**Disastrous Dental Problem**

**By: Evan G.**

 As I walked into the dentist’s room, I felt as scared as a child getting the flu shot for the first time. I was getting my two bottom baby canines removed.

 I was starting the think how bad it was going to be. First, I thought of how much blood there would be. I thought there would be so much blood, it would be equivalent to how much blood an average human heart pumps an hour. Second, I thought of how much pain there would be. I thought of a hyena tackling me 30 miles per hour. I went and sat in the blue, comfy, chair.

 I was as scared as being thrown in a volcano. First, the dentist numbed my mouth. Next, he was ready to haul out my tow teeth out.

 He hauled my left canine out like he was in a tug of war match. It hurt as much as a pinch in the tooth. Then, he jerked out my right canine out. It hurt as much as the other haul, but the after effects made it hurt 10 times more.

 The bad after effects were, getting a paper towel in my mouth, having a sour mouth, having a bloody mouth, etc. and etc. *Well, it wasn’t that bad.* I thought thinking how much worse it could have been.