

The Dental Assistant and her Uniform

Donna was one of the best dental assistants who ever worked in our office. Aside from being extremely bright and enthusiastic, she was very beautiful. She could have easily been a model.

Many male patients would stare at her as she performed her chairside duties, and they'd be completely oblivious to any transient discomfort during treatment.

One day, Donna went into a pizza store, and noticed a patient, sitting with his wife and children. The patient had just completed a series of long dental appointments.

Ever the extrovert, Donna marched right up and exclaimed, "Hi! How are you?"

As the patient, who obviously didn't recognize Donna, stuttered, "Uh, hello," his wife looked her up and down very carefully.

"Oh, come on," teased Donna, "don't tell me you don't recognize me?"

The patient turned a deep red as his wife alternated her open-mouthed gaze from her husband to Donna and back to her husband again.

Donna was clearly disappointed. “Do you mean to tell me that you don’t remember me after all those hours we’ve spent together?” she prompted, helpfully.

“I’m, uh, sorry,” stammered the patient, shrugging his shoulders and signalling an innocent, palms-up gesture to his wife. By now, his wife was considering new and creative uses for the knife on her plate.

Upon realizing that she was dressed in street clothes, rather than her dental assistant uniform, Donna concluded cheerfully, “Oh! I know! You just don’t recognize me with my clothes on!”