

maybe for a minute perhaps I had the idea that maybe I would call the kid some day and say, “You know—funny story—” and maybe he or she would be glad to hear what I had to say—but that’s the funny thing about our imagination, is that we think people will always be glad to hear from us. I imagined myself getting serious, winding the conversation down, and saying, gravely, that I never got to apologize for flicking her bra strap and then, just letting the kid talk, the poor orphan, just to see what would transpire. Healing, talk about it.

I didn’t bring her up that next week when I went to Dr. Bloodcastle. It seems creepy to continually bring her up. (This is the first time, in fact, that I’ve been able to discuss this at all since many years ago when I first asked the dentist if she had kids—which is why it’s pouring out like this. Although I can say that I have scheduled quite a lot of my appointments on June 3rd as a thoughtful gesture.)

Dr. Bloodcastle talks softly, but he talks very quickly—so I have to take notes at the end and I often have to tell him to go back and say it again because I’ve missed something. The nice thing about taking notes is that I have a whole journal full of prescriptive advice from my dentist over the years—I can look back and see what I was dealing with (orally) when I was fifteen years old. How many people can say that?

At this point, I think a lot of people might get a kick out of seeing some of those journal entries—I mean we live in this candid culture, one which aims for transparency—this sharing is what we do now. But I just can’t do it. My dad would say it’s because I’m a “private” person (“I’m private—your brother is very private—my father was—your grandfather wasn’t as much—although he drank in private—generally all our men are—this is a strong trait in your blood—”) but I’m not a private person. Can anyone that has had a blog be called “private”? (Anyway, where ARE all the introverts these days? Technology has upgraded introverts into—soft extroverts I guess.)

I’m not private. Dental information is just insanely mundane. It’s boredom incarnate—measurements, phone numbers, addresses, names.

I don’t know. Maybe it’s fun to withhold. I do enjoy it. We wouldn’t want the government to withhold—but it seems forgivable for a person to withhold a bit. I greatly appreciate the withholding of mundane information.

Dr. Bloodcastle doesn’t have an assistant. I don’t know if this is legal, but he does all the flossing and scraping and all the fussing himself. In a way, it’s as if his