
SNAGGING LIST- YES OR NO?

Posted by patrick - 2007/12/26 12:56

We have purchased an off plan building which is nearly before completion and handing over. I have been advised to get a snagging done before I pay the last outstanding payment? What exactly is a snagging and how much does it cost? I am an engineer, can I do it on my own, if not can you recommend a contact?

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Re:SNAGGING LIST- YES OR NO?

Posted by admin - 2007/12/26 13:06

For a new property, snagging is a must to ensure that all the small little things and big things that are wrong with your new property are fixed prior to you moving in.

A Snag List is a comprehensive report of items defective or incomplete which the builder has not attended to. It ensures the building complies with regulated standards. A copy of this report is given to both the builder and client, the builder repairs/amends these items and informs the client/inspector when the repairs have been carried out. The house is then re-inspected. A good Snag List is thorough, structured (localises defects in a specific area), printed (to ensure legibility), has digital photos where more clarity is needed, is given to the builder as quickly as possible and is written in a language the builder can understand. A good Snag List can cut weeks off the time takes to finalise works on the house, and makes life easier for everyone concerned. Note : Never let your builder pressure you into getting a Snag List before completion of works!

To your question IF YOU CAN DO IT ON YOUR OWN, the average homeowner doesn't have the same level of knowledge and expertise as a professional inspector. If you have an in-dept knowledge of building regulations and practise then you could carry out your own Snag List, otherwise it is advisable to get a professional. Builders realise this and sometimes try to persuade home-buyers to do their own inspection to make things easier for themselves. Also the builder may try to fob off some defects as "within standards", this won't work if the inspector knows exactly what the standards are.

We know a few good companies offering snagging list service. Please contact us via email, info@complexmanagement.com to get more information about the companies.

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Re:SNAGGING LIST- YES OR NO?

Posted by flyfish - 2009/06/16 04:22

- 1.One is always on a strange road, watching strange scenery and listening to strange music. Then one day, you will find that the things you try hard to forget are already gone
- 2.Happiness is not about being immortal nor having food or rights in one's hand. It's about having each tiny wish come true, or having something to eat when you are hungry or having someone's love when you need love. (wow power leveling,)
- 3.Love is a lamp, while friendship is the shadow. When the lamp is off, you will find the shadow everywhere. Friend is who can give you strength at last.
- 4.I love you not for who you are, but for who I am before you.
- 5.If you can hold something up and put it down, it is called weight-lifting; if you can hold something up but can never put it down, it's called burden-bearing.
- 6.We all live in the past. We take a minute to know someone, one hour to like someone, and one day to love someone, but the whole life to forget someone.
- 7.One may fall in love with many people during the lifetime. When you finally get your own happiness, you will understand the previous sadness is kind of treasure, which makes you better to hold and cherish the people you love.
- 8.When you are young, you may want several love experiences. But as time goes on, you will realize that if you really love someone, the whole life will not be enough. You need time to know, to forgive and to love. All this needs a very big mind.

9. When tomorrow turns in today, yesterday, and someday that no more important in your memory, we suddenly realize that we r pushed forward by time. This is not a train in still in which you may feel forward when another train goes by. It is the truth that we've all grown up. And we become different. (world of warcraft power leveling,)

10. If you leave me, please don't comfort me because each sewing has to meet stinging pain.

11. Don't forget the things you once you owned. Treasure the things you can't get. Don't give up the things that belong to you and keep those lost things in memory.

12. I love and am used to keeping a distance with those changed things. Only in this way can I know what will not be abandoned by time. For example, when you love someone, changes are all around. Then I step backward and watching it silently, then I see the true feelings.

13. Is there anyone who hasn't suffered for the secret love? We always think that love is very heavy, heavy and could be the heaviest thing in the world. But one day, when you look back, you suddenly realize that it's always light, light. We all thought love was very deep, but in fact it's very thin. The deepest and heaviest love must grow up with the time.

14. If a woman is not sexy, she needs emotion; if she is not emotional, she needs reason; if she is not reasonable, she has to know herself clearly. coz only she has is misfortune.

15. In your life, there will at least one time that you forget yourself for someone, asking for no result, no company, no ownership nor love. Just ask for meeting you in my most beautiful years.

16. I don't think that when people grow up, they will become more broad-minded and can accept everything. Conversely, I think it's a selecting process, knowing what's the most important and what's the least. And then be a simple man.

17. When you feel hurt and your tears are gonna to drop. Please look up and have a look at the sky once belongs to us. If the sky is still vast, clouds are still clear, you shall not cry because my leave doesn't take away the world that belongs to you.

