

The Tooth Fairy

Dan rushed down the stairs, pulling his keys out of his pocket, yelling “Mike let’s go. We’re going to be late.”

“Hold up a sec,” Mike replied, racing down a second, shorter, set of stairs into the bathroom. Squeezing the toothpaste, a sea green bottle sporting the words “Colgate” and “minty fresh”, he emptied a small amount of its contents onto his pre-wetted brush.

“What’re you doing?” Dan shouted from upstairs.

“Brushing my teeth,” Mike responded, moving the toothbrush closer to his lips.

“C’MON!” Dan yelled, “You could have done that five minutes ago!” Ignoring Dan’s angry rant, Mike unhurriedly touched the brush to his front teeth, hand moving in a steady circular motion. He gently led the brush farther and farther across his gum lines, carefully caressing each individual tooth, brushing all the way back to his molars.

Removing the brush from his mouth, Mike spat in the sink. The saliva, a white foamy substance, sat, waiting to be washed down the drain by the momentary turn of the faucet which came a split second later.

“Hurry up!” Dan yelled from above.

“I’m almost done,” Mike replied, brush stopping halfway to his mouth, spit leaping from his open jaw as he spoke, clinging desperately to the mirror, their only hope of not being washed down the drain.

Mike again placed the brush against his front teeth, beginning the process anew, this time on the other side of his mouth.

Finishing his molars, Mike started on the crowns of his teeth, brush furiously working back and forth, ripping off the plaque that had accumulated since lunchtime, a small collection, completely invisible to the naked eye.

Tips of his teeth sparkling, Mike set the brush on the backside of his pearly whites, creating an awkward circle motion with his hands, jerky, un-paced. Mike quickly grew tired of the uncomfortable motion, resorting to a baser scrubbing.

Gripping near the end of his toothbrush, Mike stretched it into the farthest recesses of his mouth, his back molars, carefully polishing every centimeter.

Teeth feeling completely stain free, Mike flipped the brush over, sticking out his tongue, scraping it with the rubbery protrusions, short, flexible juts, opposite the bristles. Rubbing it near the back of his tongue, he nearly gagged himself, neck clenching in a near convulsion.

Taking the brush from his mouth, he spit, turning on the faucet with his free hand. Sticking the brush under the running water, he washed toothpaste remnants from it, small pockets of foam, setting the brush on the counter when he finished.

Cupping his hands, he let the water, cool, clear, fall into his palms. Raising them to his lips, he slurped the liquid, cheeks bulging, swishing it, rinsing every part of his mouth.

Throwing his head back, he gurgled, a loud obnoxious sound. Bubbles, small, bursting, tickled the back of his mouth. Bringing his head back down, he spit, forcefully, rinsing the saliva infused water from the sink.

Lips parting, bigger than for a smile, Mike examined his teeth, shiny, smooth. Admiring his work, he grabbed a floss pick from the drawer, exhaling a minty fresh breath enjoyed by his nose, brining the pick to his gaping mouth.

Forcing the floss between his teeth, Mike rinsed it after each excursion, imagined food particles dropping into the sink. Working his way across first his bottom teeth, then the top, he managed to rid himself of any trace of plaque.

Mike threw the pick in the trash, smiling to himself in the mirror, sly, seductive, his eyebrows raising, mentally congratulating himself on being so good looking.

“What’s taking so long?” Dan barked. Mike stiffened, strolling slowly, casually, out of the bathroom, flipping off the light on his way out.

“I was just brushing my teeth,” Mike replied matter-of-factly, appearing as innocent as possible, straight faced, his gaze meeting Dan’s measure for measure.

“Now that we’re ten minutes late, let’s go,” Dan said irritably, stalking out the door. Mike followed, a self-satisfied smile spread across his face.