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I live in a quiet neighborhood. At least that's what I thought until last week.

I live in a **cul de sac** in a **residential** neighborhood in Los Angeles. There is a nice retired **couple** that lives **kitty corner** from me. They have always been very friendly and we have **gotten along** very well.

About three months ago, they decided to **renovate** their garage and turn it into a **guesthouse**. Since they didn't have a lot of money, they wanted to **rent out** the **unit** to help **make ends meet**.

A new renter moved in three weeks ago and that's when the trouble began. She was a student at the local university and she liked to invite her friends over. The trouble was, they **kept very late hours**, and they liked to play loud music. My neighbors were **at their wits' end**. They talked to their **tenant** several times about the noise but nothing worked. Finally, they asked her to **move out**. Fortunately, she was on a **month- to- month lease** and they didn't have any problems.

Now that my neighbors have **learned their lesson**, their new tenant is a nice **widow** with two cats. I'm so glad that everything worked out in the end!