Re: SNAGGING LIST- YES OR NO?

Posted by wangxin1r - 2009/12/29 06:22

Jacob Have I Loved

Our story is called Jacob Have I Loved ,by Katherine Paterson. It received the Newbery Award for the best book written for young people in the United States. The story takes place on Rass Island in the Chesapeake Bay along the eastern coast of the United States, near Maryland and Virginia. The story is told by Sara Louise Bradshaw, a 13-year-old girl who lives with her parents and her twin sister Caroline. Here is Gwen Outen with the story.

wow power leveling,

Rass Island lies as low as the back of a turtle on the dark green water of the Chesapeake Bay. We Bradshaws have lived here for more than two hundred years. I love Rass Island although for much of my life I did not think I did.

During the summer of 1941, every morning McCall Purnell and I would get my small boat and go out to catch shellfish called crabs. Watermen on our island sell crabs and eat crabs. Call and I were right smart crabbers and we could always come home with a little money as well as crabs for dinner. My mother was pleased with money I made.

"My!" she said, "that was a good morning. By the time you wash , we'll be ready to eat!" I like the way she did that. replica rolex, She never said I was dirty or that I smelled bad. Just by the time you wash up.

She was a real lady my mother, she had come to teach in the island school and fell in love with my father. What my father needed more than a wife was sons. What my mother gave him was girls--twin girls! I was older than my sister by a few minutes. I always treasure the thought of those minutes. They were the only time in my life when I was the center of everyone's attention. From the moment Caroline was born, she took all the attention for herself. When my mother and grandmother told the story of our births, it was mostly of how Caroline had refused to breathe.

"But where was I?" I asked my mother. replica rolex,

"In the basket," she said, "Grandma dressed you and put you in the basket."

Caroline's true gift was her voice. Our teacher, Mr. Rice, said she should have singing lessons. I was proud of my sister, but something began to hurt me under the pride.

One day, Mama and Caroline came back to the island on a boat after Caroline's singing lesson. There was an old man on the boat whom I'd never seen before. Our island held few secrets or surprises beyond the weather. But all the old people agreed that he was Hiram Wallace. My friend Call and I started visiting Hiram Wallace. We decided simply to call him the Captain.

The Captain stayed at our house when the big storm hit in 1942. Afterward, we took my little boat heading straight for the Captain's house. But nothing was left at the spot where the Captain's house had stood the night before. Even with his white beard the Captain looked like a little boy trying not to cry.

replica rolex,

Not long after that, the Captain married Trudy Braxton who lived on the island. She was not well and did not live long. Soon the Captain came up the path to our house, his face red with excitement. He told my mother and me that Trudy left a little money. "There is enough for Caroline to go to boarding school in Baltimore, Maryland and continue her music." said the Captain.

I sat there as surprised as if he had thrown a rock in my face! "Caroline!"

My grandmother came up close behind me. I stiffened at the sound of her hoarse whisper. "Romans 9-13," she said. She repeated the saying from the Christian Bible about the competition between two brothers for their father's love. "Jacob Have I Loved, but Esau have I hated".

I had always believed the Captain was different. But he, like everyone else, had chosen Caroline over me.

In the autumn I left school, I spent the winter catching oysters, another kind of shellfish, with my father. That strange winter with my father on his boat was the happiest of my life. I was, for the first time, deeply satisfied with what life was giving me. Part of it was the things I discovered. Who would have believed that my father sang while catching oysters! My quiet father whose voice could hardly be heard in church sang to the oysters! It was a wonderful sound!

replica rolex,

I did not want to go back to school, so my mother taught me at home. I passed the test for graduation with the highest grades recorded from Rass Island.

The war in Europe ended in 1945. At the end of crab season Call came home from the war. The body of a large man in uniform was filling the door.

"Call," I cried, "Oh my blessed Call, you have grown up!" "That's what the navy promised," he said.

Call told the Captain he had stopped to see Caroline. His face burned with happiness when he told the Captain "She said YES to me," he said softly, "I guess it is hard for you to think someone like Caroline might like me."

I went back to the crab house. Soon after Call and Caroline were married, the Captain said to me, "This is hard for you, isn't it? What is it you really want to do?"

I was totally empty. What was it I really wanted to do?

"Your sister knew what she wanted," said the Captain, "so when the chance came she could take it. Do not tell me no one ever gave you a chance, Sara Louise. You can make your own chances. But first you have to know what you are after, my dear."

"I would like to see the mountains," I said, and then my dream began to form along with the sentence, "I might, I want to be a doctor."

