

The Observer at the Dentist

Alex was sitting in the dentist's waiting room, clinging to his mom's hand. From the next room, a strange, metallic noise could be heard. Alex looked at his mom with big, curious eyes.

"Mom," he whispered. "Is he sad? The dentist."

His mom smiled. "No, honey, he's not sad. That's just the sound of the dentist's tools."

Alex didn't seem convinced. Another sharp noise reached his ears. He pointed to the door. "And the person inside, are you sad?"

His mom laughed softly. "No, sweetie, I'm not sad, and I don't think the person inside is either. They're just fixing their teeth."

Alex was quiet for a moment, thinking. Then, he looked at his mom and himself, with a worried look. "Mom, us, are we sad?"

His mom looked at him, then at herself, and burst out laughing. "No, honey, we're not sad. We're just waiting to make sure our teeth are healthy."