The Death of Masculinity

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The Death of Masculinity

I’ll remember it forever as the day masculinity died, like the day the music died in a plane crash or the day Happy Days died when the Fonz jumped a shark on skis. On March 9, 2014, a man, Lee Palmer, a member of the human race known for taming tigers, building skyscrapers, leaping off tall things, and creating something out of nothing, called 911 because his house cat had trapped him and his family in a bedroom. He called police to rescue him and his family from this dire situation (a 22 lb. cat with an attitude problem). This cat had attacked his 7-month-old child and this man’s response was to run with the child and his wife into a room and lock the door (with the dog).

There is now every reason to believe that humanity is on a downward spiral. That a grown man feels it’s the right decision to call the police on his pet instead of taking a few scratches for the family and protecting his brood by himself proves we’re all too reliant on government. It is so bad that if the government were to suffer some sort of fatal malfunction and cease to exist tomorrow, most of us would die. Cat Boy would be first. Perhaps it’s the War on Men Camille Paglia has written about or perhaps testosterone is being sucked out of human males by the excess fluoride in the water. Whatever it is, it’s disturbing!

This is one of those times you hope people who have passed on have no knowledge of what is happening on earth. Imagine the disgust and embarrassment of our ancestors who once battled mastodons (and ate them). Palmer wouldn’t survive glamping. My suggestion is for a new reality show where we put Cat Boy and Pajama Boy and any other incapable millennial male (sorry, but it’s mostly your generation who can’t take care of yourselves or anyone else) and put them on a Survivor-type reality show but actually let them starve to death or be eaten by animals (or angry cats) if they aren’t smart enough to live.

It’s times like these I’m grateful for the real men still left. They may be a dying breed, but I’m grateful nonetheless. Here’s to you hunters, fishers, fixers, and wrestlers. Women may complain about your uncouth behavior or excess body hair, but it’s infinitely preferable to being stuck in a room with a “guy” who can’t fight off a cat.