

## English 12 Original Composition

### Scale Point: 6

#### Comment

This paper was awarded a “6” because while occasionally overwritten, it illustrates strong vocabulary and sophisticated wit.

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The words “Wisdom teeth” are redolent of maturity. Every aspect of them, from the fact they usually surface when one reaches physical maturity, to the considerable maturity it takes to retain one’s composure while having them removed, speaks of the age-instilled wisdom one might expect them to grant.

I am terrified of having teeth pulled. Given the choice, I’d prefer the experience of having my fingers lobbed off with a meat cleaver to the uniform, sickening sounds and nauseating pressure of having my teeth twisted out of my jaw. One can imagine my uncontainable bliss when told my jaw is too small for another four teeth, resulting in the impending excision of my wisdom teeth, and bicuspid for good measure.

At ten-thirty yesterday morning, I sat silently in the ridiculously maneuverable dentistry throne, whimpering quietly to myself, acceptant of my fate. Dr. Ng wasted no time with formalities and got right to work. He muttered some incomprehensible, yet strangely comforting words in his Korean accent, and quickly, efficiently injected local anaesthetic at various points throughout my mouth, strategically numbing my gums and even areas as far removed as my right ear lobe and nostril. Routinely, he circled the chair and inquired if I was frozen. My reply was a monosyllabic “auh...” and although it was as close to a “No”, as a “yes”, Dr. Ng understood it was a “Too frozen to say anything whatsoever, sir,” and withdrew a pair of dental pliers. They were of the variety one sees in cartoons and horror movies: Gigantic, sharp, and heavy-duty. I closed my eyes for the first of the grinding, bursting sounds that the proceedings in my mouth were emitting, but soon got used to them. The only slight jolt of pain I felt during the whole operation was the occasion on which the dentist’s chisel slipped, burying itself in my jaw.

I won’t deny that I feel a certain amount of pride in the maturity of my actions (or lack of actions) in the face of an experience I feared, until yesterday, above all else. I may have three less teeth to chew my oatmeal with now, but I have never been more relieved in my life than the moment that experience was over with. With only two more teeth to be extracted next weekend, it’s downhill from here.