

## Patch goes to the Dentist

“Murder! It’s Murder I tell ya!” screamed Patch.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

The yells were coming from the Sea Rouge, deep at the bottom of the ocean, where the Pirates lived. It was Patch who seemed to be having some trouble with his beloved gold tooth. He was yelling so loudly and wriggling about so much that Wallace could hardly have a look at what was troubling the captain.

“Hold still!” instructed Wallace as he poked around Patch’s mouth.

“It’s me lucky chomper laddie. It’s been giving me the biggest of griefs!” moaned Patch.

“Looks like you’re going to have to go to the Dentist.” said Wallace.

“No me matey! A Pirate I be and there will be no Dentists for me!” said Patch emphatically as he pulled his pirate hat over his eyes.



“What’s all the fussing about?” asked Woody, making his way down from the crows nest at the top of the Sea Rouge.

“The captain needs to go to the Dentist and he won’t hear of it.” replied Wallace.

Patch sat, arms folded, looking very upset.

“Aye the Dentist ya say!” said Woody, his eyes gleaming.

“The Sea Dogs have more treasure than I’ve seen in all me years! Tell me where the land lubber lives and I’ll take his treasure for me self!”

Patch sat up.

“Treasure ya say?” asked Patch, waiting to hear more.

“Aye Cap’n! Drawers full of rings and barrels o’ sweets. Maybe even toy cars! It’s a Pirate’s paradise the Dentist!”

Patch cocked his head and smiled.

“Wallace take me to the Dentist!” he instructed.

Patch looked very out of place at the Dentist. Why I think in all of history this would be the first time a Pirate had ever been in a Dentist’s office. He sat quietly, Wallace by his side, reading a magazine. A lady in a crisp white coat called his name and Patch followed her down the passage to sit in a special chair.

“Now sit back and relax!” said the lady, as she reclined the chair for Patch.

“Oh this is me dream chair!” said Patch as he gently tipped back in the chair.

“What else can it do?” he asked, quite excited at this unexpected prize.

The lady giggled and pulled a lever. The chair moved upward, Patch smiled.

“I need to get meself one of these thinger-magiggers.” Patch said through his toothy grin.

Dr Smookles peeped round the corner at Patch in the Dentist’s chair.

“Well what have we here?” he asked in a teasing voice as he entered the room where Patch was. He tried hard not to giggle, Patch really did look funny sitting in the Dentist’s chair.

“It’s me lucky chomper.” said Patch sadly.

“Well we’ll just have to pull it out then!” laughed Dr Smookles.

“It’s me gold tooth! Ye can’t have it!” shouted Patch getting ready to leave.

Dr Smookles pulled a ring from his drawer.

“Ah, remember if you’re good, you’ll get this!” he smiled.

The red stone in the ring mesmerised Patch.

“The sea dogs really do have treasure.” thought Patch, as he leaned back in his chair.

The tooth pulling was all over in a flash and quite painless too, but even with the ring in his hand and a bag full of sweets in the other Patch wasn’t happy about his gold tooth staying over at the Dentist.

“I’ll clean it and polish it up for you and you can fetch it next Thursday.” smiled Dr Smookles.

Patch wasn’t impressed, but said goodbye politely and even thanked the Doctor for his help, but he did have a plan, quite a sly one too!

That evening when Patch was alone in his captain’s chamber, he took out his small radio which he kept hidden beneath his bed, and tuned it to a very particular frequency.

“Come in Bandit, can you hear me?” asked Patch as he turned the knobs on the radio back and forth to radio his old friend, the Mexican Bandit. The two had become friends a long time ago when the Sea Rogue had still been sailing the seven seas surrounding Acersville.

“Ahhh, Captain Patches, my friend. It’s been a long time.” came a deep Mexican voice in reply.

“What brings you to radio for my services?”

“I have a job for ya laddie.” Said Patch and explained about how the dentist had taken his tooth and how he needed to steal it back.

‘Well as you know, you have definitely come to the right place! I am the Mexican Bandit after all!”

And so the two old friends made plans of how they were going to steal back Patch’s gold tooth.

The next evening the Mexican Bandit and Patch hid themselves close to the entrance of Dr Smookles Dentists’ office.

“Thanks for comin’ by on such short notice my friend.” said Patch thankfully.

“Aaahh, anything for an old friend and for a chance to steal something as valuable as a Pirate’s gold tooth!” smiled the Bandit.

And with that The Bandit pulled his striped poncho over his head and whisked his way toward the door, in a flash he was in and motioned to Patch to join him inside. Patch followed. The Dentists’s office was quite dark, Patch moved toward the light switch but the Bandit stopped him.

“No, no! We do not use the lights, unless you want to get caught by the police! Here use this!” said the Bandit as he handed Patch a torch. Patch switched it on and shone it around the dark room and there, in a corner, his golden tooth glinted back in the torch light.

“Me lucky chomper!” whispered Patch.

The Bandit grabbed the tooth and was just about to whisk his way out of the door, when Patch stopped him.

“There’s something else I want too laddie.” said the captain, with a sly smile as he pointed toward the dentist’s chair.

The Bandit smiled and took a low bow and set to work at stealing the chair.

The next morning on the Sea Rogue, Wallace noticed a rather happy Patch sitting in a Dentist’s chair out on the main deck.

“And just where did you get that?” he asked.

“It was me gift for being good at the Dentist.” replied Patch.

Wallace shook his head.

As for Dr Smookles, he had understood that Patch would be back for his tooth, any Pirate that was worth his rum would have done the exact same thing. And as for the chair? Dr Smookles smiled as he reached for a catalogue, it was time for a new one anyway!



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