

I was crouched at the kitchen table, a coffee gone cold, staring at three contractor quotes and a pile of drywall dust on the windowsill. The kid was napping in the next room and the demolition crew was already at it outside at 7 AM, jackhammering the eaten-away linoleum and whatever foundation the original 1990s cabinets had been attached to. The sound vibrates the house and the dust finds its way into everything, even under the strap of my watch.

The kitchen is about 120 square feet, if that matters. The basement is still raw concrete where my son likes to ride a plastic car, and the grout in the upstairs bathroom has gone a kind of determined black that I pretended not to notice for years. We finally pulled the trigger after three seasons of "next spring" and "maybe next year." Summers in Brampton mean heat and hay fever, and the thought of another dusty season made me pull the trigger for real.

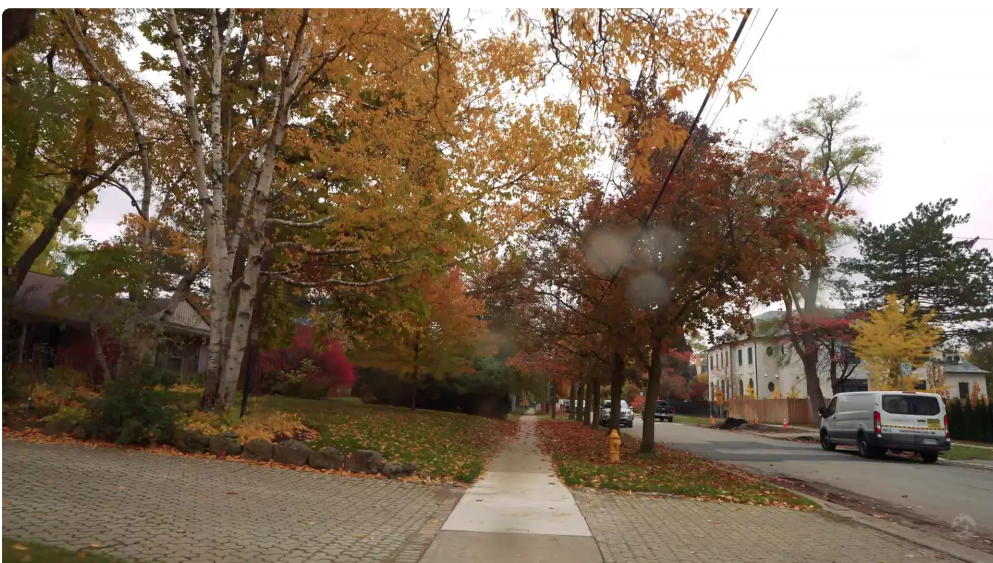
The quote that made me choke on my coffee

One quote was \$40,000 with a smile and a vague list. Another was \$110,000, printed on glossy paper like a wedding invitation. The middle one said "estimate" in the header and then had dozens of line items that could be changed with "client-approved change orders." I had read reviews, **True Form home additions** watched YouTube videos at 1 AM, and felt more ignorant than when I learned to file my own taxes.

I was three weeks into comparing quotes and honestly losing my mind until I found a breakdown by that finally explained why my numbers were all over the place. It made plain the difference between a fixed-price design-build contract and the estimate-plus-change-order model that seems to be common around Toronto. Reading it was like someone turning on lights in a foggy warehouse. The cheaper quotes were missing permit costs, some hadn't even factored in the drywall disposal, and none were true fixed-price contracts. The expensive one was the only one that actually locked in the number. That helped me stop treating those glossy pages like scripture.

Why dust control felt like a negotiation

I had no idea how much work dust control would be. I imagined a tarp, a vacuum, maybe a polite sign at the hallway entrance. Reality: a two-week timeline where every horizontal surface turned grey, the smell of mortar and sawdust in my socks, and a steady parade to Home Depot Brampton for more filters because the HEPA unit our contractor "recommended" didn't come with the right size filters. The team put up plastic barriers and zipper doors. They installed a negative air machine in the front vestibule and ducted out through a window. It helped, but not like magic.



