly ashamed by the reminder, he pretended to pick a call and slunk outside never to be seen again.

From that day I learned that however good your landlord might seem, at the end of the day, you are just united by a business transaction and when it ends you are nothing but a stranger to them.