

LOST: MY RETAINER

As I woke up one morning to the rays of bright morning sunlight escaping through the shield of my blinds, I noticed that K. C. - my wiener dog - was not curled up next to me on my pillow. Usually, he pushes my head off the pillow during the night, and my head ends up finding a home with the mattress, yet he is always soundlessly sleeping the next morning, with his one crooked tooth sticking out of this mouth and his oversized ears wildly covering all aspects of his face. *Oh well, I will find him later.*

I moved on, and I decided that today – April 1 – was the day I will find my missing retainer.

1st destination: under the bed. I pushed past socks that had wreaths and Santa hats on them; I dragged out the bowls that had sticky residues of mint chocolate ice cream; and I tossed over my head the sweater that I wore to dinner when my boyfriend took me out for Valentine's Day. *I should probably clean under here pretty soon.* However, the result to trying to find my retainer was...A FAIL.

2nd destination: my medicine cabinet. I looked behind the rolls of medicine tape, and some of these adhesive devices had to date back from when my dad played baseball in the 60s because the things didn't even look like they possessed any sort of "tape" on them. I peered behind the stacks of floss and bottles of mouthwash. On the top shelf I found an exploded tube of toothpaste. *I think I will let my sister clean that one up.* In the end, the second attempt to find my retainer was...ANOTHER FAIL.

3rd destination: my dresser. I shuffled between the so-called important papers of senior year, and all I found was a form that I was supposed to fill out for my cap and gown. *As long as I'm wearing something I'm sure they won't mind.* I glanced around the music box my Godmother gave me when I was born, and all that led to was a chain of sneezes from the inch of dust I breathed in. I surveyed the quarters of my drawers, and all I instigated was a mountain of clothes I now had to fold. After all that, the third attempt to find my retainer was...AN EPIC FAIL.

I sat hopelessly in the middle of my room, staring blankly straight in front of me trying to think of where that stupid retainer could possibly be. I heard little tiny footsteps trotting in the hallway, and I looked up at my doorway. There standing straight in front of me was K.C., and in his mouth he had a chewed up piece of plastic. Yet for some reason – that one crooked tooth I mentioned before – it was as straight as the other ones right next to it, as straight as the boards of a white picket fence.

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“HELP! HELP!”

“She can’t hear you,” it whispered. I turned around and saw a bag of rubber bands. “Once she kicks something under this bed, it’s never found. Take a look at that Algebra worksheet over there. Missing since freshman year, first week of school. Her mom went nuts when she got a report saying her daughter didn’t turn in her first homework assignment.”

“But she needs me! I mean, I bet she needed that worksheet too but without me, her teeth will go back to how they used to be, crooked! And I’ll tell you one thing; she’ll throw an absolute fit when Dr. Gartner tells her she needs to get her braces back on!” I knew she hated wearing me but Dr. Gartner warned her of what would happen to her teeth if she didn’t wear her retainer. Now here I am, stranded underneath this bed, unable to be used by Elaine. All of a sudden I hear a bunch of loud thumps; someone was coming up the stairs.

“Elaine! Elaine! I’m up in your room, underneath your bed!” I screamed.

“Newsflash, smart guy, humans can’t hear retainers!” I began to loathe this bag of rubber bands that gave me no hope of being found but I had to admit, he was right. As I sank back into my pink case, I could hear Elaine come into the room. I could see her frantically ripping out drawers of her dresser and her desk.

“Ugh! Where is it!” she whined. I could see her coming closer to the bed and looking through her blankets. Come on, you’re close. Just look under the bed!

“Maybe you left it in the car!” her mom yelled from another room.

“Yeah, probably! I’ll go look!” Elaine responded.

No! No! All of my hopes were crushed as I saw her turn to leave. Then a miracle happened, a miracle of a messy room. Elaine stepped on a loose earring on the ground. “Ow!” she yelped. She looked down to see what she stepped on. “My earring!” She bent down to pick it up and then stood up but her eyes must have seen a glimpse of my bright pink case because she bent down again to look under the bed. Once she made eye contact with me, my heart jumped. Yes! She found me! She found me! She smiled as she grabbed me and then opened the case to place me inside her mouth and have me fit around her teeth.

“Never mind, Mom! I found it!” she yelled.

It’s great to be back.