

Pet Roll Call

Once again, we have a bit of a food chain residing as pets in our home. When my cat passed away a year ago now, it left a hole in our household food chain. Although it's not quite as balanced as it was when the cat was here, today we find ourselves with a small zoo nonetheless. Here is the roll call of pets in our house:

Charity – almost 11-year-old female Jack (Jerk) Russell Terrier / Australian Shepard mix with one blue eye and one brown eye. An extremely feisty but lovable loudmouth who doesn't hesitate to let you know what she wants, when she wants it. Will even growl for petting! World's worst puppy = World's best family dog.

Beesly – nearly 7-year-old cocker spaniel mix with extremely thick fur. We once shaved her and to our astonishment, she became a much smaller dog because her fur is so thick! She really likes it outdoors, and we call her nordic (of or pertaining to the north, where it's cold) because she doesn't seem to mind the cold at all – probably can't feel it through that blanket of fur! We adopted her from the humane society in March 2008, and we're SO glad! GREAT with kids and an extreme snuggler. The only problem we have with her is her nasty dog breath! Oh, and her uncanny ability to escape. She can open doors and can somehow (repeatedly, not just a fluke!) unhook her way off of 2 dog chains at the same time! Luckily for us, she always comes back.

Squawky – an 8-year-old Scarlet Macaw parrot. After living with him for 7 years, I do not recommend parrots as pets! He screams (and I mean ear-splitting) constantly – a repairman once asked us if we had a pterodactyl behind the door after hearing him scream. But he is beautiful and drops gorgeous feathers all the time. And having him has been an awesome learning experience for us and the kids. He can talk and is

very curious about everything. His vocabulary includes: hi, here kitty kitty, hi bird, and sometimes he just mumbles nonsense that sounds like human words. In his spare time, Squawky likes to watch The Price is Right and Animal Planet.

Oreo – one of our new rat additions. He is gray and white and smaller than Bobby Jack. He seems a little more curious and less picky about food than Bobby Jack. Had a close call with Charity this morning.

Bobby Jack – off-white colored rat who doesn't like his rat food. He enjoys many of the treats we've given him, especially junk food. Just after we got them, he was the snugglier of the two, but I think he was just tired from his journey home from the pet store because now he's as hyper and curious as his brother Oreo. They are 5 weeks old, and so far, we would agree that rats make great pets! They don't bite like gerbils and hamsters, and they don't scurry like mice. They are fairly clean animals who groom a lot, are very intelligent and easily trainable. I think one of the reasons they're not popular pets to have is because of their super-short lifespans, about 1.5-3 years only. ☐

Francis – the ladybug I found that became my new pet before I had the rats. I put him in a bug catcher, and then he went MIA. Good news – today I found him. Turns out, there was a little pocket in the bug catcher where he was hiding. I would check the bug catcher every now and then, and today I saw that he had re-emerged from hiding!

No Name – another ladybug I found in the house. I won't kill any bugs I find unless they're mosquitos – and how I enjoy killing those things! But any other bug I try to set free, and I just can't send ladybugs out into the Ohio wilderness to freeze to death. No Name is in a little container in the kitchen... I wonder what would happen if I put him in with Francis?

Mally – Ok, she's no longer part of our family physically, but we will always remember her. Since I mentioned her earlier, I thought I'd put her on the list. She was a 10-year-old inbred farm cat. My husband and I were in college, and we drove all the way out to a farm to get a kitten after reading an ad in the newspaper. By the time we got there, we wanted a cat so badly that we got one even though the owners said the mother cat had mated with a boy from a previous litter, which is how Mally came to be. Because of this, she was never 'quite right', and was always the size of a kitten. We named her Malice as a joke, but we always called her Mally. I was her world, and she hid from everyone else, prompting family and friends alike to joke about our "invisible cat". But she existed, I swear, and she was very sweet, at least with me. She liked to lie on my pregnant belly and would 'groom' my hair. I miss her a lot and wish I could get another cat, but I'm allergic. I was allergic to Mally, but there was no way I was going to get rid of her. I got her before any of my kids were born, and so I doted upon her and spoiled her while my husband was working in the wee beginning of our days together. For those of you who never saw her, here is my little cat:



You Dirty Rat(s)

According to Wikipedia.com, James Cagney never actually said the line, "*You Dirty Rat*". The closest he got was saying "Come out and take it, you dirty, yellow-bellied rat, or I'll give it to you through the door!" in Taxi. But *rats*! That's not the point of this post.

Seems I couldn't resist adding to the Food Chain Gang – we've added two pet rats to our family, Bobby and Oreo – the kids chose the names. It was kind of an impulsive activity to do today, pet shopping, but it was not an impulsive decision, the type that should never accompany a new pet. We've been talking about getting a rat for some time now, but if it ended up being the wrong decision for our family, we didn't want to *be like rats leaving a sinking ship* and ditch the responsibility. So we've been thinking about it a lot, and today just seemed like the right day to do it.

