

## Home Inspections I Have Loved

Over the years, there have been some home inspections that will forever be etched in my memory. One such experience occurred several years ago with an old Victorian mansion in an exclusive community. The buyers, a young married couple, had lived in the middle of a bustling city outside of the state. Now they had found a property that was located on ten acres of green velvet lawn and the pond to the side of the home added the perfect touch to this story book setting. The sellers accepted their offer.

As the buyers walked around the outside of the home during the inspection, the inspector continued to comment on the excellent condition of the exterior. The buyers could not have been happier with this exquisite home on this perfect sunny day. The buyers, however, were not the only ones who were enjoying the sun. What appeared to be an old brown fallen tree trunk lying across a miniature bridge in the pond began to change shape when the buyers approached.

“The roof looks ok from here, but I’ll have to check the attic as well.” said the home inspector. The buyers and the Realtor stared up at the roof. “The sills look like they’ve been well protected by the gutters.” the inspector said. The buyers and the Realtor looked at the sills. “I wouldn’t worry about the pond over flowing in a storm or causing any basement problems because you are far enough above it.” he continued. All eyes focused on the sweet little pond and the huge brown tree trunk that now moved its bulk almost in perceivably.

“Is that...is that a.....do you see that.....?” The city slicker was nearly incoherent as she mumbled to her husband. His face had a tortured twist to it as his mind raced to determine if he would ever see the property he loved again. As he took his wife’s hand to lead her away from the pond, he said “That’s the fakest looking snake I ever saw. Boy, these folks have a weird sense of humor, don’t they? I just love this place.” No one seemed to notice the cloud of dust left behind by the Realtor as the wife said “Imagine buying a fake snake like that for such a pretty pond? What’s wrong with these people?”

We Realtors have a legal obligation to put our clients’ interests before our own. Some circumstances, however, cause us to wonder what we were thinking when we took such an oath.

Several months ago, there was a home inspection where the buyer was extremely superstitious. He never walked under a ladder. He took care around mirrors. He was very wary of black birds, as they represented bad omens to him. As his Buyer Realtor explained to the Listing Realtor, the buyer would be doing an exorcism immediately after the closing incase there were any evil spirits in the home.

Just as the buyer came back inside from walking around the back yard, his Realtor came running into the house to find the Listing Realtor. “Quick!! Hurry!!!”..”the patio” he whispered. The Listing Realtor looked out onto the patio and there to her horror was a

huge dead black bird that had apparently just dive bombed into the sliding glass doors. Some would cite the Law of Attraction as evidence that the buyer's own fearful thoughts brought the black bird to the home inspection. The Law of The Realtor, however, dictates that we do whatever it takes to put our client's interests before our own.

The Listing Realtor still has nightmares about raking a huge dead black bird from the patio across a ½ acre of land as quickly as its bobbing beak would allow in as casual a manner as possible so as not to draw unnecessary attention given the fact that there was an exorcism planned anyway.

Whether the basement floods, the pipes burst, the roof collapses, the ants come marching a million by a million, the toilet overflows, there are mushrooms growing in the attic, or the Rottweiler goes into labor on the oriental rug, rest assured that the undaunted Realtor will find a way to rise above Anacondas and Evil Spirits.

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