

Beyond the Dental Event Horizon

I thought that wearing my BillyBob teeth to my dentist appointment would be cool, avant garde, a guaranteed hit. Those people wouldn't forget who Ed Coonce was, not for a long time.

"Yeah, sure, I remember him. The guy with the BillyBob teeth! Yeah, he was really, really cool!"

Sadly, my plan had a few holes.

I took my time parking, then popped in my newest set of BillyBobs, the Full Grill with Heavy Stains model. I walked into the office fifteen minutes early, sauntered up to the front desk, and in my best hill-billy impression announced, "Ahm heer fer mah 'point-mint."

The girl behind the desk was unimpressed. "Please sign in here and have a seat."

I upped my game. "Kin Ah just sign with a x?"

"Whatever," she answered.

I sat down to wait, flashed a goofy grin at everyone who wasn't looking at me, which included everyone.

"Mr. Coonce, exam room 3B."

All right! Big dramatic moment coming up. I walked back. I was met by a portly gowned man wearing rubber gloves and a surgical face mask. He was looking at my paperwork. He motioned to the chair.

"Have a seat, Mr. Coonce."

I sat down, leaned back.

"I'm Dr. Cloud. Any pain today?"

"Ah'm fine." I said, flashing him my biggest, goofiest grin.

"Open up."

He prodded and picked at my faux molars, then announced, "Your teeth are in terrible shape, but we can take care of the worst of it today."

Playing along, I said "Fine."

The dentist filled a syringe and stood over me.

"Ah don't want no novocaine." I said.

"Why not?"

"Because Ah can transcend dental medication."

I waited for the joke to register. It didn't. I was starting to get a little nervous. I looked around the office. Hey, wasn't there supposed to be an assistant? What the....? I noticed the Dental credentials hanging on the wall. They were all, without exception, degrees in dental reconstruction issued by BillyBob University.

"Hey wait," I began.

"Too late, dude," said Dr. Cloud. He removed his face mask and smiled a hideous smile. He was wearing the BillyBob "Jethro" model. The sound track from "Psycho" screamed through my brain as I ran out of the exam room. A grinning security guard blocked the front door. He was wearing the BillyBob Big Cletus with Cavity and holding a very big pistol. The needle plunged into my arm. I quickly lost consciousness.

I came to sitting on my sofa. I struggled to my feet and walked to the mirror. The BillyBobs were now permanent. My mail slot rattled, a letter dropped onto the floor. I picked it up, opened the envelope. It was my dental bill.