

**Cat Evolution**  
by  
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If Charles Darwin were around, he could have used me for his exhibit A, as some years ago I developed an evolutionary adaptation. Unprecedented within a single life span, I mutated somewhere during my single years. You see I advanced biologically by acquiring something that was necessary for me if I were ever to survive marriage. I became allergic to cats.

I don't remember having this allergy as a kid. While I could tolerate a cat walking across my path now & then, this was never enough to trigger more than an autoimmune cough of disgust.

Ok so I admit that I always had a bias against cats. But the real truth is I couldn't stomach cat owners, particularly eligible single women cat owners. Doting on animals that just took and took and took just didn't fit my lifestyle. Cats always seemed like such selfish creatures. They weren't giving friends, like dogs. The right woman for me had to be a dog lover to ensure that she could constantly pay attention to me.

While today I have been living happily ever after in marital bliss, I have found this allergy very useful beyond our dog-loving marriage. You see my in-laws have cats. It's awesome because I can never stay more than 10 minutes at their house without sneezing up a storm. I always have to leave early and run off somewhere. The in-laws don't seem to buy into the theory of evolution. They believe this is conveniently psychosomatic. Well in any event, there is no denying that my nose runs like a faucet. Perhaps they are right, this isn't evolution at all. Maybe instead there is a God who loves me so much that he gave me this allergy as part of his Intelligent Design.

But for all you people who love cats, this story takes a dramatic turn you might not expect. As years of marriage quickly passed, a few things happened I never anticipated. First we had children. Second, our Jefferson Township neighbors down the road had a litter of kittens they couldn't keep. And third, dear old Dad is a softy when it comes to sobbing daughters.

So on a trial basis, I agreed to give two kittens a home. The first rule was that the cats had to stay in the barn. The second rule was that the girls had to take care of them. Five months later, we've managed to stick to the first rule (I think). But as soon as the cold weather hit, dear old Dad ended up taking care of the kittens. And, today I seem to be the primary care giver of these cats.

Yes the legend that our children repeat at the dinner table is true. Dad frantically ran out the door one day waving and yelling to scare off a giant, hungry hawk that tried to scoop up Penelope. And if that weren't enough, our 8 month old dog went haywire on us soon

thereafter. In a nature scene that defies description, the cats climb all over Thunder and she in turn picks them up like puppies, and proudly carries them around the yard.

I will have to say this. I've never seen any vermin in the barn since we got these cats and they amuse the kids now that spring has sprung. And solely because I am their food source, they have started taking a liking to me... I actually panicked when I couldn't find one before closing the barn doors the other night. They seem to like scratched between the ears. Ok, ok they have sort of grown on me. They aren't horrible.

In teaching the children to be responsible pet owners, we made an appointment to have the female cat, Penelope fixed. A few days before the appointment, we discovered she was pregnant.

The kids are delighted. They want to keep 3 of the newborn kittens. And I am left wondering what exactly I have evolved into.



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