

My First Visit to the Dentist

One of my earliest memories is going out with my mum to visit the dentist. It was half past two on a bright, cheery day in spring. Being only five years old, I was convinced by my mom to visit the dentist and check out my then milk teeth.

Boy was I excited! I wasn't so sure what a "dentist" was. I only knew that I was a truly 'brave and courageous' boy, according to my mum, to agree so readily to the trip. On the way to the dentist, my stomach grumbled suddenly. My mom said, "Son, shall we get some snack before we continue with our journey?" So we stopped at a shop, and grabbed some food and drinks. My stomach felt at ease after that. Half an hour later, we finally arrived at the dentist.

I wondered at how white and clean the place was. What was this place? It was an almost empty room with a receptionist behind the counter. On the wall were many posters. One by one, I started examining them. They looked familiar; I wondered again, what could this place be? With all my pent up curiosity, I asked my mom, "Mom, where are we?" Mom didn't reply but instead continued reading her magazine that she had been holding for the past few minutes. So I just sat beside my mom and fell asleep.

A few minutes later, my mom woke me up and we went into a room. There was a stranger who was dressed in a white overcoat, and a

stethoscope around his wrinkled neck. He was really ancient with a mop of snow-white hair. At that precise moment, I freaked out. I was certain who this person was. I screamed and quickly ran out of the room. My mom and the dental nurse chased after me, I couldn't escape. I was taken back to the room and was scolded by my mom. My mom held on to my arm tightly, I was overwhelmed.