

I went to a class at the gym after work today. When I got home after the class Rob and Abby were in the living room sharing a bowl of popcorn. "Abby has an injury," said Rob and I noticed she was picking up one of her paws. Then Rob showed me a dish on the table.



There was a wasp in our house!

We're not sure when it got into the house but at some point Abby must have founded it and tried to play with it. She has loads of fun mouthing, spitting out, and batting at flies and spiders but things don't go so well with a wasp. When Rob found it the wasp couldn't fly so it seems likely Abby had grabbed it and dropped it on the floor. We don't know if she was stung batting at it or stepping on it but I'm glad she wasn't stung in her mouth. It was a remarkably sturdy insect and Rob ended up cutting it in half and squishing the head before it would stay dead.

Aside from a tender paw and a need to cuddle Abby was fine. By the end of the evening her paw seemed to be giving her less trouble and I'm hopeful the tenderness will be gone, or at least barely noticeable, by tomorrow morning.



Stung

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