

Wesley's Wobbly Toof

By Steve Heron

Wesley woke Wednesday morning with a wibbly wobbly toof.

It wobbled forwards. It wobbled backwards.

Wesley wobbled his toof at breakfast.

In class at pre-school, he wobbled it with his finger.

On the monkey bars, he wobbled it with his tongue.

On his way home from school with Mum, he wobbled it with his thumb.

When Dad came home, Wesley said, 'Look dad. I wave a wobbly toof.'

'Do you want me to pull it out for you,' Dad asked. *(holding a pair of pliers)*

'Nooooo!' Said Wesley.

'Okay,' said his dad.

'Is my toof bwooken dad?'

'It's not broken, it's falling out to make room for your adult teeth.'

'Adult teef? But I'm still a kid.'

Dad laughed. 'All kids lose their teeth to make way for a grown-up set.'

'Why do we need two sets of teef?' Wesley asked.

'When you were little, you tried to put Granny's false teeth in your mouth.'

'Yuck, did I do that?'

'Yes, but they didn't fit,' said Dad. 'We have two sets of teeth because adult teeth are too big for a little kid's mouth and our baby or milk teeth won't be big enough as we get older.'

That night before bedtime Wesley wobbled his toof with his toof brush in front of the mirror.

When Wesley's dad tucked him in bed, he wobbled his toof one more time.

It fell out. Right on his pillow.

'Dad, I lost my toof.'

'Would you like me to help you find it?' Dad said as he looked under the blanket.

'It's right here Dad on my pillow.'

His dad put the tooth in a glass of water and placed it on Wesley's bedside cabinet.

As he kissed Wesley goodnight, Dad said, 'Hope the Toof Fairy comes.'

'Me toof.' Said, Wesley, as he yawned.

Picture of Wesley asleep with his nightlight glowing on the glass. The tooth is missing and in its place is a coin, with a quirky tooth fairy flying away in the background.

END

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