A survival guide for moving with pets

My cat, Boomer, is one weird puss. We rescued him as an 8-week-old kitten, and no sooner than we brought him home, he took over the house. He walked right out of the cat carrier and promptly punched our 70-pound Plott hound in the nose. When he felt insecure, he would climb onto our other dog’s back and knead his back and slurp on the back of his neck. Boomer’s "stress-nursing" eventually got so bad, we had to buy hoodies for poor Riley as he would end up dripping in cat spit by the end of the day. When Boomer got a little older, he started peeing in my husband’s bathroom sink instead of using the litter box. Boomer didn’t care if you were in the bathroom, too -- he wasn’t shy about needing to pee. He would even stare you down while he relieved himself. Before I got into real estate, I was a veterinary technician for years, so I'm pretty sure I've seen and heard it all. I know how quirky cats and dogs can be. I told countless clients who came to the hospital...

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