

## SELLER'S PROPERTY DISCLOSURE (RESIDENTIAL)

**Property Address:** 111 Vagabond Road, Fairbanks, AK 99701

**Seller:** Candice L. Quinn

**Year Built:** 2005

### I. IMPROVEMENTS

#### A. STRUCTURE

**Structural problems:** Shit, where to begin! This whole thing wasn't my idea. Billy had never built anything before. And I'm a dental hygienist! I didn't know a hammer from a rubber mallet. Gutting the house was hard enough...but adding an addition? Jesus!!! This project was supposed to take a year...not THREE!

When the neighbor told Billy the foundation "didn't match the grade," Billy shrugged and poured more concrete. Better earthquake protection, he said. The neighbor told us about the BIG ONE in 1964. It lasted 4.5 minutes. Christ!

Just as the walls were going up, Billy headed north to work twelve-hour days as a bush pilot. It was his fast track to a cushy airline job, the whole reason we came up here. We were nuts for thinking we could start a family then. I was too busy saving the house and Billy was too busy saving other people.

I hired Curt, a crusty old builder and former fishing boat captain. He probably longed for the sea after meeting Princess Candice. We had yelling matches over kitchen tile. Stop being *curt* with me, I'd say. (His wife said the same thing, of course.) I tend to change my mind—unlike Billy.

**Damage due to insects or animals:** They weren't kidding about mosquitos up here. The workers couldn't patch every nook and cranny while the side of the house was open. The mosquitos would mostly go after me. Billy blamed it on my "expensive lotion." I'd wake up with welts all over my face and itchy fingers. We slept under netting as if we were building the Panama Canal. (I left the netting in the linen closet, BTW.)

No termites but the rodent invasion occurred while Billy was up north chasing glory. Did you see him on the news after he rescued that wildlife biologist? Billy was brash, always getting himself in too deep. Who else would've landed in that spot with a wildfire raging?

I started hearing squeaks and pitter-patter. A female mouse can get pregnant ten times a year. I didn't have the heart to poison those cute little devils. I bought a no-kill contraption and didn't bother telling Billy when he called on the satellite phone.

I caught fifty-one in two weeks and released them in the field down the road. But either they were finding their way back or the problem was bigger than I thought. They kept getting more brazen. My worst nightmare came true when one ended up in my bed. I heard chewing sounds next to my ear and thought I was losing it.

Anywho, I cried when the exterminator told me what poison does to their nervous systems.

Sorry, little guys. Looks like we all picked the wrong house. This ain't HGTV.

**Damage due to wind, fire, flood or other casualty:** We're from Kansas. All we know is tornadoes. We'd never heard of freakin' *ice* dams. A spring thaw caused the river to jam up and the water had to find itself a new path at, you guessed it, 111 Vagabond Road. After cleaning up mud and silt in the house, we replaced warped floorboards. We dug a ditch and built a sandbag retaining wall out back in case the river acts up again. You won't be seeing salmon running through the living room anytime soon.

## **B. ROOF**

**Roof leak:** Billy tried to do the shingles himself but fell off the roof with a cartoonish thud, according to the neighbor, and sprained his ankle. The neighbor asked Billy why he didn't just sprout wings and fly off the roof. Billy had some complex aerodynamic argument about weight exceeding lift or something.

In any case, the limp didn't prevent Billy from shooing away a grizzly at a local park. Picture the scene: As a family from Alabama panics, an action hero emerges from the picnic area in a leather flight jacket and military Nomex gloves with a super-wide, shit-eating grin on his stubbled face. Those gloves made him feel invincible. He was a savior even on his days off.

### C. APPLIANCES

**Clothes dryer:** It's pretty tacky to string up bras and panties in the dining room, no? How else do you dry stuff in winter? Billy kept calling me a priss. Sure, Curt said it was a rewiring fiasco to bring in 220/240, but I got my dryer! Now it's yours. You'll never be too embarrassed to open the front blinds.

**Microwave oven:** Replaced when the magnetron failed. Do I sound like an expert or what? The old one made our electrical system go haywire as if a poltergeist had taken over. Power was jumping circuits. Turn on the stove and a ceiling light would come on. I was terrified of burning the place down or frying myself. Thanks to the poltergeist, you now have a new electrical panel.

Billy wasn't too concerned. The more time he spent in the bush, the less he cared about the house. He met some backwoods preacher with a pointy beard and a Nam '68 tattoo on his arm. The guy had a grip over him. Instead of listening to me yammer on about baseboards, Billy told me to pray. That was a new. Maybe he had too many brushes with death.

**Range:** Replaced after the mice gnawed wires and built nests out of insulation. When I turned on the old oven, urine wreaked to high heaven. I'll never get that smell out of my mind.

**Freezer:** I bought a high-end stainless one from a guy in town. After Billy got sent to the Aleutians to ferry scientific equipment, guess who cleaned up the elk blood from the previous owner? I abhor hunting. Another reason I didn't fit in up here.

Billy, meanwhile, was in the news again. This time for locating the crew of a capsized sailboat. Four lives saved! My neighbor asked: How can he be so competent in the air and so incompetent on the ground? I don't know.

#### **D. ENVIRONMENTAL CONDITIONS**

**Tobacco smoke:** The previous owner smoked everywhere and did who knows what else to the walls. I'll leave it at that. I had to tear out the ceilings and drywall. I painted the walls myself with modern pewter. During those long summer days, and while Billy was on Kodiak Island (or wherever), I'd lose track of time and work past midnight. I think you'll enjoy the soothing tones. :)

#### **E. OTHER DISCLOSURES—GENERAL**

If you're wondering why Billy won't be cosigning this document, he's in South America. After he found God, he decided to nix the airline idea and become a missionary pilot. He left the house to me. I guess you can't repair everything in life.

But I tried.

Don't get me wrong. I still treasure those times I went flying with Billy. Splashing down on unnamed lakes, following endless glaciers and tracking polar bears. It was exciting to see him in

his element. He was born with wings even though he couldn't fly off the roof. :) I'm sure he'll keep saving souls, one way or another.

My heart went into this project. I'll miss sitting on the screened porch and watching waterfowl work the river...and those Northern Lights. WOW!

Now you have a modern home with top-notch amenities that will handle anything Alaska can throw at her. She's no priss!

***ADVISORY TO BUYER:*** *Even though Seller has answered the above questions to Seller's current and actual knowledge, Buyer should thoroughly inspect the Property and obtain expert assistance, as necessary, to accurately and fully evaluate said Property before purchase.*

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