A Visit with Doctor Phil

First Voice

 On the way to the torture chamber I tried to jump out the back of the jail bus but the driver saw me eyeing the back door and locked it with all twelve padlocks. When we arrived at the torture chamber the guard had to drag me into the punishing room. There the dungeon keeper forced me down on the bed of torture and made me open wide.

 He started snooping around in my mouth with all his razor sharp punishment tools and scraping at the back of my teeth while he was deciding what discipline he wanted to use on me. I knew things were about to get messy when he called in his assistant.

 The dungeon keeper used this massive tranquilizer and dug it into the left side of my mouth so he could start his painful operation on my teeth. He started by using little metal arms so he could keep my mouth open. Then he put glue on the outside of my teeth so that he could attach little metal gum scratchers to my teeth. Finally he put metal strings around the outside of the gum scratchers and pulled hard on the metal strings. He was trying to pull all my teeth out!!

Finally he let me go after my teeth felt like they were going to fall straight out of my mouth. On the long ride home the bus driver was nagging about how I have to BRUSH my teeth every day and how I’m not allowed any more CANDY. I felt like my world was going to end. Also I have to go back to the torture chamber every month.

When I got home I demanded that I get the gum scrapers and toothachers out at once unfortunately the bus driver said that I had to keep them in. I decided that I would just take them off myself with the end of my useless toothbrush. I got sent back to penitentiary for one WHOLEhour.

Second Voice

 I don’t know why little Billy is so scared of the dentist. On the car ride he tried to jump out of the car and I had to drag him into the dentist office. I don’t understand how Dr. Phil was able to put the braces on properly because little Billy was squirming. When we were at the dentist he was acting like it was a jail. All he had to do was get dental appliances so that his teeth wouldn’t be all crooked. On top of that he is only going to have his braces for one year, I had mine for four.

On the drive home Billy was peevish about his new braces. What really made him mad was when I told him he wasn’t allowed to eat any candy because we would have to go back to the dentist to get them fixed. He even tried to jump out of the car a second time.

 When we got home Billy threatened to run away if I didn’t take him back to see Dr. Phil to get his orthodontic appliances off. My son said the “railroad tracks” hurt his mouth. I told him that his teeth would be painful for a while. Then he got really mad and locked himself in the bathroom. My spoiled brat pried the expensive hardware off with his toothbrush. He got a really l-o-n-g time out.

