

January 30

Two days ago, I went to the orthodontist. They tightened my braces, and put a chain on them to pull my teeth close together. It's pretty much the most painful experience I've had involving my teeth. And that's saying a lot, because I chipped my tooth at the nerve (participial phrase) **playing football**. I hate remembering that day. It was on the day of my Bar Mitzvah, so in all of our pictures, my smile is pretty weird. That event is still stuck in my mind: I can picture Lee (participial phrase) **stretching his arm to stiff-arm me**; and there I am, (participial phrase) **running into his elbow, falling to the ground laughing, hearing him exclaiming, "Oh (expletive), your tooth is broken!"** and (participial phrase) **running inside, checking the tooth**, and (participial phrase) **noticing its nice little bumps**, where the beautiful half of my tooth used to sit so nicely, (participial phrase) **enabling my glorious smile to shine with absolute perfection**, and (participial phrase) **allowing me to eat normally**. And now, it's gone. Since then (participle) the tooth was **fixed**. It's a filling because the real tooth couldn't be found. I kept thinking about how Lee was so upset and apologetic. Even though I was without half a tooth, I was (participial phrase) **touched by his sorrow**. That was a strange day. Later we had our Bar Mitzvah party, as this happened after the morning ceremony and before the evening party. It's all back to normal. I got my tooth fixed the next day. That was a really crazy day!

—Phillip Kaplan
Grade 8