

## *Anatomy of a Tick removal*

*Teenage Daughter yells for help. I have been called Hey, Hey You, Hey Mom by this child. But when “MOMMY” is screeched, I know there is a problem.*

*Apparently, she tried to brush what she thought was an M&M off the dog’s throat. This dog is known far and wide for thievery, so it was not a bad assumption. However, this was no ordinary M&M, this was a fully engorged TICK in the crease of Ruby’s throat.*

*We put Ruby on Booger Chair (that’s a story for another day) so we could get a better look. Wow, it wasn’t just fully engorged, but it was actually mostly under her skin, with just a bulge peeking out.*

*I grabbed my new best friend, a liquid called Tick Release. The directions say 2 drops on the tick, then wait a few minutes and lift off the offender. However, this was CLEARLY a 4-drop, plus a squirt, kind of tick. Next I looked for the largest tweezers we had, because that sucker was huge.*

*Meanwhile, Daughter who is still hold Ruby still on Booger Chair has gone into the twilight Zone and is chanting, “GROSS,gross,gross,gross,gross,Ewwww,gross,gross...get Dad, get Dad, Ewww”*

*I nudged the bulge with a tweezers and thought, “lets get Dad” He’s on the Fire Department and is used to gross things. So what if he works 3<sup>rd</sup> shift and has only been sleeping for an hour?*

*Dad comes in like a seasoned professional, glasses and tweezers ready. At This point Ruby has had enough and starts to snarl and snap. Daughter is holding the back legs, Dad holding the front legs and I am holding the sharp and pissed-off end. After a few false starts, Dad nudges the tick and Ruby goes ballistic. Do we have a muzzle in the house? No.*

*Mommy gets a brain flash and runs to the kitchen and comes back with a thick pot-holder mitt on her hand. Everyone takes a deep breath and tries again. Ruby not only breaks the mitt-hold, but manages to bite Mommy’s unprotected hand. Two more tries and Ruby manages to bite Daughter’s hand.*

*Daddy gets up, disappears and comes back wearing a welding glove. This is serious now. Ruby, not liking the taste of where that glove has been starts thrashing like a gator doing the underwater death roll. Daughter's chanting increases in volume, then stops. "THERE IT IS!" Apparently, the Tick release worked so well that Ruby shook it off in her tantrum. There is sat, fat and bloated (and whole) on soon-to-be-renamed Booger Chair.*

*I grabbed it with a Kleenex, offered it to Daughter to squish if she wanted (she declined) and then sent it to it's watery grave. Not done quite yet...*

*Dad had pulled another, smaller tick and set it on the coffee table a foot from Daughter's derriere. Way cool watching Daughter morph into an Iguana. She was fully capable of watching the tick with her left eye, while the other eye was focused on Ruby. She wasn't chanting anymore, but making little noises of distress. She had to 'suck it up, and tuff it out' while I got some Neosporin into the crater left in Ruby's neck.*

*By the way, Daughter is camping this week, and took the Tick release with her ☺*