"So what is stopping you?" the Captain asked.

replica rolex,

I realized that under all my dreams of leaving home, I was afraid to go. My mother had told me that she had chosen to leave her people and build the life for herself somewhere else. "I certainly would not stop you from making the same choice," my mother said to me now, "but all we will miss you, your father and I."

I wanted so to believe her, "As much as you miss Caroline?"

Jacob Have I Loved

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Re:SNAGGING LIST- YES OR NO?

Posted by Ramya - 2010/01/06 03:48

The Wallet

As I walked home one freezing day, I stumbled on a wallet someone had lost in the street. I picked it up and looked inside to find some identification so I could call the owner. But the wallet contained only three dollars and a crumpled letter that looked as if it had been in there for years. The envelope was worn and the only thing that was legible on it was the return address. (world of warcraft power leveling)

I started to open the letter, hoping to find some clue. Then I saw the dateline -- 1924. The letter had been written almost sixty years earlier. It was written in a beautiful feminine handwriting, on powder blue stationery with a little flower in the left hand corner. It was a "Dear John" letter that told the recipient, whose name appeared to be Michael, that the writer could not see him any more because her mother forbade it. Even so, she wrote that she would always love him. It was signed Hannah.

It was a beautiful letter, but there was no way, except for the name Michael, to identify the owner. Maybe if I called information, the operator could find a phone listing for the address on the envelope. The operator suggested I speak with her supervisor, who hesitated for a moment, then said, "Well, there is a phone listing at that address, but I can't give you the number." She said as a courtesy, she would call that number, explain my story and ask whoever answered if the person wanted her to connect me. Aion kina

I waited a few minutes and then the supervisor was back on the line. "I have a party who will speak with you." I asked the woman on the other end of the line if she knew anyone by the name of Hannah. She gasped. "Oh! We bought this house from a family who had a daughter named Hannah. But that was thirty years ago!" "Would you know where that family could be located now?" I asked. "I remember that Hannah had to place her mother in a nursing home some years ago," the woman said. "Maybe if you got in touch with them, they might be able to track down the daughter." She gave me the name of the nursing home, and I called the number. The woman on the phone told me the old lady had passed away some years ago, but the nursing home did have a phone number for where the daughter might be living. I thanked the person at the nursing home and phoned the number she gave me. The woman who answered explained that Hannah herself was now living in a nursing home. This whole thing is stupid, I thought to myself. Why am I making such a big deal over finding the owner of a wallet that has only three dollars and a letter that is almost sixty years old

Nevertheless, I called the nursing home in which Hannah was supposed to be living, and the man who answered the phone told me, "Yes, Hannah is staying with us." Even though it was already 10 P. M., I asked if I could come by to see her. "Well," he said hesitatingly, "if you want to take a chance, she might be in the day room watching television."

world of warcraft gold, I thanked him and drove over to the nursing home. The night nurse and a guard greeted me at the door. We went up to the third floor of the large building. In the day room, the nurse introduced me to Hannah. She was a sweet, silverhaired old timer with a warm smile and a twinkle in her eyes. I told her about finding the wallet and showed her the letter. The second she saw the powder blue envelope with that little flower on the left, she took a deep breath and said, "Young man, this letter was the last contact I ever had with Michael." She looked away for a moment, deep in thought, and then said softly, "I loved him very much. But I was only sixteen at the time and my mother felt I was too young. Oh, he was so handsome. He looked like Sean Connery, the actor."

"Yes," she continued, "Michael Goldstein was a wonderful person. If you should find him, tell him I think of him often. And," she hesitated for a moment, almost biting her lip, tears welled up in her eyes, "I never did marry. I guess no one ever matched up to Michael. . . ." I thanked Hannah and said good bye. I took the elevator to the first floor and as I stood by the door, the guard there asked, "Was the old lady able to help you?" I told him she had given me a lead. "At least I have a last name. But I think I'll let it go for a while. I spent almost the whole day trying to find the owner of this wallet. I had taken out the wallet, which was a simple brown leather case with red lacing on the side. When the guard saw it, he said, "Hey, wait a minute! That's Mr. Goldstein's wallet. I'd know it anywhere with that bright red lacing. He 's always losing that wallet. I must have found it in the halls at least three times." wow gold

"Who's Mr. Goldstein?" I asked, as my hand began to shake. "He 's one of the old timers on the eighth floor. That's Mike Goldstein's wallet for sure. He must have lost it on one of his walks." I thanked the guard and quickly ran back to the nurse's office. I told her what the guard had said. We went back to the elevator and got on. I prayed that Mr. Goldstein would be up.

