

A Little Less Wisdom

By Natalie Lawson

It's been a years since I lost my wisdom tooth to the dentist. I began to believe all my wisdom disappeared from me that day. I was smart, young, kind, and a little wise.

Years later I had a piece of bone pushing through my gum and was sent to a dental surgeon. It was apparent that the dentist who pulled my tooth left a remnant behind. Wallop – That's why I had a little wisdom left in me. Hooray! I did some research on why the third molars were called Wisdom Teeth. There was no definite explanation so I remain a little less wise.