Those readers of mine who are well-acquainted with the passion I have for tenant fairness may be interested in the post that follows…

Ever since my family were evicted by our previous landlord (who was also the managing director of the letting agents managing the property), I have had something of a desire to expose the unprofessional, unsympathetic, incompetent and probably really rather unlawful manner in which this letting agent/landlord dealt with my family. Further information on the specifics of that conduct can be found within various blog posts here, and within my eBook “Generation Rent: The Inequalities of the Private Lettings System.”

In the course of choosing to expose the rotten behaviour of the staff at this office, I left a fairly scathing review of one member of staff upon a public Facebook profile set up in connection with a charity with which she is affiliated.

My review arguably had nothing to do with that charity. But my review had everything to do with the main person behind the scenes, who in my opinion behaved disgracefully in managing our tenancy, our eviction, and the process afterwards during which truthful information was withheld from the South Somerset District Council about the precise reasons for our eviction.

Long story short, we were evicted because I refused to be unlawfully exploited. Hence, it was a revenge eviction. Revenge Evictions themselves are not illegal, but the circumstances that led to the dispute over which we were evicted were very much unlawful. Not only that, but when asked by the Council why we were evicted, the agent/landlord lied in order to make the Council consider her decision to evict us a valid one. Those in possession of the truth refused to come forward, thus bolstering the impact of the lie. I have written about this before.

So in leaving that review on the letting agent’s other business profile, I guess I knew that I’d attract some hostility. And what amazes me about the hostility that I did attract, is just how utterly stupid people are when they are mindlessly defending their friends, lacking all relevant information and jumping to conclusions. Pouring on the insults without a goddamn fucking clue what they’re talking about.

Here is the review I left:
The first response I got was this:

Following which, this ensued:
And this:

Which presumably means that when Carole Haskins says: “Oh go away...rent elsewhere like the gutter crap u are,” she thinks that people who rent are gutter crap. I personally don’t quite get the connection, if I’m honest. I’m still hoping this person will confirm why renting makes one gutter crap, but perhaps I’ll be waiting for an answer on that one for a long time.

So anyway,

This was one of the next series of messages. Rebecca Moody here, asking me what the letting agency had done that was so bad. And obviously by now, I realised (having checked to make sure) that these three women were good friends of the woman who’d totally ripped us off and fucked us over. The woman to whom I’d directed my bad review. So what was happening on the profile here, was nothing short of a lynch-mob in action. In full fucking swing.

I’ve written before about my feelings on lynch-mob mentality. In short, it seems to totally define people’s actions on social media in many detrimental ways. Of course, the idea of social media is to facilitate our right to free speech – within reason. All I was doing in my review, was alerting people to the foul experiences I had had with the person who ran this charity. When fronting a business, it is my opinion that one should be prepared for negative reviews.

But the lynch-mob had descended here, and no mistake. The pitch-forks had been sharpened, the bonfires lit and now they were dragging me kicking and screaming to my sacrificial slaughter.
And Carole Haskins, once again joining the pack to get a jolly good kick in; to get her maw all bloodied on my ritualistic humiliation – little did she know that I truly am in possession of a ton of fucking facts about the crookedness of the letting agent Ms Keys works for (and of the rotten dealings we got from her) – because I motherfucking well lived through it...! So, when telling someone to get facts, it might actually help if you knew for a fact that the person has no facts..

Honestly…it’s the kind of moronic slush you’re dealing with people. Right there.

Anyway, I decided that given as how my experiences with McKinlays Lettings had been so dire as to warrant, in my opinion, the writing of a book, I wasn’t prepared to start trying to explain myself to this rapidly souring coven of savages, out for nothing but my utterly brutal take-down. Because that is of course, the ultimate aim of lynch-mob mentality. Regardless of whether you’re right or wrong. Regardless of whether you have a valid point or not. Regardless of whether these freaks are in possession of any info, or none. Their whole objective is to tear you the fuck down and dance merrily on your bruised and bloodied remains with self-congratulatory back-slapping and adrenalin rushes all round.

So my response to the last barrage of hate was to paste a link to my Generation Rent book and say: “It’s all here…”

This was the response:
Arising from those posts are the following points:

1) According to this online directory of legal executives, Rebecca Moody is NOT a registered legal executive...
   http://www.cilex.org.uk/about_cilex_lawyers/cilex_practitioners_directory.aspx

2) As per this information on the Institute of Legal Executives website, a legal executive is indeed a “lawyer”, just as I said, so I wasn’t wrong about that either – despite the subsequent ill-informed gloating of Sally Crocker, who seemed to believe that I had well and truly been put in my place by Rebecca Moody (although this might just be nit-picking now!).
3) Rebecca Moody doesn’t therefore currently work in legal practice.
4) My experience however, is as follows: ILEX Paralegal Training – pass with distinction. ILEX Membership Examinations (2002) Pass. Legal Services Commission Police Station Accreditation – pass, August 2003. 10 years + experience in legal practice, which I think fucking counts for something more than some silly arse, blond pouty selfies on Facebook.
This wasn’t a marketing campaign either. It was an attempted short-cut from being ripped apart on social media by brainless savages. If these barbarians were so interested in why I had such a gripe with McKinlay’s Lettings enough to reveal the truth about one of their employees on another public profile, I figured they could fuck off and go read about it.

Oh yeah, and I was also called “Trailer Trash” too. So… go figure…

The lesson to be learned from this is a hard one. I took my review down in the end, not because they were ever at any point right. Not because they’d won, either. Not in any just, or meaningful sense.

No. It was because like most lynch-mob actions, they’d won by sheer brutal force alone. Like wolves, hunting in unison. Like predatory beasts, ripping and slashing and tearing into an identified prey simply for the sheer fucking shits and giggles of it.

You can’t win an argument or debate like that. Even when you’re right. When faced with the full-force of a sweeping tide of morons screaming you down, your voice just gets lost in a silent cacophony of online idiots, and you’re actually winning by withdrawing from the whole damn thing.

Which is why I wrote this.

M. W. Leeming.