

Ups and Downs

My dental office is located on the ground floor of a large apartment house, and my compressors and motors are in the basement, directly below my office. Every so often, I have to go down to the basement to maintain and repair the equipment.

Late one Thursday afternoon, my dental assistant informed me that the compressor had stopped working. Still dressed in my dental tunic, mask, and gloves, I picked up a flashlight and pair of pliers and got into the elevator for my trek to the basement.

I was dismayed to find, however, that instead of taking me down to the basement, the elevator took me up to the fourth floor, where a large Eastern European woman entered the elevator.

She looked me up and down very carefully, and asked in a heavy accent, “You are dentist from downstairs?”

I answered that I was.

She looked carefully at my flashlight and pliers and concluded, “You are making house call for extraction, yes?”

