

Update on the tragic tooth

Here's an update on the Tragic Tooth.



While we were at Disneyland yesterday, Ben took a bite of a “Hard frozen” Mickey Ice Cream Bar and then pulled out his first tooth—so Mickey helped him out with that one. Then while walking toward “it’s a small world” I look back at Ben, who has his hand in his mouth and *BAM* out comes another tooth. Two teeth in the course of 15 minutes—unprecedented.

On related note, remember this story and video from last year? Larry and I thought we had the perfect trick to get our kids to brush their teeth—not so much.



Art work available on Etsy.

Chalk this one up to “one of those things you can laugh about with your kids later.” Like WAAAY later.

My husband, Larry, and I were just thinking of a creative way to get our kids to brush their teeth for two minutes. We had tried it all; toothbrushes that play “High School Musical” songs, cute little timers, threats, and, the old standard,

blatant bribes.

Then we thought, "What about scaring the living daylights out of them?"

Kidding. We didn't plan on doing that, but that's what happened.

One night last week after the usual hassle / battle at the basin, Larry decided to show the kids what will happen if they don't brush their teeth twice a day for two minutes – implementing the scare 'em straight method. Where did he go for this kind of propaganda? Why YouTube, of course.

He found this lovely video of the foulest teeth you'll ever see, ever.

So we plopped them down in front of my computer and let them watch this video (right before bed, mind you). I am warning you, this is D.isgusting with a capital "D."

Watch it at your own risk.

I know! It's like the dental version of a Quentin Tarantino movie. Gross, right? Yea, our kids thought so too. Mission accomplished. They scurried to the bathroom practically tripping over each other to get to their toothbrushes. But when we went to put them to bed, Emily, our eight-year-old, was crying, obviously traumatized by the whole thing.

We both took turns sitting up and talking with her until she fell asleep. Larry and I both kept shooting each other the "Oops" look as we passed each other in the hallway, switching shifts.

The next morning Emily asked that we never speak of "that video" again. Done. It's in the vault...but, she has brushed her teeth for two minutes ever since.

Totally agree. This would have have been a far better choice.

This was something I wrote for MomCrush, but never posted here. I'm home with a sick kid today, so thought it would be a good day for repost. But, just as a follow-up, Emily saw I was coping this post and said, "Mommy! You promised! Never again!"