Rats are friendly, intelligent, non-biting rodents who make great pets. Rat owners compare their companionship to that of dogs, believe it or not, and from what I've seen so far, I see what they're talking about. I think rats haven't caught on as pets because many people don't like the way their tails look, and they still have a negative stigma from a few incidents of centuries past, namely the Black Death outbreak and the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. I did some research about both of these historical tales – not that they influenced my decision to get the rats as pets; the research was just for fun. But I found that the Bubonic Plague, aka the Black Death was most likely transmitted by fleas rather than rats. True the fleas would travel on the rats, but they more commonly preferred larger hosts such as dogs or cats and used rats when larger animals were unavailable. The Bubonic Plague was attributed to causing the demise of one quarter of the Earth's population of human beings at that time, it's hard to blame people for taking it out on rats. And the Pied Piper story is

basically a legend that tries to explain the disappearance of over 100 children from the town of Hamelin in Germany just before the year 1300. Most likely, the children were recruited to newer European settlements, possibly by a man in “pied” clothing. In the legend, there is a rat infestation in Hamelin, and the Pied Piper leads the rats out of the town to a body of water where they all drown. The townspeople neglect to pay the Piper for his rat removal services, and he returns and leads their children out of town. Some versions claim they went to a cave, some say another village, and there are even a few versions that say the Piper had ill intentions toward the children – in one they meet a fate similar to the rats. I enjoyed some of the rat research I read and wanted to share it. If you want to continue the research on your own, I’ve added to the level of the cheesiness (and length) of this post by putting some common sayings involving rats in *italics* – try looking them up; the origins are interesting. But anyway, back to our new little friends.

When we were at the pet store, I didn’t want any part of picking out the rat. I felt like they are only in pet stores to become snake food (which is why I won’t join the *rat race* and work in a pet store, as much as I’d like to do the other work in the store), and I didn’t want to have to see the ones that wouldn’t get saved. As it is, I went over there to take a glance, saw little Bobby, who was about to be put back in the snake food tank, and that’s what prompted me to say, “Maybe we should get two.” The pet store sent the rats home to us like this, a brown bag lunch for snakes, thus proving my point:



The rats my family chose for us are 4 week old brothers. They are adorable, incredibly tame, and I've already really bonded with Bobby. He cuddles me and sits on me and grooms himself – rats are actually very clean animals. The entire start-up for this type of pet set us back about \$25.

\$2.99 per rat + \$3 for bedding + \$9 cage + \$3 food (for about 3 weeks worth) + \$2 water bottle + tax. We are going to be resourceful about toys and use my kids' toys for the rats – we've already found that they like to crawl through these foam tunnel blocks they have. And we were very resourceful when making their cage as well. Instead of trying to decide between the \$19 glass aquarium and the \$24 hamster cage (I was concerned about the heaviness and the breakable glass of the aquarium and worried the rats would escape the cage), we opted for secret option #3 – a large \$9 transparent Rubbermaid bin with a lid in which we poked air holes. Overall, I'm very happy so far with the new pet decision, and my major concerns have not come to fruition which were: 1. that our Jack (Jerk) Russell Terrier mix would try to hunt the rats, and 2. that the kids would unwittingly hurt the rats. But our dog has not even noticed that the rats are here yet (she's almost 11 and her sense of smell is failing faster than I thought – that makes me a little sad), and we laid down strict rules for the kids about handling the rats. I was also worried about having yet another chore to do around the house, but I was promised help from both of the enthusiastic new pet owners (there's a sucker born every minute). Here are the cuties – Bobby is the

beige one and Oreo is the gray and white one:



My New Pet

I've wanted a new pet for awhile, mostly since my cat passed away almost a year ago now. What I want most is another cat – I love cats, and it would be the perfect type of pet for our household. But unfortunately, I'm allergic to cats. When I had my cat, it was a constant struggle to decide if I should pet her or not. I always wanted to of course, but then I would itch for hours, my eyes would water, and sometimes I'd get hives. And, my allergy symptoms were worse during my 4 pregnancies. I just don't want to go through that again – so no cat for us. We have a Jack Russell Terrier mix, so any type of animal she'll want to chase and bark at is out also – which means no rats, ferrets, small birds, etc. So that leaves me with reptiles or bugs, I guess. And the only reptile I'm interested in owning is a tortoise. Those can be kind of costly and I'm not entirely sure that my Jack Russell Terrier mix won't want to hunt it, so I'm going to hold off on the tortoise for a little bit. Also complicating the situation is that I really don't have any extra time to spend with a pet, so that limits my options even further. So lately

I've been in limbo, trying to decide what to get. But the other day, a new pet sort of fell into my lap.

It's a ladybug I found in the house – normally I'd let any bugs go outside that I find in the house, but it's way too cold out for a ladybug, and I don't want him to suffer while he froze to death. So I looked up what ladybugs eat, and I found out that their favorite food is aphids, which are an even smaller group of insects. Knowing I couldn't get any of those easily, I put a drop of honey in a little container with the ladybug. He went over to it and started eating it! So I put a little drop of water in there too, and he must have smelled that or something, because he left the honey and went over to the water – it was really interesting to watch. He's survived in captivity about a week now, and I have to say I'm getting a little attached to him as a pet. It started out as just a fun little project, and I didn't expect it to live more than a few days. But he did, and I've named him Francis (like the ladybug from A Bug's Life), and he is my secret pet – the kids don't know about him. If they did, he'd be dead already because my 4-year-old adores bugs and often smothers them with love – literally. I think today I'll go out and get Francis some grass for his container, because earlier when I fed him, he REFUSED to go back into his container! I'm not kidding; he was sticking to my finger and just doing everything possible to not get locked back in there. Finally, I put him on a Q-tip and cut it to fit in the container and locked him in. I feel a little badly that I've kidnapped this ladybug, but I think I'm his only chance at life. Outside, he'd freeze, and if I let him go into my house, I don't think he'd be able to find food and water and he'd either die or go into hibernation until a kid or a dog got him.

So anyway, I guess I have my new pet. I still don't expect him to last very long, but for now it's fun just taking care of an animal, especially since he's my little secret. If he's still around in another week or so, I'll take his picture and

post it. Say hi to Francis!