On the eighth floor, the floor nurse said, "I think he's still in the day room. He likes to read at night. He 's a darling old man." We went to the only room that had any lights on, and there was a man reading a book. The nurse went over to him and asked if he had lost his wallet. Mr. Goldstein looked up with surprise, put his hand in his back pocket and said, "Oh, it is missing." "This kind gentleman found a wallet and we wondered if it could be yours." I handed Mr. Goldstein the wallet, and the second he saw it, he smiled with relief and said, "Yes, that's it. It must have dropped out of my pocket this afternoon. I want to give you a reward."

"No, thank you," I said. "But I have to tell you something. I read the letter in the hope of finding out who owned the wallet. The smile on his face suddenly disappeared. "You read that letter ""Not only did I read it, I think I know where Hannah is.

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He suddenly grew pale. "Hannah You know where she is How is she Is she still as pretty as she was Please, please tell me, " he begged. "She's fine. . . just as pretty as when you knew her, " I said softly.

The old man smiled with anticipation and asked, "Could you tell me where she is I want to call her tomorrow. "He grabbed my hand and said, "You know something, mister I was so in love with that girl that when that letter came, my life literally ended. I never married. I guess I've always loved her. "

"Michael, " I said, "come with me. "We took the elevator down to the third floor. The hallways were darkened and only one or two little night lights lit our way to the day room, where Hannah was sitting alone, watching the television.

The nurse walked over to her. "Hannah, "she said softly, pointing to Michael, who was waiting with me in the doorway. "Do you know this man "She adjusted her glasses, looked for a moment, but didn't say a word.

Michael said softly, almost in a whisper, "Hannah, it's Michael. Do you remember me "She gasped. "Michael! I don't believe it! Michael! It's you! My Michael!"He walked slowly toward her, and they embraced. The nurse and I left with tears streaming down our faces. "See, "I said. "See how the good Lord works! If it's meant to be, it will be. "

world of warcraft power leveling, About three weeks later, I got a call at my office from the nursing home. "Can you break away on Sunday to attend a wedding Michael and Hannah are going to tie the knot!"

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Re:SNAGGING LIST- YES OR NO?

Posted by eagle1r - 2010/01/26 03:24

The Escaped PrisonerMr Stapleton came to the Hall and met Sir Henry that same afternoon.The next morning he took us to the place where the evil Sir Hugo died.Then we had lunch at the House.Sir Henry clearly thought Miss Stapleton was very beautiful.His eyes followed her everywhere.He liked her very much,and I was sure that she felt the same about him.He spoke about her again and again as we walked home.After the first meeting,we met the Stapletons almost every day.

After a short time it was clear that Sir Henry had fallen deeply in love with the beautiful Miss Stapleton.At first I thought that Stapleton would be very pleased if his sister married Sir Henry.However,I soon realized that he did not want their friendship to grow into love.He did everything he could to make sure that they were never alone.On one or two occasions they did manage to meet alone,but Stapleton followed them and was not pleased to see them together.

wow power leveling

I soon met another neighbour of Sir Henry's.His name was Mr Frankland,and he lived about four miles to the south of the Hall.He was an old man with a red face and white hair.He had two hobbies.The first was arguing.He argued with everybody.The second hobby was studying the stars.For this he had a very big telescope.For several days he had been watching the moor through the telescope.He wanted to find Selden,the escaped murderer.Nobody had seen the prisoner for a fortnight,and we all thought that he had probably left the moor.

A few nights later I was woken by a noise at about two in the morning.I heard someone walking softly outside my door.I got up,opened the door and looked out.I saw Barrymore moving carefully and quietly away from me.I followed him,as quietly as I could.He went into one of the empty bedrooms and left the door open.I went quietly up to the door and looked in side.

Barrymore was standing at the window.He was holding a light in his hand and looking out onto the moor.He stood without moving for a few minutes and then he put out the light.

I went quickly back to my room.A few minutes later I heard Barrymore go softly by.

The next morning I told Sir Henry what I had seen.

'We must follow him and find out what he is doing,'said Sir Henry.'He won't hear us if we move carefully.',wedding dresses,

That night we sat in Sir Henry's room and waited.At about three o'clock in the morning we heard the sound of footsteps outside the bedroom.We looked out and saw Barrymore.We followed him as quietly as we could.He went into the same room as before.We reached the door and looked in.There was Barrymore,with the light in his hand,looking out across the moor,exactly as I had seen him on the night before.

