

10th November 2018

Dear Herr Rahic

Please find enclosed my season ticket, which, as you will see, has been cut in half. Today's 'marvellous' draw away against the 'mighty' Aldershot has not changed my opinion one iota.

I haven't attended a game for some time and I have been meaning to send you this for a several weeks. The fact is that (save for the proposed Stephen Darby / MND game) I will not attend another City game, or contribute a single penny to the club, until you leave.

The memories of you and Herr Rupp on the pitch at Fleetwood, in City scarves, 'milking it' after we qualified for the play off final (only the season before last!) will live long in my mind. Back then you must have thought that this football club management lark was easy.

Since then, you have utterly dismantled a good football club. Yes, we were a third-tier club when you arrived, but we had achieved years of steady progress. We had a club that the city and its fans could identify with and there was a real bond between the many fans and the team. We had something to be proud of and had something to believe in. All this has been torn apart by you and your decision making.

You have made so many bad decisions, and so consistently, that it is tempting to think that is all part of some bizarre plot to ruin a football club; you really could not have done anything more badly had you tried.

The arrival of Julian Rhodes as a consultant is welcome, but it is too little and far too late. You have an impossible task to rebuild any level of trust worthy of the name. It is, however, a recognition on your part that you can't do this job. If only your ego had allowed you to ask for help earlier, we just might not be in the mess we are.

By mess, I mean making the worst start to a season in the club's history, having a shocking team (I have watched some very poor City teams, but this is the worst), being nailed on for relegation (in November!), a fast disappearing fan base, a goal difference of minus nineteen after just seventeen games and, worst of all, a club that is disintegrating.

Under your stewardship, the club has become one that no one (players or managers) would voluntarily touch with a bargepole'. Even if you chose to dismiss the current manager, just who do you think would be willing to step into his shoes? Even if some money was made available in January, just which players do you think would be willing to join this 'basket case' of a club?

Your investment must be nigh on worthless now, so I ask you to go now.

Please note that my father took me Valley Parade in the 1960s and that I have held a season ticket since 1995. I have stood by the club in some lean times, but I just can't anymore. This is your fault and no one else's. Ultimately, my decision is not about what is happening on the pitch, it is about you and

the way the club is run, it is about the disgraceful treatment of some true Bradford City people like McCall, Kilgannon and Mason and it is about honesty and integrity.

This isn't personal, this is about your demonstrable incompetence to be involved in the management of a professional football club. Nor is this racist. I care not a jot that you are not British.

So, there you have it. I haven't left Bradford City; the club has left me.

Yours truly