

Dr. Fearful, My Dentist
Hallett German
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[This is all based on imaginary events.]

Dr. Fearful

It has all been good so far. I have a small but thriving dental practice in the Midwest where I can get away with only three workdays. And my weekends are free too. The work is steady and my occasional upselling on cosmetic surgery and bite protectors makes the income stream quite comfortable. Sharon, my very capable dental assistant is a godsend. She does more than her share of the work and knows what I look for when viewing customer x-rays. Wembley is the over talented front desk receptionist and admin. He greets customers warmly. But makes sure they do not leave before paying. And also adeptly handles them when their feathers get occasionally ruffled. I pay them more than they can make elsewhere. And both are well satisfied working with me. I was planning to retire at 50. And buy a nice island villa somewhere else.

But out of nowhere, this virus arrived at my sleepy little city. And life changed. My patients went into self-quarantine, left town, got ill, or died. My tidy and reliable income stream dried out. I had to let Sharon and Wembley go. I made a vague promise to look for them when the market became healthy again. But we all knew what becomes of vague promises.

The more I read about this virus, the more scared I got. I learned that other dentists were feeling the same way. And I was becoming more and more freaked out. I just wanted to stay in the safety of my house and never leave again. But that was not an option, I had to return to work and quit dipping so deeply into my precious savings and investments.

And as soon the government gave the all-clear, I re-opened. And fortunately, Sharon and Wembley came back to work as well. With a slight pay increase. But all of us were all terrified that we would catch the disease. That's when we hired Barb the professional disease prevention cleaner as an ongoing consultant. And all went smoothly after that. Looking forward to that early retirement once again!

Paige

I just came back from Dr. Frederichs for the first time since the virus lockdown was lifted. I expected things to change. But not this much. But still, they are really looking out for me. And other the customers raved about their attention to have a healthy and germ-free environment. I will go back in six months.

So here is the routine. You had to come in 20 minutes early. Then you were motioned by an electronic arrow to take a shower where a special disinfectant spray was poured all over your body. It smelled so powerful and I was about to pass out. While this was going on, your clothes were scanned through some sort of powerful technological wonder and germ detector/remover. When you came out of the shower, they were waiting for you, all folded and packaged in a plastic wrapper. Once dressed, you had to brush your hair with a temporary brush that supposedly did something health-related. As well as brush your teeth with a special toothpaste. It was all so disconcerting.

Next, you were allowed to go into a now cavernous waiting room that was white and empty of everything. Not even a chair to sit. A thermometer, covered in some of the protective wrappings, descended from the ceiling and was stuck on your forehead for a moment to determine if you have a fever. Finally, I heard a loud "ALL CLEAR" resounding from the walls. An unseen God had approved my entry. And at long last, I was allowed to enter the inner sanctum of the dentist's office. There, I was greeted by what I think was the receptionist decked wearing an oversized protective outfit. It seemed like something from a sci-fi movie. They didn't say a word and thrust right into my face what appeared to be some sort of survey checking on medical conditions. Rapidly, I answered the questions and returned the document. At last, I made it inside the true heart of the medical building. I was motioned to the chair. And passed out of mental strain and exhaustion.

The next thing that I know, I was awake in my car. Next to me was the dentist bill and findings sealed in a protective cover. It was time to start the car bewildered and uncertain as to what had taken place.

Wembley

Well, our approach of extra-careful medical protection worked. Patients were germ-free (as much as can be) when they finally deposited themselves to the chair. Most of them were wiped out and slept during their remaining stay with us. If still asleep (true all but one time), we put them in a wheelchair and deposited them safely in their car. We would then call their phones to wake them up. All the while covered with the safest health protections that money can buy and giving the most thorough treatment of their teeth. Serving our customers as only we can.