



Name: _____

What my teeth
think about my
DENTIST

Name: Elizabeth



What my teeth think about my DENTIST

As the bell rang and Roosevelt Tooth School started, the teeth were still talking noisily. As Professor Flossman walked in, all became quiet.

“Hello, class. I believe your dentist reports are due today. Let’s start, Mary Molar.” said Professor Flossman.

Mary Molar stood up slowly and began to speak.

“My dentist, Dr. Freckly, is VERY SCARY. First, he takes this sharp tool and scrapes me! That hurts. Then he looks at me with a metal thing. I don’t really like that either. Then he brushes me and my friends. I never like this part! Sure I taste better and look good at the end, but it really tickles. But I’m not supposed to move or laugh. Sometimes Dr. Freckly takes an X-RAY of me. That hurts my eyes. One time I had a cavity! That really hurts. First he drills a hole, then fills it. After all that pain, I look much better though. Plus, I’m really white. To conclude, Dr. Freckly is kind of scary but he makes me look my best.”

“Very nice, Mary!” said Professor Flossman.

Name: Brian



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Our dentist is best because he gives us prizes. I like him because he is nice. He also gets to us in a hurry so we can go home quicker. When we first walk in, in the next 2-5 minutes we're getting cleaned. We like that a lot.

Name: Madelyn



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My Tooth's Point of View:

"I'm so nervous!!" I whined.

"Don't worry, no one in our class laughs at someone for a report and if they do we get yelled at," Manny Molar told me.

Hi, I'm Iris Incisor. My friends, oh, I mean *FRIEND* calls me "I". Did I mention that I just moved here? Well, I came from down south in a place called Gumdy. I'm not really popular yet, at least not as popular as Carry Canine. Anyway I might as well tell you why I'm so nervous. You see, our class has to do this report on our dentist and what we think of him. Mr. Tastebuds said that if we didn't have this report in we would become rotten and would have to be pulled out.

"Iris, will you please come up and give your report?" Mr. Tastebuds asked me.

"Yes, sir," I said, "The Best Dentist of All, by I. Incisor. Some teeth pick on me, but not him. Some teeth tickle me, but not him. He cleans me and helps keep me clean, but not them. There's a big difference between them and him. He's the best of all my friends near and far. He's my dentist, Dr. Fine."

"Very good, Iris!" Mr. Tastebuds told me.

"RIIIIIIIINNNNNNNGGGGGG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"Class dismissed, oh and your report grades are presented tomorrow." he said.

The next day I got my grade -- A+!!!