



## The Dentist Pulled My Tooth Out

By Kenn Nesbitt

The dentist pulled my tooth out,  
and he thought it was such fun,  
he grabbed his pliers  
and dental priers  
and pulled another one.

"Yippee! Hooray! What awesome fun!"  
he shouted out with glee.  
He grinned a grin  
then went back in  
and pulled out number three.

Then number four and number five  
and numbers six and seven  
were followed by  
a cheerful cry  
of "Eight! Nine! Ten! Eleven!"

He took a few more from the top  
and some from underneath;  
he yanked them fast  
until at last  
he'd pulled out all my teeth.

Without my teeth I cannot chew;  
I just eat soup and mush.  
But don't be sad.  
I'm kind of glad—  
I'll never have to brush!