

I Bonded, Bleached, and Billed a Space Alien

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A Space Alien

Dental school never prepared me for this. I was leaving the office late one evening when this little guy floated in. I thought at first that he had some weird punk rocker hair-do, but I realized his head was shaped that way. He wasn't wearing some gray spandex jogging outfit - that was his skin! His skin wasn't gray because he was spaced out on drugs - he was from space.

I knew that right away because he began talking to me inside my head. There was this communication in my head, that from time to time his kind had mouth problems and found earth dentists to be friendly beings and competent to meet alien dental needs. In fact, he said, the only contact his kind had with earthlings was for dentistry. I was surprised, and asked about all those abductions and alien sex stories. "Wishful earthling thinking, just tabloid stuff" he telepathed.

The alien's chief complaint was that he had chipped part of what he called teeth. It was really a row of some kind of hard stuff inside his mouth, similar in appearance to what the children's character Barney has, only very dark gray in color. He informed me that earthly amalgam and bonding materials have worked well with his colleagues.

He was right. I was able to bond and finish the chipped area quite easily. The mouth was very small but the lips could be pushed back easily. There was no saliva and he said there was no nerve supply to the structure.

The only problem was that the darkest shade I had (dark gray), was too light. He was aware of that, but said it had become fashionable among his kind (similar to gold or white porcelain in humans, I guess). He detected me wondering whether a power bleaching would lighten his alien tooth structure. With what looked like some type of hand held computer, he analyzed the bleaching material and told me to try it.

Ten minutes later, what was a very dark gray became light gray.

For the first time I detected an audible sound from the alien, like a buzz. I think it was actually a laugh because he said in my head at the same time that he'd be the envy of the mother ship. I said I'd be happy to treat his pals on the mother ship (how's that for marketing?) but we should discuss the fee for himself and the others first.

He seemed puzzled. No dentist had ever asked his kind to pay before. He started playing with his little computer.

"Look", I telepathed, "Can we talk for real? This alien telepathing is confusing".

He did something with his computer and said, "Sure," in a perfect New Jersey accent.

"Look, I've been doing this for twenty-five years and find people appreciate my service when they pay something for it. Besides, I have overhead, you know, and I do plenty of courtesy and charity work, but

I don't think since you're flying around the solar system in a big mother ship, you're impoverished or anything ... in fact I treat all my patients like you. That is, not like aliens, but special people, and my fees are fair."

He still seemed confused and fiddled with his computer. I know when I'm getting the run-around.

I was annoyed now. "You know, it's after hours and you come in here with no dental insurance, credit card or cash. What are you guys, a bunch of intergalactic socialists?"

He shook his head. "You earthlings. You always get sex, religion and politics into the conversation".

He caught me off-guard for a moment. "Well, it's not like you guys can talk high level culture or sports or anything."

"On the contrary", he said, "we love WrestleMania and all your reality shows".

I realized I was getting nowhere and it wasn't like a collection agency could help. Then I had an idea. I brought him to my computer and started explaining all the trouble I'd been having with it. Then, in an instant, he said "Fixed." I played around with it and it was great, like brand new and faster than ever.

He saw I was happy. "We're even then?" he asked.

"More than even," I said. "This would have cost me a least four hundred to fix and I would have charged you three, so ..." I took out my wallet and handed him five twenty dollar bills.

He took it and started smelling it.

I shook my head. "You don't smell it ... what's your name anyway?"

"Chyrscvfg. Translated something like Joe".

"OK, Joe. You don't smell the money. See, we put it in our pockets and then take it out and pay for goods and services".

"Actually", he replied, "it smells like the leaves of a plant from my home planet".

"That figures", I mumbled, "he thinks it grows on trees".

"Thank you", Joe said. "I will explain this to my friends. From now on we will fix your instruments for you, or pay cash. Is that a fair trade?"

"Sure, just don't come around on weekends or during WrestleMania. I'll have to check with my tax lawyer, though, about how to handle the bartering on my tax returns".

The alien acted hysterically, like some earth people react when you mention a dentist. "We don't like lawyers or taxes where I come from", Joe screamed.

Maybe he's not a socialist I thought. "I know the feeling, we'll keep this to ourselves", I said as I shook Joe's little hand and said good-bye. "By the way, aren't you going to erase my memory or anything?"

"We used to do that", Joe said apologetically, "but we found most earthlings don't take you dentists too seriously anyway. No offense".

I felt good driving home that night. A mania came over me. It was like I had evolved to a higher plane. I mean, I was like an intergalactic dentist marketing to the universe. The possibilities were endless.

Barack Obama, Donald Trump, Hillary, Bernie, Cruz ... Back off! Step aside! I have gone on beyond your petty squabbles. I am a cosmic free-trader, a stellar multi-culturalist, an inter-planetary negotiator.

I ran into the house, energized, and said to my wife, "Sorry I'm late, but do you know what just happened?"

"Help the kids with their homework first and take the dishes out of the dishwasher", she replied.