

## FIRST GRANDCHILD

The grandchild was not loved because he was a boy and his head was shaped like a pear. It had hurt the mother to push him out (a second baby, cuter than the first.) The full, pale face, the questioning eyes, full moon, and another Capricorn in the family. Grandma did not approve of him touching himself all the time, “Put that thing away. That’s disgusting.” But secretly everyone in the family thought grandma was gay.

When her grandson’s first tooth was about to fall out, she brought him into the living room and tied a piece of string to his loose canine. The tooth wobbled. She tied the other end of the string to the door handle, went to the other side of the door and shut it. “Stay there!” she said, “I am going to open the door quickly to yank your tooth out. You’ll feel no pain and tonight the tooth fairy will come and bring you sweets. One, two...” But the grandson was so scared, he knocked his tooth out with his own hands. No door would extrapolate anything from his mouth! “Three!” He screamed “Ouch!” She opened the door and peered in, “Is it gone?” He rolled the blood covered, yellow tooth out on his palm and looked at it. It was longer than he thought. There were thin black veins on the surface. “Let me look at that thing,” said the grandma. She took it out on her palm. The grandson cried as blood dripped from his gums. “Oh, it’s nothing,” the grandmother said. “But I’m bleeding!” he complained. “It’s just blood. Blood does not hurt.” He

thought about it and realized it did not hurt. She brought him to the bathroom and gave him water and salt. He rinsed and spat. The black veins were superficial cavities. The grandmother recommended he brush his teeth more often. He did not tell her he had pulled the tooth out himself.