

# Essay on A Visit to A Dentist

All through the night, I lay awake with a terrible toothache. Aspirins and pain-killers provided some relief but the pain returned with greater intensity when the effects of the medicine wore off. This bad tooth should have been pulled out ions ago, but I kept on postponing my visit to the dentist. I dreaded hypodermic syringes and whining drills. I had this terrible fear of dentists.

When morning finally came, I sighed with relief. It had been a long painful night. In addition, insomnia had given me a headache. My eyes were red and my mouth felt parched. What a state I was in. Never in my life had I felt this bad before.

I arrived early at the dental surgery. However, there were others still earlier than me. So after registering my name with the receptionist I sat down gloomily on one of the chairs in the waiting room. There were newspapers and magazines available for reading but somehow they did not seem appealing. Music was played through two gigantic loudspeakers in the waiting room. I vaguely recognized a couple of songs. They were my favorite songs but they did not sound good at all at that time. All I felt was the mind-numbing pain. I wished that my turn would come soon.

For about forty-five Minutes I fidgeted impatiently on my seat. When my name was called, I hardly heard it because my ears were ringing as well. They felt as though a thousand bells were ringing at the same time. Anyhow, I got up and staggered into the surgery.

A huge man in white uniform and white face-mask greeted me. He asked what was wrong. I uttered a few words in reply while pointing a finger at the offending tooth. He understood me.

He motioned me onto a large reclining chair that was fitted with all sorts of gadgets. I saw the formidable drilling apparatus, the pliers, the syringes and the other torture devices. Goosebumps broke out all over my body. I wanted to get out.

The dentist was a strong man. He grabbed my arm and effortlessly guided me onto the chair. I lay down with my heart pounding in unison with the pain in my head and tooth.

“Relax and open your mouth,” the dentist commanded. For such a huge man he had such a soft gentle voice.

I obeyed instantly. His voice soothed me. I felt calmer and relaxed. He peered into my mouth.

One look was enough to tell him that he had to extract. He indicated his intention. I nodded dumbly in reply.

I closed my eyes and prepared for the worst. Presently I felt the prick of the hypodermic needle piercing my gum. Then magically the toothache, the headache and the wild beating of the heart seemed to vanish. All I heard was the gentle voice of the giant dentist and the far-off feeling of somebody probing inside my mouth, I kept my eyes closed, enjoying the sudden peace that had descended upon me. In my mind’s eye, I saw myself fishing by the fish-pond just when the sun was setting. I felt the cool breeze and beautiful silence of the countryside. I felt happy.

The next thing I knew was the dentist shaking my shoulder.

“Hey, it’s over now, I’ve extracted the bad tooth.”

I could hardly believe what I heard. My bad tooth was extracted and I

did not feel it at all! What a fantastic man this dentist was! He must be a hypnotist or a magician. I always thought that tooth extraction was a traumatic event. Instead, it turned out quite painlessly and almost pleasantly.

I got up from my seat and looked at the smiling face of the dentist. He had removed his face-mask. He wore an understanding smile on his face, I thanked him profusely even though he warned me not to, for he had placed a cotton wad on the new wound where the tooth had been.

Outside the surgery, I saw a dozen anxious faces waiting their turn. I smiled at them and their unnecessary anxiety. I paid my bill and stepped lightly through the door onto the bright sunlit street.