

One morning a few weeks back my annoying little brother Tommy lost his tooth and got a whole pound from the tooth fairy. I've got loads of baby teeth but none of them will fall out. Of course he couldn't resist rubbing it in my face. I mean, he literally rubbed the pound coin in my face. I told you he's annoying. I went to punch him but he was already running down to Gran-Gran asking if he could spend it on some lame model aircrafts like the ones he gets from Santa.

I've been saving for a remote control car for ages and all I need is one more pound but still my teeth won't fall out. The car is a giant monster truck with four-wheel drive. My mates Joe and Veronica waste their money on football cards and sweets but not me! I've nearly got enough for the car and it's the last one in the shop.

I've been doing tons of chores. I tidied the shoe draw, cleaned mine and my brother's bedroom and babysat my neighbour's pet turtle. But Gran-Gran says she doesn't give pocket money. She says back in her day they didn't have pocket money, just raw rhubarb dipped in sugar as a treat!

I was desperate to get that last pound so I made a plan. I tried eating a rock-hard, sticky toffee to get my tooth out. But that didn't work, not a single wobbler. Plus Gran-Gran made me brush my teeth for an extra four minutes at bedtime.

At school I twisted and twisted my teeth but still nothing. Next I tried climbing a tree, attaching my tooth with some string and jumping. The string was too long, I hit the ground hard and Veronica laughed like crazy!

This time I tried doing it the old-fashioned way, the old door slamming trick. Of course all it did was pull my face into the door and send me back home with a bruise.

Next morning, I thought of one more scheme. I did not know if it was going to work but I didn't have anything to lose, so why not?! I waited until dinner where conveniently we were having sweetcorn and I pocketed a couple. I stole Tommy's model aircraft kit and painted a corn white. Next I painted one front tooth black.

At bedtime I gave Gran-Gran a tight smile hoping she wouldn't notice my painted gap. I was almost too excited to sleep. I put the tooth under my pillow and eventually dropped off.

The next morning I immediately checked under my pillow. But there was no money. Just a note in tiny handwriting.

*"Next time remember to let the paint dry"*

I shuffled downstairs feeling glum. Tommy and Gran-Gran looked like they felt bad for me. "Here Jack, look what we've got, raw rhubarb with sugar." I muttered thanks, disappointed with my so-called special treat. I took a bite. Suddenly I felt a strange sensation...

It's my tooth!