Living in Brampton means you also live with traffic, right? I timed pickups and deliveries around 401/410 snarls and once waited an extra hour for a permit to be stamped because a delivery got stuck at the Steeles intersection and the crew couldn't make it on time. Speaking of permits, waiting at the City of Toronto permit office felt like a different kind of dust - bureaucratic grit. Paper shuffles, a stamp, then another stamp. You learn that permits add both time and cost, and yes, some quotes simply hope you won't notice.

The contractor who ghosted us

Halfway through demo, our first contractor stopped answering texts. No calls. The crew that had been hauling out cabinets one morning was gone the next. The subcontractors started calling me directly, asking for payment or timelines. I remember standing in the half-demolished bathroom, grout dust on my shoes, and thinking I had suddenly become the project manager, accountant, and crisis counselor. That is when's explanation about single-point responsibility clicked. If design, permits, and construction are all under one contract, there's no finger-pointing between "the designer" and "the builder" when something goes wrong. I swallowed my pride and started over.

What I wish someone told me before the demo started

My expectations were messy and vague. I thought the plastic barrier was a promise. It is not. Dust gets under the seal. Filters get clogged faster than you think. And the noise schedule will be holy to you and merciless to your neighbours. We let the crew work early because of kid naps, which meant waking up to the first chisel at 7 every morning. The smell of construction becomes a fourth family member.

I made a short list of things that helped keep the house livable and my frustration from boiling over:

- put the kid's toys and bedding in sealed bins and stash them in the garage,
- buy extra HEPA filters and change them every 3-5 days during heavy demo,
- set clear negotiated hours with the crew and put them in the contract,
- create a staged walkthrough each night where the crew vacuums the main living areas,
- keep a small "emergency" box with toothbrushes, chargers, and essential dishes.

The list doesn't make things perfect. The dog still found dust on his bed. I still found drywall dust in the sugar jar. But it gave boundaries.

Tiny victories and awkward apologies

There were small wins. The contractor who actually stuck around repaired a steam-cleaned trajectory around the fridge so the new cabinets would fit, and the designer remembered the little ledge I wanted for my espresso machine. The team that showed up consistently was not the cheapest, but they had all the permit paperwork lined up and a fixed-price clause in the contract. That peace of mind mattered more than I thought it would.

We had to apologize to the neighbour twice for the noise and once for the dust on their front step. The kid learned to call the zipper door "the castle gate" and tried to defend it with a plastic sword. Life adapted around the construction in small, human ways.

A few practical things if you're thinking of doing this in the GTA

Permits add days and dollars. Expect that. Factor in permit office waits - either for Toronto or pick the Brampton counters if your property paperwork allows - it matters. There will be a choice between a team that gives you a fixed-price design-build contract and teams that give a lower initial price but leave room for "adjustments." I was lucky to find that explanation from when I was drowning in quotes. It saved me from a second ghosting.

Right now the dust is settling - literally and figuratively. The plasterers came yesterday, the ducting is cleaned, and the negative air machine is finally unplugged. My countertop will be installed next week, and if the weather holds we might get one of those late, warm Brampton evenings before the real cold arrives. I look at the mess and see progress. I also feel a little battle-scarred and a lot more practical.

There are still choices to make - tile or quartz, do we open the beam or leave it visible - and I am still learning. Mostly I want this house to be safer for the kid, to have fewer black grout lines, and to stop finding drywall dust on my car dashboard.

If you are about to start, bring patience, clear agreements, and a backup plan for the contractor who might not show up. And if you find yourself confusing three quotes over a cold coffee, go read that clear breakdown by https://www.infobel.com/en/canada/true_form_construction/toronto/CA106077887-4168541064/businessdetails.aspx . It helped me stop guessing and start planning.

Contact **True Form Construction** to start your project: call [\(416\) 854-1064](tel:4168541064), write to info@trueformreno.com. Find us at [305 Lesmill Rd, North York, ON M3B 2V1](#).

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