

The Economical Repercussions of the Tooth Fairy Industry

July 18, 2019

Prompt: Tooth Fairy didn't arrive

Ever have those mornings, as a child: the not-quite-Christmas-but-almost mornings? When the excitement for tomorrow makes it difficult to sleep; though you should be sleeping.

You've had your snack , your story (or two). You've been tucked in, kissed good-night, and the lights are out. Your night-light is on, humming a lullaby, shining stars (and moons) in ceiling constellations of blue, red and green.

But you can't fall asleep, the excitement is too much. The excitement of waking up in the morning and finding, in exchange for your tooth, a shiny buck or two. As a four-year-old, a dollar can do quite a bit, buying ice cream or candy from the store. What more could a toddler ask for? Me, I've been saving, I've got my eye on a toy. A Paw Patrol patroller with matching Marshall puppy pal. I'm so close, a dollar away, which is why tonight, me and my tooth are having trouble sleeping.

As I lay, comfy cozy, counting stars of red and blue---one, two, four, five--- my eyes become drowsy, till I drift off to dreams of PJ Masks and saving the day.

Then I wake, in the morning, yawn, stretch, and wipe the blur from my eyes, till I remember. The tooth!

I throw aside my pillow, where I had stashed it, to find...

Wait, what?

This can't be right!

This isn't fair!

Where is the dollar I was promised? I've done everything right, as well as a four-year-old possibly could. I brushed my teeth everyday, they were perfect. Pearly-white. Cavity free. Should've been worth at least a buck, maybe two!

When I first felt it loosen, wriggling in my mouth, I plucked the tooth from it's home, and tucked it under my pillow --- just like mommy taught me.

Where is the dollar that is mine? Mine! Timmy-has-the-toy-that-I-want-to-play-with-so-I'll-take-it-Mine!