



National Winner 2010

The Missing Tooth Fairy

By Adam Bhatti (7)

Fact 1: Every kid in my class has lost more than one baby tooth, except me.

Fact 2: I am seven and a half on January 6th and I've lost zero.

Fact 3: My friend Aran, who lives in America, said the dentist takes out your teeth if they're late coming out.

Fact 4: My dentist said to me that it's nothing to worry about which is confusing.

From the second I noticed my tooth wobble in the Christmas holidays, I fiddled with it, pushing, pulling and praying for a visit on Christmas day from the Tooth Fairy. Mum got cross. "You don't know where that finger has been!"

Dad offered to pull it out for me with pliers on Christmas Eve. My baby brother offered to unscrew it with his Bob the Builder toolkit. "No thank you", I said politely to my brother. "It's mine."

I even tried to eat a hard crunchy apple and it really hurt. I know whether Father Christmas is real, but I don't know if the Tooth Fairy is pretend. At school there were rumours and I didn't know what side to take. Jake said he saw his mum put the money under his pillow but Amira said she saw the Tooth Fairy.

My tooth let me down on Christmas Day and New Year's Day. So I went back to school with my finger superglued to my mouth. My teacher kept telling me off for talking with my mouth full.

Then one snowy playtime a snowball hit me right in the face. When I spat it out I suddenly felt the cold air whistle through the gap in my mouth. I knew straight away. I looked down into the white snow and saw the red snowdrops of icy blood. Camouflage! I dug as fast as I could and my friends helped me. At lunchtime we went back and looked again.

At school I felt miserable. I told all my family. I didn't tell mum or dad about the note because of what Jake said but I explained about my lost tooth in the snow.

The tooth fairy never came, but that's because there was no tooth, so I still can't prove if she's real. The next day at school I searched again. On the third day the sun shone and the snow melted but I couldn't find it.

"I'll have to wait for my next tooth", I said to my dad, disappointed. He was polishing my shoes.

"Come here", he said showing me the bottom of my shoe.

"What?"

"Look carefully in the sole," he said.

Stuck in the groove of my shoe was a dirty tooth shape.

"I found it!" I shouted. "I want to have a tooth party". I went to bed super excited.

The Tooth Fairy does exist. She gave me £2.

The End.